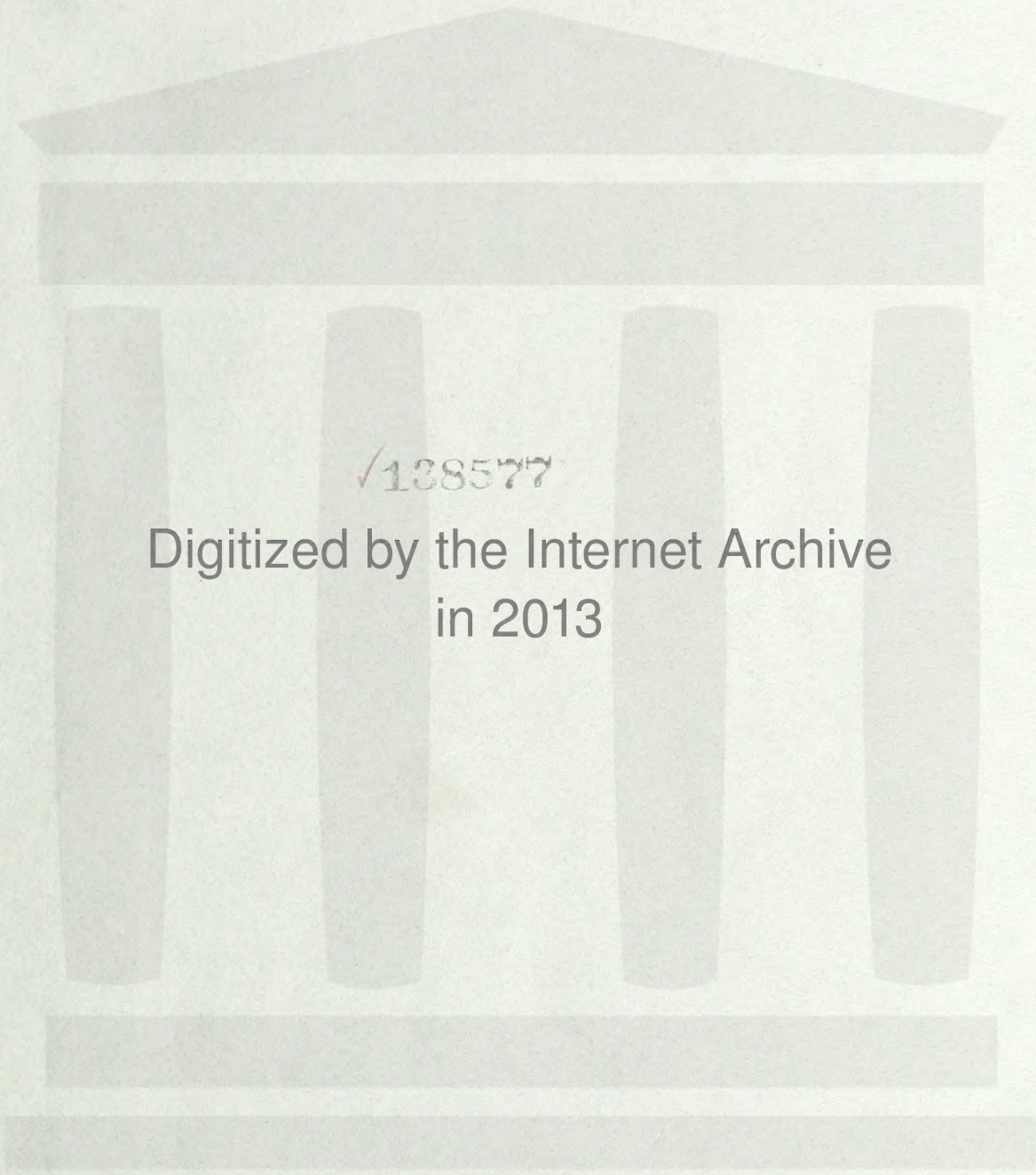
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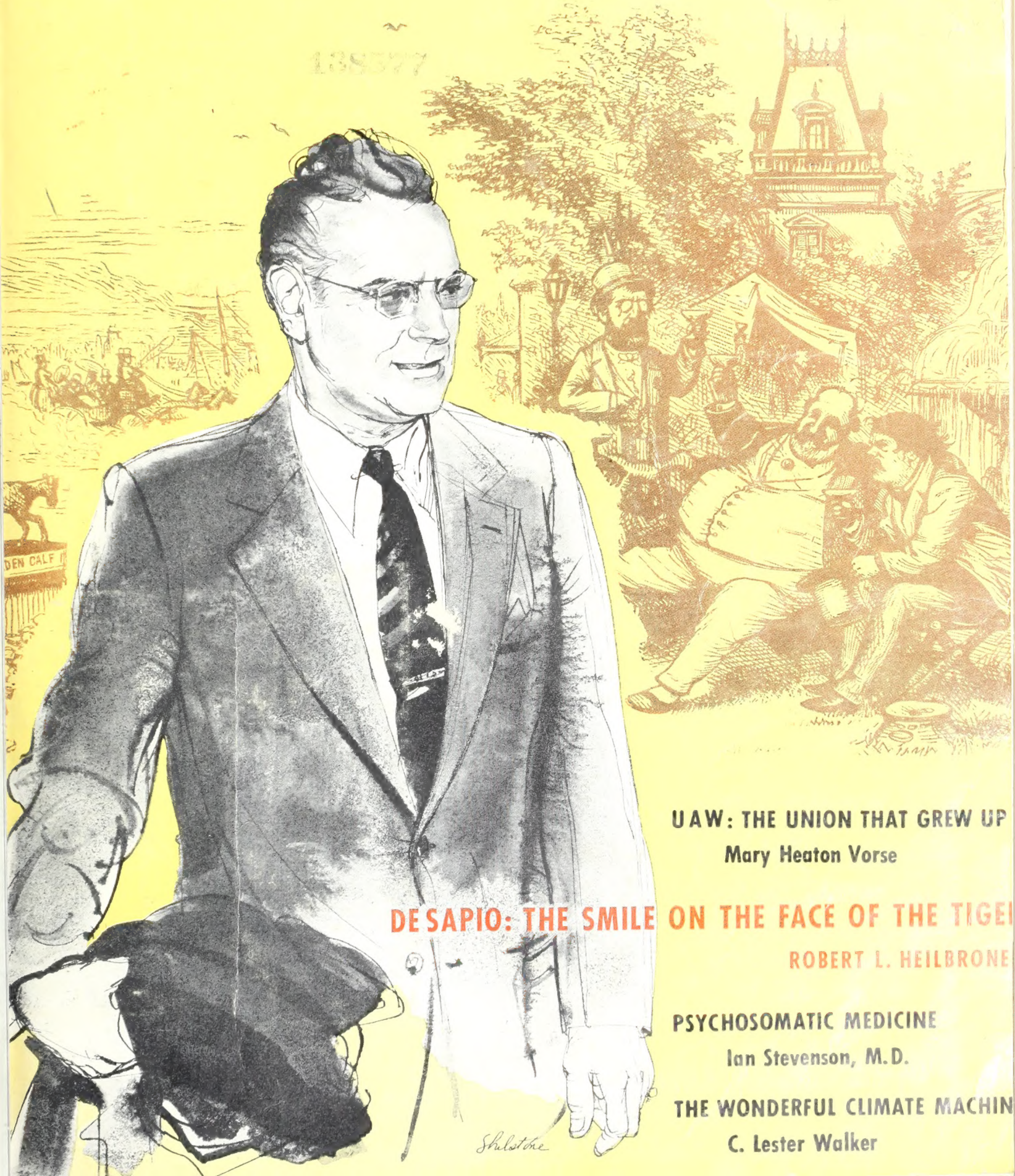
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Harper's MAGAZINE

JULY 1954

FIFTY CENTS



UAW: THE UNION THAT GREW UP

Mary Heaton Vorse

DE SAPIO: THE SMILE ON THE FACE OF THE TIGE

ROBERT L. HEILBRONE

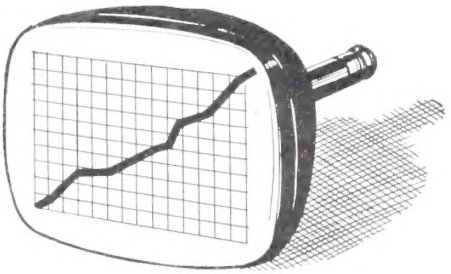
PSYCHOSOMATIC MEDICINE

Ian Stevenson, M.D.

THE WONDERFUL CLIMATE MACHIN

C. Lester Walker

It is difficult to write a definition of the American way.
But it is easy to find good examples. Here is one:



Few people realize how rapidly America's economy is growing

Anyone who spreads fears that we may be facing another major depression ignores completely how much America has changed since the 1930's.

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In 1939, most of us knew electronics only as tubes in our radio, and the entire industry sold 230 million dollars' worth of equipment. Electronics is now a 4½-billion-dollar business, and some experts predict it will grow to 20 billions in the 1960's. General Electric, just one producer, now has electronic-equipment factories in 13 different parts of the country and has stepped up its payroll in this field to 27,000 in just 15 years.

This trend of expansion is not slowing down. It's rapidly accelerating.

Many exciting new industries are predictable as we learn how to make full use of atomic energy. Another important new field will be electronic machinery that will make work easier, production swifter. Our scientists are experimenting with metal crystals 50 times stronger than any metals we now know. New and better home appliances are on the way. More uses for the gas turbine are coming out of jet-engine experiments.

These are only a few of the things General Electric is interested in, and other companies, of course, are hard at work on equally pro

Our belief in a long-ter rial growth is not wishful specul cked by the greatest building pro ever seen. Last year, the nation's in lion, 400 million dollars for new nt; this year, they will spend onl own investment since 1946 has alr re-tha. a billion dollars. In 1954, a re dollars will be put to work by G.E., 2 year.

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LETTERS

Money & Politics—

To the Editors:

After reading Henry V. Poor's "What It Costs to Run for Office" [May], I wanted to shout, "Hear! Hear!" I felt it my duty as a citizen to be more than a passive observer of the political scene, so I joined a party. . . . During my participation in envelope-stamping gatherings and my attendance at club meetings and rallies, I observed carefully. My observations coincide with Mr. Poor's experience. I'm sure there are many Americans who feel something should be done to restore the reputation of our public servants. . . . If any organization is formed to obtain direct action upon this problem, put my name down for wholehearted support.

LYDIA ELLISON
Avon Lake, Ohio

One such organization is the National Committee for an Effective Congress, 680 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.—The Editors.

To the Editors:

That guy Henry V. Poor—say, he's too smart to be a Republican.

NORTON M. BREISETH
Los Angeles, Calif.

Hungry Hordes—

To the Editors:

Although I agree with the arguments you present in your discussion of "The Arithmetic of Foreign Affairs" [Personal & Otherwise, May] . . . I hope that we as a nation will come to see the unsoundness of our manner of "feeding the hungry hordes outside the walls," and, seeing our errors, will make the revisions that may yet result in breaking the siege which you and I agree exists. . . .

I think it can be done by giving our friends in Korea, Formosa, Thailand, the Philippines, and Japan, and our potential friends in Indonesia, Burma, and India not only the product but the methods and techniques of our agriculture and industry.

This has been tried in a limited way by groups of technicians on short visits to these countries. My idea is to organize working teams of consultants for each country to be loaned for a five- to ten-year program. And the program should be handled for each country on the same basis as the problem of improving the operation of a company is handled by the American business consultant: that is, to determine the product that each country can best produce, the market for it, and the best way to market it. . . .

E. A. CYROL
Chicago, Ill.

To the Editors:

As a one-time resident in China and a persistent student of Asia, I agree with six of your seven pessimistic guesses about Asia, in reply to Chester Bowles. . . .

Your number four guess is that China's bosses can raise her living standards only by the "capture" of Indochina, Thailand, and Burma. Capture is precisely the most expensive and unreliable way of getting food from these areas into China. China could buy rice from these areas, as she did before World War II, far more cheaply than she could get it by capture. China's leaders are not fools. It is possible they are smart enough to know the best way to get this rice.

It is war, poverty, and the consequent suffering that promote communism. Free enterprise thrives best in peace and an ever-expanding economy. Yet by war and boycott we are strengthening communism in China. . . . Under war conditions Mao can indefinitely postpone any promise of better living conditions.

BENJAMIN H. KIZER
Spokane, Wash.

To the Editors:

Chester Bowles' analysis of the Chinese problem ["A Bipartisan Policy for Asia," May] is good, but his advice is of little value. It is of paramount importance for us to win China away from the Soviets. Mr. Bowles would perpetuate the present situation by denying the Security Council seat to Red China. . . .

A. A. BLESS
Gainesville, Fla.

Western Horizons—

To the Editors:

My fellow townsman Richard L. Neuberger contributes a good paper on the Pacific Northwest in your May issue. I wish, though, that he had not stated that Cape Blanco, Oregon, is the most westerly point in the United States.

It would be interesting to know the origin of this myth. Possibly it was before 1889, when "the United States" could have been interpreted to exclude Washington, then not yet a state.

The most westerly point in the United States is Tatoosh Island. Next come Cape Alava, Cape Flattery, and Cape Johnson. These points are all in Clallam County, Washington, a whole segment of which lies farther west than Cape Blanco.

ALFRED F. PARKER
Portland, Ore.

To the Editors:

In his article on the Northwest Mr. Neuberger says that "San Francisco is celebrated for 900-foot Nob Hill." Well, not exactly. The three best known hills of San Francisco—Nob, Russian, and Telegraph—are all less than 400 feet. The Twin Peaks and Mt. Davidson do exceed 900 feet and perhaps these are what Mr. Neuberger had in mind.

ALFRED GRAY REID
San Francisco, Calif.

To the Editors:

It just doesn't seem possible that John Bartlow Martin ["Wilderness North of Chicago," May] would say "the scenery is not spectacularly beautiful," or "it is for a Mid-



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For you may know that the membership rolls of The Heritage Club are not always open for new members. When some vacancies occur, and the membership rolls are publicly opened for new members through announcements such as this one—why, you are offered an unusual opportunity which you should be quick to seize.

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What is the natural result?

THERE ARE now thirty thousand members. And, although the Club is starting upon its Nineteenth Annual Series, of the original Charter Members more than half still remain in the membership! In short, the members themselves are highly satisfied!

Now the Prospectus is being prepared, for the Nineteenth Series; and in it are described the books to be distributed to the members during the coming twelve months. We anticipate fewer than one thousand vacancies. *If you are quick enough,* and if you obtain one of these for yourself, you will obtain books like these: *An American Tragedy* by Theodore Dreiser, illustrated by the great American painter Reginald Marsh; and *The Lives of the Noble Romans and Noble Grecians,* in a wonderful text edited from the manuscript in the Huntington Library, beautifully designed and decorated by W. A. Dwiggins; and *Notre-Dame de Paris,* the massive novel by Victor Hugo illustrated with paintings made in the Cathedral itself by Bernard Lamotte; and *The Story of Reynard the Fox* by Goethe, illustrated with wood-engravings by Fritz Eichenberg; and *The Revolt of the Angels* by Anatole France . . .

These are only a few of the titles.

Yet you don't have to take any of the listed titles if you don't want them! You are given a list of more than four dozen Heritage books-in-print—from which you are permitted to select substitution titles. In short, you may obtain only the books you want, and yet at a price which is a bargain.

OF COURSE, there have been book bargains before; and there will be again. But it seems safe to say that never in the history of book publishing has a greater bargain than this been offered.

You are invited to put this statement to the test! You are invited to send for this new Prospectus, which describes the cooperative membership plan in detail—and includes many expressions of opinion from the members themselves, the people who pay their good money for these books and do not *have* to indulge in high-flown language.

If you will fill out the coupon printed below, and mail it to The Heritage Club, you will be sent a copy of the Prospectus. Also, one of the limited number of vacancies *will be reserved for you* until you have had time to study the Prospectus. You would be wise to mail the coupon *now!*

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PRINCE GEORGE

westerner who likes the woods but lacks the time to go to Canada." What kind of Milquetoast is this [illegible] just fascinated with his [illegible] "ten months of winter and two months of poor sledding"?

I live on the Upper St. Mary's River at the Soo and enjoy a parade of huge lake freighters (one every eighteen minutes) by my front window from April 15 to December 15. This winter I drove my car 10,000 Northern Michigan miles without incident or delay.

Michigan's motto—*si quaeris peninsulam amoenam circumspice*—means: "If you would see a beautiful peninsula, look about you." Come back, Mr. Martin, come back often—and bring your eyes.

DONALD W. PROHAZKA
Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

Paris Peugeot–

To the Editors:

We have made a thorough investigation of Mr. Homer White's allegations ["Spanish Journey," March] that the charges of the AAA for hire of a car were in excess of those he paid for the same car to the Compagnie Industrielle Française Automobile, known as CIFA, whom we have represented in the United States continuously since 1948. Our Paris office has been in touch with the manager of CIFA and we have his signed statement that his charges were the same as those quoted in our booklet, "Adventure on Wheels," for that date. This included basic rental charge, excess mileage, and charge for documents.

J. D. RYAN
American Automobile Association
New York, N. Y.

Barth and the FBI—

To the Editors:

Having read and enjoyed Alan Barth's "How Good is an FBI Report?" in March, I was appalled at the comments it received in the May Letters column. . . .

Most disturbing to me is the letter [illegible] the U. S. District Judge who [illegible] completely, perhaps willfully, avoids [illegible] in giving vent to the ire he apparently feels that a newsman has invaded this territory, even though there is evidence of only the highest regard for courts, judges, and the FBI throughout Barth's article. . . .

Any intelligent reader will always weigh with question any statement of facts affecting his thought and action, but he should not let his attitude obscure what truth there may be in the facts he reads or in the service of their presentation. What Mr. Barth gave us is the mechanism of balance because "a skeptical attitude toward the police is an indispensible attribute of a free people." . . .

This is but intelligent questioning that should dissolve the complacence that would permit a blind and raging Samson from pulling down the pillars of this still strong house.

REGENA SEEHAUSEN
Norwich, N. Y.

To the Editors:

After reading some of the May issue comments on Mr. Barth's FBI report, I think some of the unfriendly commenters might feel quite differently if they had been victims of the kind of reporting Mr. Barth describes.

I know the experience first-hand, but I'm still not sure of the defense—even if I had the money to make a fight. . . . I would very much like to extend my heartfelt thanks to you and to Mr. Barth for exposing this situation. . . .

ORIETTE M. WILLIAMS
Sawyer, Mich.

Light in the Dark—

To the Editors:

Thank you for the May Easy Chair, "Fantasy at Noonday."

But what *did* Bishop Latimer say to Ridley?

SANDY SPIT
Provincetown, Mass.

As both Latimer and Ridley were being burned alive for heresy at Oxford in 1555, Latimer turned to Ridley and said: "Play the man, Master Ridley: we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out."—The Editors.

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...Men with iron guts, men with yellow streaks...men like Greenwald, with a job from which the devil himself would shrink...

"I had to do it— and I've been drunk ever since!"



...The nightmare of the court-martial ...the agonizing moment of decision. The penalty may be death – and all Maryk can say is:



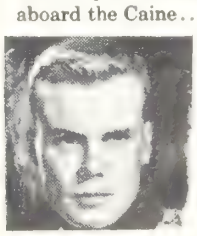
"The only way I could prove I was right was to let the ship sink!"

...The trouble-maker Keefer... the brain under a brass hat who could have settled everything – but started a mutiny instead...

"This ship was built by geniuses —to be run by idiots!"



...And wide-eyed Ensign Willie Keith, whose eyes were opened even wider aboard the Caine...



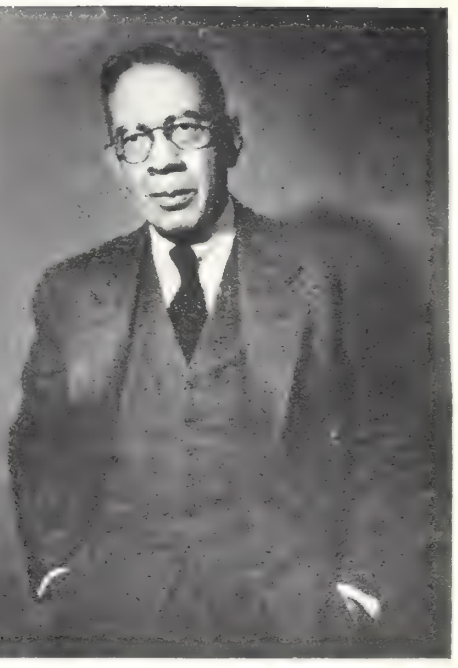
"I wanted a Captain who went by the book until I got one!"



The Easy Chair

by

Bernard DeVoto



Hiss Nero Wolfe

According to a friend of mine who belongs to the Baker Street Irregulars, a paper by one of his colleagues suggests that Nero Wolfe may be the son of Sherlock Holmes's brother Mycroft. I cannot find the treatise that contains this absurdity and mention it only as an example of the frivolous speculation tricked out to look like scholarship with which the Holmes cult defrauds the reading public. In stating here the insoluble problem which will always frustrate biographers of Nero Wolfe I confine myself, as a member of the American Historical Association in good standing, to examining the source documents according to the approved methods of historical research. I construct only one hypothesis and I make no use of that one, leaving it for other scholars to test and apply as they

As I proceed to show, a hypothesis is necessary. The documentary record contains statements about Wolfe's early life and his experiences in Europe so contradictory that they must be intended to conceal the facts. The record opens in 1933 and is clear from then on. But also it is our only source of information about Wolfe's earlier years, whether in statements by Archie Goodwin or in statements he reports as having been made by Wolfe or by his oldest and closest friend, Marko Vukcic. Moreover, there is a similar and parallel concealment of Archie's own age, his birthplace, and the date when he began to work for Wolfe. We must remember that both Wolfe and Archie have extraordinarily good memories and that their profession requires them to be precise in statements of fact, though it also requires them, on occasion, to lie convincingly.

Here is my hypothesis. At some time between 1913 and 1916 Wolfe was involved in an episode of so desperate a nature, or involving such important international secrets, that connecting him with it must be made forever impossible and his true identity must be forever concealed. Some danger of exposure still existed when Archie went to work for him in 1928. (I have established this date and guarantee it, though the record tries to suggest one earlier year, 1927, and half a dozen later ones.) Whatever the danger consisted of, it came to involve Archie as well as Wolfe. It continued for several years after 1928 and then lapsed but something revived it briefly just after the end of the second world war. On the assumption that there was such an episode, the record could be read in either of two ways. The episode occurred in Egypt in 1913 or shortly afterward, in which case it was in the service of Austria. Or, and this is more likely, it occurred in Montenegro or elsewhere in the Balkans in 1916, in which case it was probably a betrayal of Austria. That is the hypothesis in full; let us turn to the record.

Wolfe lives and has his office in an old brownstone house on the south side of 35th Street, between Tenth and Eleventh Avenues. (His bedroom is the second floor back and Archie's the third floor front but for a time Archie occupied the second floor front.) The address is 506 W. 35th and the telephone Bryant 9-2828. Nevertheless in March 1946 something impelled Archie to report the address as 922 West 35th and the telephone as Proctor 5-5000, and even to have these falsifications printed on his business card. Whether or not this forgery bears on our central problem, we touch a sensitive spot when we inquire how long Wolfe has

owned the house and lived in it. In the summer of 1933 Wolfe investigated the death of President Barstow of Holland College. (The year is not stated explicitly in the record but 3.2 beer is legal and Repeal has not yet come.) In 1933, so the record says, Wolfe had lived in this house for twenty years. The statement is obviously false. It would mean that he acquired the house in 1913 and lived there continuously during the next few years. But in 1913 he was in Europe and had been for a long time, and he did not return to the United States till at least 1919 and possibly not till 1921.

This confusion must be deliberate. It now becomes germane to ask if Wolfe, whose apparent insensitiveness to women he himself says is counterfeit and self-protective, was ever married.

It is an inescapable assumption that a professional detective tells the truth about himself when interrogated by the FBI. (Before the second world war Wolfe did confidential work for the State Department, and during the war was consulted professionally by the FBI on at least two occasions and by G-2 repeatedly. His reliability must have been established by investigation.) Well, in October 1938 an FBI agent named Stahl questioned him about his early life. In the course of the inquiry, Stahl asked whether he had been married. Wolfe said, "No. Married? No."

The flat, emphasized negative is final; we cannot go beyond it. Wolfe thereupon began but broke off a sentence apparently intended to explain some circumstance which might have suggested that he once had a wife, but this is irrelevant. (Perhaps the circumstance is hinted at in a remark of his to Archie, "I have skedaddled, physically, once in my life, from one person, and that was a Montenegrin woman.") But in 1936, while exploring the murderous fantasies of the novelist Paul Chapin, he told Archie that he had once known a woman who devised an ingenious method of poisoning her husband with a decoction which she made from herbs. "The man on whom she tried the experiment," he said, clearly meaning her husband, "was myself."

This woman lived in Hungary. Our biographical data contain one additional item relating to Hungary: in 1933 Wolfe's mother was living in Budapest. Apart from this, all we know about his family is that either a nephew or a niece of his was living in Belgrade in 1936. Much of his boyhood was spent in Europe, though "boyhood" is an elastic term, for he calls himself a boy at the time of his employment as an agent of the Austrian government and even at the time when he was in the Montenegrin army. He moved about Europe extensively and was already a gastronome in 1913 but his boyhood home is easily determined. Marko Vukcic, a Montenegrin, is one of three people who call him Nero and one of the two people, not employees, whose first name he uses. (The other is Professor Martingale of Harvard, to whom in August 1941 Wolfe sent a letter about corned beef hash beginning, "Dear Joseph.") In April 1937 when the masters were meeting at the Kanawha Spa, Wolfe said that he had "hunted dragonflies with him in the mountains"—which I take to be a folk saying or proverb. And in April 1950, when an encounter with the mysterious Zeck made it necessary for Wolfe to disappear, Vukcic was specific. "We knew each other as boys in another country," he told Archie. It could only have been Montenegro.

In 1913 Wolfe was an Austrian agent, certainly not less than eighteen years old or more than twenty-one. His job took him to Figueras, in Catalonia, where he tasted the sausage that Jerome Berin was to make famous as *saucisse minuit*, and from there to Algiers and on to Egypt. The reason for suspecting that the mysterious episode of my hypothesis may have taken place in Egypt is the conflict in statements about a house which Wolfe owns there. In 1933 he told Archie that he had never seen it and that a man had given it to him a little more than ten years ago, that is in 1922 or 1923. (Wolfe himself was not abroad in either year.) Three years later, however, talking to Helen Frost, he described the Rhages and Veramine tiles on the doorway and said, "I own a house in Egypt which I haven't seen in twenty years." Twenty years would be 1916; that he was then in the Balkans does not preclude the possibility of his having made a trip to Egypt too, as the statement suggests he did. Several later allusions to the house shed no light on this conflict.

From a remark Wolfe made in 1937, I infer that in 1913 or 1914 he went on from Egypt to Arabia. At any rate, he was in Albania in 1915. (Statement to Anne Tracy in 1940.) It seems certain that he went from there to Bulgaria, presumably in 1916, and that this dates the occasion when he was put in jail. If so, then he was still an Austrian agent. But by now the first war was well along and, perhaps following this experience, his loyalty to Montenegro asserted itself. He went to Montenegro—he was in Zagreb in 1916—and, "still a boy," joined its army. Against the Austrians his organization "fought machine guns with fingernails." When organized opposition was crushed, I infer, he joined a band of guerrillas.

When the AEF reached Europe (the First Division landed at St. Nazaire in late June of 1917) he walked six hundred miles to join it, presumably making his [*Continued on page 12*]

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way through the chaos of northern Italy to southern France. He was, as he says, thinner in those days, and an athlete. Note that he is a veteran of the American as well as the Montenegrin army. He saw much action with the AEF, for in 1943 he told Theodore Horstmann that he killed two hundred Germans.

Most of this summary of Wolfe's military career comes from his statement to the FBI agent, Stahl. He added that at the end of the war (presumably having been discharged in France) he "returned to the Balkans, shed another illusion, and came back to America." Note: *came back*. His return may have been in 1919 or he may have stayed in the Balkans till 1921. At any rate, as he told the girls who called themselves Carla Lovchen and Neya Tormic, he was in Montenegro in 1921. At that time he adopted a three-year-old orphan girl. Leaving her in the care of Pero Brovnik and his wife, he returned to America. Brovnik was shot as a revolutionist in 1926 but the money for the girl's support which Wolfe continued to send was "appropriated" for three more years. In 1929, "no longer lean," Wolfe went to Zagreb to look for her. He could not find her and was put in jail. (Has this some bearing on the mystery?) The American consul got him out and he was given ten hours to leave the country. He has not visited Europe since 1929.

CARLA Lovchen was that orphan girl. In 1938, when these facts came out, she was twenty years old. At the end of the case in which she was involved her intention was to remain in the United States. She had only a visitor's visa but Wolfe's State Department connections would have enabled him to get her admitted permanently. He told her that she was entitled to call herself Carla Wolfe and I assume that she stayed and soon married well, for there is no record of further expenditures on her behalf. She may have occupied for a short time the spacious rear room on the third floor, but certainly not for long. In 1945 Archie made a casual allusion to her, the only additional one in the record, but it tells us nothing.

Wolfe's two periods in Montenegro are the core of the mystery,

though the undisclosed episode may not have occurred there. The spelling "Montenegro" is the Venetian variant of the Italian name, Monte Nero. The inescapable conclusion is that "Nero Wolfe" is a pseudonym, an alias. He must have assumed it because of the mysterious, concealed episode of my hypothesis. He speaks Serbo-Croat so well that he must have learned it young, perhaps in the years when he hunted dragon flies in the mountains with Vukcic, perhaps earlier in the United States. The two girls, both Montenegrins, assume that he is one and declare that he acts like one. But he is not a Montenegrin by birth.

We have reached the obfuscation that is the basis of the whole elaborately constructed mystery. Wolfe was born in the United States: we cannot impeach his answer to Stahl's question, "Are you a citizen of the United States?" He says, "I am. I was born in this country," and a moment later he speaks of the United States as "my native country." But seventeen months earlier he had said to the colored cooks and waiters of the Kanawha Spa, "You gentlemen are Americans, much more completely Americans than I am, for I wasn't born here." This direct, calculated conflict is exactly paralleled by another one. As late as 1952 Wolfe says to Archie (who by this time, surely, needed no reminder of the necessity for equivocation), "I got my naturalization papers twenty-four years ago." That is, in 1928. Nevertheless, in 1946, in a revealing moment of exasperation, he had said, "And I have dared for nearly thirty years to exercise my right to vote!"

THOUGH this last quotation establishes a conflict, it also gets us farther forward with another question. Wolfe was old enough to vote nearly thirty years before 1946, perhaps in 1917. But he is not likely to have voted before 1920, and from 1913 to 1919, if not 1921, he was not in the United States. Though there is nowhere any clue to his birthplace, this does establish something about his age. If he was twenty-one in 1917, as he must have been in order to vote, then he was born in 1896. But I am unwilling to believe that he could have been an Austrian agent

How the Wiener won its way!

or the summarized story of the friendly frank



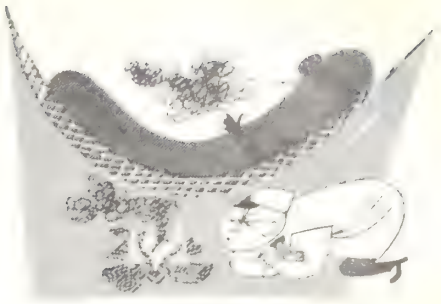
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Coming in August in Harper's Magazine—

Remember Cholmondeley, the gentlemanly chimpanzee who appeared in these pages last September? Next month we present the first installment of **The King and His Beasts**, a new serial by the same author, ***Gerald M. Durrell***, describing the hilarious and hazardous adventures he met on his latest expedition to Africa to collect wild animals.

A brisk survey of the basic issues, implications, and probable results of this fall's major Senate campaign races, by Washington reporter *William S. White*, author of *The Taft Story*.

Notes on a Red Neighbor, a revealing and amusing report on one of the most complex—and certainly most Communistic—of the Latin American countries: Guatemala, by ***Keith Monroe***, a recent visitor who really got around the country.

at seventeen; I arbitrarily assume that he was at least eighteen, which moves the year of his birth back to 1895. But it is possible that he did not exercise his right to vote at the earliest opportunity he got. He may not have voted till, say, 1922—and that is not almost but exactly thirty years earlier than 1952, when he made the statement. Giving his phrase "still a boy" a flexibility of three more years, we may conclude that he could have been not eighteen but twenty-one in 1913. The limits are established: Wolfe was born between 1892 and 1895.

How will a biographer interpret these facts? I submit a reading which does not conflict with anything that is known. Wolfe's parents came to this country from Montenegro before he was born, both leaving relatives behind them. His father died when Wolfe was very young and his mother thereupon returned to Montenegro. There was at least one other child, but whether a boy or a girl and whether older or younger than Wolfe it is impossible to determine. His mother had relatives in Hungary, too, and at some time moved to Budapest, but Wolfe and his brother or sister grew up in the vicinity of Zagreb. The brother or sister was killed in the war or died during the famine and epidemics that followed it, but left at least one child who was brought up by the relict or by relatives in Belgrade. It is a guess, not part of my hypothesis, that Wolfe became an Austrian agent through the influence of his mother's relatives in Hungary. But anyone who adopts the hypothesis which I have stated may add another guess: that the mysterious episode was the cause of his leaving the Austrian service, that it occurred in revulsion against the enemies of his ancestral country, and that it was a very important betrayal of the Austrian cause. (Warning to the Baker Street Irregulars: if so, it occurred at least two years after June 28, 1914.)

THE confusion deliberately created about the facts of Archie Goodwin's early life is too striking a parallel to be ignored. It is certain that he went to work for Wolfe in 1928, that he was born in Chillicothe, that his birthday is October 23, and

that he has at least one sister. But his age is flagrantly and repeatedly misstated in the record and there are conflicting statements about his birthplace. In 1917 Mrs. Jasper Pine, who had the most unmistakable intentions in regard to him and who described herself as a very careful woman, undertook to investigate the facts. She hired a detective agency but clearly it was one which Archie knew well enough, or had enough on, to get its report falsified. The report said that he was born in Canton in 1914, that his father was named James Arner Goodwin and was still alive, that (inferentially) his mother was also alive, and that he had two brothers and two sisters.

But this would require him to have begun working for Wolfe at the age of fourteen, which is an absurdity sufficient in itself to discredit the entire report. Archie himself says that his mother and father both died when he was "just a kid." At another time he suggests, though he does not say unequivocally, that his father's name was Titus Goodwin. At this same time he intimates that his mother is still alive, and on several occasions he refers to a living sister. Once, too, he intimates that he was born in Zanesville. Several times he says that he grew up on a farm. (There are a few items about his high school years, and his ambition was to be a second baseman.)

So extended and thoroughgoing an effort to conceal the truth requires us to conclude that in some way Archie's birth and childhood are related to the mystery in Wolfe's life, or have some bearing on it. I leave the problem to other scholars but, in order to estop the fanciful, point out at once that the record contains nothing which connects Wolfe with either rural or metropolitan Ohio. If the Baker Street Irregulars care to turn their invention in that direction they will have to construct a long series of hypotheses. And they will have to begin with an entirely unknown brother or sister of Wolfe's father who emigrated from Montenegro to Ohio, or with an older and unrecorded third child of Wolfe's parents who remained in the United States when his mother returned to Europe. Or is Mycroft Holmes known to have visited Ohio?

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Personal & Otherwise

Recovery from the Plague

IT SEEMS likely that future historians will note this summer as the point at which America began to recover its political health. The country now shows signs of passing the crisis stage in one of its periodical bouts of Congressional government—a peculiar disease which afflicts our body politic in regular cycles, like malaria or undulant fever. Its ravages are always damaging, but never fatal; and we usually recuperate fast, once convalescence sets in.

Normally the attack starts just at the end of a war. It is foreshadowed by the administration of a strong President—a Lincoln, Wilson, or Roosevelt—who has concentrated an abnormal amount of governmental authority in the White House. The first symptom is a public weariness—a sort of moral lassitude—which follows quite naturally after the strain of the emergency. Instinctively the voters turn to a candidate who promises them a vacation from the strenuous life, a "return to normalcy." So we get a Grant, a Harding, or an Eisenhower—well-meaning men, who honestly believe that their job is to serve as chore boy for Congress, rather than to lead the country.

(As Bruce Catton, the Pulitzer prize historian, has pointed out, this is a common failing of the soldier-turned-politician. Since he is trained in "the traditional army officer's view that Congress is the boss," he usually makes a disappointing President, "not because the man will use too much authority in that position, but because he will try to use too little.")

Meanwhile, Congress goes on a rampage. Resentful because they were forced to play second fiddle during the war, the men on The Hill now try to take over the whole orchestra. Their investigating committees run wild. They bully the civil service, try to conduct diplomacy from a Capitol hearing room, and snatch all the executive power they can from the peaceable and bewildered man in the White House.

The result, of course, is a horrifying mess. By its very nature, this bellowing herd of 531 prima donnas is incapable of administering anything. (A fact that the Founding Fathers underlined repeatedly when they drew up the Constitution.) Their attempt leads promptly to a near-paralysis of the machinery of government. Our foreign policy falls into confusion and impotence. Under cover of the uproar, somebody usually manages to raid the national domain; witness the post-Civil War scandals, the Teapot Dome affair, and the current Congressional schemes to give away the public grazing lands, timber, and water power.

THE classic case of this malady was the Reconstruction Era. Then a little group of Congressional radicals—blood brothers to Knowland, Jenner, McCarran, and McCarthy—managed to wreck the South, impeach one President, disgrace another, and reduce the noble profession of politics to its lowest level in our history.

Our current plague of Congressional usurpation, however, looks very nearly as bad. No doubt it was aggravated by the long preceding period of executive dominance—unhealthily stretched out by the Depression, World War II, and Korea. In that twenty-year span, Republican Congressmen forgot the habit of responsibility. Not a single one of the present crop had ever before served under a Republican President; so it is hardly surprising that they had come to think of themselves as a perpetual opposition, and to look on the White House as a permanent enemy.

At any rate, they have been displaying all the textbook symptoms—the attempt to rob the President of his Congressional responsibility for foreign affairs, by such means as the Bricker amendment and constant harassment of the Secretary of State . . . the planting of stooges

and spies in executive agencies . . . the use of threats and smears to force civil servants to report to Congress rather than the White House . . . the pilfering of executive documents . . . the pretense of a few Senators that they are the only patriotic Americans, that they alone speak for the country, and that all their critics are traitors.

McCarthyism is merely one aspect of this disease—precisely like the Bloody Shirt phase of the Reconstruction. Alarmed foreigners often mistake Our Joe for a budding Hitler; if they were less ignorant of American history, they would have realized long ago that he is merely another Thaddeus Stevens. In his day, this spiteful little man was even more of a terror than McCarthy; he actually managed to deprive President Johnson of his command of the Army, and of his power to fire federal employees. But who remembers him now? Like annoying pimples, the Thaddeus Stevenses and Joe McCarthys are forgotten as soon as the underlying disorder clears up.

Which won't be long now. Sooner or later the voters always get fed up with these Congressional forays, and herd the legislators back onto their reservation. This time the tide of opinion apparently began to turn in mid-spring—thanks, in part, to the vaudeville team of Cohn, Schine & McCarthy. Their tantrums, their phony documents, their childish insults to honorable men—all projected on millions of television screens—helped awaken an incredulous public to what has been going on in Washington. And there are some degrees of national indignity which even the most lethargic citizen cannot stomach.

To President Eisenhower, this wave of revulsion may offer a last opportunity. Millions of Americans still hope that he may finally grasp the nature of his job—that he will stop cringing before the Senatorial wild men, defend the integrity of the executive branch, and restore the balance of Constitutional power. In recent weeks he has shown signs of bracing himself for the fight. If he does, he may yet escape the historians' piteous list of weak Presidents. If he does not, he will be

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remembered—in Gerald Johnson's phrase—"as merely another Grant, minus the whisky and the whiskers."

Invasion by the Amateurs

THE root of this national sickness is, of course, the temporary indifference of the average citizen. The guilt rests on each of us, more than on Congress or the President; for we always get the kind of government we deserve.

But for a year or more this postwar fatigue, this shirking of individual political responsibility, quite evidently has been fading. The earliest sign of the change is hard to note, because it is undramatic, purely local, and seldom reported by the wire services or national press. It is a gradual influx of new blood into the precinct and county organizations of both parties. A lot of ordinary citizens—with no personal political ambitions—begin to drop into headquarters in the evening, to lick envelopes, sit in on committee meetings, and ask embarrassing questions. Gradually they demand a say in local party affairs; sometimes they reach for control.

The upshot, in rare instances, may be the overturn of an entire state political machine, like the ousting of the Republican Old Guard in Indiana last May. More frequently it is a quiet shift of power—a village primary fight, a change in a few ward leaders, the nomination of a maverick such as Clifford Case in New Jersey or Dick Neuberger in Oregon. Lately this has been happening in scores of scattered areas throughout the country; nobody has yet attempted to add up the many little rebellions and assay their total significance—but it may turn out to be considerable.

Meanwhile, the professional politician watches this invasion of the amateurs with uneasiness.

An especially interesting case is Carmine DeSapio, whose strange career is examined by ***Robert L. Heilbroner*** on page 23. It provides a neat illustration of the way in which America's political metabolism actually works; and this particular clinical chart clearly indicates that an injection of new blood is healthy, though painful.

Mr. Heilbroner is the author of *The Worldly Philosophers,* an unexpectedly successful best seller about the great economists, and of many magazine articles.

•••***Dr. Ian Stevenson's*** two-part study of psychosomatic medicine which begins this month (p. 34) is based on a psychiatrist's experience with many patients, on a teacher's acquaintance with medical students, and on personal reflection. As a doctor and associate professor of psychiatry and medicine at the Louisiana State University School of Medicine, Dr. Stevenson is interested in studying the causes of disease particularly to learn more about possible improvement in psychotherapy.

•••***Gretchen Finletter,*** whose wryly comic short story appears on page 38, is the wife of Thomas K. Finletter, former Secretary of the Air Force, and the daughter of Walter Damrosch. Her first book, *From the Top of the Stairs,* was published in 1946; another is scheduled for completion this fall.

•••The concluding installment of ***Frederick Lewis Allen's*** study of the present crisis in suburban life (p. 47) is the last article completed by the late editor in chief of *Harper's.* Mr. Allen was the author of *The Big Change, Only Yesterday, The Great Pierpont Morgan,* and other influential books about American society.

•••"Poems from a Delta Return" (p. 54) record a trip which ***Charles G. Bell*** made last summer to his home in Greenville, Mississippi. Mr. Bell's *Songs for a New America* came out last fall.

•••As far as we and ***Basil Davidson*** know, his article on "Africa's Modern Slavery" (p. 56) is the first account to be published of the contract labor system in Portuguese Angola since Henry Nevinson's in 1905.

Mr. Davidson's journey through the Angolan interior was the fourth in a series he has made to western, central, and southern Africa—a part, so he writes, "of a long-term project comparing African development under differing colonial administrations." A book summing up the results will be published in England

at the end of 1954. He is already the author of *Report on Southern Africa* (1952) and the editor of a symposium called The *New West Africa* (1953).

•••Collectors of Americana will find a rare item in ***Thad Snow's*** piece (p. 64) on mules—a vanishing breed which deserves a niche in our history alongside the Colt revolver, the Model T Ford, and the Conestoga wagon. If any man now living knows more about mules than Mr. Snow, he has not yet staked his claim. An Indianan who used to fish with James Whitcomb Riley, Mr. Snow moved to Missouri in 1910 and cleared a big patch of swamp-land with his own hands; for thirty years it has been one of the most productive farms in the Midwest. He is mildly famous throughout that area as a breeder of mules, a writer for the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, an adviser to Congress on farm legislation, a judge of sound liquor, and a crack shot. His memoirs, *From Missouri*, will be published by Houghton Mifflin this fall.

•••***C. Lester Walker's*** sober factual prospectus on the state of development of the heat pump (p. 69) is even more welcome than usual in the tropical North at this time of year.

Mr. Walker's long-standing reputation as a top-flight reporter on technology is based partly on his dozen or more articles in *Harper's*, the first of which ("How We Planned the Invasion of Europe") appeared in March 1945.

•••***Edna St. Vincent Millay's*** poem on her mother (p. 74) is one of the recent volume collected by Norma Millay and published this spring under the title, *Mine the Harvest*.

•••Since his appointment as President of Yale University in 1950, ***A. Whitney Griswold*** has instituted many programs at Yale for the strengthening of the liberal arts. In his article, "What We Don't Know Will Hurt Us" (p. 76), Dr. Griswold presents the values by which he feels American schools must live. His advocacy of the liberal arts indicates no lack of practicality in his own training, for his first book, and the one which brought him public recognition, was a study of one of mankind's most utilitarian skills: *Farming and Democracy*.

•••No reporter in this country has marched along with the labor unions more whole-heartedly than ***Mary Heaton Vorse***, who pictures the full-grown Auto Workers Union in its everyday activity on page 83. Since the early years of this century, Mrs. Vorse has kept in step with rank and-file union members, with their wives and children, and with labor officials, in times of crisis and during the doldrums.

Her story of the Auto Workers has been seventeen years in the making—since the early days, she says, when the speed-up made men old at forty. In recent months Mrs. Vorse went to Detroit, Cleveland, Chicago, Flint, and smaller automobile towns. There she got the help of union friends, among them Mildred Jeffrey of the film, radio, and television department; Frank Winn, head of information; Caroline Davis, director of the women's division; and Lillian Hatcher of the women's division and fair practices department. Betty Jeskierney and Nick Digatino and many unnamed UAW members were helpful in clarifying the problems of various locals.

Don't Hurry Back . . .

THE London *New Statesman and Nation* is a solemn sort of magazine, devoted mostly to anti-American propaganda and Socialist theology. Occasionally, however, it hits on a useful idea. The latest is its collection of Guest-Repellents—an arsenal of remarks designed to make unwanted visitors wish they were far from your home. Samples:

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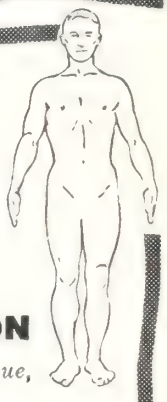


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Harper's MAGAZINE

Carmine G. DeSapio:
The Smile on the Face of the Tiger

Robert L. Heilbroner

Drawings by Arthur Shilstone

The Boss of America's oldest, biggest, and wickedest political machine is behaving as no Tammany leader ever did before. He is trying to cope with mutineers, mobsters, and his own ambitions —with curious effects both on himself and on national politics.

FAR, far down the rungs of the ladder of public respectability stands a strange and sinister figure: the Political Boss. Many know his name; few know him by sight, for he is not a man the average citizen is apt to meet. In the popular imagination he makes his headquarters in a small, inaccessible office, where he can be found, cigar in mouth and a money-stuffed safe behind him. His consorts are thought to be unsavory; his manners, uncouth—yet, the telephone on his desk is a private wire to the governor's mansion, and the phone numbers in his private book are those of judges and imposing public figures.

The power which he wields—again according to the popular estimate—stems from the political machine which he controls. This, it is supposed, consists of ward-heelers and corrupt hacks, whose function is getting out the vote—by writing in the names of citizens long dead, by taking old ladies to the polls in taxicabs, and by passing out money to shiftless bums who for two bucks would gladly vote for Malenkov. In exchange for mobilizing the electorate, the machine members get "theirs"—which ranges from cushy jobs on the city payroll to special arrangements with the police.

Both Boss and Machine are types drawn in part from life. The late Frank ("I am the law") Hague of Jersey City would virtually have filled this bill of particulars, and there are bosses today in Texas and Tennessee, Kansas City and Chicago, that to some degree live up (or down) to this description. The characters Lincoln Steffens wrote about may long be dead, but the game they played goes on.

This is a study of one such machine, and of its boss. It is not the most typical, the most powerful, or even the most influential. Yet—because it is associated in the national mind with graft, greed, and grime more closely than any other—it has more than local interest, and the struggles it is now enduring

affect more than its immediate locale. This is the machine that operates in the asphalt jungle of New York City: Tammany Hall.

The Fact Behind the Legend

TAMMANY HALL consists of a shabby suite of rooms in a midtown office building. You enter through a fair-sized room with a faded red Persian carpet, a solid wooden table, leather chairs around the walls, and an American flag in the corner. A larger room, adjoining, is furnished with miscellaneous chairs and a battered desk or two; smaller offices, also adjoining, contain disheveled filing cabinets, bulletin boards featuring an appeal for retarded children, and a water cooler with neither cups nor water.

On most mornings the Hall is deserted; in the afternoons it shows faint stirrings of life when a few men, mostly middle-aged and inconspicuous, drop in to use the phone, leave messages, or chat with one another. A newspaper reporter may turn up, or people seeking favors, on appointment or just in hope. But on two afternoons of every week—Monday and Friday—the leather chairs are filled. For these are the afternoons when the Boss is in, and for the privilege of seeing the Boss men will patiently wait an hour, two hours, or all day long.

Not that the matters which they bring to him are of earth-shaking importance. Here is a district leader who wants to know if he can get the Fire Department Band to play at a local festival; he also wants to tell what is happening to his local opponent, and to inquire, as long as he is there, if there is an opening in one of the city departments for a stenographer. Here is a young lawyer who wants to know if there is an honorary post of some kind available for a large contributor to the party who craves recognition. Here is a delegation from the PTA; a retailer with "connections" who wants a bus stop moved; an up-state politico with news from Buffalo.

And so it goes, all the afternoon and into the evening; such are the trivia that form the life-blood of political organization. The big matters—the filling of judgeships, the support of critical candidates, the matter of internal reform or external stance—can only be dealt with if the little matters are satisfactorily disposed of. The man whose never-ending task this is—to listen, advise, agree, disagree, promise, postpone, and decide—is called the Boss. But the job he does—knitting together, nourishing, encouraging, and maintaining a working entity—has no name in the catalogue of employments. We may call it politicking.

"The Bishop"

THE Boss of Tammany Hall is Carmine G. DeSapio, a tall man with the smoldering good looks and some of the bearing of a Medici prince—not Giuliano, the thinker, but Lorenzo, the man of action. Tammanyites, who are not overly interested in the Renaissance, find another resemblance: they call him "the Bishop."

District leaders and other dignitaries who are ushered into the Bishop's presence find him in a darkened room, regarding them through tinted glasses. DeSapio has the outward calm of an ecclesiast, but the inevitable tensions of his profession have found their outlet in his eyes. He suffers from iritis, a psychogenic ailment which makes strong light painful and cigarette smoke intolerable; it flares up agonizingly when the going gets too tough.

DeSapio is not a "personality" in the colorful sense of the term: he dresses quietly, speaks softly in a strong voice, never swears, never enlivens the press with an escapade, lives unobtrusively in a small apartment on Washington Square, and keeps his private life private. He might be, on casual acquaintance, an accountant, or a City Hall lawyer. Save for a restrained, tense energy that is sensed rather than seen, there is little to mark him off from other men.

How, then, does DeSapio command the loyalty he does? ("He has a wonderful holt over his people," one district leader told me.) It is partly his uncomplicatedness: he is not a devious person. In part it is ability to say Yes or No and mean yes or no and not maybe. And in part it is his ability to politick.

For Carmine DeSapio politicks all day long, from early in the morning when he receives his first callers in his apartment to late at night when his hundredth or two hundredth interview will come to an end, and with fifty problems left unsolved DeSapio will soothe his eyes and try to sleep. This is a regimen

that would try any man's psychosomatic constitution (there is a copy of Dr. Flanders Dunbar's *Mind and Body* sitting on DeSapio's window sill).

Obviously he does not fit the stereotype of The Boss. Even those who dislike him—and no Boss can be free of envy and enemies—admit that he is strong and unquestionably capable. All agree that he is the handsome smile on the face of the Tammany tiger. The dispute comes when the smile is to be interpreted. Is the tiger now a domesticated beast? Or is it merely contentedly digesting the first good meal it has had in years?



The Way Up

THERE are many roads to the top in a big city machine. The one DeSapio has followed was long, rocky, and adventurous. His father was a non-political real-estater, but Carmine's uncle was an important wheel in the Tamawa Club and Carmine got interested early. He became a local worker, and then in 1939—when he was thirty-one—he flung his hat in the ring.

The ring was the 1st Assembly District West, by tradition and occupancy the territory of one Sheriff Finn, who had inherited the office from his father, Battery Dan Finn. There Carmine learned a useful lesson: it is not hard to knock off an old, entrenched, and lazy organization, but it is very hard to convince anyone but yourself that you have won. DeSapio beat Finn in the primary but found to his discomfort that he was just not "recognized" as the winner. Tammany's secretary—referring to the Russo-Finnish war then raging—blandly said, "They're certainly working on the Finns the world over."

For over three years DeSapio fought the issue through the courts; not until 1943 was he finally seated as a district leader. For what was at stake was more than just the resentment of the Hall to any upstart. Carmine was an Italo-American, and the Hall was traditionally Irish-American. Carmine's seating signaled a fundamental shift in the power groupings of the New York Democratic party.

Once seated, Carmine rapidly became the most serious Italo-American contender for leadership. In 1946 he was proposed as the Democratic member of the Board of Elections—a politically strategic post. Proposed in 1947 as Leader of the Hall, he withdrew in favor of Frank Sampson, head of the "Irish" faction; but the split was not healed. In 1948 it blew up over the matter of Judge Louis Valente.

Valente, one of DeSapio's supporters, had been proposed by his faction for the post of surrogate, a judicial office of no great salary but considerable patronage value. It was certainly a nomination of controversial merit: a former chairman of the executive committee of the New York Bar Association claimed that Valente had conferred with Frank Costello, the slot-machine magnate, and that all his law secretaryships were filled by political hacks, including DeSapio himself. Mayor O'Dwyer, taking up the cudgels, called Valente "a man who would squeeze the properties of widows and orphans," and proceeded to demand an investigation. Yet the real point at issue was that Valente would interrupt the long tradition of Irish surrogates.

And at this point the lid blew off Tammany Hall. The DeSapio group gathered the power to oust Sampson and put Hugo Rogers in his place. O'Dwyer washed his hands of Tammany, called it a "gutter club," and started firing Tammany appointees right and left. Ultimatums were issued.

Rogers hastily bowed out, and DeSapio now in the bad graces of the Irish wing, the Bar Association, the press, and public opinion—took over the leadership of the Hall.

It was hardly an auspicious beginning. Not only was the Hall split from stem to stern, but the machine itself had fallen on evil days. The organization which DeSapio took over was not the proud Tiger it once had been but a mangy alley-cat, and DeSapio, far from providing juicy steaks, seemed to have only small quantities of second-grade cat meat to offer. Let us see how this degeneration of the Tiger had come about.

Origins and Outrages

TAMMANY was not in its inception, as it is now, merely the nickname for the legally constituted Democratic County Committee of the County of New York. It began, rather, as a democratic organization with a small "d"—a fraternal brotherhood dating from before the Revolution and organized as a counter-force to the aristocratic societies of the time. It was because of this anti-aristocratic bias that it took its name from Tamminend, an Indian chief (who had, by poetic coincidence, been swindled out of his land), and its costumes, titles, rituals, and nonsense from Indian lore.

But it soon became entangled in New York politics, displaying both a democratic point of view and another more ancient one. Thus in 1806, Benjamin Romaine, Grand Sachem, was removed from office for having fraudulently obtained land in the heart of New York without bothering to pay for it; in 1807 another Sachem was revealed as an extorter of city fees; and in the same year, William Mooney, the founder of the society, was found to have rifled the city treasury while superintending the city almshouse.

As the century went on, the personality of the Hall became more clearly defined. On the one hand, its purely social functions dwindled and its political ones grew in importance. At the same time, it increasingly expressed a middle-class philosophy: it bewailed the spread of the foreign game of billiards amongst aristocratic youths, and of vice among the poor; it gave status to its rich members who were denied entree to the Social Register, and moral support to the less well-to-do who identified its interests with theirs. And, above all, its extra-curricular activities grew apace.

These came to full flower under the leadership of William Marcy Tweed, surely one of the monumental swindlers of all time. It is estimated that in the 1870s Tweed and his gang stole from the public a sum in excess of $100,000,000. For example, a County Court House which cost $6,317,500, netted the ring over $5,000,000 in graft, part of which went for such purposes as the construction of mahogany-lined stables on Tweed's estate in Greenwich.

But while Tweed and his successor, Richard Croker, gave Tammany a reputation which it has never wholly lived down (as well as the symbol of the tiger from a jewel-encrustered lapel-badge of the Americus Club which Tweed wore), it would be foolish to assume that Tammany was nothing but an organization for naked depredation. On the contrary, as Lincoln Steffens never wearied of pointing out, machines such as Tammany existed and persisted because they served a necessary function.

That function was welfare. The base of Tammany was not the greedy politician: it was the immigrant, who poured into New York during the nineteenth century in ever-growing numbers. The immigrant was poor, friendless, and bewildered: he found in Tammany an organization which would get him a job, bring him together with friends, help him with his immigration papers, and finally, bring him before a (Tammany) judge to be naturalized. All that Tammany asked in exchange was a vote—little enough repayment for its services.

And Decline

THE pattern persisted until the 1930s. Tammany had its great leaders, like Charlie Murphy, who were gentlemen, honest—within sensible limits—and far-sighted; but the source of its strength remained unchanged: ten dollars to Mrs. Flannagan when she was behind on the rent, a Christmas basket for the needy Watkins, and a job on the garbage detail for poor old Paddy Laughlin—while, at the other end, it rewarded its loyal workers with city contracts, city posts, judgeships, legal work, or sinecures. The system seemed infallible.

Three things broke it.

First, New York County—mighty Manhattan—ceased to be the center of the New

York universe. Brooklyn and the Bronx, once mere appendages of Manhattan, grew to rival and then to surpass it; and with their rise grew the power of their bosses. At the time DeSapio took over Tammany, *the* Boss of Greater New York was Ed Flynn of the Bronx —who, as it happened, had backed the anti-Tammany Recovery Party in 1933.

Secondly, the LaGuardia regime, coming in on a storm of public indignation in 1933, swept out the Augean stables with a Herculean broom. Civil service and the sealed bid, those dread enemies of patronage, had made huge inroads; juicy judgeships and other strategic jobs were filled with non- or anti-Tammanyites.



But most important of all, the New Deal itself cut away at the foundation of the machine's strength. What was a Christmas basket and a ten-dollar handout compared with WPA, Social Security, Unemployment Compensation, and the rest? As government took over the time-honored functions of the machine, it robbed the machine of its old dependable role.

That Tammany survived at all is something near to a miracle. It was forced to sell its resplendent Hall on 17th street—ironically, to Local 91 of the ILGWU, a New Deal protégé—and to move to its present unimpressive suite of offices. The men of wealth and prestige it had once attracted disappeared from the rolls. The old hegemony of the Irish was challenged by Negroes, Jews, and Italians. And finally, Tammany was forced to turn for funds to a source of last resort: the mob.

It was no accident that almost the first question put to DeSapio in his initial press conference, when he climbed on his shaky throne in July 1949, was, "Will Mr. Costello have any influence on Tammany?"—to which he answered, "Emphatically not." While the full degree of penetration and support is far from documented, it was common gossip that Tammany had been financed during the lean years, at least in part, by the proceeds of Costello's underworld empire. "We hope that no one is deceived by the DeSapio palaver," said the *Herald Tribune*.

Bad Beginning

After DeSapio took over, there were brief moments of peace at the Hall, as when DeSapio engineered a united front with the Republican boss, Thomas J. Curran, and the Liberal party to oppose (and beat) Representative Vito Marcantonio, a long-time fellow-traveler. But it was more of a cease-fire than a truce, for the Hall found itself hopelessly divided on the question of the 1950 mayoralty. The main Democratic contenders were Vincent Impelliteri and Ferdinand Pecora, both Tammany senior graduates. But when DeSapio finally declared for Pecora, Impelliteri, instead of withdrawing, proceeded to run on an independent ticket.

There was a storm of charge and countercharge. Impelliteri said that DeSapio was just a front for Costello, that DeSapio had tried to buy him off with the offer of a judgeship, and that DeSapio had double-crossed him by offering the mayoralty nomination to another Italo-American instead of himself. DeSapio countered by saying that Impelliteri lacked experience and ability, and that, far from being outraged at an offer to "buy him off," Impelliteri wanted a judgeship for himself and several for his friends.

Unfortunately for DeSapio, Impelliteri and his Experience party ticket won the election and—understandably—turned on the man who had fought them. When DeSapio's renomination to the Board of Elections came up, what should have been a cut-and-dried affair very nearly turned into a fiasco. Shortly thereafter, Impelliteri charged that DeSapio had visited a meeting of Democratic leaders at which Joey Rao and Joe Stracci—two citizens of unlovely reputation—were also present. District Atto

ney Hogan, investigating, found "a shocking example of unsavory characters helping to influence a political decision," although he did not find sufficient evidence to institute charges. And, to rock the tottering throne still harder, at the Kefauver hearings Costello remarked that he knew DeSapio "very well."

The fact that DeSapio has endured these staggering misfortunes is partly due to his own tenacity and partly to the loyalty which he engenders in his fellow leaders. That, and another factor: there was no one else. Sampson and Rogers were generally discredited and Bob Blaikie, a one-time partner of Sampson's in the insurance business and a vehement opponent of DeSapio, never really caught on as a potential leader. DeSapio—under fire, liberally bespattered with mud from his critics, and with virtually no patronage at his disposal—may not have been much of an asset to Tammany Hall, but he still looked better than anyone else.

And he was.

For the perplexing thing about this checkered tale is that Carmine DeSapio has confounded his critics by emerging as its hero. Though all the forces of his political education, his associates, and the tactics of the day conspired to make him just another hack, in some fashion DeSapio has broken through the mold. This is by no means to say that he is the embodiment in public life of all that is good and true. DeSapio is as hard-boiled and skillful a politician as they come, and expediency plays at least as large a role in his make-up as pure principle. Nonetheless, Carmine DeSapio is something of a phenomenon in American politics. Himself a creature of clubhouse intrigue, he has used his power —of all things—for reform. Himself the graduate of the Tammany School, he is presiding —quite consciously—over a fundamental change in The Machine itself.

Inside the Machine

TECHNICALLY, all power in the Democratic party in the County of New York resides with the county committmen, a motley assortment of anonymous characters who are elected every odd year from their local districts—usually a square block apiece. Once elected, the county committeemen themselves vote for a leader and co-leader to represent their district on the Executive Committee of the party, and this Executive Committee is Tammany itself.

But the system, while apparently simple, is complex in the extreme. When DeSapio took over, there were 11,762 County Committeemen grouped into 41 assembly districts, or fractions of assembly districts. The voter who went to the primary never voted directly for his own district leader; and, although each slate of committeemen was formally pledged to a candidate, there had been cases in which committeemen proved susceptible to "persuasion" and voted for another man. In addition, since the election of district leaders was once removed from the voter himself, he rarely concerned himself about the contest. Thus a very small fraction of the enrolled Democrats, obediently trotting to the polls, could insure the election of their slate.

DESAPIO set out to destroy this system. Two years in advance of the deadline set by a state law to cut down the committeeman system, he slashed their numbers from 11,000 to 3,471—an action which earned him the praise of the Citizens Union, a watchdog group not given to encomiums for Tammany Hall. Going a step further, DeSapio backed legislation in Albany which would ensure the direct election of district leaders—thus linking the Democratic voter directly to his organization. He has worked for other election law reforms, making it easier for an independent to get on the ballot, and he has plugged for permanent personal registration, a long-sought aim of many electoral reformers.

In a similar way, his own maneuverings have seemed to be headed in a small-*d* democratic direction. In 1953, the Hall was still divided and DeSapio's leadership threatened by nearly a third of the Tammany leaders who wanted to renominate Impelliteri for Mayor. DeSapio, favoring Robert F. Wagner, Jr., engaged the services of three direct-mail companies to poll 41,000 Democrats—or every tenth registered voter in the party—to see how the rank and file felt. They felt that Wagner and not Impy should be the candidate and, when the election resulted in a Wagner landslide, DeSapio's power position at the Hall was finally established. The polling idea, furthermore, had forced even the Republican *Herald Tribune* to concede: "For once Tam-

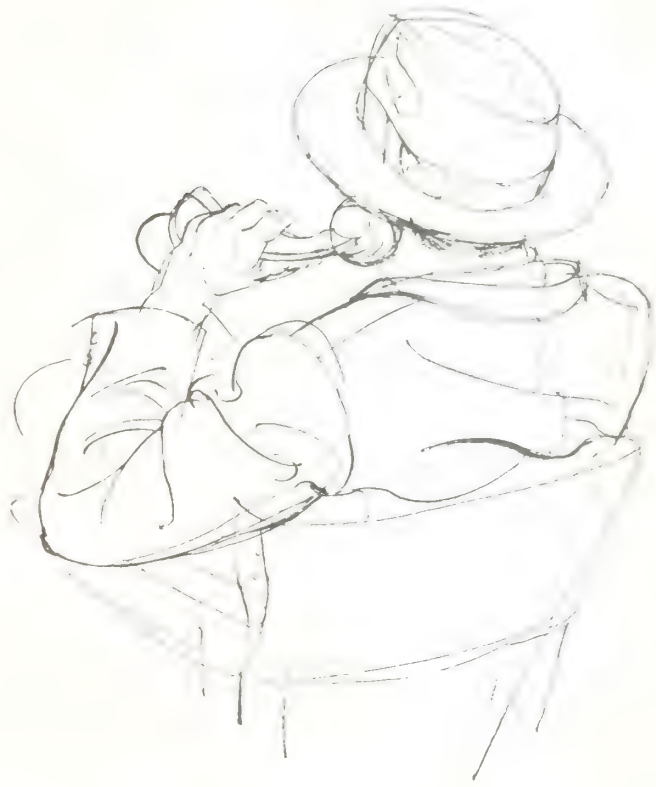
many Hall is doing something useful and commendable."

In a measure it seems as though DeSapio—like Supreme Court Justice Cardozo, whose father was a Tweed gang judge—were out to atone for the sins of his party's past. Himself a victim of a subtle form of race discrimination (the kind that gives movie gangsters Italian names) he has been instrumental in appointing a Negro as Borough President of Manhattan and another to the highest judicial post ever held by a member of that race in New York. Shortly after the recent Puerto Rican shooting in Congress, when anti-Puerto Rican feeling was running high, DeSapio seated Antonio Mendez as Tammany leader from the 14th Assembly District East.

Mindful of the charge that Tammany long ago forgot the "little" voter, DeSapio has fought the sales tax, established rent-control clinics, brought the Young Democrats within the party structure for the first time, and talked about a "people's program"—strange words coming from the tiger's mouth. And with the sting of the old Costello charges and innuendoes sharp in his ears, he has leaned over backward to recommend and designate men for city posts who would be beyond cavil. It is simply stated as a fact on Chambers Street that judgeships are no longer for sale, and District Attorney Hogan, who would once have thrown up his hands in horror at the mention of DeSapio's name, now speaks of him as an outstanding exponent of political integrity.

There is, of course, an easy "explanation" for all of these changes. Tammany Hall is no longer, for reasons that we have seen, the mighty machine it once was. When DeSapio took over it was weak, cleft, and discredited: shades of Jimmy Walker beclouded its past, and although O'Dwyer was an anti-Tammany man, the public somehow associated O'Dwyer, Tammany, and graft and didn't worry about whether in fact O'Dwyer was pro- or anti-Tammany.

Hence DeSapio's first concern—from every point of view, that of self-interest included—was to give New York City a Democratic government that could overcome the past, a government that was clean, efficient, and progressive.



The Comforts of the Clubhouse

If we were to end here, we could call this a success-story: how Carmine G. DeSapio, the little Italian boy from Grand Street, rose to be boss of Tammany Hall, how he kicked out all the bad men, and fought for the cause of justice and truth.

The story is more complicated than that, however. DeSapio has instituted a real measure of reform, for which the citizens of New York can be truly grateful. But a far more difficult problem faces him today, and that is the question of whether a big city machine can ever live and work together with a reformist and independent-minded citizenry.

No successful machine in the past has ever done so—not, as many think, for economic reasons. It is true that bosses have more often than not linked themselves with big business, that they have thrown sops to the poor in order to wring real benefits for the rich, and that some of them may be necessarily imprecise in filling out their income-tax returns. But the regular worker at the local level does not have dreams of avarice on the Tweed scale. He eyes with interest the $4,500 job, the $500 legal fee, the few dollars of expense money which he can pocket at election time.

When the rewards are small and work is

hardly zestful, men do not break their necks trying. There are plenty of "outsiders" ready to volunteer when the big elections come around. The rest of the time—why get an ulcer? And indeed, why should you? The machine of the other party is organized in exactly the same fashion, with exactly the same caliber of men. Most of the time there isn't much need to try too hard, especially when an undue effort might only advertise an election which is nobody's business anyway.

Hence the people who make politics their occupation do not tend to thrive on ideas and strive for ideals, and the Tammany clubs—indeed, machine clubs everywhere—tend to become pleasant fraternities where "the boys" can sit around and play poker, gossip, get away from their wives, and relax. These are pleasant little centers of prestige in a cruel and prestige-less world: note that of the thirty-four Tammany leaders, seven run clubs that are named after themselves. It is a very nice thing to be John Smith, president of the John Smith Association.

While such a pedestrian system is obviously far short of perfect—while it is open to petty graft, grateful for picayune favors, unmoved by great issues, and often blinded by the dust that blows up from the gutter—it does have its advantages, and they are very real ones. First, it is loyal—at least up to the moment when it knifes its leader in the back. But it is not apt to wield this knife for any passing fancy.

Second and even more important, such a system is *continuous*. It persists. When a more inspired, idealistic group may have wearied of the grind, the humdrum machine is always there. Its imagination has never kindled, and so it will not burn out; it was never enchanted, and so it runs no risk of being disenchanted. It may lack virtue, drive, imagination, guts, or a soul—but one thing it has: endurance.

Where this comes to the point is in Carmine DeSapio's peculiar fate, which is to deal with a new sickness for the Tammany tiger. The tiger in the past has suffered indigestion from overeating, ptomaine poisoning after eating the wrong thing, and malnutrition—all standard complaints. But the Tammany of today has a much less familiar ailment. It is threatened with idealism, a disease for which no prognosis can be based on past experience.

The infection originated in 1949—shortly before DeSapio came to the top in the Hall. In that year a group of ambitious young lawyers who had met regularly for lunch in Manhattan's downtown law district decided to form an organization to be called the Fair Deal Democrats and to fight for a place in the political sun—momentarily backing O'Dwyer, at that time the "liberal" candidate.

It was a large order, but not an utterly unrealistic one. "We had no illusions about our influence from the outside," says Sam Harris, who was one of the founders. "We wanted to get on the inside, and we figured the only way to do it was to organize. A number of us had already joined local Democratic Clubs, but the boys in the clubhouses didn't want us. So we figured maybe we could give the boys in the clubhouses a run for their money."

Rise of the Young Turks

Events played quickly into their hands. At the death of Sol Bloom, the venerable and veteran Congressman from New York's West Side, a special election was called. Tammany, then in the last stages of Hugo Rogers' leadership, turned its back on Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr.'s candidacy; and when Roosevelt ran in defiance, on the Four Freedoms ticket, the Fair Dealers jumped into the fight. They won, hands down.

Encouraged, they now piled into a fight against a Tammany candidate for City Councilman, and into a number of leadership fights within various assembly districts. Cocktail parties multiplied for the making of money and speeches; hundreds of young men and women dutifully plodded the streets, ringing doorbells and patiently explaining the issues. The Fair Dealers put up a good show and they got thoroughly, unmercifully shellacked.

But the battle was not over. The survivors decided to concentrate their fire on one district; and when a pro-Impelliteri leader of the Middle Fifth Assembly District joined the anti-DeSapio insurrection at the Hall, the group found its proper target. He was beaten by Herbert de Varco, a compromise candidate, and shortly thereafter de Varco was replaced by Leonard Cohen, a Fair Dealer.

Tammany Hall now had a reform can-

didate in its midst as a recognized leader.

Meanwhile, on the other side of town, a separate reform group was undergoing its own baptism of fire. The Grover Cleveland Club, an organization about as dynamic as the name suggests, had been running the East Side of town, under the benevolent dictatorship of Judge Jeremiah Mahoney, for years without number. Its election captains were men in their sixties; its intellectual atmosphere was strictly at the pinochle level. When Jack Baltzell, a young Princeton lawyer, wanted to *do* something in the club, he was patted on the head and told to run along and be a good boy.

Instead, Baltzell and a few friends walked out and started their own club—the Lexington Democratic Club. Baltzell proceeded to run (this was in 1949) for district leader, and was—in the parlance of the locale—*fernichtet:* which is to say, licked. Nothing daunted, he ran again in 1951, in the southern half of a district in which, parenthetically, there are as many voters as in the entire state of Nevada. And lo and behold, he won—not by a clean majority, but by a plurality.

This put DeSapio, whose position in the Hall was by no means secure, into something of a quandary. When the insurgents won in the Middle Fifth, DeSapio was ousting an enemy and seating a neutral, if not a friend. Two years later when Millard Midonick, a former NLRB lawyer, successfully contested an old enemy of his, the Boss did not hesitate to lend his aid: any newcomer was welcome. But Baltzell of the Lexington Club was a different matter. Here was a maverick club, absolutely bursting with energy, but far from trained in harness.

DeSapio thought it over and then combined the split sections of the 9th Assembly District —thereby freezing Baltzell and the Lexington Clubbers out. It was not a move entirely devoid of reason: the split assembly district was at best a political monstrosity and the insurgents themselves had argued for unified districts. Furthermore, DeSapio maintained—with some justification—that he could hardly afford to seat a leader who controlled only a plurality, and not a majority, of his votes. Yet it was an anti-insurgent move and it hurt.

Down but not out, the Lexington Clubbers threw their strength behind Dorothy Schiff, publisher of the New York *Post*, and Lloyd Garrison, a liberal New York lawyer, for election to the Democratic State Committee. They won. And when 1953 rolled around, they ran Jack Baltzell in the newly unified Ninth, throwing into that campaign all the pavement-pounding zeal of a crusade. They won again, better than two to one. DeSapio bowed to the inevitable, and Baltzell was seated as a Tammany leader ("Hell of a place for a Princeton man," he says with a grin.) The insurgents had made a dent.

Who Else Can Run the Hall?

As yet it is only a dent. Tammany has thirty-one leaders at the moment, plus three vacancies. The "liberal" leaders are only a handful: Jack Baltzell, Millard Midonick, and Leonard Cohen. Ranged against them are the straight old-liners, some of them men of fossilized ideas and none-too-fragrant pasts, who number about eleven. And in between are the rest: leaders who have come up the professional route, who depend for their livelihood largely on political appointment, but not men averse to change, immune to ideas, or shackled by private interest. Carmine DeSapio is one of these.

But knocking on the door of Tammany are another three or four new clubs. They too are run by a handful of eager young lawyers, young business and professional men, and their indefatigable wives. What they lack in experience they make up for in energy, and what they lack in deep-rooted associations in their district they make up for in a willingness to get out and see people. What they lack in professional support, they make up for in the backing of the Democratic Citizens Committee—a group of distinguished liberal Democrats including Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, David Lilienthal, and Telford Taylor.

They would be a negligible force, in a vast city, were the old opposition not so creaky and decrepit: as matters stand they have their eyes fixed confidently on the chairs occupied by the amiable or not-so-amiable hacks. Two years from now, the insurgents may number five or six; five years from now they may be in a position to call the shots. "There is a vacuum at the top of the Hall," said one young leader. "Not Carmine—he's the Boss and no one contests that. But if Carmine ever

moves into national politics full time—or if he should just drop dead one day—who is there to take over? There aren't any men big enough for the job. Except us."

All this poses problems for Carmine DeSapio much different from the standard worries of political life. While there is reason to believe that DeSapio himself favors the reforms of the insurgents—the streamlining of Tammany and the rehabilitation of the good name of the Democratic party in New York—there is something more fundamental at stake: the continuance of the machine itself.

Nor that the Young Turks, as they are commonly called, are against the machine as such. "We recognize the need for professional politicians and for a disciplined party organization," one of them told me. What they *are* against is a machine built on the old pattern: a machine that responds to money but not to ideas, a machine that never goes faster than its standard one mile per hour, a machine that makes politics distasteful for too many citizens.

But from DeSapio's side, it is not so simple to conclude that a machine can operate on any other basis. Take, for example, the matter of discipline. Will the insurgents obey the will of the majority? They have already shown that they may not. Those insurgent clubs that have won a place in the Hall behave pretty much as regulars; those that have not, do not. In recent elections some of the Young Turks showed their distaste for Tammany candidates by crossing party lines. And, even if candidates are made acceptable, will the young clubs generate the same steam for the small, unimportant party elections as they do for, say, Adlai Stevenson?

Secondly, how will the Young Turks be "paid off"? The old clubs took their small rewards with thanks, as we have seen. But the young clubs, with their up-and-coming professional leaders, are not so easily satisfied with crumbs. Their members—those who are not just in it for the glory—are thinking about posts of national prominence in Washington or important state and city jobs. How many such posts, or how much glory, can a boss hand out?

It is a peculiar paradox. Patronage is not the grab-bag it once was, and from this the old clubs suffer; but the new clubs often can't use the little there is. "Carmine has offered us some patronage," one young leader told me frankly, "that we didn't know what to do with. By ordinary political standards they were good jobs. But every one in my club had a better."

Thirdly, after their crusade—which is relatively easy—will they survive the easier pace of victory? Just as a handful of hacks can run an old club, so a handful of enthusiasists can run a new club. But for how long? One leader, telling me of the weekends, the endless weekday nights at meetings, the aggravating attendance at the Hall to see the Boss on some matter or other, candidly confessed: "I don't know how much longer I can keep this up. It's nice being a leader. But it hasn't gotten me anything but work, headaches, and trouble. I'm not like some of the old-liners, wanting to get a cushy city job and make politicking my life. I can only hope that if and when I ever quit, there'll be someone in my club ready to carry on for a while."

For DeSapio himself, who is first and foremost a realist, such questions are not easy to answer. He sees that the young clubs have the ideas, the drive, and the respectability which can—if harnessed—revitalize the party. "I recognize," he told me, "that we need the liberal clubs and that you can only hold them by giving them a progressive and good government to fight for."

But because he is a realist, DeSapio must wonder about the old clubs as well. "Tammany," as one leader puts it, "is not the old-line organization it used to be, but it isn't all maverick, either. Carmine's got the job of holding it together while the old-timers and the Young Turks fight it out."

The Great Art

Carmine G. DeSapio is only in mid-career. Two years ago, few outside New York had ever heard his name. Now, as a member of the Democratic National Committee (it is worth noting that his nomination was opposed by one of the liberal clubs, a gratuitous slap in the face), he is moving to a wider stage. From here on, his career may be a national one, for DeSapio is ambitious and New York may be his springboard.

It may also be his grave, for the ways of politics are strewn with pitfalls. A scandal, a

bad defeat, an unexpected twist, and a career is junked; this is the politician's lot. Yet if DeSapio does not overreach (and there are grumbles that he is increasingly too busy to be available at local levels), and if the Democrats win in the nation, then his aquiline features may one day be as well known as Jim Farley's ruddy Irish ones—a point of ethnic rivalry on which DeSapio would be both sensitive and proud.

He lives, breathes, eats, and sleeps politics. He has a card-file memory, no other interests, a thousand acquaintances, and few close friends. His wife Theresa and his daughter Geraldine see him between politics, if they can catch him on the fly. He has had no vacation worthy of the name in ten years, and his rest, such as it is, has usually been taken only when his eyes flare up painfully enough to send him to the hospital. Even there he is far from isolated from the world.

The last time he was in St. Clare's with a bad attack of iritis, strict orders were given to shut off his phone and bar all visitors. For the first twenty-four hours, Carmine was thankful for quiet. The next twenty-four, he began to wonder why the phone didn't ring. On the third day, he found out from a Sister about the doctor's orders. "Now, Sister," he began, turning on his "Bishop's" manner, "you know how lonely a man gets being by himself all day. Just a few calls and one or two visitors couldn't hurt." She relented, and from that moment the phone rang continuously and the visitors were lined up in the hospital corridor, waiting their turn.

THE politics in which DeSapio is immersed, however, is a special kind. It is not politics-for-money. DeSapio is paid $12,000 a year as Commissioner of the Board of Elections, "expenses" by the Democratic County Committee of the County of New York (that is, Tammany Hall), and "a few hundred dollars" from an insurance business organized in his name in which he takes virtually no interest. With all the allegations that have been thrown his way, the charge that he is in it for money is not among them.

Nor is it politics-for-ideas. Ask DeSapio if he is a Stevenson Democrat or an Old Line Democrat, a New Dealer or a Fair Dealer, and he will protest that he's just a Democrat, period. Syd Baron, his public-relations man,



who seems to know him better than anyone else, says that he is essentially a New Dealer. "But Carmine doesn't think only in terms of issues. He thinks in terms of results."

Rather than any of these, the politics that engulf DeSapio are politics pure, politics as a profession, politics as a business, politics very nearly as an end in itself. There is a pious American assumption that no good man should dirty his hands with politics who does not feel "deeply" about the matters at stake. We do not feel that a butter-and-egg man must "believe" in butter and eggs, or a butcher "believe" in meat. But politics is different, and hence the professional politician—whose stock in trade is handling the intangibles of personalities, judging the course of trends, and balancing the ephemeral weights of conflicting power—is regarded with scorn.

And this is unfortunate, for on the great arts which DeSapio practices depend the viabilities of local governments—and, by extension and by past experience, the tone of national politics. It is not so much DeSapio's future career which makes him a figure of special interest as it is his extraordinary opportunity, his calculated attempt to upset the traditional view that no big-city machine can work congenially with men of principle. DeSapio's influence, more than any other, will determine the outcome of the present rivalry between the young lawyers and the old hacks. If he can learn how to maintain and encourage new blood while speeding up the circulation of the old, teaching the mavericks the virtues of organization and the hacks the power of ideas, he will truly have tamed the Tammany tiger. That would be an accomplishment worthy of a real Tammany boss.

Both a teacher of medicine and a psychiatrist, Dr. Stevenson explores the ways in which the mind can damage the body—or help to heal it

Psychosomatic Medicine

Part I

What We Know about Illness and the Emotions

Ian Stevenson

I WISH the word psychosomatic had never been invented. It has aroused new interest in an old subject, but at the same time—as so many words do—it has blocked the growth of wider concepts. A belief has spread that the psychosomatic disorders form a special kind of illness—that a disease either is psychosomatic or it is not. But the psychological element is universal in illness and must be considered in every patient.

The knowledge that mind and body interact is scarcely new. Some twenty-five hundred years ago Aristotle observed that "The soul is the essence of the whole living body." That truth is undergoing a new examination and elaboration today—but though we have advanced considerably in our knowledge of both body and mind, we know no more of how they actually interact than Aristotle did.

Many authorities even doubt the independent existence of the mind and soul. They use the word "mind" only to refer to the collective functions of the brain. Much evidence supports this plausible view. Certainly the mind expresses itself through the brain, and disturbances of the brain disturb the functions of the mind. Anyone can prove this to himself with an ounce or two of whisky. These facts, however, do not prove the identity of mind and brain, or prove that the brain secretes thoughts the way the liver secretes bile. When we squeeze a sponge, water runs out, but this does not make water a product of the sponge. Our current knowledge of the brain does not account for all the known attributes of the mind. Moreover, if we accept the possibility of telepathy—for which increasing evidence is accumulating—then we must acknowledge that the mind can sometimes express itself independently of the known functions of the brain. To express a personal bias, I do not believe science has heard the last of the mind or the soul.

We must acknowledge, too, that the influence of the mind on health has been known for centuries. Able physicians of Greece, Rome, and the medieval Arab world exploited this knowledge skillfully. So have many of their successors. As a minor hobby, I enjoy collecting passages from writers of former ages illustrating knowledge of what we now call psychosomatic medicine. In my note books, for example, I have this from Martin Luther:

"Heavy thoughts bring on physical maladies; when the soul is oppressed, so is the body."

And this from John Wesley's Journal:

> Reflecting today on the case of a poor woman who had continual pain in her stomach, I could not but remark the inexcusable negligence of most physicians in cases of this nature. They prescribe drug upon drug, without knowing a jot of the matter concerning the root of the disorder. Whence came this woman's pain? (which she would never have told, had she never been questioned about it)—from fretting for the death of her son. And what availed medicine, while that fretting continued?

One more example from the same century: Tristam Shandy's Uncle Toby loved to fight over the battles of the siege of Namur where he received an unhealing wound. His efforts to tell his friends the story of a confused battle often seemed more disorderly than the battle itself. Such recitals left him—we would say—tense and frustrated. In Tristam Shandy's words: "He must have fretted and fumed inwardly . . . and whoever has considered well the effects which the passions and affections of the mind have upon the digestion (why not of a wound as well as of a dinner?)—may easily conceive what sharp paroxysms and exacerbations of his wound my Uncle Toby must have undergone upon that score only."

The author here is casually including a reference to the everyday knowledge of his time, which means that a good many people of other generations would have thought our new-found wisdom in this area rather commonplace.

What Emotion Does to the Body

I LIKE these illustrations, not because I wish to hold our generation in contempt, but because they help us toward appropriate humility about our own modest understanding. Modest it is, but not negligible.

To grasp the present position of psychosomatic disorders, it is useful to look at them in the context of all illnesses having a mental component. In any serious conflict or unpleasant situation, several alternative courses present themselves. The great majority of such conflicts we master constructively. Effective compromises accept a partial pleasure or good instead of no pleasure or good at all. When we cannot achieve such mastery, there remain other, less satisfactory solutions.

First, we may withdraw from the situation—either by physical flight, or simply by giving up our interest in the problem, or even sometimes in life itself. Depressed people slow down their mental and physical processes and some even extinguish the furnace of life by acts of self-destruction, or occasionally by simply willing themselves to death. Such nonviolent suicide happens uncommonly in the Occident, although every psychiatrist knows of a few cases. The members of certain primitive tribes—notably some of the Australian aborigines—surpass our skill in this. They may lie down and die quite quickly when they feel unwanted.

Secondly, we may reconstruct the world about us in fantasy or delusion, as if the conflict or trouble no longer existed. This is psychosis, or insanity.

As a third possibility, we can aggressively destroy the real or assumed sources of our troubles. On a small scale we fight; in a larger theater we declare war.

WE SEEM rich in choices for dealing with our problems, but in practice we do not take advantage of the diversity. Physical fighting has been largely outlawed. So has running away. Not many people have the courage to flee their problems. Relatively few people, a mere half million or so in this country, are endowed with the susceptibility for becoming psychotic. And yet few of us master all our problems maturely. This leaves us with unsolved conflicts and inescapable unpleasantnesses, and these in turn evoke a varied pattern of what we call emotions.

An emotion is a private feeling which reflects an attitude toward something in the environment. But emotions also modify our physical states, as if to prepare us for coping physically with that something. For example, when we are afraid, our bodies act as if we were going to run away, even though we have no such intention. The lungs breathe rapidly to furnish more oxygen to the blood. The heart pumps more blood to muscles, which tense up as if for a struggle or a flight. And anger, gluttony, lust, grief, and all the other emotions cause other appropriate changes in the body. Or, rather, the changes would be appropriate if we followed our impulses and turned thoughts into action. This actually happens probably less than once in a thousand times. So much of the rest of the time we live in a state somewhat resembling that of a ship tied up at a dock with steam up and propellers racing. In the human body, the physical changes associated with emotional disturbance lead first to poor function and then—if the stress continues—to structural damage of the tissues.

This does not happen to everyone. Our poor ability to concentrate saves most of us. Our thoughts wander here and there, and happily our emotions go with them. First

a passing grief knots the intestines; and then, before colitis starts, some new annoyance pours acid into the stomach. But before the [illegible] nervous system quiets all organs for a time. We do not usually remain preoccupied with any of our problems for long enough to damage or kill ourselves. But sometimes we do, and then the psychosomatic disorders follow.

One of the significant achievements of our generation has been the detailed study and [illegible] of the physical changes which occur during emotional disturbances. Some of the most extensive contributions to this study have come from Dr. Harold G. Wolff and his colleagues at Cornell University Medical College, but other groups of workers, too numerous to cite, have contributed no less. Although this work has discovered nothing fundamentally new, it has established a demonstrable relationship between specific emotions and physical changes. It has, in other words, quantified the relationship.

A great many physicians have somewhat vaguely known of a connection between emotions, thoughts, and physical health. But since they lacked positive evidence or perhaps had only a few isolated personal observations, they could—if they wished—dismiss the subject from their minds. The careful, quantitative work of such men as Dr. Wolff and his associates now forbids any physician to ignore the subject, unless he wishes to incur the epithet "unscientific."

Obesity, Alcoholism, and Accidents

But the whole matter is more complicated than this. Emotional disturbances may lead a person to injure his body in other ways, say, by overeating. The fat person finds some pleasure in eating, which substitutes [illegible] for affection. Or his huge size gives him weight to balance [illegible]—a personality [illegible] ness, as it were.

Alcoholism, of course, resembles overeating, since it is a means of quieting emotional disturbances artificially. But obesity injures the body generally, while alcohol especially damages the brain and hence produces further emotional disturbances by a "somatopsychic" influence.

Sometimes we injure our bodies more immediately than by overeating and overdrinking. Most of us pass through life without fracturing any bones. But some people have had six, eight, or more fractures. A study in Connecticut showed that about 80 per cent of automobile accidents involve only 20 per cent of the total number of drivers. This repeated occurrence of accidents is itself no accident but again traceable to emotional disturbances.

Creating Illnesses

This by no means completes the list of ways in which mental functions influence the body. Some persons have, by training or talent, achieved remarkable skill in influencing the body by thoughts. The performances of Hindu Yoga, for instance, deserve more attention than they have received. We have well authenticated accounts of such feats as rendering the body insensitive to pain, slowing the heart almost to a standstill, and achieving a state amounting to suspended animation.

Some of the feats of Hindu yogis can be duplicated in the state of hypnotism and a few by simple training. Many are repeated involuntarily by a special group of afflicted people called hysterics. These people have an aptitude for the translating of ideas into physical changes. An hysteric believes that her arm is paralyzed, and so it becomes. Such ideas often seize the mind and hold on with the tenacity of a barnacle. Hysteria is a malady chiefly of the uneducated and the uncritical, for hysterics are notoriously simple, suggestible folk. Other people are protected from believing that their limbs are paralyzed—or from other such beliefs—by the learning which tells them that it just cannot be so without some organic disease of brain or limb. The hysteric, innocent of such learning, knows that it can be so. And it is.

The limbs and skeletal musculature are the chief sites of hysterical phenomena. But ideas about the body also influence the functioning of internal organs. For example, there is the extraordinary, but not really uncommon illness called pseudocyesis, which is medical neo-Hellenic for "false pregnancy." The patient—whether through fear of pregnancy or a wish for it—believes herself to be pregnant. She ceases menstruating, her abdomen enlarges [illegible] although her uterus does not, and her breasts

undergo changes similar to those of pregnant women. The hormones of the pituitary glands and ovaries of such patients show changes which closely resemble in kind, but not in degree, the hormonal changes in women who are really pregnant. Unless the pseudo-mother can be persuaded to surrender belief in her pregnancy, this serio-comic physical fantasy may be culminated after nine months by efforts to deliver an imaginary baby.

Let no man laugh at this strange disorder, for men, too, sometimes imagine themselves pregnant and suffer from vomiting and labor pains, which is, to say the least, even more bizarre.

Other equally striking connections between ideas and physical function are found in many patients. A few years ago I saw a young man who had great difficulty breathing. A physical examination showed no disease of his heart or lungs which could account for his symptom. His father also had difficulty in breathing, but his father had serious heart trouble. When the patient saw, or even thought of his father's heavy breathing, he himself began to pant imitatively.

Another young man watched over his father carefully during the latter's final illness and death from heart disease. He used to feel his father's pulse solicitously and often noticed a disturbance in the rhythm. Not long after his father's death he sought medical help, complaining of palpitations. His heart-beat was indeed irregular—but the cause appeared to be entirely mental and emotional.

A middle-aged woman complained of an intractable pain in her right chest. Exhaustive examinations failed to uncover any structural disease which could account for her pain. Then it was learned that her son at the time lay dying of cancer. His cancer and his pain were in the right chest. After he died—and she became reconciled—her pain went away.

For reasons which are not relevant here, these patients wished (mostly unconsciously) to be like their respective relatives. But they did not merely imagine their illnesses; more accurately, they first imagined and then created the illnesses; but the symptoms resulted from genuine physical changes.

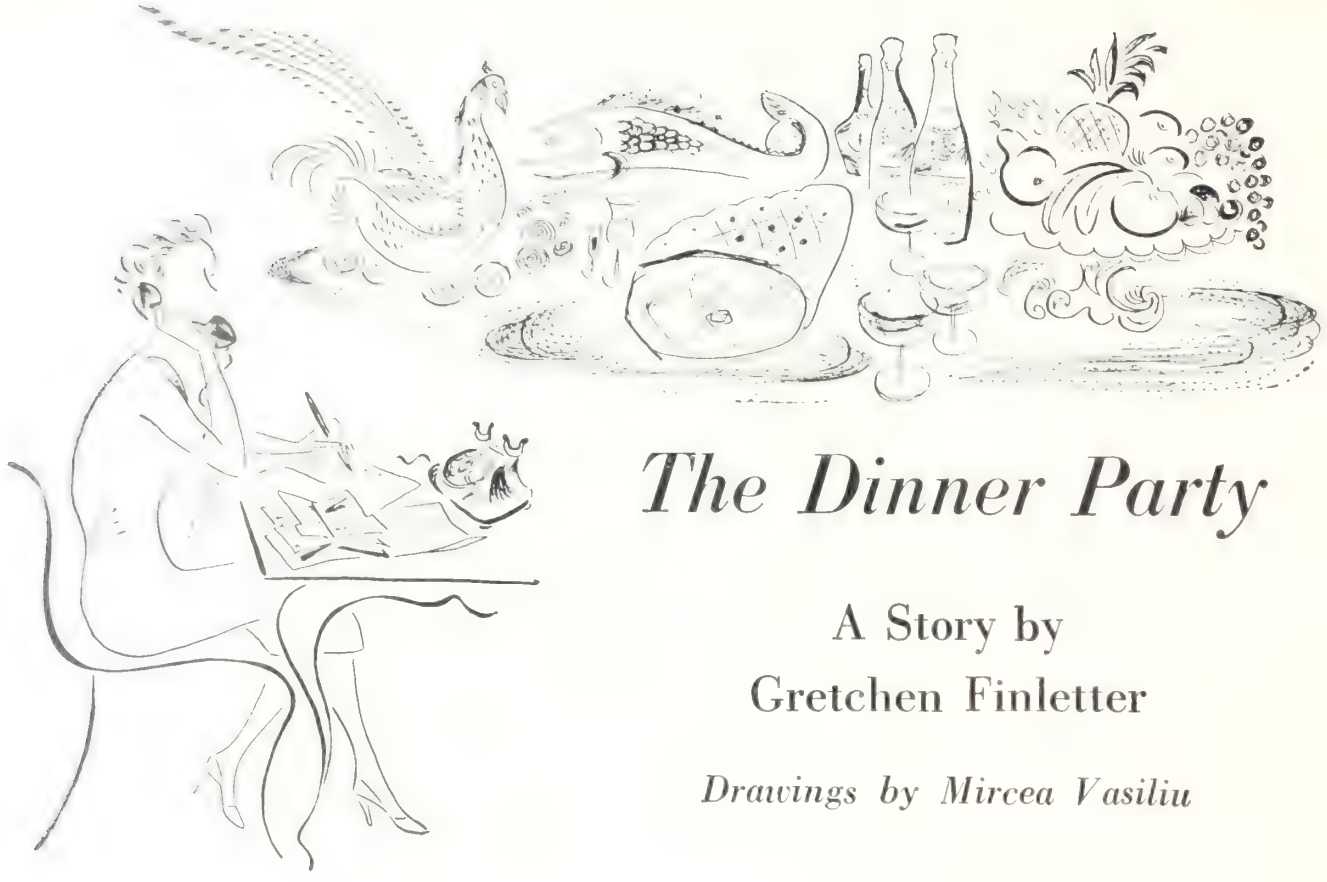
I do not mean to make too sharp a distinction between hysterics (including the suggestible patients mentioned above) and other people. Thoughts markedly influence the bodily functions of everyone. I have had the opportunity of recording large variations in the rate and rhythms of the breathing evoked by simple thoughts. One enterprising physician, during a routine inspection of the bronchial tubes of a patient through a bronchoscope, asked the patient a few questions. When he asked how the patient would feel if he were deprived of his pension, the bronchial tubes constricted. When he asked how the patient felt when his party won an important election, the bronchial tubes relaxed and widened broadly. In other words, the patient expressed with his bronchi what he might have said with his lips if he could have spoken.

These examples may sufficiently demonstrate that everyone, to some extent, molds his body by his thoughts. We know that the extent of such molding varies widely among different people; we do not understand why these variations occur, and we hardly understand the mechanism of the molding at all. But we do know that ideas can have an immense influence on the body.

The disorders which have been chiefly studied and labeled psychosomatic—for example asthma, hypertension, peptic ulcer, hay fever, colitis, and others—have episodic courses. Their symptoms come and go like the tides, except that they fluctuate with the emotional state of the patient rather than with the phases of the moon. Their many fluctuations have simplified the study of the relationships between emotions and physical changes in these illnesses.

But emotions are no less important in conditions which pursue a steadier course. Recent work has demonstrated the great significance of emotional factors in heart failure and in diabetes. Indeed there now remains no organ of the body in which physical changes related to emotions have not been proved of major importance. The modern physician—free from doubt over whether or not emotional factors are important in his patients' illnesses—knows now that they are always important to some degree and spends his time discovering in each individual case the magnitude of that degree, and applying treatment accordingly.

[*To be concluded next month.*]



The Dinner Party

A Story by Gretchen Finletter

Drawings by Mircea Vasiliu

May 4—Tuesday

THE trouble with rich friends is that they are so expensive. This thought unfortunately only occurs to me after I have suggested that we have the Pullmans to dinner, as they are at least two years overdue. I make the mistake of bringing this all up at luncheon when both children are there.

Charles who is born hospitable says of course, high time, by all means, why not? The "why not" makes me immediately against the idea as the Pullmans live grandly and I know that I will find myself trying to evolve a dinner that will appear equally grand.

I decide that I will not discuss this aspect before Rachel and little Cissie as it will give them the wrong values, plus a poor impression of me.

Charles goes on to say it must be small, not more than eight, so we can have General Conversation. This is an obsession of Charles which in my experience only produces a monologue by Host or Feature Player, with expressions on the faces of the other guests of frightened anticipation that they will be called on for well-rounded opinions, or hurt feelings if they are not. I suggest that we can bury the Pullmans better with twelve, whereupon Cissie who is, I am afraid, rather morbid, looks startled, puts both elbows on the table, rests her chin in her hands, and listens intently.

Charles then says that is what I always do —get nervous, lack confidence, and invite too many people, and one ends without getting the good out of anyone.

I argue that if we are going to have all the fuss of getting up a dinner, we might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb. Why not Kill Off a few people? Cissie starts breathing through her mouth. Charles remarks that we mustn't jump the gun with anyone else until the Pullmans are well nailed down. Cissie breathes more loudly. And anyhow, continues Charles, he finds Pullman an interesting man in his own way. He is Chairman of the ELO Company which controls the IJS, which has amalgamated with Gloss Copper, and Charles has heard he is due for a big appointment in Washington, which is quite remarkable as five years ago ELO had tried to kick him upstairs. As Charles says this he laughs, whereupon Cissie, her eyes welling with tears, says you are all cruel to poor Mrs.

Pullman (whom I do not think she has ever seen) and rushes from the table. Rachel automatically says, "Cry-baby," and Charles, aghast, asks what has happened.

We continue and finally agree on a compromise of ten, of which two besides the Pullmans as a concession to me may be Kill-Offs. I then suggest that we begin by trying to get a single man as that will give us something to play with and will be not only a spare tire, but an ace in the hole, and good insurance. There are always, of course, Dr. Harden and Mr. Case, but couldn't Charles for once make that his department and find a New Single Man? Just for once try to produce an attractive, new. . . .

CHARLES asks why I am getting so excited, that of course he will get someone, and I am left stunned with surprise and gratitude. Rachel then says Please ask the two Miss Putnams because they told her the other day they never get invited anywhere and never never see any men. I say Not this time, some day later, and ask Charles what we shall have to eat. Charles says for God's sake—not Ham, and why not pheasant? Also he will arrange to get Old Tom from the Golf Club to help with the drinks but then it must not be a Saturday night when Tom is busy.

Rachel then repeats Please ask the two Miss Putnams because they are so poor. I say Hush and she adds Why do we give pheasants to the Pullmans who are so rich anyhow? It isn't Fair. Charles says Please shut up and Rachel adds that this is not true Democracy and Miss Licks her history teacher says that Thomas Jefferson, where she is At now, always asked everyone for every meal and to stay for weeks and weeks and that in a real Democracy. . . .

I interrupt to say that Jefferson was lucky because he had lots and lots of slaves, and I wish I had, whereupon Rachel howls that it is simply awful to believe in slavery, even if she is not at the Civil War yet, and she certainly knows that Jefferson would have asked the two Miss Putnams to a dinner party, and in a real Democracy Miss Licks says. . . .

(Ponder to myself Rachel's statement on hospitality of T. Jefferson which I know was fabulous but wonder why one never knows in history how the wives felt. Realize in all honesty that I cannot remember if there was a Mrs. J. Intend to look this up but know probably will not do so for some time.)

May 6—Thursday

THE plans for dinner party move ahead but undergo deep sea change. Mrs. Pullman and Mr. P. can only come on a Saturday—Old Tom therefore excluded—and she will let me know who will be with them—probably an odd man. I try to sound nonchalant about this last possibility but am afraid my voice betrays me.

She repeats she will let me know, soon, and then asks if Charles is better? I say he has never been ill, but is writing a Book. Mrs. Pullman exclaims that oh she knew we had left the city and is glad to hear it was for nothing serious. (Cannot decide if this is humor.) I in return inquire about Mr. Pullman, and Mrs. P. informs me she never sees him these days as of course he is so much in Washington. I say "of course" rather respectfully and kick myself for it. (Wonder again why I always do this. Think it is a desire to be popular.)

Mrs. P. then asks after the little girls, calling them by wrong names which it does not seem worth while to correct. I inquire about her daughter, using the right name, Olivia, and Mrs. Pullman tells me she is well but under a fearful nervous strain due to impending examinations at her school. Olivia is brilliant, exceptionally so, but alas no student.

We again repeat date, hour, Black Tie, and she will let me know in Plenty of Time.

The other Kill-Offs, known as my Concession, are the Lawlers, long overdue, who accept. Charles having pleaded that we have at least one person we like, I ask the Tracys, and even go so far as to explain the whole situation to Maud and tell her that she and Hick are the only couple we really want. Maud replies that she Kills Off with cocktails, period, and would never waste a dinner on Lawlers or Pullmans. I then hear myself telling her that George Pullman is an interesting man about to take a big post in Washington. Maud answers she is surprised that impresses a Democrat like me and I answer that I call myself an Independent with Democratic leanings, which produces only a cackle from Maud. She then says that Saturday is

a hard night to get extra help and she might, but only might, be able to loan me her Annie. Will have to see. I tell her this will Solve [illegible]

CHARLES then produces his surprise. He has telephoned to reactivated Army Base thirty-four miles away and invited General McQuinn, whom he has met once. He is, says Charles, a two-star West Pointer, and handsome. I am quite overcome. Has he accepted? No, but Charles has spoken to his Aide who says the General has nothing laid on and will telephone us later.

I go into happy anticipatory dream of effect on Maud when glittering General marches in. It then appears relatively safe (with Pullman odd man and General) to ask extra woman, and extend invitation to Mary Singer, who is not only Head of distinguished Girls' School and great Brain but—surprisingly—attractive. Miss Singer says she rests on weekends but as I have said it will be small, she will come. She and I have after all that bond of having worked for Stevenson and flatteringly she wants to hear what I think now.

When I tell this to Charles (who voted for Eisenhower for the usual reasons) he begs me not to turn the evening into a political brawl, the election is over, and why not let the dead bury their dead. This extraordinary statement I cannot let pass and we find ourselves in a near brawl, only to be interrupted by the telephone.

There is a click and a crackle and a masculine voice says, "Connect with Quarters One." Then buzzing and signals and another voice announces, "Sergeant Tremont, Quarters One." First voice says, "Ready on call placed by Major Sylvester, at thirteen hours, for General McQuinn, party on wire." "Yes, Sir," responds Sergeant Tremont. I prepare a very charming smile which wipes itself off my face when a soft voice says, "Hullo there, this is Dolly McQuinn." I reply, "Oh yes," meaning Oh NO! "The General and I will be pleased to accept your kind invitation to dinner, and will it be Formal?"



I put my hand over mouthpiece and say to Charles, "Married!" and then express delight and say it's a small dinner party (which it is no longer) and Black Tie. Then think of General's uniform which I at all costs want, but do not know how to phrase in military terms. Dolly then states she has a short evening dress, formal at the "top" and with a jacket. I say How lovely—start to give road directions and Dolly cries Oh the Aide will take care of that. Then have Brain Storm, or Stroke of Genius, and ask her if Major Sylvester is married. Heavens, no, replies Dolly, an Aide is no good if he's married. Would he possibly enjoy also—? Certainly. She will bring him. (Order him?) My opinion of Dolly is now extremely high, and as I hang up I reflect that, hard as the life in the Armed Services must be, it has certain remarkable compensations.

Charles, after the fiasco of the marital status of the General, admits I have been adroit and I go into happy fantasy that if Major Sylvester proves attractive, can get him over again when dear Linda returns from college.

May 11—Tuesday

PARTY now completely out of hand and adds up to at least fifteen. Mrs. Pullman telephones that she is overjoyed to hear that the Bromleys are going to be with them—of course I know who they are—and she will bring them. They always contribute so. I again approach the Odd Man. Mrs. Pullman does not understand what I am referring to. The names, she repeats, are Mr. & Mrs. Estabrook Bromley.

Later I suggest we make dinner a buffet and Charles says this is the last straw. He has never been to a buffet which was not confused and messy. I then give him a vivid description of new type buffet, a half-and-half, with bottles of wine on tables, which I have read about and even seen pictures of—in color, and then spoil my account by saying of course grouse is out and it looks like Ham.

Charles asks how he is supposed to concentrate on his book if he has to consider these

petty details. He then adds for God's sake not to stick around that Chilean wine in black bottles, left over from the War Years. He will take care of the wine—leave that at least to him.

It is not the moment to remind him of the cavity left by Old Tom.

May 17—Monday

MAKE up my mind to be clear-headed and authoritative, and write out on pad what I plan to have for dinner party. Will then go into kitchen and simply tell Lina. Rehearse conversation. Must not begin with, "Oh by the way, Lina, we are having a few people in," which is cowardly, nor, "Give me your suggestions, Lina," which is craven, but go into kitchen, say, "Good morning," bring out my pad, and tell her, pleasantly of course, that we are going to have a small dinner of about eighteen people.

(Find I am talking into the mirror and the face that looks out at me resembles Uriah Heep.)

Decide instead to go to Mary Jane's Beauty Shoppe. Know it is several days before the party but do not wish Mrs. Pullman to imagine that the dinner is so important to me that my hair has been especially waved for it, and feel it is more worldly to have it on the night either a bit overripe or underdone. Will have to produce this effect by brushing it hard or not combing it at all for five days.

On arrival home Rachel says Oh you have had your hair washed, why, and then adds casually that Lina has been stumping around for hours as she wants to Talk to me. With prophetic foreboding, know this is to give notice, as it is euphemistically called, and I can see she has so timed it that she can comfortably catch the afternoon train. Debate whether I shall interrupt Charles, which I have promised never to do except for Long Distance or an accident.

Recall that hopeful period when I had dreamed that Lina might fall in love with Charles, which friends have told me is the only way nowadays to hold anyone. But in three months have seen no evidence of a rising passion on Lina's part though in the first few weeks had urged Charles to go into kitchen and alternate between praise and jollying along.

March out toward kitchen with reproachful look already planted on my face, and run head on into Lina in Library who says she hears I am giving a dinner of twenty-six. Before I can make my denial she adds she has already reserved a salmon. The relief is too great, I find my eyes full of hysterical tears, and I sink to the sofa. Lina joins me on it and I show her pictures of new-type buffet, in color. Lina says it looks Krazy, like old restaurant in Pest.

Later describe episode to Charles slanting it to sound as though only extraordinary diplomacy on my part had made Lina change her mind and remain with us. Charles says that as a small child I must have been bitten by a cook and the marks still show.

May 20—Thursday

MAUD telephones that I can have her Annie, but Annie has stipulated she will under no circumstances go into the kitchen, as she does not like Lina because of her religion. (As Lina has never asked to go to Church can only assume it is because of her lack of it.) Maud then adds that Hick will drive Annie over Saturday in the afternoon.

I am overcome at this gesture of Hick's and I tell Maud that I know Charles would never do anything so thoughtful. Maud agrees that he would not and then adds that some day he may have to. Can see there will come a return engagement and I will have to contribute my pound of flesh.

Secure Mrs. Biltz from village, who cleans and will go into kitchen or anywhere else but only if she can bring along her cat. As Mrs. Biltz does not mind walking, I agree to cat and warn Rachel and Cissie that Taffy and Joe must be shut upstairs.

Invite Dr. Harden, who to my surprise cannot come, so fall back on Mr. Case, who of course can. Am aware that he will be the symbol to Maud and the Lawlers that I have scraped the barrel. Decide I will place him next to Mrs. Estabrook Bromley with the faint hope that she will think he is an exciting new man.

Later in the evening after Charles has gone to bed, start moving furniture about to see if I can produce the effect I am after. On third attempt at grouping decide to put two tables in larger living room and make long table



in hall into buffet. Get this well under way pushing sofas against walls and am quite delighted with what I am achieving when Charles appears in his wrapper and wants to know what I am making all the noise about, and do I know it is one-thirty?

I explain my plan, and Charles asks why we cannot eat in the dining room. This arrangement I assure him will have a kind of charm and will make everyone feel informal and gay, but as I say this I recognize that five of the guests I have never laid eyes on and who knows what will *égayer* them. Charles looks more and more depressed and to sugar the pill I add that if he will imagine he is at a jolly restaurant, then at his table he can have General Conversation, while at my table we can tête-à-tête.

Charles says that if I am going to try to move the piano now he might as well help me, which he does, and then we agree it looks better in its old corner so we shove it back again. I go to the pantry and bring back some beer, which we drink, each at his own table. I ask Charles if he does not now see how amusing it will be, but he gives me so bleak a look I see it is indeed time to go to bed.

May 22—Saturday

At four in the afternoon as I am upstairs pressing my dress, I see Hick drive up in his sports roadster with Annie by his side. Annie steps out carrying a small valise, and I speculate as to why on a journey of four miles she has to wear a traveling costume and cannot arrive already uniformed for the evening. Annie marches in through the front door and disappears, heavens knows where, to her dressing room. At the same moment with a roar of a throttle wide open, a motorcycle sweeps up, with a side car, out of which steps a khaki lieutenant. He is about to ring the bell when from around the corner appears Mrs. Biltz leading a cat, who has a collar on, by a chain.

The lieutenant and Mrs. Biltz fall into low conversation, as he looks at the cat, and she is obviously having a hard time convincing him of something, but finally with a last skeptical look at the house, he jumps into the side car and bang-bangs off. Mrs. Biltz takes the path to the back door with pussy.

Two hours before anyone is expected I go downstairs, fully dressed (hair brushed hard), and encounter Charles, with Rachel and Cissie, carrying bottles. Rachel and Cissie are doubling for Old Tom, and Charles has agreed that Cissie may wear her Spanish costume—a gift from Julie—but without the tambourine.

The plot of the buffet is unveiled for Annie and Mrs. Biltz, and Annie views it with the same pessimism as Charles; Mrs. Biltz makes only two statements—that she hates to pass, and that that Cissie is sure a cute bag of tricks.

I visit the kitchen, which is quite smoky, and say to Lina, who is crouched on her knees in front of the oven, that it all smells delicious. Lina does not reply so I add that I know everything is going to be wonderful. (Would feel more secure if this assurance came from her.)

Lina finally turns and says that yellow is my color. Am once again overcome by beautiful yet surprising nature of Lina. Would like to urge her to come up and look at flower and candelabra-bedecked buffet but do not wish there to be an early encounter with Annie. Tell her Mrs. Biltz will bring in the food, whereupon Lina says will attend to that, no butterfingers on her dishes. See that meeting with Annie inevitable and can only hope that like old Troopers the show will go on. Give Lina a last warning that dinner may be a little delayed because of cocktails, and Lina asks rhetorically at what dinner has it ever been otherwise?

Return to the big hall and find Charles with Rachel and Cissie still hurling bottles about so that what was intended to be a scene of elegance, and somewhat like an interior French Conversation Piece of the nineteenth century, now resembles a rather arty speakeasy.

Ask Charles how he likes my dress and he says it looks all right. Ask if he cannot say anything more and he finally remarks that it is a little top-heavy. I indignantly inquire what he means as the whole point is its simplicity and he answers he still thinks it would look better with less fruit. After two more wounding statements I take in that he is discussing the buffet and agree with him that there are too many grapes in one bowl. By then it is too late to re-introduce the subject of my appearance.

At ten minutes to eight just as I am lighting all the candles in all rooms, there is the bell. I say to Charles I am sure it is Mr. Case, which it is. After a quick glance about Mr. Case exclaims that he sees we have begun our alteration and he admires us for having a dinner at this time. What spirit! He then spies the buffet around the corner and cries, how utterly charming—it is like a Grandma Moses print. As there are spring flowers everywhere and I myself have given the silver so high a polish that it is almost blue, I find this remark singularly inappropriate.

We move into the smaller sitting-room, where there is a fire lit which shines on the French andirons and pale brocaded portieres, and I wait to have it recall to Mr. Case the *Salle d'Attente* at the Gare St. Lazare, but he is too absorbed in explaining to Charles how to make "my kind of cocktail." This is described as weak, weak, but I observe that when Charles inquires if that is about right Mr. Case suggests perhaps a finger or two more of Bourbon, which eventually Rachel hands to him. He then, with a glance at Rachel, tosses over his shoulder to me that he can see that there is a certain somebody in this room who is destined to be a little heartbreaker, at which Rachel gives a rather silly smile.

There is a further flurry in the hall and I can hear Maud and Hick greeting Annie as though they had not seen her in years. They are followed by the Lawlers, and Beatrice Lawler whom I have never thought of as particularly perceptive exclaims over and over again that it is all too too divine and she couldn't be more impressed.

The bell rings again (I making a mental note that it is too loud and at least in the alteration we can afford a softer tone) when I see Charles go out, and hear voices preponderantly masculine. Charles then ushers in the General and Mrs. McQuinn followed by Major Sylvester. The General and the Major are in uniform with many ribbons across their chests, and the General is indeed handsome. Mrs. McQuinn is blonde and pink and smiling, and wears an orchid.

The effect on Maud and Beatrice is electric as I nonchalantly assume that of course they have met General and Mrs. McQuinn and the Major—which I know full well they have not—and Mrs. McQuinn impresses me by repeating each name clearly as I make the introductions; tells Cissie she has a youngster who has a Hawaiian costume, and that Cissie and Rachel, again putting the right name on the right child, must come over to the Post and visit with her.

Major Sylvester, who resembles an exceptionally bright squirrel, immediately assists Charles with the cocktails. He is a veritable Old Tom in his efficiency, disappears to the pantry and returns with a coke with which he makes a drink on the rocks with a curling lemon peel for Mrs. McQuinn. He instinctively knows that Mr. Case is waiting anxiously for another cocktail and hands it to him at full strength. He prepares the General's drink with great rapidity and at the same time keeps up a lively conversation with Beatrice Lawler who has planted herself in that unassailable position of attraction—next to the ice-bucket.

Again the bell tolls and Cissie who has moved on guard out front announces to me in a whisper that it is poor Mr. Pullman.

The Pullmans with the Bromleys march in and the room immediately seems very crowded as all four are extremely large. Mrs. Pullman is in gray chiffon with a great many pearls, and Mrs. Bromley is exceptionally smart in black and white, which emphasizes the silvered streak in her black hair. She tells Charles in a penetrating voice she is simply

terrified as she hears he is writing a Book. This casts a momentary pall over everyone until Mr. Bromley cries that it takes all sorts to make a world, old man, doesn't it, and he wants straight Scotch.

Mr. Pullman immediately gravitates toward the General and leads him three feet outside the circle, where he engages him in solemn conversation with a portentous look on his face. As the General has been invented by Charles, find I resent this kidnapping by Mr. Pullman so early in the evening. Beatrice Lawler however quickly joins them, to the apparent pleasure of the General and frustration of Mr. Pullman.

Annie now appears to signal that dinner is ready and I signal not yet—one more: and two minutes later Mary Singer walks in, looking charming in a plum-colored dinner dress and infinitely younger than any of her contemporaries, largely due I think to her beautiful carriage and relaxed manner.



Introductions are made and suddenly I see an expression like consternation on the face of Mrs. Pullman as she shakes Miss Singer's hand. I am at a loss to understand this and am further confused when I see her trying to attract the attention of Mr. Pullman, who has however again captured the General and propelled him away from Beatrice Lawler, to a small sofa near the door.

I ask Mrs. Pullman if she wants anything (sounding like a floorwalker) and she says she knows it is an odd question, but is her husband by any chance to be placed near Miss Singer?

I tell her I am pleased to say they are at the same table, as I am sure two such intelligent people—how easily it drips off my tongue—will enjoy each other.

Yes, yes, cries Mrs. Pullman, of course, how true, but she wants to get word to her husband that Miss Singer is The Miss Singer who is the principal of the school Olivia attends. Olivia—and Mrs. Pullman lowers her voice—has been having a little difficulty and she would not want George at this point to be in any way tactless. . . . Charles has now advanced toward Mrs. McQuinn and I leave Mrs. Pullman to deliver her singular message as best she can, as we all follow Charles and Mrs. McQuinn in to dinner.

The General, who is seated next to me, proves immediately to be an old Pro and makes himself agreeable within three seconds. He wants to know where I have been all his life. I remind him—the likeness is marked—of a woman, an outstanding beauty, he once knew back in Nanking. Have I been married before? He could swear he has seen me somewhere—now could it have been in Manila? There were many pretty girls there and he never forgets a face.

I find this delightful and am only too willing to trace our first acquaintance to the time he ruled Babylon and I was a mere Christian slave, when Mr. Pullman who is on my other side booms in. He wants to ask the General a question, just one question, and if our charming hostess will forgive him, he thinks it will interest our whole table.

The General immediately assumes an intent expression and Mrs. Bromley cries How simply fascinating. Mr. Case attempts to look profound, which merely makes him appear anxious, and Joe Lawler quickly fills his glass from one of the bottles against what may be a long drought. Mary Singer fixes her calm gaze on Mr. Pullman and I refuse to catch Maud Tracy's eye.

What Mr. Pullman wishes to know, and he will state it in simple terms, what he would like to have from the General, is his opinion as to whether the military cuts in the Budget have not vastly increased the efficiency of the Defense Establishment?

Before however the General can even swallow, Mr. Pullman continues. He has only just returned from Washington—here he pauses and there is a murmur from the table—and he saw among many other officials, his good friend George Humphrey. At this Joe Lawler exclaims that he is the solidest man in the Government and there are general expressions of approval.

Mr. Pullman goes on. He does not wish to be quoted but George Humphrey has assured him that the country is in a healthy condition, and sound. And it will become even sounder in Mr. Pullman's opinion as the budget is

balanced simultaneously with taxes being cut.

Mary Singer here intervenes and remarks that for her money, which she states it ultimately will be, she would rather have a lot more military power, and she deplores the cuts. And, she adds, she is sure that the General agrees with her.

Mr. Pullman looks surprised and addresses Miss Singer as my dear young lady (showing that he is not aware of her identity). He tells her it is a basic rule not to spend what you haven't got, and he for one is happy that at long last America is having a business Administration made up of men who understand that simple fact.

Miss Singer retorts that the Executive branch may be filled with business men, but there is after all Congress.

Ah, Congress, Mr. Pullman replies, and looks a little depressed.

FURTHERMORE, Miss Singer continues, if the country is so healthy and so sound, it can indeed afford the proper military posture for defense *and* attack; that it should be our overriding policy to achieve this first priority, and she can only conclude from Mr. Pullman's remarks, that the country has not the money for this, because, and here she fixes Mr. Pullman with her eye, because we are in a Recession, and perhaps headed for something *much worse*.

Mr. Pullman gives a gasp, and Mrs. Bromley asks Mr. Lawler quite audibly who that woman is.

Mr. Pullman now reduces Mary Singer to my dear Madam. We are, my dear Madam, he informs her, in a period of readjustment which is particularly healthy. We expect this year, based on total business activity, to be the highest in our history. If the backlog of orders is perhaps down it is only one of the many signs that demand and supply are adjusting themselves to normal procedure.

Mrs. Bromley cries that this is wonderfully put, and doesn't the General agree?

Mary Singer, ignoring Mrs. Bromley, says Look at the Farmers.

Mr. Pullman, his face quite rosy, cries that the farmers should beware of being led by radicals or they will be in serious trouble, eh General?

Mary Singer announces that the next election will show!

The *next* election! exclaims Mr. Pullman as one who is still licking his wounds from the last one.

Feel that at all costs must put an end to this interchange and rescue the General from his position between the crossfire, so spring to my feet and announce that everyone must help themselves to the next course.

The General propels me by my elbow to the buffet and I try to re-establish the mood of our earlier encounter at Nanking, but do not feel I am entirely successful. I see Mrs. Pullman maneuver herself next to her husband and give him a telegraphic message at which he shows astonishment. But I have in the meantime maneuvered myself close to Charles and mutter my own directive which is for God's sake to serve up some champagne, at which he shows even greater surprise than Mr. Pullman.

When I return to the table I find that Mr. Pullman has moved his seat and is next to Mary Singer, with his arm across the back of her chair and an atmosphere of marked intimacy. To say that his manner is fawning would be exaggerated but words such as "how absolutely right you are" and "that point is well taken" float over to me.



We all accordingly change places and I find Mr. Case beside me. Mrs. Bromley sits next the General and I have a suspicion that they too may have met in Manila, only to hear them in a discussion of Deep Freezes, and which birds should be plucked or frozen as are. The General is vivacious and Mrs. Bromley asks his advice on the correct gauge for woodcock. I realize that I have underestimated Mrs. Bromley.

Annie and Mrs. Biltz appear carrying bottles of champagne and Major Sylvester suddenly rises, walks over to me, and murmurs that my husband wishes him to turn on the



Gramophone and will I direct him as to where I have placed the dance records. Feel that Charles is under the misapprehension that the Major is now his Aide and start to apologize when the General snaps his fingers at the Major and says out of the corner of his mouth, Rumbas.

We all dance save Mr. Pullman and Mary Singer, who remain absorbed in each other. Estabrook Bromley, like all heavy men, is extremely light on his feet, and Mr. Case to the surprise of everyone requests a tango, for which we have no music. The General however is the master, and dances with incredible skill, changing partners punctiliously and never pausing for breath. He tells me that Dolly can do a very beautiful Hula, which she learned when they were stationed at Hickman in Hawaii, and I exclaim if only she would. Of course she will, declares the General and then barks out, "Major, Lovely Hands." Did not know that I possessed this record, but it or its approximation sings softly through the room, as Dolly, introduced by Charles, throws off her little jacket, puts the orchid in her hair, and dances exquisitely with her pretty hands moving in and out as she circles around us.

There is thunderous applause and I pray to myself that this success will not inspire Beatrice Lawler to sing "I Love Susie." It does however, and it is a distinct anticlimax. The Major, sensing with Aide-like subtlety that this is enough of individual performances, now plays "Liza," "Embraceable You," and "Here in My Arms," and we all dance again.

At a certain moment the General, Dolly, and the Major, by some understood but unseen signal, all leave their partners and say good night, Dolly again remembers each name as she shakes hands and again repeats her invitation that one and all are to come over and lunch with her at the Base.

Charles says to the General that he hopes his car is there and the General and Major obviously feel that this is not even worthy of an answer. As I walk toward the door I think but am not sure that the Major, as he steps into the front seat of the low-slung, khaki-colored Buick next to a sergeant at the wheel, is carrying a record under his arm.

Shortly after this the others begin to take their leave. Mr. Pullman can hardly bear to tear himself away from Mary Singer and there is a last word to her that he hopes that she will read his address made to the Retailers of America which he will send to her. She might have missed it and he has had it printed for distribution among friends.

Mrs. Pullman invites us to a luncheon and the Bromleys declare that they had thought of buying in these parts but they can see it is far too gay. The Lawlers depart with that look of going on somewhere, and I try to explain to Mary Singer how the party grew and why, and we arrange to meet soon.

I go to search for Annie and find her cheek by jowl with Lina in the kitchen, both laughing loudly, which they immediately check when I enter and which convinces me it has been at my expense. Dear Maud and Hick drive Annie off between them, Annie clutching that little white envelope and looking I think slightly intoxicated.

Charles handsomely acknowledges that the party has been a success but cannot understand why I ordered up all the champagne. Decide not to give him my real motivation but instead ask him if he does not now agree it has been delightful to eat in the sitting room. Charles however reiterates that dining-rooms are for dining.

The quiet, rural neighborhood is vanishing—gobbled up everywhere by the fast-spreading metropolis and the space-eating automobile. But some communities can still save themselves . . . if they act boldly and fast.

Crisis in the Suburbs

The Big Change in Suburbia, Part II

Frederick Lewis Allen

SOME thirty years ago—in the mid-nineteen-twenties—I built a house in the suburb of Scarsdale, nineteen miles north of New York. It was half a mile from the railroad station and virtually at the edge of the village; beyond it the dwellings were mostly widely scattered. In my new house one could feel one was really living in the country, for one could look from the upper windows, through the treetops, over to a hillside of fields and big trees. But even before the end of the nineteen-twenties that view had been transformed: the hillside had become a real-estate development called Cotswold—a name given to it in deference to the romantic idea, so persuasive in those days, that at the end of the day a New Yorker could leave the sordid American commercial world and retreat to picturesque rural surroundings suggestive of the unspoiled Old World.

To the north and south of my house, in the mid-twenties, one could reach, within a few minutes' walk, considerable stretches of open countryside—to the south, a succession of big fields crossed by no road for a mile or so; to the north, a patch of woods of such size that one could almost think of it as a forest. These open tracts were, of course, limited in extent. If one kept on walking, one would come to the ragged edge of another piece of Suburbia. Yet they gave the neighborhood a definitely rural air. A few months ago I revisited it. Most of the big fields to the south had been transformed into streets and houses. Most of the woods to the north had likewise been invaded by the builder, and the largest remaining bit of woodland had just been selected as the site for a new high school for the fast-growing population.

During the latter nineteen-twenties I spent a good part of my weekend time as an amateur ornithologist, and thus became something of an authority on the wilder swamps and thickets of the surrounding territory. These old haunts of mine, too, I revisited recently. A stretch of fields and woods sloping down to a pond to the east of Scarsdale—a wild bit of land where I remember identifying a warbler new to me, and heard, for the first time in that vicinity, the lovely song of the olive-backed thrush—had long since become Wilmot Woods Colonial Village; and a tangle beside another pond, to the southwest of Scarsdale, had become Crestwood Lake Apartments. The road on which I built my house still has a semirural look; but it would be a good deal harder, today, to persuade anybody that it was situated in the country. For here as elsewhere the transformation of Suburbia has been unrelenting.

LAST month, in this magazine, I tried to sketch the stages through which this transformation has gone to date. It might be said to have begun during the latter years of the nineteenth century, when for the first time the number of year-round muters to our larger cities became considerable. The first era of Suburbia lasted until about 1920; we might call it the horse-and-

buggy era, for so few commuters had automobiles that their settlements were pretty well restricted to the areas within walking distance of railroad stations and trolley lines. But beginning in 1920 or thereabouts came a great change—with the arrival, in force, of the automobile, and particularly of the closed car which one could leave at the station in any weather; suddenly large areas of previously unoccupied country were opened up to the suburbanite. In this second era, which lasted till the end of the nineteen-twenties, there was a great spate of road-building, the developers had a field day, and the parking problem at the railroad stations became progressively more acute. Zoning regulations became popular as devices for putting the headlong growth of Suburbia under some sort of check.

Then came the period of the Great Depression and World War II, a period which we might describe as the third era of Suburbia: a time when the suburban trend was almost paralyzed for a time by dismal business conditions; then was modestly resumed as commuters sought out inexpensive little houses on the outskirts of the grander developments of the twenties, and flooded into new apartment houses wherever the zoning regulations would permit them; then was slowed again by shortages of materials, and of gasoline, during World War II. Those fifteen years, roughly from 1930 to 1945, were not exactly a period of hiatus in the suburban drift; they might better be described as a period of developing the fringes of Suburbia and filling in the chinks. But they provided scarcely a hint of what was to come after V-J Day.

For what we have witnessed since the war has been portentous. We have seen two remarkable phenomena going on at the same time. One has been the building of the mass-produced suburbs, of which the most conspicuous examples have been Levittown on Long Island, Lakewood outside Los Angeles, and Park Forest outside Chicago: huge settlements housing up to 70,000 people or more, which have been constructed on what was previously unoccupied or very thinly occupied land. And the second phenomenon has been the discovery of the suburbs by business, for branch stores, regional shopping centers, and to a limited extent—as in the neighborhood of White Plains, New York—for business headquarters. With these postwar changes the transformation of Suburbia has gone into double-quick.

At this moment—when every other day brings either the announcement of the opening of a new regional shopping center somewhere in the land, or the announcement of somebody's plans to build one on some hitherto open tract of countryside—we might do well to stop and think where these changes are taking us, and what, if anything, we can do to make them salutary rather than disastrous to our future.

The Automobile Eats Up Space

One conclusion seems inescapable. The days are passing (if indeed they are not already past) when one could think of a suburban town outside one of our great cities as a village in the country. It would be much wiser, today, to think of it as a more or less comfortably spaced residential area—or residential and business area—within the greater metropolis.

Not only is the countryside which used to surround many of our suburbs getting built up, as the edges of the various suburban developments meet; but the nature of the present changes almost inevitably accelerates the metropolitan process. For it is worth noting that the builders of mass-produced suburbs, and the builders of regional shopping centers, and at least some of the transplanters of business headquarters, have one striking thing in common. *They are all looking for large tracts of open country in which to do their stuff.* And so they are likely to occupy, and metropolitanize, many if not most of the remaining groves and fields which have given the outskirts of our cities the aspect of a countryside.

Nor is this all. For today almost everything that is built outside the central cores of our cities requires much more space than it used to. The reason can be very simply stated. These things are built for the automobile age, and the private passenger car is an inordinate consumer of space—horizontal space.

Think of its various requirements. It needs a place to sit at night. It needs a place to park by the railroad station if its owner is a commuter who takes the train to town. It needs a place to park near his office if he

drives all the way to work. It needs further places to park while its occupant is shopping, or visiting, or playing; and, of course, enough room on the roads to get from one place to the next. And although naturally no single car is occupying more than one of these positions at a time, it may need to occupy several of them during a single day, very likely at the same time when other cars will be on similar errands. And since the builders of parking lots want to be able to take care of a peak load, the amount of space required adds up to a big total. I have been told that in an untended parking lot each car needs 330 square feet—which includes, of course, not only the space on which it will sit, but its share of the necessary aisles and entrance and exit areas. Perhaps we could make a wild guess that for every private car, several times that space is required to provide for its several employments.

THE results are visible all about us. The modern factory is no longer, typically, a high building on a city street, which its employees reach by trolley or bus or on foot. Instead, it is a wide-spreading one-story building—preferably outside the city—which must have big parking lots for employees to reach it by car. (One-story factories are preferred because automotive machines, like fork-lift trucks, are in increasing use and operate best on one level; here again the motor age spreads things out.)

The regional shopping center likewise needs immense room—at least two or three square feet of parking space for every square foot of shopping space, it is said, and preferably as much as five to one. The new Northland center outside Detroit, built to accommodate a department store run by the J. L. Hudson Company and some seventy other shops, is providing parking room for 7,000 cars, and as a result is planned to occupy no less than 450 acres—over two-thirds of a square mile! And even these computations do not take into account the probable need for broadening the roads along which people will want to drive to a popular shopping center. Imagine some two or three thousand cars all trying to leave the place at closing time and you will get some idea of the volume of traffic which those neighboring roads will have to handle.

Furthermore, a business which moves its headquarters to Suburbia will make multiple demands for space. For not only must the company, in order to justify its choice of a suburban location, provide for the parking of its employees' cars. A great many of these employees will feel cheated if they have to live in apartments, as they cheerfully would in the metropolis; and if there are 1,200 of them, as there will be working in the new headquarters of General Foods at White Plains, New York, they are bound to look for a total of a great many acres to live on.

IN ADDITION, as the countryside gets built up, new parkways, turnpikes, or thruways must be constructed to provide for the through traffic, and these, again, eat up land. The next time you drive along such a super-highway, note the width of the belt of land it occupies, and the prodigious dimensions of a clover-leaf intersection for high-speed traffic. And reflect, too, on the fact that the airplane also wants much room: airports are getting to be bigger and bigger, and although heliports will be of much more modest dimensions, the helicopter, too, must have a good many places to sit down if it is to live up to its promise as an aircraft for short hauls.

All this means that when we design things for the automobile age, our open spaces get gobbled up at a rate which has no precedent in history. Compare the layout of Los Angeles—which is largely a creation of the automobile age—with that of any of our older cities, and note how widely it is spread out. Our older cities are much more compactly built, for they are monuments to an earlier influence than the automobile—the elevator, which makes it possible to stack an inordinate number of people into a high but narrow space. The elevator principle works marvelously when nearly all these people come to work by public transport and when they are engaged in paper work (which reduces to a minimum the servicing of the buildings by trucks), as in downtown Manhattan, where there are very few private vehicles about.

But when you try to superimpose the automobile age on the elevator age there is immediate trouble. If people engage in manufacturing in high buildings, as in New York's garment center, presently the delivery of goods to and from these buildings in the

mammoth trucks of today brings an infuriating and costly snarl of traffic. Introduce private automobile traffic into an area of big office buildings, big department stores, and big apartment houses, as in midtown and uptown Manhattan (and for that matter in the central parts of most big cities), and the congestion is compounded.

Most of us are reluctant to admit that the elevator age and the automobile age impose upon us two contradictory and incompatible patterns of life. So we go on trying to accommodate the private car to metropolitan life by means of endlessly ingenious traffic rules; but the congestion continues, because every improvement in the flow of traffic invites more car-owners into the city to snarl things up again. And so people rage with anger at the traffic tie-ups—and move to the suburbs.

Here in the suburbs, at any rate, they think, there will be room enough to indulge the national passion for going everywhere and doing everything by car. But before long they confront once again, and in its pure form, the logic of the automobile age: that the automobile consumes open space at a record rate, and thus robs the suburbs, piece by piece, of their fast-departing rural quality.

The Commuter Trapped

At present the gobbling up of the open countryside of America is most acutely evident along the Eastern seaboard, and especially in those parts of it where new manufacturing plants like to locate. On what has been happening there, let Charles K. Agle —an independent consultant on city-planning who was formerly planner for the firm of Harrison, Ballard, and Allen—bear expert witness; I quote from his chapter on "Housing and Urban Redevelopment" in *An Approach to Urban Planning*, published by the Princeton University Press in 1953:

> A while ago I studied the last open piece of land on the main line between Philadelphia and Wilmington, and there is little left between Trenton and Philadelphia. The urban land is already fused on the north from Bridgeport to New Brunswick. I wander to Philadelphia to take a southbound plane about as often as I commute to my office in New York. Every morning a new plant and tributary housing are visible somewhere in the neighborhood. The people of Princeton, New Jersey, for example, cannot laugh off the Studebaker plant three miles south of New Brunswick or the new steel mill in Morrisville, Pennsylvania, or the smells of an industry that have spoiled the dinky ride to Princeton Junction. There is a steam roller headed their way from both directions.

But it would be a grave mistake to think of the metropolitanizing of Suburbia as a phenomenon confined to the outskirts of a few big cities, mostly on the Atlantic seaboard. What is happening outside New York and Philadelphia offers a preview of what is likely to happen, in one way or another, outside Cincinnati and St. Louis and Kansas City, and has its lessons likewise for Des Moines and Denver. The people who live in and about these smaller cities have a little more time to decide how to control the metropolitanizing process than have the people of Westchester County, New York, or Fairfield County, Connecticut, or Chester County, Pennsylvania; but none too much time.

To the suburbanites of today, the changes taking place may well offer an alarming prospect. For the great majority of them choose their places of residence in the hope of being able to work in the city—with its contacts and opportunities and excitements—and yet live a village life in the country, under stable circumstances. From almost the moment when they moved into their suburban houses they must have realized that they had involved themselves in a process of change that would continue almost uncontrollably. They might be able to divert it somewhat by zoning ordinances—but even so, before long, the open field would become Cotswold, the distant hill would become Edgemere Estates, and a gash would be cut through the valley below them to provide a new super-highway.

So frustrating is this process to dreams of rural peace that most suburbanites hate to look ahead and envision the future; they can hardly help wishing that time would stand still. (Is it possible that the political conservatism of most suburban communities is related to this fear of what the future may bring?) But if the commuter can bear to project ahead for as short a period as ten years the present curves of population growth and business

expansion in our metropolitan regions, he will realize the trap he is caught in. And if he projects these curves ahead for twenty years, or fifty, or a hundred, he will see the suburban crisis in an even more disturbing guise.

The Uses of Diversity

WHAT can be done to make the future of the regions outside our great cities promising rather than alarming? First, a cheerful note. There may be some positive advantages to Suburbia in becoming a part of the greater metropolis.

Last month, in these pages, I discussed the curious division in present-day suburban life—the fact that the breadwinner only partly belongs to the suburban community, because though he plays and sleeps there he owes his living to the city, and that during the day the suburb is only half a community, a manless matriarchy. I discussed, too, the odd imbalance which one is likely to find in its population—the shortage of young men, for instance, which comes about because the unattached males shun Suburbia.

Is it not possible that as more businesses move out of the city, and an increasing number of the residents of a given suburb can work somewhere in the vicinity—or at any rate commute in directions other than toward the center of the city—this suburb may become less of a half-community than it has been, less of a dormitory for the big town? Some of the glamour of the city would attach itself to the outlying nuclei of authority and decision. The unattached young man of a family in Bedford, New York, might be more inclined than he is now to live somewhere in the vicinity, if he and some of his friends worked in White Plains or Brewster or Danbury. He might no longer feel that Manhattan was the center of his world; and the social life of the suburb might come to consist less preponderantly of gatherings of married couples (after a desperate search for an extra male to sit next to Miss Jones).

Last month I also mentioned the present trend, in Suburbia, toward massing together people of the same economic status and age group, and questioned whether this was healthy. It may continue; but surely it is within the range of possibility that some future real-estate developers may discover that the economies of mass production do not require the construction of row upon row of dwellings of almost identical size and character—and that a community which includes a diversity of people, with different kinds and degrees of fortune, may be livelier and more productive than a standardized one.

Last December Henry Fagin, planning director of the Regional Plan Association, speaking in Greenwich, Connecticut, described the contrast between the zoning regulations of Pound Ridge and of Bedford, two neighboring suburbs just over the New York State line. In almost all of Pound Ridge, said Mr. Fagin, the zoning regulations are uniform, requiring two acres of land per house—a requirement which tends to gather in the town people of similar means and outlook. It also tends to drive away old people, because the regulations forbid "lot sizes small enough for very old people to tend." In Bedford, by contrast, the regulations permit close development around a few unincorporated hamlets, and require more land per house in other areas—no less than four acres per house in some of them. Mr. Fagin carefully refrained from saying which sort of arrangement he would recommend; but surely anyone who regards diversity as an essential element in American life must hope that as our suburbs grow, they may absorb a variety of people doing a variety of things and living in a variety of ways.

I SHOULD like to see, here and there, clusters of office buildings—the larger ones separated from the old towns, so as to provide them with ample space; clusters of small houses of various sizes and kinds; larger houses with more ample grounds; apartment houses—but each, preferably, with acreage of its own. Above all, there should be large open areas, in order that the new Suburbia—however important and exciting is the life lived in it—may not lose the last vestiges of that rural character which attracted people to it in the first place.

But this will require bold planning, and bold planning does not come easy. In such studies as I have made of the changing conditions of American life over the past few decades, I have been repeatedly struck by the lag in preparing for the future

which one finds in the story of community after community. The leading citizens of a town go on ridiculing the idea of public playgrounds, and insisting that every good American boy should get his recreation in the open fields and at the old swimming hole, for about a generation after the fields have been occupied by factories and the swimming holes have been defiled by industrial waste. Cities and towns add reluctantly and meagerly to the available parking space, as though this year's traffic jam were something exceptional and would not be exceeded by next year's and that of the year after, in continuous progression.

Once in a while there comes along a man like Robert Moses who—partly because he is using public funds and therefore can afford to build facilities more ample than are needed at the moment, but also because he has a farseeing imagination and unlimited self-assurance—can anticipate the needs of the future, as in his magnificent New York parkways and such an immense playground as Jones Beach, dedicated in 1929 and still adequate. But few public officials seem able to think so far ahead; fewer still can persuade the voters to do so; and private citizens or corporations with the means and the vision to plan beyond the needs of the moment are likewise rare.

Bold planning is difficult for other reasons, too. One is that the outcry for any long-range plan is never half so loud as the yells of protest against it from those who will be hurt. And there is almost no bold plan, however sound, that will not hurt somebody—penalize his real-estate investment as against someone else's, or ruin his dream of breaking up his property into remunerative lots, or cut a new highway right across his view. Last winter a series of possible plans were made public for a trucking highway to link New England with the New York Thruway, across the White Plains area, and the roar of dismay that went up from people along the proposed routes was deafening.

Still another difficulty is that it is hard to find a public agency which is in a position to do long-range planning with due responsibility to the people affected. Zoning, in most instances, is in charge of city and town and village governments. Even the wisest of these find it hard to strike a balance between the wishes of the local business men who would like to see more businesses admitted, and the wishes of the commuting residents who would like to shunt business elsewhere. They rarely face up to an even thornier question: how will this or that zoning plan affect the destinies of the wider area of which this city or town is only a fraction?

In some parts of the country the county government is in a position to build highways, acquire park land, and in other ways engage in long-range planning. In other regions—as, for example, nearly all of New England—it wields no such authority. Under some circumstances the state government is the only logical agency to make and enforce plans. Where the problem overruns state lines—as in the New York area—it has been suggested that some interstate body, organized as was the Port of New York Authority, should be given the requisite power. And in a report on atomic defense by the group of men who worked on "Project East River" it was even suggested that—since the dispersal of industry and business is to the interest of the nation as a whole—the federal government should take at least a financial hand in deciding where businesses and industries should go.

Meanwhile, however, we face the hard fact that our existing governmental agencies are ill-adapted to the planning problem that confronts us. If any one of them grapples with it, it is pretty sure to be accused of being high-handed; and there is always the danger that it will indeed be high-handed. To cope with the problem boldly and yet responsibly will require statecraft of a high order.

Furthermore, we often find the existing governmental agencies at loggerheads. To quote Mr. Agle again: "In the stretch between Norfolk and New London there are well-known examples of communities gravely threatened with the disaster of violent change and ill prepared for it. In some cases, a borough and a township cannot get together on so much as an elementary school program. Perhaps neither would speak to its county officials even if *they* were interested in planning. And a handful of diehard property owners can effectively block any internal highway improvement. . . . And an outlying shopping

center which will thrive on urban residents to the detriment of borough merchant taxpayers will be on a rural tax roll. The seeds of chaos are deeply planted."

Wanted: Open Land

YET the inescapable lesson of what is happening, it seems to me, is this. If we are to prevent an indefinite, higgledy-piggledy extension of what Paul Windels has called "the great metropolitan sprawl"—if we are to prevent formerly pretty residential areas from succumbing to blight, and the few remaining bits of woodland and pasture from being cluttered with houses for people who thought they were moving to woodland and pasture—somebody must plan ahead, think big, and plan big. And the first requirement is to set aside, now, large tracts of land where nobody at all may build.

When I looked, a few months ago, at what had become of the once wild places near Scarsdale, I began to think about the value of open land—not simply to so-called nature-lovers, but to suburban residents in general. It alone can provide them with breathing room, and recreation room, and some continuing sense of identity with the land—some of the feeling of unfenced freedom which once brought commuters out of town. I wondered what life on Manhattan Island would be like today if the city fathers had had the wit, a century ago, to set aside, let us say, every fifth block as a park.

And I wondered if just this sort of opportunity was not now slipping out of the hands of many a suburban community, because its inhabitants were still under the illusion that they lived in the open country and need have no truck with parks.

In many such a region, today, the largest remaining open tracts of land are golf courses. Would it be possible to arrange that no golf course would in the future fall into the hands of the subdivider, but that each course, when its days of serving member golfers came to an end, would become parkland? And would there be any better guarantee of the future attractiveness of a suburban region than a public policy of buying, for future parkland, as many as possible of the remaining large estates?

A few years ago the borough of Mountain Lakes, New Jersey, showed the way: it bought up the remaining large tracts within the borough limits, so that it now owns about a third of its territory. Even private agencies can help. The City Investing Company has bought some 17,000 acres of land in Rockland County, New York, near Tuxedo Park, of which a part is to be developed for business and for residence, but the rest, according to the plans, is to remain open; it has also bought 400 acres in Westchester County for similar partial development. In other regions the only possible purchaser would be the county or the state, and the method would presumably be to purchase acreage on the installment plan, so as to spread the expense. In any case, such purchases would come high. But they would cost less now than they are likely to in the future; and in the long run they would be an investment of immense usefulness, for a ruined countryside would come higher.

I suggest as a first order of business, for every suburban governmental body and for every suburban citizens' association, a consideration of ways and means for preserving open land for the benefit of succeeding generations. For the change to the greater metropolitan region is upon us. We cannot stop it. We can only channel and direct it. And we cannot even do that, unless we act in good season. For it's later than you think.

The Importance of Being Decorous

LORD PALMERSTON had precious little tact and was in many ways deficient in what the Victorians would have called good feeling. . . . There is no doubt that Palmerston's attempt to ravish one of the Queen's ladies in Windsor Castle is important; not so much from its moral significance as from revealing the strange lack of decorum which was conspicuous in his character.

—Roger Fulford, in the *Listener*, March 11, 1954.

Poems from a Delta Return

by Charles G. Bell

THE GAR



When I go home to the South the river lakes
Call me to fish again. We drive in the dark;
By dawn we are tied at the willows. The sailor's warning
Flutes the green depths with red. Soon rain is falling.
We sit in a steady drizzle as corks go down,

And bland white perch come slithering through the air.
And now I have hooked the fish I strangely admire,
Tremendous thing, old prehistoric gar,
With armor plate and alligator jaw,
Who steals the bait, sweeps off, and breaks the line.

The fishermen all hate this fossil sign
Of the swamp past we share. My father would stave
Their heads, or if they were small, crack the bills
In his hands, cursing them as the devil's spawn.
And once near here we found old Foster seining.

The big net filled with spoonbills, catfish, drum;
And in their midst an alligator gar
Twice the size of a man was plunging wild,
Ripping it all to shreds. They hauled to the shore,
And Foster stood, a shape of violence,

The revolver crashing in his lowered hand,
As he pumped the slugs into the dark wallowing form. . . .
Now all around us the water works with gar
That rise and belch, sweep oily tails. Demons
Of the South, you are strong; time is yours; you
will endure.

LETHE

Having seen my mother and aunt, I go the first day
To visit Lethe, named for the dark stream
Of forgetful water. Of all those that slaved
For our childhood, only she remains, the oldest,
Born a slave, now nearing a hundred years.

The roof is rotten, the porch has tumbled in.
She does not answer. Mother has feared for her,
Not having come for the weekly gift of food.
The neighbor says she is working—incredible!
We leave our presents there and drive away.

Drawings by John Groth



After sunset, in another part of town,
She rings the bell, having heard Misser Charles has come.
I open the door. She gathers me in her old arms.
Ah Lethe, Lethe, dearly we have loved
This dark devotion daylight conquers now.

She is thinner every season; I count the bones.
Her shoulders are bent, but the lined smile is the same:
"Lawd, Misser Charles, how long you gonna stay?"
We are passing semblances in space and time;
I could ask her the same, but I answer, four days.

After a few minutes she questions me again:
"Lawd, Lawd, Misser Charles, how long . . .?" She has drunk
Of her own oblivion—O melting stream—you too
Are my homecoming. I say I will walk her home.
We go out together into the great sky under the stars.

BAPTISM

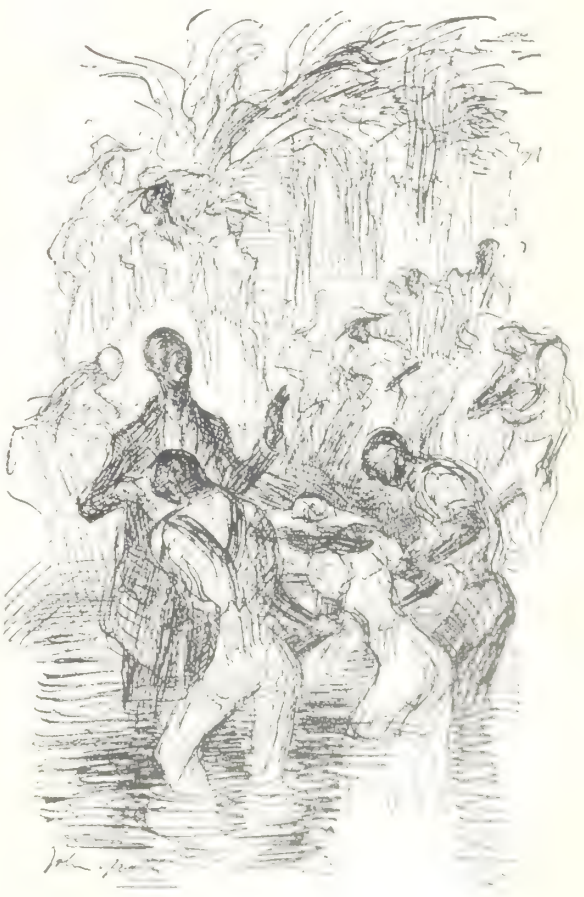
WE DRIVE this Sunday south into the country,
Where a white frame Gothic church stands at the levee.
The Negroes, dressed in black, glistening with the heat,
Come early, carrying lunches, and stay late
In the steaming little church where they sing together.

Across the levee at the old landing they still
Hold their baptisms. A live religion deals
In living symbols; so they prefer the river,
Their untamed font of darkness. I recall one evening
When the red sun broke through colonnades of cloud,

And the two tides met, brown and golden, of earth and air—
Light calm and pure, and that violence of water—
How they went down in white and moaning lamentation,
To the mud-brown flood and under, then broke up singing,
Rolled on the earth, reborn out of death and nature.

Here at the Christian crossroad we note the cleavage
Between the enlightened few with their stoic wisdom,
And the hungry soul of the many whose new Mystery
Is the beat of this spiritual jazz, the loved return
Down to the brown river and wounded Thammuz' blood.

Through all the aseptic channels of the modern
This wild release is pouring; and we who listen,
As the brooding ground and single imploration
Breaks in waves of answer, group-homing passion,
We whites, who can only listen, are blurred with our tears.



Africa's Modern Slavery

Basil Davidson

"Since the Berlin Conference of 1885 the African slave trade is said to have ceased. As a matter of fact it has assumed a more subtle and more insidious form. In the summer of 1904 the management of Harper's Magazine *arranged to send an expedition to Africa, under Henry Nevinson, to make an investigation of present conditions, and to find out and report the truth concerning the slave trade of today. . . ."*

With these words as introduction, there began in our issue of August 1904 Mr. Nevinson's bitterly critical report on "The New Slave Trade" of Portuguese West Africa. Half a century later, another British journalist, Basil Davidson, has undertaken the same assignment—to answer the question whether now, in the mid-twentieth century, and in the half of the world called "free," it is still possible for hundreds of thousands of men and women to be born, to live, and to die under a system so indistinguishable from slavery that it can justly be given no other name.—The Editors.

I WAS thinking tonight—while the long Atlantic surf falls across the sand not fifteen yards away, and the bar behind me is a-chatter with colonial gossip—of Henry Nevinson, who was a newspaperman, perhaps the noblest that England ever had, romantic, lover of humanity. For months he wandered up and down this bleak and mountainous country of Angola, Portugal's forgotten colony on the southwest coast of Africa. Afterward he sent *Harper's* a series of articles that eventually were published as a book, called *A Modern Slavery*. This lucid work made history.

And today? Has Angola changed? Surely it must have changed.

Behind me they are arguing the price of sisal, which has fallen, and the price of coffee, which has not; while the little Portuguese lady behind the desk, who is as pretty as a cat and wears black underwear mightily visible (although black underwear, I understand, is a sign of respectability in these parts), giggles happily somewhere beyond. After all, a lot can happen in fifty years.

That is Mr. Escudero's opinion. Mr. Escudero is the Portuguese general manager of the Benguela Railway, which is British-owned. He is gentle and courteous, heart-and-soul in the management of his railway, and convinced that Angola is a splendid colony. "It's a little Paradise, this corner of Africa, that's what I always say." I should like to believe him, and I do not mention Henry Nevinson.

Mr. Escudero believes that the Portuguese, who came to this country nearly five hundred years ago in Diogo Cão's caravels with the blood-red cross of evangelism stitched boldly on their sails, have found colonial answers to colonial problems more sensibly and successfully than anybody else on this continent. Haven't they set their faces sternly against color bars? Haven't they already some 30,000

assimilados whose social rights approach ever more closely to those of white men?

And then just look at the constitution. "The State," declares this *Carta Organica,* "shall guarantee the protection and defense of the Natives of the colonies in accord with the principles of humanity and sovereignty . . . shall prevent and penalize all abuses against the persons and possessions of Natives in accordance with the law. . . ."

And there is more. This constitution goes on to forbid "all methods by which the State undertakes to supply Native workers to employers," and "all methods by which natives living in any territorial area whatsoever may be compelled to work for such employers under any pretext whatsoever."

But I think that Mr. Escudero deludes himself.

Either the law is nonsense, or else I have dreamed the things I have seen and heard these past weeks in Angola.

The system of slavery which Nevinson described, half a century ago, was called "contract labor." What I have seen and heard this year shows that the same system, in all its essentials, is still the principal method of providing labor in Angola. Nevinson could see no difference between "contract labor" and slavery: nor could the great English chocolate firms, under Quaker influence, who thereafter stopped buying cocoa from the Portuguese colonies. And, looking at it half a century later, neither can I.

Forced labor is the economic flywheel in Angola. Everybody here admits this, and many are ashamed: but nobody who wants to stay in this colony has felt able to publish the truth. Awkward would-be visitors like the International Labor Office do not get visas; and Portugal, not being a member of the United Nations, gives no account of its stewardship to Lake Success. But I was lucky, and passed the frontier.

Perhaps this was because I traveled in a boat train from the Belgian Congo, and came into Angola from the far interior. Having got in, though, I found everyone disposed to be helpful even if here and there a little apprehensive: in a sense, I suppose, they were sitting birds. Few Portuguese seem to find Angola in any way extraordinary; and if that is surprising, it is also helpful.

There are at the moment, according to official figures, 379,000 "contract workers" in Angola, as well as a smaller but unknown number on the Portuguese-owned islands of São Thomé and Principe. Traveling in a leisurely way down the eight hundred miles of railway which join the eastern frontier of Angola with its Atlantic port of Lobito, and thence along the coast, I had many opportunities to see and hear how the system works.

Legally—in spite of the *Carta Organica* and all that—it is based on a law which says that every African must satisfy the administration that he has worked for six months in the previous year, or is working at the time of inquiry. If he can't prove this, the administration has a duty to make him work. This puts into effect what a recent Portuguese writer, S. M. da Silva Cunha, has called "the salutary principle of obligation to labor." According to this law, the African may either choose to work in his own fields or else he may select an employer from any who offer him employment. That is what the law says; but the law is not observed.

A Cure for Idleness

What really happens is that all employers who need labor send a requisition order to the Government-General, stating the number of "contract workers" they require. These applications—thousands of them every year—are inspected by the Department of Native Affairs in Luanda, and certain minimum obligations in the form of housing and medical services may be imposed on the bigger and wealthier employers; for Angolan slavery is much more hygienic than it used to be. Allocations of "contract labor" are then awarded according to a highly theoretical estimate of the total labor force available. Approved applications are sent out to local administrators; and each of these, each *chefe de posto*, is then in duty bound obliged to find the men.

Little force is needed to find the men, for the system is so old. Apart from a short interval in the middle of the nineteenth century—when, as Senhor da Silva Cunha puts it, "the courts protected the sacred right of idleness"—this system of veiled slavery has continued ever since full and formal slavery was abolished. But force is available when

required, and recalcitrant "contract workers" roped hand-to-hand are still seen up-country, though I did not see any myself.

The *chefe de posto* calls in his local chief or headman, and instructs this man to bring in so and so many "contract workers." Until two or three years ago, chiefs or headmen who failed to "produce" were more or less mercilessly flogged: I am told that there is a great deal less flogging at the moment. But the men are taken willy-nilly, whether they want to go or stay at home; and often enough they are taken after just returning from a previous period of forced labor. Conditions have improved since Nevinson's day in that forced workers are no longer made to walk to the coast or their place of work, but are carried in trucks or railway cars: they are also paid a small wage (except on rural road work when they are paid nothing) and provided usually with a daily ration and housing of a kind. The bigger employers provide more or less effective medical services.

Forced workers up-country do three main types of work: in plantations, in the diamond mines, and on the roads and railways. Of these, the government's employment on the roads is almost certainly the worst. "The government likes to denounce this system of contract labor," said a young Portuguese engineer at Vila Luso, "but I guess they're the first to use it." That is my impression.

RURAL roads are built and maintained by the unpaid forced labor of the Africans who live near them. They get no wages; and they must feed themselves from their own tribal store, if they have one. Often they must provide their own primitive tools. Usually, a local chief or headman is made responsible for a given number of miles of rural road: his penalty for failing may be flogging or imprisonment or forced labor elsewhere. Since many of his men will often be away on "contract labor" in other regions (and along the frontiers the men emigrate *en masse* to the Belgian Congo and Rhodesia), the chief will sometimes have to fall back on the women, and even on the children. That is why you see women, childless or pregnant or with small babies on their backs, and little girls, and very little boys too young to be taken as juveniles (who are generally reckoned as "contractable"), poking at roads with their wretched hoes, or carrying spoonfuls of earth in little bark-cups on their heads, while the headman or his "responsible" sits moodily hugging his knees not far away.

Main roads are maintained in the same way, but with these the *chefe de cantão* is likely to be a white man or mulatto. Near the larger towns, and across the desert regions beside the coast, it seems that wages and rations are always provided, and sometimes spades and hoes as well. This is certainly the case with the big new road that is now proceeding slowly southward from Nova Lisboa towards Sá da Bandeira: this road is not being built by government, but by a white contractor.

Profit in Diamonds

PERIODS of forced labor vary. On rural roads they may not last more than a few weeks at a time, on main roads generally six months. In the diamond mines, tucked up in the northeastern corner of Lunda province, the period is formally one year. I didn't visit these mines, but I did talk with several of the company's white employees, including its manager in Luanda, and with reliable people in the areas of labor recruitment. Comparatively good medical services are provided, and dormitory housing. Of a total of about 16,000 Africans working in these mines, only about 5,000 are *contradados*: the remaining 11,000 are called *voluntarios*. About a tenth of all these workers, I gather, have their families with them.

But the dividing line between *contradados* and *voluntarios* is sometimes hard to see. It happens that the Angola Diamond Company —owned by Belgian, American, British, and other interests—has a recognized monopoly on labor recruitment over a large slice of northern Angola. Apart from their own squalid and backward agriculture, Africans in this area have no alternative employment but the mines—which makes ridiculous, of course, the notion that the forced worker may choose his employer." Furthermore, as the company's manager in Luanda explained to me in the intervals of more important work, these *voluntarios* are actually paid less than the company's forced workers. "That's because," said Captain Mario Costa, "the others are *un petit peu forcés, n'est-ce pas?*" I ad-

mired his modesty. Thus it comes about that while forced workers in the mines may be paid as much as 100 escudos a month (say $3.50), with rations and dormitory housing, *voluntarios* may be getting only 80 escudos and no rations or housing.

These estimated wages are low, but the truth may be lower still. The diamond company is coy about this sort of thing; and the only general figure for labor costs which I have been able to get refers to 1947, since when wages have slightly risen. This official figure, issued by the company, showed that 17,500 workers in 1947 received 10,050,000 escudos in "wages and rations," and a further 4,450,000 escudos in the form of "various goods." I am unable to say whether this latter figure includes medical attention or housing. These totals give an average man-year cost which grosses at 830 escudos a year, or about $30. I should be disinclined to believe this, for it is appallingly low, if I had not taken down the figures in Captain Costa's office at Luanda.

Even so, the main complaint against the diamond mines is not on the score of wages, apparently, but on the length of service. It is widely asserted that the mines, which are all-powerful in Lunda province, abuse their "contract" periods and often retain men for a second year, and even for a third year. It may be said in passing that the Angola Diamond Company declared a profit of about three million dollars for 1951 (the latest figure I have). It is practically a state within a state. If its conditions of employment will not bear inquiry, then its foreign shareholders must also bear a direct responsibility.

Then there are the up-country plantations. Theoretically, the government allows a quota of 33 "contract workers" for every 220 acres of plantation. Conditions vary from reasonably humane to horribly inhumane, according to the temperament of local administrators and employers; and contract periods are generally either for a year or a year and a half. Wages seem to range between 3 and 5 escudos a day (9 to 15 cents).

Africans differ in their estimate of the relative severity of forced or voluntary labor. Some say they prefer forced labor because in that case the law will often give them some protection. Rural forced labor, too, is often paid more than rural voluntary labor. Others say that the legal conditions of forced labor are seldom observed, and that nominally higher wages are subject to administrative "deductions." The latter occur because forced workers are paid only a quarter or a third of their wage during their periods of service, the rest being saved up and paid over to them when they return home again. Unhappily, this balance of pay is channeled to its recipient through the local Portuguese administrator and the local African headman. Now, the first has a very low salary, and the second no salary at all. The truth is that there is very little practical difference between the status of forced and voluntary workers in the rural areas, though there is a considerable difference along the coast.

I believe the Portuguese are making an effort to pass from the system of forced labor to voluntary labor; but, as so often in this unhappy place, the results of a better attitude at the top generally fail to be reflected in improvement at the bottom. All over Angola, nowadays, there are white men in the regular business of recruiting voluntary workers. Sometimes they must go into the villages and offer real inducements to the men to leave home. At other times they are likely to be accompanied by the local *chefe de posto,* whose presence can be guaranteed to stimulate "labor enthusiasm." To do them justice, these administrators do not always relish this work. I heard of one case, not far from Silva Porto on the plateau, where a *chefe* was instructed to send in a quota of voluntary workers, and did so with a caustic note to his superior: "I am sending you herewith eighty voluntary workers, all duly tied up. . . ."

"To Protect Their Morals . . ."

Along the coast, conditions for contract labor are much better, though they are still conditions which differ in no obvious way from slavery. Forced workers are brought down to the coastal fisheries, sugar plantations, ports, railways, roads, and other industries which make up "modern Angola." The old slave trails still draw white scars across the dull gray rock of the last hills which overlook the sea, as you stand in Catumbela or Benguela where the "Middle Passage" once began; but nowadays the men are brought down

in comparative comfort, loaded tight but generally surviving. Often enough they come in brave little groups who have made their own fantastic ensign out of a square of cotton: they pin it to a pole and carry it in the midst of them. I have seen plenty of these.

Here, along the coast, there begins to be a real difference between forced labor and voluntary labor. Mr. Escudero tells me that he has 2,018 forced workers at the moment, and just over 11,000 others. The others are getting about 8 escudos a day (say 28 cents), without rations or free housing, while forced workers are fed, housed, and paid about 5 escudos a day (14 cents). However, these forced workers do not necessarily receive their agreed wage, for Mr. Escudero gives them only a quarter of it during their period of service (which is generally one year along the coast) and the balance at the end of their term. They are lucky to see more than a small part of this balance after it has passed through the hands of numerous intermediaries.

Why give forced workers only a quarter of their pay while they are working? "We do it," explained Mr. Escudero with a careful courtesy, "in case they spend too much." With 14 cents a day morals would be undermined, it seems: with 3½ cents a day they are safe.

Pale green fields of sugar lie along the coast between Lobito and Benguela, the property of the Cassequel Company. Mr. Monteiro, an efficient and helpful Portuguese patriot, is the manager of Cassequel: he tells me that he employs about 5,000 African men and perhaps 500 African women. The women are all *voluntarios*, and so are half the men; upwards of 2,500 of the men are forced workers on "contract." He gets most of them from the interior, and in Angolan terms he is a good employer. His wages for forced workers are about the same as agricultural wages up-country (4 or 5 escudos a day) but his medical services are comparatively excellent: that is, the hospital and clinics exist not only on paper but also in bricks and mortar, and they are in active use.

Women in these plantations are paid less than the men—about 2½ escudos (8 to 9 cents) a day—while volunteers on three-year contracts from the Cape Verde Islands are paid about 4 escudos a day. These Cape Verdians come to Angola for three years (without their families, of course) for a maximum reward of about $125, which is presumably more than they could otherwise earn at home. There is always another bottom to hell.

"Do your contract workers run away?"

Mr. Monteiro said very rarely. Since most come from the interior, running away is in any case difficult, because the coast is backed by a wide belt of desert upland. Penalties for running away are summary and painful; and besides, there is nowhere to run to. Even in the coastal towns, where Angola begins to catch up a little on the rest of Africa, the police are out most mornings in the search for potential "contract labor." And Mr. Monteiro treats his forced workers much better than most.

"And what happens if they won't work?"

Mr. Monteiro is the mildest of men. I don't suppose he would hurt a fly, but now he looks a little shocked: "Oh, but they will. They do."

"Still, supposing they won't?"

"Then we send them to the police station."

"And what do the police do with them?"

"To men who won't work? Put them in prison, of course."

Other people, some with long experience of the country, also tell me that the police infallibly flog runaway workers.

Mrs. Monteiro is a lively Portuguese lady who was hostess to Don Juan of Spain only last month. "As for me," she says, "I do not hit my servants. But I insist on discipline. And I insist they talk Portuguese. The Belgians make a big mistake, talking all those native languages to their servants."

She has one complaint. "The natives have much more respect for men. There are times when I simply can't get them to do a thing unless my husband has already ordered it to be done. You can threaten them even with São Thomé, and still they'll wait until my husband gets home."

São Thomé is a cocoa-growing island which the Portuguese use as a penal settlement. Its plantations have always been worked by forced labor. A year ago São Thomé was the scene of a brief and bloody revolt when the governor at that time, Senhor Gorgulho, issued a decree that all São Thomistas (a half-

caste population established originally in the sixteenth century) were to register for "contract labor." His motive for this was the growing shortage of forced labor from other Portuguese territories. Copies of this decree were torn down by São Thomistas, who have never done forced labor; the troops were called out, one European officer was killed, and large numbers of São Thomistas were rounded up and shot down. Several reliable people say that 200 São Thomistas were shot in this way. Gorgulho was recalled, an official inquiry conducted from Lisbon, and a new governor appointed.

When Mrs. Monteiro threatens her servants "with São Thomé," she means that she'll get the police to ship them there as labor convicts. Mr. Monteiro tells me that a lot of forced labor is still sent from Angola to São Thomé, as it was when Henry Nevinson was here; but others deny this.

Uranium for America

Another obvious case of forced labor along the coast is the port of Lobito, vital nowadays for the transatlantic shipment of Congo copper, uranium, and other high-grade ores. The deputy port commandant tells me that he has a standing force of about 600 "contract workers," whom he pays 4 escudos a day. In the blinding white light along the Avenida de Portugal beside the port you can watch the lorries pass, more or less tight-packed with these forced workers, or else with others whom port customers are bringing down to handle their goods. Without forced labor, Lobito would not function as a port, and the United States might have had to bring out its uranium from the Congo by another route. Just now it is being much enlarged with foreign capital, American and British; and very soon, according to the best authorities I could consult, it will need many more than 600 forced workers.

These examples could be multiplied. I asked the head of the Department of Native Affairs in the Government-General at Luanda, Dr. Fernando de Alcambar Pereira, whether he could give me total figures of "contract workers" in Angola. "Nothing easier," he said, and gave me the figure of 379,000 I have quoted. Dr. Pereira is typical of a gradual improvement in the quality of Portuguese colonial administration which has come about since the foundation in Portugal of a proper training college for colonial administrators. He is intelligent, hard-working, keen about his job. He believes that the system of forced labor is good for Africans: far from denying its existence, he defends it.

"We do it so as to protect the women," he explained. "If we didn't make the men work, they'd just do nothing."

I can only imagine that Dr. Pereira has been so busy at his desk in Luanda, getting order into the files, that duties have deprived him of any chance to look at the system on the spot. For it is a little difficult to see how forced labor for men protects women, who are thus abandoned to do all the field work themselves, who are deprived of their husbands over long periods of time, whose husbands often return to them with venereal disease or (increasingly) with tuberculosis, and who, into the bargain, are all too often taken for forced labor themselves. All this, too, apart from the fact that forced labor is one way, even if a wasteful one, of preventing Africans from acceding to higher standards of living, of obstructing Africans from entering the modern world.

However, I cast no doubt on Dr. Pereira's good faith. He is working away at his files with a loyalty and zeal which do him credit. His files show a theoretical labor force in Angola, available for employment in one way or another, of 889,000 "adult males fit to work." Of these, 420,000 are listed as *voluntarios*, 247,000 as *contradados* used in their provinces of origin, and another 132,000 *contradados* used outside their provinces of origin. Now, the general census for Angola gives just under two million African males of all ages: if boys under sixteen are reckoned at a quarter of these (a very conservative estimate), you get just about a quarter of all African men employed under conditions which cannot honestly be said to differ from slavery. That is really quite a high price to pay for "protecting the women."

Dr. Pereira, like other high Portuguese officials, admits that legal bans on forced labor, the legal right of forced workers to "choose their employer" or else to work in their own fields, are "all very theoretical." He is one of those who hope for

material improvements in the near future.

They would certainly be welcome. *Voluntarios* in Lobito, for instance, live in a native township housing about 20,000 Africans. A muddled jumble of straw huts and hovels simmering in the heat at the base of Lobito's long seaward-reaching spit, this native township or *senzala* has exactly five water points each with three taps: an American Mission has lately added a sixteenth tap. That makes about 1,200 persons per water tap, which is rather a squeeze.

The lavatories are along the beach: a line of little privies where, as somebody remarked, "you can see 'em perching like birds along a telegraph wire." In this *senzala* there are altogether two schools, one Roman Catholic and one Protestant, with about 250 children between them: the remaining thousands of children simply roam the streets, or, rising ten years old go out to work. Drunkenness is also a problem. Wine imports from Portugal are second highest on the list of all imports into Angola.

That doesn't mean a picture of unrelieved gloom. Improvements are visible here and there. All accounts agree that the administration is getting better. Only a month or so back, the government sacked some thirty junior officials, up beyond Nova Lisboa, for making "head money" out of the supply of forced workers. Industrialism, as elsewhere in tropical Africa, is having its good effect. Near Luanda I visited a textile mill where the labor force is entirely of *voluntarios*. Mr. Pessoa, the youthful Portuguese engineer in charge, told me he has 700 African workers whose basic wage is 15 escudos a day (compare this with the 4 or 5 of forced workers in the port of Lobito). He has some semi-skilled workers who are getting as much as 30 or 40 a day. All these *voluntarios* have cards which Mr. Pessoa has to sign, night after night, in case the police take his men for forced labor while they're on their way to work next morning.

INDUSTRIALISM can work a singular improvement here. Mr. Monteiro has a few Africans operating bulldozers and heavy machinery whom he is paying as much as 50 escudos a day. I ran into a young American near Lobito, managing a sawmill for himself and Portuguese partners, who "won't have a contract worker on the site." He is paying a basic wage of 12 escudos a day (compare this with Mr. Monteiro's 8 or 9 for *voluntarios*), and he is also breaking new ground by paying overtime. His concrete block plant is in charge of an African who is getting 50 escudos a day, or just about the same wage as a junior police officer in government service. The wages gap between skilled African labor and unskilled white labor is practically closed along this part of the coast.

But industrialism has some pretty tough problems here. There is, for instance, the banking monopoly of the Bank of Angola. This bank pays no interest on deposits, makes no loans in the ordinary way, extracts a 2½ per cent fee even for cashing the humble traveler's check, and in general exercises a dead hand over the colony's economic life. I heard of a Dutch investor who wanted to transfer his deposit from Benguela to Lobito not long ago; finding he would have to pay a transfer fee of 1½ per cent, he simply drew out the whole lot in notes, packed them into cardboard boxes, and took them up to Lobito by car. The bank clerks in Lobito spent a happy afternoon counting them in. One consequence of new American investment in Angola, I am told, may be to place a bomb under this medieval banking monopoly.

OTHER factors are at work on the negative side. By tradition the Portuguese are racially tolerant; and the census for Angola shows 30,000 "civilized Africans," *assimilados* who are clerks, junior railway officials, foremen, and also—now and then—ministers of religion. But with the arrival of large numbers of impoverished white immigrants from Portugal, these past few years, this tolerance is growing less. Tests for the status of *assimilado* are being raised. Bars and restaurants in the bigger towns carry a notice familiar from British colonies—"Right of Admission Reserved." Mr. Monteiro has built two cinemas for his employees, one for whites and one for Africans. Which do the "civilized Africans" go to? "They don't come in with us," says Mr. Monteiro.

Alongside this relative tolerance at the top, moreover, there is savage intolerance at the bottom. "If my wife," said a white resident of long standing, "likes to accuse one of our servants of being rude to her, and I like to take him up to the police station, they'll slash

him mercilessly—hands, arms, face, everywhere. And if any native gets political ideas in this colony, they beat them out of him right away."

Those with "strong political ideas" are sent to São Thomé. "Otherwise," Dr. Pereira told me, "we send people we do not like to isolated settlements on the coast south of Mossâmedes." It is notorious that these settlements on the Bay of Tigers are a kind of living death. Mr. Escudero says they never have political troubles in Angola. One understands him.

"What Government Should Not Be . . . ."

EVEN so, isn't it exaggerated to speak of *slavery* in Angola today? I do not think so. There are two points of form, but none of substance, which differentiate institutional slavery from "contract labor" in Angola: slavery is permanent while "contract labor" is periodical; and "contract labor" is usually paid a wage, though far below any reasonable minimum. Nevinson noted these differences fifty years ago, and that is why he called the Angolan system "a *modern* slavery."

The system is a little more refined, a little more subtle, than the outright enslavement of old. Yet today the differences remain as small as they were fifty years ago: all that has changed is the physical treatment of forced workers, which is undoubtedly more humane and more intelligent, less wasteful and less murderous, than it was when Nevinson was here. Watching this system at work in 1954 one may reasonably apply, I think, an old Neapolitan judgment on the Spanish government of southern Italy long ago, and conclude that "it is a curse of the Portuguese administration to make the present unendurable, and to sow no seed for the future . . . a pattern of what a government should not be."

Africans are not fools. They understand what is being done to them in Angola. They begin to understand that the same things are not being done to other Africans in other colonies. There is a small but significant group of Africans in this colony who look eagerly toward Washington and the UN: they are ready, I suspect, to risk their liberty and perhaps their lives if only they can be sure of making the truth known to a more generous world than they can find in Portugal. Yet the risking of liberty and life ought not to be necessary: Angola today expands through the beneficial influence of Western capital whose interest must surely be in changing a system which is medieval, pre-industrial.

It is never pleasant to criticize the poor, especially when they are as understandably proud of their history as the Portuguese. Yet their government of Angola promises badly. It brings one in mind not only of Bourbon Naples, but of something further back.

I have found myself thinking of those cumbersome Spanish galleons, high-pooped, superb, which Drake chased up the English Channel in 1588: once through the Channel and past Dunkirk, where the Duke of Parma watched them plunging by, they were obliged to sail on and on before the wind, because they were so built as to be unable to turn round and sail against the wind. They had to go on and they went on—up through the North Sea and round the top of Scotland until they drove to pieces on the Hebrides. The Portuguese administration of Angola is rather like that: it seems unable to alter course, and it is driving for the Hebrides.

International Poker: Kansas Hand

IT SEEMS to me good sense not to show our cards in the poker game such as we are playing in the world today. In the end, we may decide one way or another whether Red China should or should not be admitted to the United Nations. But we certainly should not take an irrevocable position while we are in a maneuvering and dickering stage. That is only elemental horse sense. . . .

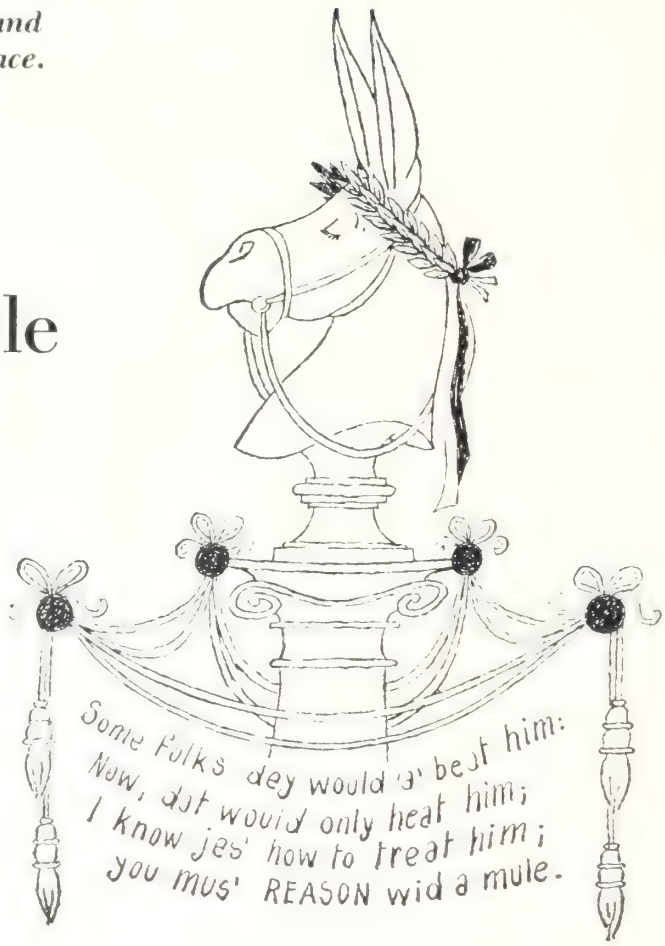
—Alf M. Landon, former Governor of Kansas and Republican candidate for President (1936), in a speech quoted in the *Wall Street Journal*, January 27, 1954.

The best mule skinner, farmer, and writer—and probably the wisest man—between Cairo and Memphis memorializes a noble and vanishing race.

Proud Kate, the Aristocratic Mule

Thad Snow

Drawings by N. M. Bodecker



MULES are a vanishing race of noble animals. Relatively few people now living know much about mules. Only some oldsters like me have been so happily circumstanced as to have known hundreds of them personally, and to have associated with them on intimate terms. Soon they will be almost mythical characters, known only by tradition and perhaps in poetry and song.

The plowlands of the Eastern states were cleared and plowed mainly by oxen, because oxen move more slowly than horses and have more patience with all that happens while breaking in stump-land. But oxen were too slow for pioneering in this century. Mule power broke in the Missouri Delta, where I have farmed most of my life. Mules are fast like horses but patient like oxen, which made them just right for the Delta, until they were replaced by the bulldozer and tractor.

Mules come in all sizes, shapes, and colors. That is because their papas, who are vulgarly called jackasses, come in all sizes and shapes and colors; and their mamas who, of course, are brood mares, are likewise variable. You mix these two more or less alien bloods and you can have anything from a five-hundred-pound mountain pack mule up to the sixteen-hundred-pound "wheel" mules I used to see on dirt-moving jobs like levee building. You can have them four feet high at the withers or six feet high, depending on their parentage and how the strange blood mixture turns out.

They say that a mule has no "pride of ancestry, and no hope of posterity." I don't know about the "hope" of posterity, but it is certainly true that they never have any. I've asked why mules do not reproduce and I've been told very wisely that it is because they are "hybrids." That explains nothing to me, because mules have everything it takes, so far as I can see, and seem to take a normal interest in such matters.

Most farmers of the Delta liked to work medium-sized mules that weighed from one thousand to twelve hundred pounds. While the Delta was being cleared early in the century and up until about 1930, the mule dealer was the biggest business man in town. We raised no mules. They were all shipped in from the north by the thousands in the late winter and early spring. Also hundreds were shipped out. The old worn-out ones went down farther south where cotton was a one-mule, one-Negro enterprise.

When the mules began to come in, everybody went around to the big sales barn to look them over; then for two or three months the mule barn was the center of business and social activity. Mules were practically all sold

on credit—nothing down, and one year to pay. Almost anybody could buy a team on those terms. Such generous terms were all right for the dealer, because he sold them unbroken as three- or four-year-olds, and if the farmer took them out and broke them to work and kept them in good shape they would be worth $50 to $100 more as five-year-olds, in case the dealer took them back for nonpayment. Theoretically, at least, a good managing farmer could have his work mules for nothing, because he could trade his five-year-olds back for four-year-olds each spring and draw boot every time, and finally whittle his note clear down in the course of years. I don't happen to remember anybody who managed quite that well.

A Nice, Clean Beast

Almost always work mules ran loose in the barn lot and were not tied up at all. They did not have stalls as horses commonly had in the North. Usually hay was fed in racks in the sheds of the barn, and the corn fed in troughs out in the lot, and most often the mule lot was a big one. There are several reasons for handling them that way. A mule likes to eat a bit of corn, and move over and eat a bit of hay, then go to the water trough and drink a little water. Perhaps he'll make the rounds a dozen times before he calls it a meal. He thinks this deliberation in his eating and drinking is good for his digestion and I guess it is.

Then mules are particular about their toilets and sanitary arrangements. You bring in a mule from work and the minute you take off his bridle he flops down and rolls, and curries his hide. If the lot is good and dusty, so much the better. The dust absorbs sweat and he shakes it all out of his hair after each roll. He may want to roll a half-dozen times during the noon hour. But he must roll on clean ground. He likes it dusty but it must be clean. So by common agreement mules always choose one corner of their lot for their "outback." They go there every time. It is sometimes amusing to watch a mule solemnly leave his feed trough and go to the corner to attend to his business. This gives another mule the same idea, then he walks over and so on and so on. The whole lot of twenty or thirty mules may go through the routine, one after the other. There is no crowding, no confusion, and no embarrassment.

There is a tradition, I believe, that mules are all pretty much alike, that their heels are eager and deadly, and that they are "as stubborn as a mule." In justice to the hundreds of mules that I've worked with, I must say that no mule has ever kicked me except in a friendly, companionable way. Of course occasionally one has thrown a hind foot my way, but never to hurt me. I have actually, a few times, caught a mule's hind hoof in my hand and shaken it, as I would yours, because it was just the mule's way of saying, "How do you do?"

As for being stubborn, that depends on what you mean by that word. Most mules don't like to go where they ought not to go, and will argue the matter. Often it has turned out that I was wrong and the mule was right. Maybe it is not so much stubbornness as deliberation or even wisdom. Statesmen and particularly diplomats like to take what they call "calculated risks" of one sort and another. A risk is a risk to a mule.

Mules are not just mules. Each is an individual, and has character and personality of his own. Some are great-minded and some petty and small-minded, like people. Probably I have utterly forgotten ninety-nine out



I could recall a hundred mules to my mind, and if I were an artist, paint their pictures and bring out their highly diverse personalities . . .

of a hundred people whom I've known. Not so with the mules. I believe I could recall a hundred mules to my mind, remember their names, and if I were an artist, paint their pictures not only to get their lines and colors, but to bring out their several and highly diverse personalities.

A Lady of Breeding

KATE was far and away the finest, smartest, handsomest, most scornful mule I ever owned. She was an aristocrat in the correct sense of the word. She was smarter than I was and had better breeding, and she knew it. If she finally gave me her respect, that was all. She gave her affection neither to me nor to any other mule, except only to her gentle work-mate who was named Liz. She merely tolerated the rest of us. We were not in her class. Neither was Liz, but Kate loved her and never took advantage of her in any way. If, as sometimes happened, we hitched Kate with some other mule, she'd slap that mule back against the load on every hard pull, but with Liz she always kept her end of the double-tree a bare inch ahead.

She was a bright, almost cherry-red bay 15¾ hands high and weighed only about 1,100 pounds. Her legs were trim and shapely. Her mother was obviously a thoroughbred, and her father certainly was not just another Spanish Jack. He was a Spanish Don or Grandee, for she had a slightly Roman nose, which is a pretty sure sign of noble blood in a mule, coming from the paternal side. Her eyes were wide spaced and extra full and a dark liquid brown. She stepped high and always with precision. Her ears were long and extra well pointed, and she kept them straight up and faced forward. I think she held her head higher than any mule I ever knew, but she could see a pebble in her path, just the same. Always she gave one the impression that she saw and understood everything, and largely disapproved.

I bought Kate when she was a five-year-old from a farmer who told me he thought he had the best mule he ever saw and the best worker when he could catch her and get a bridle on her. He said that he had had her tied up for three months and that he had learned how to bridle her, but nobody else could. He said nobody could catch her in a lot, and he was tired of fooling with her. She had never been ridden.

I bought her on sight and said I'd take her with me if he'd lend me a bridle so I could ride her home, and lead my saddle mare. He was skeptical but said he would bridle her for me. I watched him do it, while he explained the principles involved.

Kate would take the bit like any other mule, but she would not allow anybody to take hold of her ear and pull it into the head-stall in the usual way; instead one must raise the wrist, gradually bending the big ear over little by little and pulling the head-stall clear over it so it could flip upright on its own power. The second ear had to be handled with equal care but bent somewhat differently. This delicate technique is hard to explain but I learned it by watching once and doing it twice under direction. It is well that I learned it, because Kate lived twenty-six years, and to her dying day she could be bridled only by someone who knew how to give her ears this special consideration.

Kate didn't object much when I jumped on her and before we got home I could see that she liked it. We settled the matter of catching and bridling her out in the lot after about two hours of argument. That is, we settled it so far as we two were concerned. It was months before any one of my men could catch Kate or bridle her except when I was on hand to hold up my right hand and say, "Kate."

NOW some white-haired old mule driver like me might read this, and he would want to know how I could possibly have got a mule like Kate to stand in the lot for her bridle in two hours of argument. Well, I could do it because she was not only arrogant and scornful but highly intelligent. When I got home with her I unbridled her in the runway of the barn which was about twelve feet wide and fifty feet long. I left her there to get her bearings for thirty minutes. Then I entered with her bridle in my left hand and about twelve feet of half-inch rope in the other. I approached her, raised my right hand, and said, "Kate," as impressively as I could. As I came near she danced about, then whirled and flashed by me to the far end of the barn. I didn't say a word and didn't try to stop her. If I had she would have run right over me. Then next time I approached

her I raised my hand and said, "Kate," as before, but the second she started to dance I flipped her under the belly with the rope.

I'm afraid I must stop to explain (not to the old-timer) what can be done with a twelve-foot light strap or a half-inch rope. I've seen expert mule-skinners not only flip off tufts of hair but split a mule's hide. It is an art. I was only moderately good at it. I suppose Kate danced, whirled, and flashed by me fifty or possibly a hundred times. I approached her slowly every time and raised my hand. I didn't raise my voice when I said, "Kate," but each time she started to dance I put a little more bite in the business end of the rope. I was trying to get over to her the idea that this was going on forever, unless she stood stone still for the bridle.

Finally she did stand like a statue for me to bridle her. There was no half-way business about it. She showed not the slightest fear of me. She didn't surrender; she just quit because it was the only sensible thing to do. I rubbed her soft nose on my cheek, scratched her forehead and under her jaws, and petted her all over. I took the bridle off and left her alone to think it over, and after a while I came back with the bridle and without the rope. She stood like a haughty angel; then I led her out in the lot and turned her loose.

What do you suppose she did? A mule man would know. She rolled, of course. She rolled on one side, then on the other, and got up and shook the dust out. She got up and down a dozen times till she was dry and shiny. The poor dear hadn't had a good roll for months, because she had had to be kept tied up all the time. For months I bridled her every time myself, and every time I approached her I held up my right hand and said, "Kate." Then I risked letting Mose Feezor try it, while I stood by. Mose was my best hand so I had let him work her and Liz. Kate seemed to like Mose moderately well. One day Mose tried it on his own and got the job done.

The Built-in Compass

KATE worked more days and hours than any other mule, because she could do every job better and was always ready. She was never sick, lame, or tired. She was a fast, straight walker but would slow down when she plowed new ground. We used ten-inch Rose Clipper plows for breaking new ground, on which we welded erect eight-inch knife-edged cutters to slice through the roots. If a big root or decayed stump had any "give" to it Kate would set herself and tear through it, but if it felt solid she stopped instantly and backed up so the plow could be pulled out and thrown around.



She had better breeding than I, and she knew it.

In corn-planting time Kate got relief from heavy work, because she and Liz always planted, day after day. They made rows that were straight as a line. In stump-land Kate laid off the rows with a single-stock bull-tongue, and Liz came behind with a single drill. No matter how thick the stumps were Kate's rows always were forty inches wide, and stretched out clear across the field in a perfectly straight line. I have no idea how she did it. She'd go around a big stump and

set back exactly in place, so all the driver had to do was to swing his single-stock around and get it back behind Kate. We could see that she kept one big eye cocked down at her last furrow to get the spacing exact, but we never saw her look ahead to check on the over-all straightness of her line; but there was never a bow or bend.

We used Kate and Liz regularly in the logging. They could load any log in the woods without block and tackle. We had one enormous cypress log that was five and a half feet through at the butt. We laid off of it for a long time aiming to borrow block and tackle. But one morning Mose Feezor said he was tired of waiting, and was going to load that log. I went to the woods with him and found he had cut extra long skids. Kate and Liz pulled the log up a few inches on the skids and let it back just to be sure the chains were placed right, then set themselves and took it clear up on the wagon.

There is no describing how mules look and act on a pull of that sort. They do not stand up and just pull. They get down with their bellies close to the ground. We call it "scratching" because they move their feet rapidly, only an inch at a time. There is fast movement every instant, and it is thrilling to see.

We loaded many cars of alfalfa throughout the winter, and hauled through the mud with four-mule teams. Often the mud was axle-deep and we could haul only thirty-two bales on a wagon. Sometimes I'd have a dozen boxcars set out on a siding. It was slow and mean work to bring the empty cars up to the loading place, and to move the loaded ones on up out of the way. We did this with heavy steel "pinch bars" that had sharp edges to go under the wheels and were shaped so you could pry down on them and get enough power to move a car a little bit at a time. It was slow business.

Switch-engine Work

One day one of the haulers said he had heard that a strong enough mule that knew how to get down and "scratch" and stay with it could be hitched alongside a car at the middle; then if the mule scratched long enough the car would start moving. He hadn't seen anything like that but had heard it, and it may have been just a tall tale. I didn't take much to the idea but the boys wanted to try it. They thought Kate could do it if it was possible at all. So we hitched her to a rod in the middle of a boxcar.

Kate eyed that big boxcar, and said, "What the hell!" as plain as could be. She leaned against her single-tree and nothing happened. She stopped and cast her big eyes up the car and at us boys to see if we were really in earnest. She saw that we were. I said, "Kate," reassuringly, and Mose who held her line said in his squeaky voice, "Git down and scratch." Kate got down and scratched. She threw clouds of cinders in our faces and after a while that car moved. The rest was easy. Kate walked it a hundred yards up to our loading place with the greatest of ease. It was hell to start but easy to pull.

After that we had no more use for "pinch-bars." It was easy to see that Kate liked her new job. But one day she failed to move a car on the first try. I sent a boy up on the car to make sure he had loosened the brakes, and went all around the car to see that they were loose, and that there was no stone or cinders on the track. I asked the boy to be dead sure he had uncoupled the car from the one behind, and he threw the top lever clear to show me. Then I asked Kate to try it again.

She scratched and scratched till I thought her great heart must burst. I have never seen anything like it. At last the car moved, then more movement, and Kate finally straightened up and walked on. We were all watching Kate, and none of us had noticed until she was well on her way that she had two cars, and not one. The second car had not come uncoupled. The pin still held by an inch, with the uncoupling lever thrown clear over. I doubt if any other mule ever performed such a labor.

Kate was admired and bragged about by every man who worked her or ever saw her work. It didn't turn her head. She mellowed a little, I think, as the years went by; but she remained aloof to the end. Her work was her interest in life, and she gave it all she had.

Our great thinker, Thorstein Veblen, coined many words and phrases that are now embedded in our language; among them was the phrase "the instinct of workmanship" which he thought was one of mankind's praiseworthy attributes. Kate had it.

The heat pump will warm your home in the winter, cool it in the summer, filter the air, run the food freezer, and dry the laundry. . . . Fifteen companies are betting it will grow into a new billion-dollar industry.

The Wonderful Climate Machine

C. Lester Walker

THE proceedings of the Royal Philosophical Society of Glasgow record that on December 1, 1852, a Professor William Thomson appeared before the members and read a paper entitled: "On the Economy of Heating or Cooling Buildings by Means of Currents of Air." The purpose of the paper, to quote in part the record of the meeting, was "to point out how a current of warm air at such a temperature as is convenient for heating and ventilating a building may be obtained mechanically . . . and secondly, to show how with mechanical means currents of cold air, such as might undoubtedly be used with great advantage to health and comfort for cooling houses in tropical countries, may be produced by motive power. . . ."

The paper then gave details on the "mechanical means." It would be a machine which could run on either water power or steam. If the former, of course, no fuel at all would be used. In the latter case, Professor Thomson had calculated, the machine should produce over three times as much heat as could all the coals which burned to make the steam to run it.

Much more was to be heard from Professor Thomson. In a few years he became Lord Kelvin, probably the most renowned physicist of his time. For a long time, however, little or nothing was to be heard from his ingenious heating-cooling scheme. It was virtually a lost idea for almost seventy-five years. Not until the second decade of the following century was any noteworthy practical application of it to be made.

Yet the device suggested before the Royal Philosophical Society was nothing less than the heat pump—the machine which engineers today expect to revolutionize the way we heat (and cool) our homes, and in so doing become a new billion-dollar American industry. Although admittedly there are fewer than three thousand heat pumps in operation in the entire United States today, more than fifteen large-size companies—with new ones breaking into the field every few months—are now engaged in heat pump manufacture. Four are the giant air-conditioning firms: York, Carrier, Worthington Corporation, and Servel; two are the electric appliance colossi: General Electric and Westinghouse; and two others are the automobile maker, Chrysler, and the radio manufacturer, Philco. These companies are betting millions in research, design, planning, and production, and sticking their necks out as prophets.

"A four to five hundred million dollar industry by 1962," some of them say. "By then, at a conservative estimate, we anticipate 200,000 heat pumps in use nationally, 75 per cent of them in American homes."

For the heat pump has now grown up. It can do everything Professor Thomson suggested it might do, and more. Even at this early stage in its development, it is a

remarkable machine: it produces heat without fuel. It obtains no heat from the sun, from electricity, or chemicals, but takes it, instead, from the air, the ground, or water in the ground. And from these "free" sources, it draws heat so efficiently that it can turn out four times as much as could possibly be obtained direct from the electrical energy it uses.

To over-simplify: here is a machine which takes one heat unit in, yet puts four out. And, at any time, it can reverse itself to "make cold" just as efficiently. This past winter a heat pump has been heating a medical clinic in northern Ohio, pulling all its heat from the outdoor air. Others, taking their heat from deep water wells, have been warming houses in Milwaukee and Montreal. In Zurich, Switzerland, such pumps heat the Rathaus and warm up the public swimming pools.

Some of the machine's special applications are even more spectacular. Cleveland has a skating rink where adjoining offices are warmed by a pump which takes all its heat from the rink water while freezing it. There is a dairy which warms its buildings by milk—through a pump which uses the heat extracted from the milk coolers. Another pump in an Arizona food-packing plant cools carrots in the chilling room, uses the heat from them to warm bananas in the ripening room. And in the Gulf of Mexico, on undersea oil drilling barges twelve miles from land, air-source heat pumps with no fuss at all are providing totally controlled climate for the barge offices—warming them to 70° in December, chilling them to 76° in July.

How Does It Do It?

Professor Thomson would probably have said: "It works by employing two basic principles of physics: that heat always tends to flow from a warmer body to a colder—which is the second law of thermodynamics—and that all gases cool on expansion and become warmer when compressed." But a less technical explanation would be this: "Just the way your kitchen refrigerator works."

Essentially all the refrigerator does is to take heat from one place and put it somewhere else—from its own inside to the outside. This it accomplishes through a system of copper tubes containing a liquid which vaporizes readily even at very low temperatures. Usually this refrigerant is the chemical dichloro-difluoromethane—better known by its commercial name of Freon.

At temperatures as low as minus ten Fahrenheit, this liquid cycles around through the copper coils. When it comes to the part known as the cooling chamber (where the ice trays are), it withdraws heat from its surroundings (thereby cooling them) and, expanding, turns into a gas. It is then drawn along to a compressor, then into a coil of tubing which acts as a condenser and changes it back into liquid. In the course of being condensed the Freon gas gives up the heat it obtained in the cooling chamber. Since the condenser coils are on the *outside* of the refrigerator box, this heat is literally thrown out into the room. You can feel it if you put your hand behind your refrigerator.

Now, if you took a refrigerator, removed the door, and pushed the open side through a hole cut in the outside wall of your house, you would have a small-scale heat pump. With the interior of the refrigerator box open to the outdoors, and the back, where the condenser coils are, snugly indoors in the kitchen, the machine would be taking heat from the outdoor air, absorbing it in its cooling chamber, and passing it along through the hot condenser coils to the inside of your house. Reverse the position of the refrigerator, putting the open side indoors and the condenser coils outdoors, and you have a heat pump which is passing the heat from inside the house to outside, and cooling your kitchen.

There are full size pumps that work in exactly this way, except, of course, that instead of being physically turned around they have a thermostat and valves which can reverse the cycle from hot to cold. When the machine is cooling, a fan forces air through its chilled coils into air ducts leading to different parts of the house. On the heating cycle, the refrigerant is moving in the opposite direction, the fan blowing an airstream over coils now hot. Thus one machine does both jobs, cooling and heating an entire house, and switching back and forth entirely automatically.

The pump described above took its heat from the air, but air is by no means the only

usable source of heat. Other pumps take heat from the earth or from water in the earth. To be sure, none of these heat pump sources is usually thought of as very hot. How do the heat pumps, then, perform this seeming miracle of extracting so much heat from such apparently unpromising sources?

THE earth-source pumps, which are called ground-to-air obtain their heat by means of copper pipe laid in grids underground. As the refrigerant moves through the grid, it picks up heat from the surrounding earth. Or the pipes may contain water which circulates back to a water tank where Freon coils pick up the heat.

In the spot where the grid lies buried, how warm is the earth? Not very warm, that is, as one usually thinks of heat. A typical underground temperature, for example, is found in Indiana, where below the frost line the earth is an almost constant 52°. But for heat pumps it is not so much this specific temperature which counts as its invariability, and the unlimited supply which earth below frost line offers.

A plot of earth only one hundred by thirty feet will provide more than enough to heat a house by pump for a year. A one hundred foot grid of ten lengths of one-and-a-half inch copper pipe is all the machine will need to pick up the heat for the average home's winter needs—and for disposing of the heat which it will pump out of the house back to the heat-absorbent earth when cooling the indoors in summertime.

Since the temperature of the earth surrounding the grid may be about 50°, you might wonder if this would be the temperature of the heat eventually used to warm your house. Of course not. The Freon in the tubing arrives underground as a liquid under very low pressure and at about ten degrees below zero. It picks up heat from the 50° earth, changing to a gas in the process, and is drawn on to the compressor pump which subjects it to high pressure (maybe over 160 pounds) and raises its temperature to as much as 120°. Over the coils at approximately this temperature comes the airstream that warms your house.

Ground-to-air heat pumps have their disadvantages compared to other types. Their chief drawbacks lie in the underground grid, which can be costly. Copper piping is expensive. So is the labor to dig its pit in the earth and, once installed, so is the labor to dig it up again if anything goes wrong. But despite these limitations, the earth is considered by some engineers to be the most promising heat source. They believe that the practical problems associated with the grid buried below ground can eventually be solved. Moreover, it is not always necessary for ground-to-air to have an expensive excavation. In sandy, rock-free soil, pipes can be laid in easily scooped-out trenches. Nor is depth under ground always necessary. There is in Sweden, for example, a ground-to-air heat pump which successfully takes all its heat from a grid laid at the bottom of a manure pile.

THE water-source heat pumps collect their heat from almost any adequate water supply. It may be a lake, river, or well. Ground water from wells is the generally favored source, since it is seldom found to be either too warm or too cold for a heat pump's all-season purposes. In the United States as a whole, underground water is rarely below 47°. West of the Rockies it is consistently 50° or more, while along the Gulf of Mexico it averages 70°.

The water is pumped from the well into a tank where the Freon coil absorbs heat from it. By means of a "closed loop" pipe the water used can be returned to the well, if the region is one where the water table is low and water a commodity not to be squandered. In places where deep drilling through hard rock is required, water-source heat pumps are not too feasible, but in the many sections where ground water is both plentiful and easily obtained they rate as a preferred type. In Florida, in areas where water wells need be dug only fifteen feet deep, already there are scores of them. One manufacturer (Typhoon Air Conditioning Company) alone has 175 to 200 installations there—in churches, stores, office buildings, banks, homes, and apartment houses.

But always the type of heat pump whose source is the wide open air remains the most inexplicable. "How," runs the invariable question, "can it take heat in the winter, from air that is already freezing cold?"

The answer is that there are always larger quantities of heat in the air about us than

we realize. We think of the temperature of the air in the wrong way. Instead of asking, "How cold is it?" we would be more correct if we asked, "How warm is it?" Instead of thinking, "*down* to ten above zero Fahrenheit," it would be more accurate to think, "*up* to 469° Absolute." The temperature is the same by either reading, but the latter suggests more clearly how much heat still is present even in "cold" air.

Actually, air at zero Fahrenheit has only 14 per cent less heat than air at 70° Fahrenheit. The air is never without some heat as long as its temperature stays above Absolute Zero. Between that—459° below zero Fahrenheit—and Fahrenheit's "freezing" 32°, there are 491° of *heat*. By using Freon-filled coils in contact with the heat-containing air, the machine picks up this heat—no matter how "cold" the air—then *concentrates* it in the condenser.

Obviously, the air-to-air heat pump has both advantages and disadvantages, but when General Electric and Westinghouse determined to enter the heat pump business, they decided to manufacture only this type. It works anywhere, of course. There is no well to dig, no grid of piping to be put underground, no water supply to be depended on. An air-to-air heat pump is put into operation in the simplest way; merely by connecting it with a house's air duct heating system and then plugging it in.

On the other hand, your air-to-air heat pump labors under certain handicaps in certain specific situations. The chief of these is climate. In northern latitudes on the coldest days, which is when it is most needed, the air-source pump is at its least efficient. If the outdoor air is zero Fahrenheit, the machine has a great deal of work to do, and hence uses a great deal of electric current, to keep the air indoors at seventy. It can do it if it is big enough and powerful enough, but such a machine would possess a large excess of cooling capacity for the summer weather of the region it was in. Generally, therefore, an air-to-air heat pump for home use is engineered for moderate climates—where the summer-to-winter temperature range is not extreme and where the heating-cooling time requirements are about equal.

"What happens here," you ask, "if the weather does get too cold for the heat pump to handle?"

For the few occasions when temperatures drop to abnormal lows, most heat pumps—just in case—usually have built-in Calrod booster heaters. They go on automatically when needed. Their use avoids the need for having an overpowered pump whose machinery would be consuming more current than necessary all the time, just to be able to take care of occasional cold snaps—which probably amount to less than one or two per cent of the days of the year.

Any prospective home-builder can see from the above what the answers will be if he ever asks himself, "Would a heat pump be the thing for me? What type would be best?" The nature of the climate and country he builds in are the determinants. If water is hard to come by, he'll probably choose a ground or air system. If the region has below-zero winters, he will consider water-to-air, if water is easily accessible and plentiful; and, if it is not, then ground-to-air.

That settled, he will probably want to know three more things. What other special advantages will the heat pump bring? What will it cost to operate? How much of an original investment, first purchase price, is it going to be?

How Much Will It Cost?

The manufacturers can, of course, show the prospective buyer of a heat pump innumerable superiorities over conventional heating-cooling systems; and their list is not an unimpressive one.

To begin with, your house heat pump is a neat-looking, attractive package that can go practically anywhere. A typical air-to-air domestic unit looks like a gray-green office filing cabinet, stands about head high, and takes up little more than 2½ by 4 feet of floor space. Connected with a house's air duct system and an electric current outlet, it can be stood in the corner of the garage, put in the unfinished attic, or even hidden in a closet. A church in Mobile, Alabama, having no other free space, put its heat pump in the steeple.

Using a heat pump, your house will need no chimney (a saving of probably $500 when you build that new home) and no fuel storage

tank or bin. It will never be contaminated by the fumes or gases of imperfect combustion, and fire danger (20 per cent of home fires are caused by heating apparatus) will be practically nil. There will be no furnace ash and no oil-burner soot to smudge up the window drapes. Dust in the house will be reduced to negligible amounts (less work for the housewife) because the machine filters all the air that enters the ducts. Humidity, no matter how damp the weather, will be completely controlled, and from cellar to attic nothing in the house will rust, mold, or mildew. There will be quiet. No roaring air blasts, as some traditional heating systems have, since the heat pump's fans circulate both the hot and cold air so gently.

Once the machine is installed and operating, you will really have push-button weather—without having to push the button. The double-action thermostat, once set, say, at 70° and 85°, will turn on the heat if your rooms drop below the former temperature, turn on the cold if they rise above the latter, summer and winter, month in and month out, without your ever needing to touch it again.

The cost of operating the machine which will bring you this domestic millennium is already competitive with the cost of operating traditional heating-cooling systems in some parts of the country. Operating costs for a house in a typical heating season in Tampa, Florida—a region made to order for heat pumps—have been reported as $253 for electric strip heating, $234 for manufactured gas, $77 for fuel oil, and only $57 for heat pump heat. In another Florida test, Typhoon water-to-air heat pumps produced 75,000 BTUs of heat for seven and a half cents, while oil required eleven cents plus, and manufactured gas, over thirty cents.

More impressive, perhaps, were some results produced in a more northerly region: Kansas. Here, in a test of six houses in the country, the heat pump produced a million BTUs for $1.31, while the same from fuel oil cost $1.53, and from liquid petroleum $1.88.

From the foregoing it appears that the key question is this: "What are the electric power rates in your region?" In general, if rates where you live are two cents per kilowatt hour, a heat pump for year-round home use can give other systems a run for their money. If your rates should be one and a half cents, or lower, as they are in some big hydro-electric development areas, a heat pump in the house can be economically competitive even in zero weather regions. So if you live in parts of the country like the Bonneville Dam region of the northwest, or south near TVA (rates, in some instances, as low as three quarters of a cent per kilowatt hour), the heat-pump method is already as economical a way to heat your home as any.

In other parts of the country (national average kilowatt-hour rate runs about 2.75 cents) heat pumps probably will not come into widespread use until lower power rates are available for them, although the heat pump industry is optimistic about its prospects even without special rates for its products. Power companies like heat-pump business. It is nonseasonal—that is, year round. Moreover, the companies see in the heat pump a potential market for sale of power which probably surpasses anything in sight.

"The heat pump in fairly general use," one prophet in the industry has predicted, "could double or triple the use of electric power in American homes; extensive use could quadruple it."

Power rates, however, are not the only factor which can affect heat pump operating costs. There is another important one, which is technological: better and more efficient heat pumps. This means machines which take in one kilowatt of electricity and produce four or five in equivalent heat units, instead of taking in one and turning out three, as now. (The theoretical possibility is six or seven.) The increase in efficiency may be brought about in a number of ways: by better refrigerants, improved compressors, or improved heat-transfer-surface design. Such heat pumps are feasible, and Westinghouse already has one heating and cooling a company building in California which turns out a performance ratio of five to one.

A heat pump's first cost, its purchase price, will probably deter more buyers than will its operating costs. At this writing, the initial expense for one of the machines is likely to be considerably above the cost of buying and installing a conventional heating system, whether coal, oil, or

gas. But the heat pump will not cost so much more than would a conventional home-heating system *and* home-air-conditioning system —a combination which is now becoming rather common in our South.

The heat pump comes about 15 to 20 per cent higher than the two-system heating-cooling arrangement. General Electric's lowest priced heat pump, the *Weathertron,* three horsepower and suitable for a small-to-medium-sized house, today costs you $2,400. Westinghouse's machine of like capacity, is $2,300.

To these prices must be added heating system installation charges (as for air ducts if a house does not already have them) and electrical wiring. However, one firm (American Coils Company, Newark, New Jersey) in some sections sells its small-house model for $1,700, with the price including the provision of an adequate water well. Another make (Typhoon) sells for as low as $1,570.

These initial investment costs are probably out of reach for the average owner of an average house. Told this, however, heat pump enthusiasts today reply: "Maybe . . . but wait a while. The heat pump for homes has only been two or three years on the market. Remember that the household refrigerator's price in its first years was also way out of reach for the low-income man. In 1920 its average price was $600. By 1934 that price had dropped 71 per cent. The same sort of thing will happen with heat pumps."

If it does—and given large volume sales and production it well may—heat pumps installed in small homes would then cost around $500 to $600, a price which should make them competitive even with heating systems alone, without air-conditioning.

The chances are, however, that by then heat pumps will be doing more around the house than just heating and cooling it. A heat pump already in the pilot model stage includes a domestic water heater which is more economical—so it is claimed—than our regular electric-resistance heaters. Another attachment is a dish-towel drier which uses the heat thrown away by your kitchen refrigerator. In other words, the heat pump of a dozen years from now can very easily be a multiple-chore machine—a single unit which will be able to heat the house, cool it, heat water, keep cold the kitchen refrigerator, run the freezer, and provide heat for the home-laundry clothes drier.

Then one might well say, "What a machine!"—and wonder, perhaps, how Professor Thomson would view the vindication of his idea, modestly proposed to the Philosophical Society a hundred years ago.

The Courage That My Mother Had

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

The courage that my mother had
Went with her, and is with her still:
Rock from New England quarried;
Now granite in a granite hill.

The golden brooch my mother wore
She left behind for me to wear;
I have no thing I treasure more:
Yet, it is something I could spare.

Oh, if instead she'd left to me
The thing she took into the grave!—
That courage like a rock, which she
Has no more need of, and I have.

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Let's Look at the Record

An Open Letter to his Countrymen

by Mark Twain



I HAVE PRETTY MUCH MADE up my mind to run for President. What the country wants is a candidate who cannot be injured by investigation of his past history so that the enemies of the party will be unable to rake up anything against him that nobody ever heard of before. If you know the worst about a candidate to begin with, every attempt to spring things on him will be checkmated. Now I am going to enter the field with an open record. I am going to own up in advance to all the wickedness I have done, and if any Congressional committee is disposed to prowl around my biography in the hope of discovering any dark and deadly deed that I have secreted, why—let it prowl.

In the first place, I admit that I treed a rheumatic grandfather of mine in the winter of 1850. He was old and inexpert in climbing trees, but with the heartless brutality that is characteristic of me I ran him out of the front door in his nightshirt at the point of a shotgun and caused him to bowl up a maple tree, where he remained all night, while I emptied shot into his legs. I did this because he snored. I will do it again if ever I have another grandfather. I am as inhuman now as I was in 1850.

I candidly acknowledge that I ran away at the battle of Gettysburg. My friends have tried to smooth over this fact by asserting that I did so for the purpose of imitating Washington, who went into the woods at Valley Forge for the purpose of saying his prayers. It was a miserable subterfuge. I struck out in a straight line for the Tropic of Cancer because I was scared. I wanted my country saved, but I preferred to have somebody else save it. I entertain that preference yet. If the bubble reputation can be obtained only at the cannon's mouth, I am willing to go there for it, provided the cannon is empty. If it is loaded, my immortal and inflexible purpose is to get over the fence and go home.

My invariable practice in war has been to bring out of every fight two-thirds more men than when I went in. This seems to me to be Napoleonic in its grandeur.

My financial views are of the most decided character, but they are not likely, perhaps, to increase my popularity with the advocates of inflation. I do not insist upon the special supremacy of rag money or hard money. The great fundamental principle of my life is to take any kind I can get.

The rumor that I buried a dead aunt under my grapevine was correct. The vine needed fertilizing, my aunt had to be buried, and I dedicated her to this high purpose. Does that unfit me for the Presidency?

The Constitution of our country does not say so. No other citizen was ever considered unworthy of this office because he enriched his grapevines with his dead relatives. Why should I be selected as the first victim of an absurd prejudice?

I admit, also, that I am not a friend of the poor man. I regard the poor man, in his present condition, as so much wasted raw material. Cut up and properly canned, he might be made useful to fatten the natives of the Cannibal Islands and to improve our export trade with that region. I shall recommend legislation upon the subject in my first message. My campaign cry will be: "Desiccate the poor workingman; stuff him into sausage."

These are about the worst parts of my record. On them I come before the country. If my country don't want me, I will go back again. But I recommend myself as a safe man —a man who starts from the basis of total depravity and proposes to be fiendish to the last.

—Kansas City Journal, June 15, 1879



The President of Yale surveys the long battle between utilitarian and liberal education . . . how it started 2,500 years ago . . . what it has done to American schools . . . and what it means for this generation of students and parents.

What We Don't Know Will Hurt Us

The Power of Liberal Education

A. Whitney Griswold

THE conflict which rages around our schools is not a conflict between public and private institutions. It is a conflict between two different types of learning. Until we understand it as such, we are not likely to solve its many problems—the acute and worsening shortage of teachers and schoolrooms, the deepening financial crisis, and the curricular confusion that fill the headlines.

Whatever the origin of this conflict, its tactics, polemics, and political pros and cons, its chief casualty has been the liberal arts. Yet of all learning, and to all learning, the wisest men of every generation—from the age of Pericles to the age of Eisenhower—have deemed these studies the most essential.

The liberal arts have constituted the basic studies from which all phases of the educational process—general, vocational, professional; elementary, secondary, and higher—draw nourishment and without which they languish and fail. Three hundred and fifty years ago, in the fifth century of Oxford and a quarter century before the founding of the first American university, Francis Bacon perceived this relationship and stated it as follows:

> First therefore, amongst so many great foundations of colleges in Europe I find it strange that they are all dedicated to professions, and none left free to arts and sciences at large. For if men judge that learning should be referred to action, they judge well, but in this they fall into the error described in the ancient fable, in which the other parts of the body did suppose the stomach had been idle, because it neither performed the office of motion, as the limbs do, nor of sense, as the head doth, but yet notwithstanding it is the stomach that digesteth and distributeth to all the rest. So if any man think philosophy and universality to be idle studies, he doth not consider that all professions are from thence served and supplied. And this I take to be a great cause that hath hindered the progression of learning, because these fundamental knowledges have been studied but in passage. For if you will have a tree bear more fruit than it hath used to do, it is not any thing you can do to the boughs, but it is the stirring of the earth and putting new mould about the roots that must work it.

No one since Bacon has improved upon his statement of the case.

WHY has it been so difficult for us to perceive the role of the liberal arts? One reason is the nature of the controversy in which American education is now involved. A second Battle of the Books is in progress—and, as in the first, the "quarrel is so inflamed by the warm heads of either faction, and the pretensions somewhere or other so exorbitant, as not to admit the least overtures of accommodation." At times the quarrel seems as pointless as Englishmen criticizing Germans for not speaking English, or golfers ridiculing tennis players for playing tennis with rackets instead of golf sticks.

There is an exchange of invective but no exchange of meaning.

This quarrel has confused the issue. The adversaries in Swift's satire were ancient versus modern learning, as Swift knew them at the end of the seventeenth century. At first glance, today's adversaries would seem to be their lineal descendants: the same Ancients (who by now have recruited most of Swift's Moderns including Swift himself) versus the Moderns of 1954. A closer look reveals that this is not precisely the case. It would appear from the polemics that the Ancients were now opposed by a wholly different adversary known as instrumentalism, which sprang full-flowered from the brow of John Dewey and entered the lists against classical learning barely half a century ago. It would seem that most of the troubles or triumphs of American education (depending upon how one looks at them) had resulted from the application of this brand-new American invention to the educational process.

Such an oversimplification of history distorts the educational problem and hinders its solution. Granting the considerable (and demonstrable) influence of Mr. Dewey and his followers on our educational system, particularly upon our teachers' colleges and public schools, it has been but one of many historical forces that have contributed to the present situation.

Let us take another look at today's Battle of the Books. If its adversaries are not logical counterparts of Swift's, what are they? They are proponents of two different types of learning which have existed and competed with one another since ancient times—not as old versus new, but as two distinct sets of purposes and methods. The purposes and methods of the liberal arts were first defined by the Greeks. They are expounded in the writings of Plato and Aristotle; and though they have passed through ancient, medieval, and modern phases, they still retain their original meaning. They are not a body of revealed truths or logical absolutes or a quantum of knowledge. They are studies designed to develop to capacity the intellectual and spiritual powers of the individual. Their aim is to make the most of a man in order that he may make the most of his calling, his cultural opportunities, and his responsibilities as a citizen. Such was the meaning of the liberal arts in Plato's time and such is it today.

Instrumentalism is just as old as the liberal arts and fundamentally just as consistent in meaning. In current usage, instrumentalism has become a synonym for pragmatism, especially as applied to education. Essentially it means the identification of truth with utility. That is true or good which works, which accomplishes results, or which gives emotional satisfaction to the believer.

"The true, to put it very briefly," William James once wrote in a summary of pragmatism, "is only the expedient in the way of thinking, just as the 'right' is only the expedient in the way of our behaving. Expedient in almost any fashion; and expedient in the long run and on the whole, of course."

These words should not be read out of moral context. Both James and Dewey believed that immorality, even according to traditional standards, would be found inexpedient. But the words forge a link with the Sophists of the fifth century B.C., whose slogan was "Man is the measure of all things" and whose intensely practical instruction in law, rhetoric, or, in the case of the versatile Hippias, in almost any trade, emphasized the subjective desires of their pupils and their satisfaction in utilitarian skills and occupations.

I leave for the moment the relative merits of these two educational philosophies. Liberal education has periodically dried up in formalism and is never proof against illiberal teaching. Bacon himself takes certain contemporary Cambridge professors to task for teaching "words and not matter." Form without substance, polish without purpose, have always been a "distemper of learning" to the liberal arts. If we think of utilitarian education in the sense of occupational training, we will find that it has always had a respectable place in society; it had such a place in the medieval Guild system; it has it in our secondary schools today.

If, on the other hand, we think of it in the sense of instrumentalism, this too has made useful contributions to the educational process, especially at the level of elementary education. My point here, however, is not the respective merits of liberal and utilitarian education but their common antiquity. Once

this is appreciated the present dispute assumes its true character. It is not a dispute between Ancients and Moderns, or tradition and invention. It is a dispute between two Ancients which has been going on a long time.

II

Another thing the Sophists and instrumentalists have in common is that each arose in answer, as it were, to a specific set of practical demands. All philosophy reflects its times, in language and metaphor if not in theory. Even Plato, with his insistence upon the independent reality of ideas, was sensitive to the conditions in which he lived. But while Plato towered over his times, the Sophists fitted into them as hand into glove. The Sophists were a group of professional teachers who responded to the demands of young men for practical education that would help them get ahead in the world. Some of these young men were members of a rising plutocracy and anxious for instruction in the ways of a democracy. Others were just looking for careers, uninterested in philosophy and the arts but eager to learn a trade. To all of these demands, the Sophists responded with a body of teachings and a point of view so congenial to modern pragmatism that Schiller, the English pragmatist, called himself their disciple. For all the latter-day strictures upon them, their teachings flourished in the same society that sustained Plato and Aristotle.

Pragmatism made its modern appearance in the United States toward the close of the nineteenth century and in the early years of the twentieth in the writings of C. S. Peirce, William James, and John Dewey. These were the years in which the United States was passing through a highly self-conscious phase of nationalism that expressed itself in our war with Spain and a short-lived flurry of imperialism. Business was booming, and obsessing our thoughts and energies to a degree unparalleled in history. These trends were accompanied by an exuberant nativism that strove for expression in our cultural life. Ties with the past, and with older civilizations, were being cut. Optimism, improvisation, and Americanism were the order of the day. It is hard to conceive of a doctrine more perfectly suited to these conditions and attitudes than pragmatism.

Much the same can be said of pragmatism in the form of instrumentalism as Dewey and his followers applied it to our schools. The first half of the present century saw changes in the character and composition of our schools, particularly our secondary schools; this doctrine was ideally suited to accommodate them. Because of the decisive part secondary education plays in liberal education —which must begin in high school if it is to begin at all—it will repay us to consider some of these changes in detail. To sum them up, they produced, as though from dragon's teeth, an enormous new secondary school population, most of which was entirely innocent of the liberal arts and their purposes. The demand placed upon our schools for the kind of utilitarian education that the young Athenians demanded of the Sophists was overwhelming. The schools rose to meet the demand with the ancient doctrine of instrumentalism.

The brunt of this new educational burden was borne by our public secondary schools. Compulsory school-attendance laws and child-labor laws gradually accumulated throughout the states with the effect of keeping in school boys and girls who used to quit after the eighth grade. As automatic machinery developed and the labor market became more crowded, labor union policies had the same effect. The appeal of secondary education whether for some vocation, for life, or, *via* higher education, for a profession, became more positive and more popular. As college degrees became standard requirements for entrance into the professions and all but standard for many types of business, high school diplomas acquired a similar if lesser material value. Meanwhile, as a force in itself and a prime mover behind all these laws and policies, the population of the United States rose from 76,000,000 to 150,000,000.

The results of these trends reveal themselves in three dramatic sets of figures. From 1910 to 1940 the percentage of the 14-to-15-year age group in the nation's labor force declined from 30 per cent to 5 per cent. The percentage of the 17-year age group enrolled in high school rose from 30 per cent to 60 per cent; and the total high school population increased from 1,111,000 to 7,113,000. The

comparable increase of enrollment in elementary education in these three decades was from 18,450,000 to 21,050,000. In other words, while elementary school enrollment increased by less than one-sixth, high school increased by more than six times. From 1900 to 1950 it rose from around 10 per cent to 75 per cent of its age group. What this amounted to was the creation, almost overnight, of a huge new educational population.

In curricular preference this population was overwhelmingly vocational. A disproportionately large part of it consisted of the children of immigrants. These immigrants poured into the country in such numbers in the first quarter of the century (over a million a year for six of the years between 1900 and 1920) that their total number together with their children reached a peak of 38,000,000. At no time between 1900 and 1950 was it below 25,000,000. In 1920, for example, it stood at 35,000,000, exactly a third of our total population of 105,000,000.

The overwhelming majority of this group of immigrant and recent immigrant origin lacked even a smattering of liberal education or comprehension of its purposes. Allowing for exceptions—more numerous among certain national and cultural groups than among others—the typical immigrant of these years was a person of humble origin and circumstances who had been denied access to liberal education by the highly selective educational systems prevailing abroad. How therefore could he be expected to understand it and transmit its motivations to his children? If he had ever thought of the liberal arts at all, the chances are it was as one of the aristocratic class privileges which he had come to America to escape. I know that with some it worked the other way, and that among these men and women are some of the staunchest supporters of liberal education the country has ever had. But the rank and file were innocents.

It was precisely this group, morever, that the child-labor and school-attendance laws forced into our high schools in greatest numbers, since it was from them that so much of our unskilled and semi-skilled factory labor was recruited. Schools take their character not only from their pupils but from parents, whether the parental influence (or lack of it) stems from home, parent-teachers association, ballot-box, or school board. The schools cannot set and maintain standards unless parents understand and support them. My point is not that our foreign population opposed liberal education. It is that through lack of previous opportunity they failed to comprehend it and therefore failed to support it. We may weigh the effect of this failure upon the liberal arts by asking ourselves what the effect on curriculum might have been if they all had been graduates of European universities; or American colleges; or, for that matter, of American public high schools of an earlier generation.

Our immigrant population was not the only such weight in these scales. Among our native population fifteen million Negro citizens, heretofore lacking any but the most primitive educational opportunities, became rightful claimants to the benefits of secondary education. For want of previous opportunity they too lacked comprehension of the liberal arts. In 1920 their number was 10,400,000. If we add this to the number of foreign-born and their children in that year, it gives us a total of 45,000,000 out of 105,000,000 Americans, beyond the pale, so to speak, of the liberal arts.

Nor does this complete the total. Liberal education characteristically begins where elementary education leaves off and carries through to the end of college. A recent study (*General Education in School and College*)* places the most critical phase of liberal education in the last two years of secondary school and the first two years of college. Certain it is that a heavy share of responsibility for it devolves upon secondary education, not only in its curriculum but in disseminating a general awareness of its purposes and benefits through society. In 1900 barely 10 per cent of its age group finished high school. Millions of native white citizens sent their children to high school in the years that followed with no idea of what liberal education was and no encouragement from home to find out. The frontiersman's hostility toward book learning was still strong. Materialism was rampant. Plunkitt of Tammany Hall spoke with scorn of "college professors and philosophers who go up in a balloon to think"; and the voice of Plunkitt was the voice of the nation.

* Published by Harvard University Press, 1950.

Is it any wonder that in this suddenly expanded realm of secondary education, where from time immemorial the liberal arts have had to prove themselves in competition with utilitarian education of all kinds—where they have always had to make a case for themselves or give ground—they gave ground? They did not give it in an objective test of merit or by decision of policy. They gave it by default.

No matter how or why the ground was given, it was a serious setback to education in general. Its seriousness can be measured not merely in hypothetical conjectures as to human happiness but in concrete losses of manpower. These show up vividly in studies of the number and type of high school graduates entering college today. From such studies two telling facts appear. The first is that of the 25 per cent of our high school graduates best qualified for higher education, 40 per cent do not continue with it for lack of motivation. The second fact is that most of these intellectually competent yet unmotivated young men and women come from homes representing the cultural groups and attitudes we have been discussing. How great a loss we have sustained by this wastage of human talent we can only surmise.

Could the schools have provided a better understanding of liberal arts, through their own teachers and curricula, in spite of all the cultural odds against them? I doubt it. To have done so they would have needed, first, much more specific and powerful assistance from parents; but the parental tendency was to default responsibilities to the schools and then criticize the schools for not discharging them. The result was to force into both liberal and vocational curricula subjects previously treated in the home or (at times) behind the woodshed. The increasing secularization of American life contributed to the same result, causing both home and church to look to the schools for moral discipline. And to these new burdens, government added its demand for training in citizenship. The whole imposed upon the schools a crude lay morality of "life adjustment" which their hard-pressed teachers made shift to impart in the classroom—to the common loss of the liberal arts and of really useful occupational training.

To have resisted or modified these trends, the schools would have needed, secondly, much greater financial support than was forthcoming, particularly for teachers' salaries. I know this is an old story and that it is sometimes exaggerated—that it has perhaps even been used as an excuse for not undertaking educational reforms which could at least have been started without money. But as I write these very words, my morning paper carries the headline, "Teacher Scarcity at Critical Stage," and a report from the President of the American Association of School Administrators that our average annual teacher salary is $3,600, "with large numbers getting $2,000 or less." There is a direct cause-and-effect relationship between the salary and the headline. The report goes on to recommend the spending of $26,600,000,000 for school buildings during the next six years. I do not mean to labor this all-too-familiar argument. Yet no explanation of our educational predicament can possibly ignore it. We have the resources to solve this financial problem. A stronger representation of the liberal arts among teachers and students as well as among parents, school boards, and taxpayers would expedite its solution.

III

To have put forth a greater effort in the interest of liberal education, the schools would have needed, finally, much more specific—and sympathetic—assistance from the liberal arts colleges and universities than they received—particularly from the universities. In the nineteenth century, there was institutional as well as intellectual continuity between the secondary and higher phases of liberal education. To preserve this continuity two things are required above all others. These are, first, the closest possible co-operation between school and college in such matters as the planning of curriculum and the testing and guidance of students; and, second, both secondary school and college teachers trained in these responsibilities. In the nineteenth century such continuity was ensured partly by the liberal arts curricula prevailing generally throughout our secondary schools and partly by the fact that these schools recruited their teachers almost entirely from the liberal arts colleges.

Toward the turn of the century this con

unity began to be disrupted. It is difficult to say exactly how the disruption started, but the colleges and universities were at least partly responsible. As the elective system gained headway in the colleges, liberal education lost character and in extreme cases became so dissipated as to be hardly recognizable. In part the elective system was the result of European (particularly German) influence that emphasized specialization culminating in graduate work. In even larger part it resulted from the deficiencies of the liberal arts themselves, from their failure to keep fresh and vital and reveal their meaning to their own disciples. It began in the 1870s, a good thirty years before Dewey published his *School and Society*.

By disrupting the unity of the liberal arts on a horizontal plane the elective system greatly abetted the disruption of their continuity on a vertical plane. The result in curricular terms was a tide rip of vocational and liberal currents. The liberal arts colleges—partly out of conviction and partly in deference to the professional schools and the professions—continued to offer liberal education, however diluted by vocational and other electives, and to require preparation in the liberal arts on the part of entering freshmen. The schools met this requirement with a curricular mixture of liberal, vocational, and life-adjustment courses in which the liberal element became steadily more diluted.

The results are epitomized in a letter which I have before me. It contains the transcript of a high school senior applying for admission to the liberal arts curriculum of Yale University. The transcript shows that of twelve junior and senior courses offered as the first half of the liberal arts continuum, two were in English, one in American History, and the other nine were as follows: Typing, Speech, [illegible], Physical Education, Journalism, Personality Problems, and Marriage and Family. This is what I mean by a curricular tide rip.

The gap in the continuity of liberal education between school and college grew wider when the liberal arts faculties in the universities relinquished responsibility for the training of secondary school teachers to special schools and departments of education in the universities and to the newly-founded teachers' colleges. This is not to suggest that the liberal arts were [illegible] its strongest potential ally, the liberal arts faculties of the universities.

This process, which in its early stages appears to have been largely involuntary, was abetted by the demand for teachers that was [illegible]. It was further abetted by the comparably [illegible] liberal arts faculties with that need. The relatively unfavorable working conditions, compensation, and intellectual opportunities of high school teaching also played a part.

[illegible] by default. The sad part of it is that what began as involuntary and almost [illegible] mony and a second Battle of the Books. It is not necessary to become embroiled in the battle to recognize the harmful effect of this dissidence on liberal education. To prepare [illegible] should have been a colloquium turned into a conflict in which no one gained and liberal education was the heavy loser.

The liberal arts faculties of the universities did not want this conflict and did not start it. Nobody started it. Like the death of Mr. Krook in *Bleak House* it is an historic case [illegible]. faculties have been more sinned against than [illegible]

The entire country has been the loser and the entire country is responsible for its own loss. The educational process is indivisible. Each part of it depends upon every other part. If we single out the universities as standard-bearers we must not forget that these standards, too, require the support of parents—a cultural base of comprehension and sympathy—or they cannot be maintained. If the truth be told, there was little comprehension of the power of the liberal arts in American society because American society was incurious and inarticulate concerning its own political and social philosophy. Not since the great days of the Federal Convention, the Federalist Papers, the writings and teachings of Adams and Jefferson, and the seminal decisions of John Marshall had we bothered to inquire much into the meaning of our democracy and the vital part of it represented by liberal education. The glow of that early enlightenment soon faded in the American sky and while we remained furiously awake in business and politics, in philosophy we went to sleep. We were not really roused from this sleep and impelled to re-examine first principles until economic collapse, followed by the threat of Fascist and then of Communist totalitarianism, forced us to look into the meaning of many things we had taken for granted. Then and only then (and I speak of the last two decades) did we begin to discover the meaning that liberal education held for Plato and Aristotle and Adams and Jefferson.

IV

No one was more sympathetic to education in all its phases than Jefferson. He spoke constantly of "a general diffusion of knowledge" as the corollary to self-government; and he made comprehensive plans which included vocational as well as liberal education. He believed that all Americans should be taught "reading, writing, and common arithmetic"; that all should learn some useful trade or calling; and that all who had the ability should go just as far in higher education as their ability permitted them; and he saw no incompatibility between these three principles. At the same time, as his personal correspondence and the whole record of his life reveal, it was liberal education that enriched his own mind and spirit and through them conveyed transcendent benefits to all American education.

The same can be said of Lincoln, who had almost no formal education and whose discovery and use of liberal education for this very reason offers a truly pragmatic demonstration of its powers. "It was a wild region," he wrote in 1859 of Spencer County, Indiana, whither his uneducated father moved the family from Kentucky in Lincoln's eighth year, "with many bears and other wild animals, still in the woods." He went on:

> There I grew up. There were some schools, so called; but no qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond "readin, writin, and cipherin" to the Rule of Three. If a straggler supposed to understand latin happened to sojourn in the neighborhood, he was looked upon as a wizzard (*sic*). There was absolutely nothing to excite ambition for education. Of course when I came of age I did not know much. . . . I could read, write and cipher to the Rule of Three; but that was all. I have not been to school since. The little advance I now have upon this store of education, *I have picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity.*

Whither did this practical motive lead him? It led him to English grammar at the age of twenty-three; to Euclid when he was a member of Congress; to the Bible; to Bunyan, Shakespeare, Defoe, Burns, and Byron; to Blackstone's *Commentaries;* to American history; to Voltaire, Gibbon, and Paine. It led him, in short, to liberal education, and this in turn led on to greater things.

Was it Lincoln's genius or his education that took him the rest of the way? It was both. He was no towering intellectual. The nature of his genius was that he so perfectly represented the ideals and aspirations of his country and his fellow men. Without this education he might have continued to represent those ideals and aspirations in the back woods of Illinois. With the help of a liberal education he represented them, and not only represented but advanced and strengthened them, for the world. What liberal education offered Lincoln in his time a proper diffusion of its power through our educational system offers us all today.

We neglect this knowledge at our peril.

It started nineteen years ago, when a few auto workers met secretly in a basement; now it has become America's biggest union—and a welcome, responsible member of the community. A veteran labor reporter tells how the UAW got over its growing pains.

The Union That Grew Up

An Informal Portrait of the UAW

Mary Heaton Vorse

Last fall I visited "Solidarity House," the United Automobile Workers' handsome new headquarters in Detroit. On that particular day, Emil Mazey, the union's secretary-treasurer, happened to be talking to a delegation from the government of Burma which included the mayor of Rangoon.

"Mr. Mazey," one of the Burmese asked, "can you tell us about your early days and the sit-down strikes?"

"Well," Mazey replied, "nineteen years ago we began meeting secretly in a basement. . . ."

Since those basement days the auto workers have become the largest union in America—and so famous internationally that it takes a full-time executive to arrange programs for foreign visitors. The land on which the headquarters stand was bought from Edsel Ford's estate and his graystone mansion now houses the union's health department.

In that same period the UAW has traveled a long way from straight business trade unionism of wages and hours, to a program that includes the whole community. I realized how dramatic that journey has been when I drove into Flint, the automobile town not far from Detroit. There I recognized the plant called Fisher 2. In the winter of 1937 the late Ellen Wilkinson, a Labor Member of Parliament, and I had been boosted through the window of that plant to speak to the sit-down strikers.

The country was then on edge over the sit-down strikes; Flint was under martial law. General Motors had refused to negotiate unless the workers first came out of the plants. When they refused, there had been a cry from the newspapers, "Shoot them out."

As the clamor continued, Flint was terrified by an enormous demonstration of flying squadrons of auto workers from Detroit, Saginaw, Pontiac, Lansing, and even Cleveland, to protest the use of National Guardsmen to end the strike. In spite of threats and political pressure even from the White House, Governor Frank Murphy insisted that the strike could be settled without bloodshed.

What made Flint unforgettable in the winter of 1937 was the spirit of the workers. Women left their homes to manage motor pools and soup kitchens. They spoke at meetings, walked on picket lines, and all the time they sang. They chased the police at what was called the Battle of Bull Run—because the bulls ran away from the women. Each women's auxiliary had a distinctive color for its tam—Flint, red; Detroit, green; Saginaw, blue; and when delegates from these auxiliaries swung down the streets of Flint together, everyone who saw them realized that "solidarity" was not just a word.

Many different factors won that strike. There was Governor Murphy's steadfastness and there was the negotiating genius of John L. Lewis, then president of the CIO. It was Roy Reuther who planned the strategy of the strike in Chevvy 4—which led to victory. It was Walter Reuther who helped to carry it out; while Victor Reuther's calm voice

directed the strike action from the loud-speaker truck. But none of these things could have won without the courage of the anonymous workers.

This was seventeen years ago. What I found in Flint last fall among the union members was that same spirit transformed into today's terms and problems. Now the union and the community work together instead of against each other.

During the sit-down strikes, the police were anti-union. So was the community. City Manager Barringer organized the Flint Alliance, a strike-breaking, back-to-work movement. On the last day of the negotiations, Pengally Hall, the strike headquarters, was tense with fear of a vigilante attack from the Alliance.

"Now all the city officials are co-operating with us," David MacDonald, then Assistant to Regional Director Robert Carter of Region 10, told me last fall. "The Chief of Police, I'll say without reservation, he helps us in everything. Most of the eighty civic organizations in Flint have union representation. A few years ago you wouldn't have expected a General Motors works manager to drop into a union headquarters to have a friendly chat about some community matter in which labor and management were both interested. We wouldn't have had a common meeting ground."

Presently we drove to Beecher Township where on June 8, 1953, a freak tornado razed over 300 houses, killed 116 people, and injured 600 during a half-hour of violence.

No sooner was the tornado over than the UAW, along with the social agencies of Flint and the Red Cross, which spent altogether $900,000 on relief, moved into action. Within a day's time, the UAW headquarters and locals had donated $100,000 to the Disaster Fund which cared for all victims, not only union members. David MacDonald was made its chairman. Weekends, members of the A F of L building trades repaired houses of the CIO auto workers free of charge.

Then came Operation Tornado, probably the biggest building-bee in history. The idea came from Father Henry W. Berkemier of St. Francis of Assisi Church, who outlined his plan for a tremendous house-raising to Mayor Reigle.

This complicated operation was planned to the last detail by local building contractors. The AF of L, Flint, Genesee County Buildings Council enlisted skilled workers from Lansing, Saginaw, Midland, Detroit, and even Battle Creek. The CIO Council assigned full-time workers. The Chamber of Commerce, churches, social agencies, all helped in recruiting 5,500 volunteers—ministers, Chamber of Commerce members, executives, church people, schoolboys, women—who worked under the direction of skilled AF of L building tradesmen.

Loud-speakers were set up by local radio hams who called out what kind of workers were needed for a certain home.

A tool-grinder set up his equipment in a field. All day long Boy Scouts scuttled through the crowd bringing tools supplied by building contractors to be sharpened.

The Flint CIO Council which had been in the forefront recruiting workers gave $1,500 extra for accident insurance. Flint doctors and nurses stood by for first aid. Families signed up to have their houses rebuilt and paid for their own materials, helped by the Disaster Fund. Most firms gave their materials at cost. Eighty thousand man-hours, valued at $160,000, were donated. In two days, on August 28 and 29, 189 houses were finished or completely built. Crews of auto workers and building trades workers raced each other to put up houses—many of them of brick and cement—in a single day.

Volunteers continued to finish houses in their spare time, until on October 10 and 11, a second Operation Tornado of 1,500 volunteers built eighteen more houses.

It was after Operation Tornado that the first Annual Educational Institute of the Greater Flint Industrial Union Council was held in the Flint Labor Temple. Panel discussions were held on Veterans and Rehabilitation, Children's Services, Recreation, and the Aged. An afternoon was given to the topics of community giving and community planning. One panel had for its subject "Labor's Responsibility in the Community."

Flint is only one of the many towns throughout the country which have changed from being violently anti-union to accepting the union as part of the community. This change has not come about by chance. Community Services are not only part of the

UAW's program but of the whole CIO's. The dynamic power of the UAW comes from an idea which Walter Reuther is never tired of repeating. Its core is that "what is good for the community is good for the Auto Workers." This identification with the country as a whole is the motor power of the UAW-CIO philosophy.

What the Union Wants

THE UAW-CIO is a massive union—young, individualistic, born into factionalism and nurtured on contention, plagued in its early days by inner struggles and outlaw strikes, but always vital, growing, and reaching out to new goals.

UAW stands for International Union United Automobile, Aircraft, and Agricultural Implement Workers of America, whose dues-paying members number 1,600,000. Its net worth on July 30, 1953, was $18,167,499. The UAW makes every automobile in the United States and the majority of agricultural implements; aircraft manufacture is about evenly divided between the UAW and the International Association of Machinists, with whom the UAW has a non-raiding and a mutual assistance pact.

The union has added over 200,000 new members during the past two years in a drive on competitive and runaway shops, led by vice presidents Richard G. Gosser and John L. Livingstone. The drive was financed out of a dollar increase on the low union dues of $1.50 a month. As I listened to the organizers reporting in from the field I realized that despite the changes in Flint and elsewhere there are still some employers who fight unions as much as they ever did.

The biennial convention is the legislative body of the union. Changes in the constitution or union dues are decided here, and the officials are elected. Between conventions, the union is run by the Executive Board, composed of the president, the secretary-treasurer, and two vice presidents, and the regional directors whose election is a lively matter.

The UAW convention with its 2,000 delegates is something to see. In earlier days, when factional fights plagued the union, a convention was a shouting Donnybrook Fair. Even now any resolution that tends to center authority in the International is bitterly fought from the floor. Individualistic to the point of pugnaciousness, suspicious of "pork choppers"—paid officials—the membership is noisy, vocal, uninhibited, irreverent.

Walter Reuther, UAW president, brags, "Our union is built from the bottom up—no other union has such a basic rank and file structure."

Reuther is at his best chairing this restless, untamed body. He gives it its head, plays it skillfully, calls a halt, cajoles it, brings it up short, never lets it get out of bounds—but neither he nor anyone else dominates it.

The 1,124 locals are distributed among forty states and five Canadian provinces, located in 415 towns and cities. UAW contracts now number 2,400. Written into these contracts are agreements which look toward abolishing the workers' three major fears: unemployment, sickness, and old age.

IN THE UAW's first days, many auto workers made exactly forty cents an hour. There was neither seniority, nor overtime, nor stand-by pay; there were no paid vacations or holidays; and neither accident, medical, hospital, sickness, nor disability insurance. Today there are all these things.

In the fall of 1945 the victorious 113-day General Motors strike related the wage scale to the cost of living. The principal that the increase in corporation profits resulting from increased productivity should be shared by the workers has now been accepted by such employers as General Motors' C. E. Wilson.

More than 1,000,000 auto workers are already covered by hospitalization and surgical programs for which the companies pay one-half or more, while contracts cover 1,250,000 workers with sickness and accident benefits of from $28 to $45 a week for periods of thirteen to thirty-two weeks. This is only a beginning; the UAW is determined to banish the economic hazards of accidents and sickness.

A no-discrimination clause is written into every union contract. During the shameful Detroit race riots of 1943, Negro and white workers continued to work side by side. In 1950 a milestone was reached: the UAW bowling [illegible] Negro members, who were finally admitted to tournament play.

The 104-day Chrysler strike of 1949-1950 settled the question of funded old-age pen-

sions throughout the industry. Retired workers can not only expect a larger pension than the current $137.50 they receive monthly, but through the varied social life provided by the union can feel that they still belong. The union's next goal is guaranteed full employment. I heard concrete plans for this discussed at the stirring UAW Educational Conference in Chicago last April. Before the 2,500 delegates and 750 visitors, Walter Reuther stated in his opening speech that guaranteed full employment is "more than a matter of economic justice to the wage earner. It is a matter of economic necessity to our nation."

During the 1949-50 Chrysler strike Walter Reuther had a painful operation on his arm which had been shattered in the attempt on his life in 1948. During negotiations I saw his face often turn white with pain, but he continued the discussions.

His brother, Victor Reuther, then director of education, lost an eye in another attempted murder in 1948. The law enforcement agencies believe they know the gangster murderers, but the final evidence is lacking.

The Man at the Top

WALTER REUTHER was born into a trade union family. His father, Valentine Reuther, was President of the Ohio Valley Trade and Labor Association in Wheeling, West Virginia, a dangerous position in 1907. He spent much time on his sons' education and taught them to think. Sunday was not only the day of prayer that their religious Lutheran mother wanted, it was also a day of discussion of social and labor problems. Walter left high school to go to work. He was fired from his first job for agitating against Sunday work. Somewhere during the crowded years he went on with his education at night in Wayne University, Detroit.

The depression found him jobless, so he and Victor decided to work their way around the world. They helped smuggle anti-Nazis into Switzerland; saw workers beaten by the SS when they visited their mother's home in Germany; spent months working in a Ford factory in Russia; and visited Japan and India. They returned to play an important part in building the UAW.

Walter early showed that he was a natural leader and speaker. He captured the public's imagination in 1941 with the Reuther Plan, which urged using vacant space in automobile factories for the manufacture of airplanes —and which was later acted on in part.

Until he was elected president by a narrow margin in 1946, the UAW was torn with factional struggles between the Communist-controlled opposition and the Reuther group. Since then the opposition has steadily dwindled and is now mostly concentrated in the big Ford Local 600.

In 1952 Reuther was elected president of the CIO in another hotly contested election. He strongly favors the CIO and the AF of L joining forces.

New Look in Assembly Lines

ANYONE who wants to understand the problems of the auto workers should see them at their machines. It was ten years since I had seen a production line when I went through part of the Jefferson Street Chrysler plant last fall.

The work force today is much older and less hurried. When I last saw cars made, there was an urgent, frantic pace. Now higher production is gained by better machines and shop procedures rather than by trying to make the men work faster. To check speed-ups, stewards and committeemen are trained in union time-study methods, while the union's research department makes job analyses.

I watched a chassis take a leisurely ride, altering as it went until it became a finished Chrysler. In the machine shop a man lifts cylinder heads from the overhead trolley with tongs. The cylinder heads go into a machine called the automatic broach, tended by one man who watches the circular colored lights. If a tool gets blunt a light flashes and the machine stops of itself. It performs all the milling operations that formerly required seven men.

Next to the broach is the transfer machine which performs seven automatic transfers—reaming, tapping, drilling, etc. Each of these operations was formerly done on a separate machine, and required about fourteen men. Now there is but one.

"This isn't anything," said my guide. "This plant is old-fashioned. You should see the

De Soto plant and even that's nothing compared to the Ford plant in Cleveland. That plant is all machines, it don't need men."

Inexorably, a new industrial revolution is going on which will change the life of the nation. I asked if this isn't going to put people out of work and learned that thus far increasing production has absorbed the men. But Walter Reuther, looking ahead, has said:

"The UAW is not a narrow pressure group trying to restrict technological change. Though we want to see the new technology, we insist that guarantees must be made that it doesn't spell unemployment.

"The incredible production being made in our industries concerns everyone in this country. Used for selfish purposes, we confront a nightmare where idle men walk the streets, made obsolete as producers, while the mechanical monsters can't replace them as consumers. Properly used, they can help to realize America's age-long dream of an economy of abundance."

STANDING on the edge of a disquieting future, I was recalled to the present by the whistle blowing for lunch. Quiet fell. The men took out their lunch buckets. A wagon with milk, coffee, and soft drinks was pushed around. As they did ten or twenty years ago, some of the men played cards, others checkers or dominoes. Lunch hour, at least, hasn't changed.

After lunch, I met a shop steward, and with him the union counselor, a comparative newcomer in the labor movement. A counselor has to be able to advise the workers about the many social services that are available to them; to tell veterans what their rights are, and workers where they can get their social security problems straightened out; to provide information about hospitals; and so on. I asked this counselor what he had had to cope with recently.

"There was a fellow today who was garnisheed by three different companies," he said. "I told him about the special court which straightens out such cases. Then there was a fellow who didn't have the money to move. I got him a truck from our motor pool that we use mostly to take folks to clinics."

The shop steward—who like the counselor is trained in special classes—is the cornerstone of the UAW. He does the day-to-day bargaining, and it depends largely upon him whether or not the contract works smoothly. He is a trouble-shooter and negotiator. He must distinguish between false and real grievances, and keep a written record of all decisions. He must know the contract inside out, and see that it is kept, as well as the state and federal labor laws.

All collective bargaining begins in the shop with individual gripes, and most of the grievances have to do with safety problems, working conditions, and production schedules. The union headquarters keep a detailed account of all grievances to see how many come under each heading; together with general criticisms coming from local unions, these data form the basis for negotiating the next contract.

Lesson in Politics

A CARDINAL belief of the UAW is that its effectiveness depends on its members' level of understanding and their participation in union and civic affairs.

This is how Roy Reuther, head of the UAW Political Action Committee, explained it to a regional summer school:

"In our political round table," he said, "we asked the delegates to state the various things they felt the union should do for the members. They mentioned guaranteed annual wage, a raised minimum wage and pensions, FEPC, better labor legislation on workmen's compensation, and health and unemployment insurance. One said, 'Peace, too.'

"I asked them to take each of these things and see whether they can be gotten through collective bargaining alone.

"Everyone agreed that guaranteed annual wage tied in with unemployment compensation, and that political action was necessary. If the farmers' income goes down there will be unemployment in farm equipment—again political action is needed. A wrong political decision affects the whole economy.

"We impress on every group to which we speak that we don't want to operate as a pressure group for ourselves alone. Our political program is like our Community Betterment Program. We make progress *with* the community. How we affect the whole community is shown in the fact that after the announcement of the Ford Pension Plan, within twenty-

four hours Congress acted, and the old-age pension was increased for all. Minimum wages, housing, schools, civic rights, expanded social security, a fair tax program are questions for the whole community; so is our interest in international affairs."

EDUCATING the membership—especially the new membership—is a most important task. There will be a million new auto workers in the next five years, from expansion and replacement. And the union faces a paradoxical situation: the older men are usually the militants, while the young fellows who never had to fight for a union often prefer not to stir things up.

"Our problem," says Brendon Sexton, Director of Education, "is a question of communication, of being able to interpret to our people what's happening in Congress and state legislatures in terms of their interest. The press, TV, and radio give the employers' point of view. We try to correct this by *our* means of communication—education, our own press and radio and films.

"The other part of our program is communicating our message to the community outside our union."

On the walls of his office is a poster which reads: "City workers buy farm products. Farm workers buy city products. Together they make America prosper."

Tents with speakers and UAW literature are often put up at county fairs. In Kentucky an injunction was served on them to leave.

"You're breeding discontent and stirring folks up saying factory workers are making $70 a week," said the judge. "Isn't any worker shouldn't be satisfied with $35."

There is a close link between the union's Educational Department, research, public relations, and Political Action Committee. All four weave into Community Services headed by Andrew Brown.

"There is hardly anything we aren't asked to do," he told me. "The other day I even got a letter from a little boy who wanted me to get him a temporary father to take him fishing. We're working on it. Meantime I took him to the ball game with my own kids. Just now I'm working on a complicated adoption case."

The union has branched into many other fields. For example, a growing credit union with 400 branches has 300,000 members, $300,000,000 on deposit, and $15,000,000 on loan. The members have made $3,500,000 savings in interest.

There is a small but brilliant staff in the Washington office which keeps the union informed about legislation.

Throughout the union there is a sense of movement that comes from people thinking and talking together. Take the women's meeting of the Detroit region where I was a guest. Here more than 125 delegates discussed the fact that women are discriminated against in the hiring office and often paid less than men for the same work. Tax laws, wage scales, and job opportunities all discriminate against women. What to do about it?

"What I want to know," one woman said, "is why business men can deduct the cost of female entertainment and whisky on their tax returns, but I can't deduct the cost of a nursery school or a baby-sitter."

The Conference to Fight for Full Employment called in Washington in December of last year was a dramatic bid for nation-wide attention to our economic situation. A thousand delegates from Hudson Bay to the Rio Grande gathered to call for measures to check "The Readjustment," and to map out a program for full employment.

IN HIS conference speech, Walter Reuther outlined the fundamental philosophy of the UAW-CIO: "We believe that possibilities for human progress and human betterment are almost unlimited. Science and technology have given us the tools with which to conquer poverty, hunger, ignorance, and disease.

"The spiritual motivation of the labor movement is fundamentally trying to build a better world . . . jobs, full employment, peace, that is what the labor movement is about. The UAW can't solve the problems of the working people without helping to solve the problems of the whole community and the whole nation."

As he spoke in the ballroom of one of Washington's large hotels, it was a little hard to realize that this was the same organization that had held its first clandestine meetings in a Detroit basement—less than two decades ago. I would never have dared predict then that a union could grow up quite so fast.



After Hours

Junior

WHATEVER else you said about the television hearings of the Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations, they were admirable as entertainment and a staple topic of conversation—if anything, too staple. At no social gathering I attended while they were on was it possible not to talk about them. Sooner or later came the pause when someone sighed, looked up expectantly, took a quick breath, and said, "Well, what did you think of it today?"—and we were off: there was no stopping us.

Considering the extent of TV coverage and the nature of the drama itself, I see no reason to suppose that the phenomenon was limited to the North Atlantic seaboard or to the short radius of my own friendship. But the more universal it was, the more puzzling I found it. Here we all were—having watched or listened to the same events, having read the same transcripts and the same commentaries thereon in the newspapers, and having been exposed by this time to every conceivable opinion—and we could not refrain from telling one another what we all already knew. To be sure, there is a deep and powerful fascination in the dramatic device of cross-examination. But such refusal to be bored, and on such a massive scale, suggests the presence of extraordinary qualities in the performers or their audience.

It was as though we had recaptured the innocence of childhood, and liked nothing so much as the same story over and over. "Read me the part again where Mr. Welch said what a pixie was . . ."—and then we cackled, slapped our thighs, and bowed to the gales of nervous laughter. It was as though the content of our conversation had been removed and there were nothing left but a hollow shell of ritual. We exchanged the well-worn talismans, the hoary anecdotes, and the smiles of self-satisfaction with a deference usually reserved for serious or original ideas. In short, we were real gone.

Though normally it is not the province of this department to deal with politics, I feel safe in doing so now. For there were more social and aesthetic issues than political ones in these hearings and in the junior Midwestern Senator who was their central figure—especially since, as I believe to be the case, this unlikely character had come to exercise a hypnotic dominance over intellectual discourse in the United States. "What do you mean you don't often think about him?" said the editor of a distinguished academic quarterly to a friend of mine. "I think about him every time I pick up a newspaper."

LONG before these hearings began, no dinner table was safe from the disreputable specter with the brash stance of a Dashiell Hammett detective, the dark policeman's jowls, the tight mouth, the damp and stringy forelock, and the moist eyes with their luxuriant lashes. Few gatherings of friends or brief acquaintances were free of dread for that moment when The Subject would come up, banishing all others until it had run its course, down to the last cry of exhausted outrage. "They can't talk about anything else," said a poet who visited one university faculty. "I don't see how they'd get along without him. As far as that goes, I don't see how he'd get along without them." And this, of course, was the point.

Politically speaking, I suppose the Senator's

success was remarkable, but my preference for considering him as an entertainer comes from his making so little sense on any other terms. Political nonsense as entertainment has a venerable tradition, but this was something new: it was entertainment masquerading as politics. The source of endless frustration in discussing him politically lay in the fact that there was almost nothing to be said. Here was a man with no social philosophy, no legislation to propose, no organized following, no durable alliances, no loyalty to his own party, no program, no position on a significant issue, no public posture as a friendly fellow, no record of achievement in his specialty, no concern with clearing his past of scandal, no desire for principled reputation, and no idea what to do with power when—by the default of a few hundred cowardly colleagues—he found himself stuck with it.

No, the liberal columnists who slyly compared him to Hitler were only giving themselves away. Strictly speaking, you could not even call him a demagogue, since he made but a minimal effort to capitalize on what little unrest there has been in these halcyon days. Perhaps he could have been called a disappointed politician, in the sense that Hitler was a disappointed watercolorist—or in the sense that it must be disappointing to be known as the World's Champion Rabbit Hunter and have caught so few rabbits, most of them second-hand. But it seems to me much more productive and illuminating simply to regard him as a creative artist who had discovered a new medium. Some work in paint, some in stone, some in words, glass, music, or mounted butterfly wings. The Senator worked in human indignation.

He was, like Franklin Roosevelt and Robert E. Lee, the tactical master of his opponents: they were always wondering what he would do next. Unlike these two worthies, however, he had no ulterior motives. His voice came back multiplied a thousand-fold from the sounding board of his enemies' anger, making a large noise in the world; and eventually *Time* assured us that if Harry Truman had not given the Senator's name to a phenomenon, the phenomenon would not have existed. Yet in any light but that of the focused emotions, he was insubstantial. Politically such people are brought into the world to test the soundness of the Republic—that the tree of liberty, as Tom Paine said, should be watered from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants—but aesthetically they have no other function than to show, at a given moment, what is aesthetically possible.

For the unique ability of this son of the wild Wisconsin jackass was to arouse a quiver of anticipatory martyrdom in the breasts of the ordinary Eastern, Protestant-bred do-gooders—in his own phrase, he caused their hearts to bleed. He was always artistically consistent and never stopped short of the affront. In his person he represented everything that to them was unattractive, and he saw to it that his actions were everything that was unacceptable. With a high regard for subtle and technical detail, he committed only the most gross indignities against the core of the Anglo-Saxon Enlightenment. His offenses were all part of a single, monumental insult—a ringing assertion that this tree should be shaken to its roots. In this country of yours (so he implied) it is possible to be mean and villainous, even as I am, and yet survive. "Point of order, or something"—he had his magnificence.

There are, inevitably, any number of reasons why an artistically coherent individual should rise to the surface of national consciousness. It helps to partake of a myth—to look like Pat O'Brien somewhat as Mr. Welch looked like Eric Blore. But this particular combative champion of the nonexistent and the inconsequential was an exceptional case. Beneath the level of obvious fraud, where he was courageous and patriotic to the approximate degree that Goebbels was Nordic, was a sub-basement of chicanery where we were all fooling one another—even those of us who shared in his spectacle only by watching it. His assumption was that we would be too angry to do anything but snarl, and indeed those who snarled, played his game. He took his real enemies seriously enough to march out into battle, while they secretly and safely *tolerated* him—knowing that the outcome was preordained. He was the victim of a larger deception than any he ever practiced; his punishment, and that of those whose faith was in him, will be terrible. We should have warned him sooner it was all in fun.

Books and Bucks

Siegfried Weisberger, after twenty-nine years in business, closed his famous Baltimore bookstore this spring with the statement, "The age of the boob is upon us." Maybe, I thought, maybe not.

Mr. Weisberger went on to say that this is an age when people want "bucks, not books." I speculated whether other booksellers concurred, and whether, in fact, bookselling is a vanishing profession or business. This led me to make inquiries among publishers and booksellers and publishers' salesmen; bookselling, they said, is a vanishing profession, but a durable business.

The pedigreed bookseller, the old ideal of the classical scholar and man of letters who sold books for the sheer joy of being among them has,

to be sure, pretty largely disappeared. The modern bookseller is a book-lover too, albeit a practical one. He must look to his bookkeeping as well as his books. His costs are going up. His margin of survival is beset with books which should have been best sellers but which were something less than that. He likes to be among books, but he likes to be among customers more.

There are undoubtedly more books per capita being sold today—if we include the more than 250 million paper-bounds—than ever before in history. (There are also 31½ billion magazines sold yearly, and many of these contain material which used to be available only in books.) Americans are, as Mr. Jacques Barzun said in this magazine, enamored of culture. And while the "hard-bound original" publishers view the encroachments of the so-called pocket-books and paper-bounds with genteel alarm, the American public seems willing and able to support them all. The amiable public will, for example, pay fifty cents for a Burl Ives' songbook in paper and five dollars for the same thing in a large hard-bound binding, and both editions are successful.

But even though America is culture-smitten, it is not uniformly so. There is, at least, a sharp difference in the reading habits of neighboring cities. Here, for instance, is what I discovered about some random cities, based on the number of class "A" bookstores in each. A class "A" bookshop in publishing lingo is one that deals directly with the publishers rather than through jobbers and which is usually visited by publishers' salesmen.

New York City, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, and Los Angeles are by virtue of their sheer numbers top bookselling centers. But numbers, even sheer ones, can be misleading. Cleveland, for instance, rates far above Detroit as a bookselling center although the motor city has more than twice Cleveland's population. Rochester, New York, is a "good" book town (so, incidentally, is Rochester, Minnesota) while Buffalo, New York, only ninety miles away and with almost a quarter of a million more residents, is a "bad" one.

Minneapolis is much superior to its twin, St. Paul, even though the latter has one of the best bookstores in the country. Yet Minneapolis, to compound the paradox, has no real independent bookstore. Its book business is handled (aside from medical and technical books) almost entirely by its remarkable department-store bookshops. Minnesota, incidentally, is considered to be a better book-reading state than Wisconsin.

In the South (to be technical about the Mason and Dixon line) there are Baltimore and Washington, both good book cities. There are also Richmond and Atlanta but there is little more. New Orleans is no book town. And the state of Florida is less than impressive, although St. Petersburg with its lively population of older people is a slight exception.

I confess this rating of cities' and states' book reading by their number of so-called class A bookstores is arbitrary, but it's probably as effective as any. Florida, for example, a poor bookstore state, spends only thirteen cents a person



for public libraries—the lowest in the union. Massachusetts spends $1.56 per person.

Curiously the bursting-at-the-city-limits spirit of the Southwest is evident even in its bookselling. Houston is a good book town and Dallas is first class. Fort Worth concentrates more on its fat stock show, but San Antonio sells books, lots of them. Tulsa and Oklahoma City are fair to good.

Among college towns there are some surprises. Ann Arbor, Michigan, is considered by bookmen to be far and away the best in the Big Ten. Evanston, Illinois, is good and so is the University of Chicago's Midway, but neither is spectacular. Madison, Wisconsin, is fair to poor. Champaign, Illinois, considering its size, is a disappointment. Bloomington, Indiana, is negligible. Ditto East Lansing, Michigan.

In the Ivy League, Harvard stands alone. Yale is fairly good, but suffers by comparison. Princeton, a smaller school and a smaller town, comes in a slow third.

Among the worst book towns in the country, according to my informants, are Jacksonville and Tampa, Florida (populations 204,517 and 124,681 respectively); Kansas City, Kansas (129,553); Chattanooga, Tennessee (131,041); Jackson, Mississippi (98,271); Savannah, Georgia (119,638); Rockford, Illinois (105,158); Elizabeth, New Jersey (112,817); Somerville, Massachusetts (102,351).

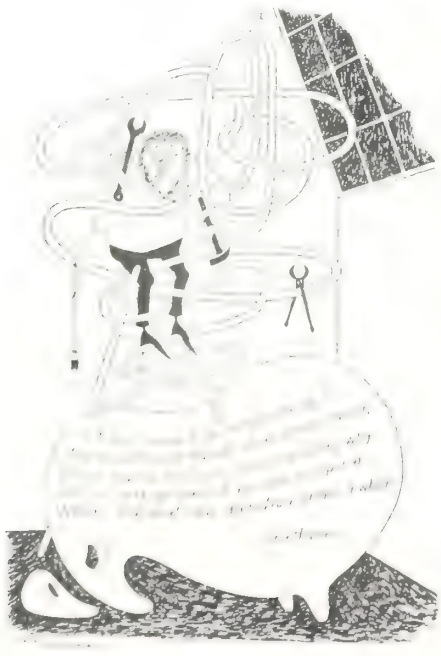
Mr. Mencken, the sage of Baltimore, might be

interested to know that the books Mr. Weisberger says he was unable to sell were bought in a lot by Gimbels in New York, where, I am told, they are selling—to be sure, at sale prices—at a good old Gimbels clip.

The Angry Sculptors

In "The Sea Gull," which found its way back to the New York stage in May, the young hero is a writer in search of "new forms" for literature. He doesn't find the forms (there are many things he doesn't find, including love) and the second time he tries to shoot himself he succeeds. Chekov's thesis is, I have no doubt, a very complicated one, but part of it seems to be that if a writer hasn't anything to say, "new forms" aren't going to solve his creative problem. The same might be said of any of the arts, and especially in our own day of those arts commonly (but vaguely) known as "plastic."

It's an old argument, as old as the hills of paint in Cézanne's landscapes, and I don't mean to get caught in the cross fire of modern *vs.* traditional or abstractionism *vs.* realism. That is a futile no man's land in which every new form is a potential booby trap. I felt I was wandering in such a no man's land recently at an exhibition at the Yale Art Gallery, in New Haven. It was a show of contemporary painting and sculpture in which groups of pictures and sculptures were related to quotations from contemporary poets. With one group, for instance, there was a quotation from Robert Penn Warren, and with another a quotation from T. S. Eliot. It was rather ingenious, for the paintings and sculptures did seem to bear out the meaning (full of overtones of futility) of the poetical quotations. What impressed me most, however, was what an angry lot of men sculptors must be these days, and that raised the question, "What are they mad at?"



You may remember that a few months ago there was in this column an account of how the citizens of Salem, Oregon, rose in wrath against the purchase of a nude sculpture by Renoir (a bronze) which had been bought as a memorial to the pioneers who settled that part of the world. It raised a nice question, beyond those of suitability and prudery. What would you do if you had to get a sculptor to make a memorial these days? The probable answer is that you wouldn't. You would get somebody to design a hospital or a community center or a gymnasium—a socially useful rather than an artistically monumental memorial. Sculpture, for the time being, seems to be technologically and socially unemployable. No wonder the sculptors are angry. Of all of the plastic arts theirs seems to fill the least function, to be the least in demand both privately and publicly.

But it was the form their wrath took that impressed me in the New Haven exhibition. They were not mad merely at the state of the world (most of the pieces were spiked and jagged abstractions made of metal) or at the sculptor's lot. They were, it seemed, mad at the material with which they were working. They worked in steel and brass and copper and bronze; they pitted it and gutted it; they made the hardest of materials take on a melted look; they made materials that yield to polished surfaces into crabbed thickets of brambles. It seemed more like revenge on their medium than pleasure in it, a deliberate attempt to subjugate the material rather than to reveal its potential qualities. It seemed that they took no pleasure in it—neither in the material nor the form. Of all the arts sculpture is the most muscular, the most athletic, and these sculptors were beating the daylights out of their medium. Only Alexander Calder, one of whose black and white mobiles hung from the ceiling, seemed to take pleasure in the wires and discs with which he worked and their motion or repose in space. The rest seemed like the work of men who wished they were doing something else.

When an art has lost its social usefulness (in this case its relation to architecture and, of course, to religious and social symbols) then it becomes introspective. It gets to be concerned with "new forms" because it is not sure what it wants to say. It seems to me that sculpture, like the young man in "The Sea Gull," is living in exile from the world on an inherited estate where boredom and despair are the primary emotions and where an attempt to find "new forms" is the only goal. ***—Mr. Harper***



The New Books

by

Gilbert Highet

Life and Health, Disease and Death

"Being in love is a sickness: though a healthy one, so to speak, like pregnancy and childbirth—yet like them not without danger." So says Thomas Mann in his description of the passion of Potiphar's wife for the young servant and incomer, Joseph.

In a new tale, ***The Black Swan*** (translated by W. R. Trask, Knopf, $2.75), he has dealt with the same concept in modern terms. Here it is not a remote Egyptian princess enamored of a young Hebrew steward: it is an aging German widow smitten with an unexpected love for her son's young American tutor. But Mut-em-enet, married to a eunuch, was still youthful and lovable. In the new book Frau Rosalie von Tümmler, although pitiable, is almost a parody: she is plump but gray-haired, warm-hearted but red-nosed, and the classical symptom of old age in women has shown itself before she falls in love. Then her desire comes to nothing: not even to tragedy, but to collapse: one kiss, one embrace, a few thousand stronger heartbeats, and then—as though inextricably interlaced with love—overpowering illness, agony, death. In essence, this is a story Mann has told several times before: not only in the Joseph saga, but in *Dr. Faustus,* where it appears as the delight of the doomed Adrian in the seraphic little "Echo," and most exquisitely of all in *Death in Venice.* You recall its unequaled close, in which the dying man watches the Polish boy walking on the beach:

> It seemed to him the pale and lovely Summoner out there smiled at him and beckoned; as though, with the hand he lifted from his hip, he pointed outward as he hovered on before into an immensity of richest expectation.

It is a privilege to read any new book by Thomas Mann. *The Black Swan* is not a masterpiece, but it is far from a disappointment. It does, however, show one or two of his recurrent weaknesses. There is a kind of coarse sentimentality in it, particularly in his description of the details of female physiology; and, worse, there is a good deal of heavy rhetoric, as indigestible as a wedge of *Schaumtorte.* Mann is living in Switzerland now; the Swiss are proud of being unimaginative, realistic, practical. Let us hope that his next book will be—it could not be more perceptive—more poetic.

Look, Ma! No Inhibitions!

Probably I began John Steinbeck's new story, ***Sweet Thursday*** (Viking, $3.50), at the wrong time. I had just been reading a report on the continuous and terrifying increase of vice and crime among young people, with some painful figures about the spread of venereal infection among mere boys and girls; and I found Mr. Steinbeck's novel a corny farce based on the complete distortion of most normal moral standards. Practically all the female characters are prostitutes—except one, a bawd, who approves of marriage because "it sends her some of her best customers." This is meant to be funny, and I could not laugh. Most of the action in the book centers on what Mr. Steinbeck calls "a *haute monde* brothel." The male characters are mostly inhabitants of the Palace Flophouse, boozers and vagrants. There is one Mexican-American who has distinguished himself by thinking of a new, almost undetectable way to grow marijuana for sale. Terribly amusing: except that I remembered a young woman (later, after her recovery, to become a distinguished writer) who was attacked in a California city by a crazed drug addict and beaten over the head with an iron pipe to the verge of death. Mr. Steinbeck even has a pet name for marijuana: "muggles," he calls it. Cute?

No, but this must be the wrong way to look at it. We should go along with the gag. The book is an experiment in crossing literary genres, making people believe the impossible, mixing low life and high romance. The plot has a rich sugar content. Solitary intellectual is drawn toward lovely lonely prostitute. They resist the attempts of their friends to push them closer. At last, ke-wham! one of the intellectual's well-wishers breaks his arm with a baseball bat, so as to make him dependent on the lovely girl; and, pow! another, a millionaire with an obscene nickname, appoints him head of a new scientific institute and invites him to conduct his own choral symphony at the Museum of Modern Art, or something equally crazy and delightful. And so, in a Chaplin finish, the two ride off into the twilight, in an old battered car, the unscientific scientist and the harlot redeemed. And around them there glows . . . something like a Glory.

The Aztecs used to serve roast turkey with chocolate sauce. Mr. Steinbeck's new book tastes like rotgut whisky mixed with prune whip. Remember the horrible young-old pouchy-pink harlots painted by Toulouse-Lautrec, with their dead-fish eyes? Imagine them, slouching in the same languid squalor, but sentimentally portrayed by Maxfield Parrish, with sunlight slanting in through the shutters, gold motes dancing in the beams, and Prince Charming outside the window. Or think of Maupassant's short and sour "Maison Tellier" converted into a long, diffuse, chuckling yarn told by J. M. Barrie. Some readers will find the result delightful—and indeed we are told that Rodgers and Hammerstein are converting it into musical comedy. (Suggested titles: *The Bums' Operetta; Hello, Bordello, Hello!;* or *All Drugs Are Wonder Drugs.*)

Some will take up the quotation uttered on the last page by one of Mr. Steinbeck's vagrants, "Vice is a monster so frightful of mien, I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings"; and they will recall it as Pope wrote it, with a good deal more point:

> [illegible]
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

Others again will think this book is a terrible waste of time and energy on the part of a very able writer, who has already produced several fine novels; and they will wish Mr. Steinbeck would divert his attention from whorehouses, for a change.

Another Royal Mistress

Mary Anne Clarke, born in a working-class district of London in 1776, married young and indiscreetly, had several children, and then, as her beauty developed and her knowledge of the world increased, became an adventuress—a dashing Cyprian, the toast of many gay Corinthians—in short, a high-level prostitute. In 1803 she was introduced by a procurer to the Duke of York, second son of George III and commander-in-chief of the British army. She became his mistress, and at once started to live with absurd and reckless extravagance. The *Dictionary of National Biography* (which devotes a page to her) says she kept twenty servants, including three trained chefs. Since the British taxpayers did not give the Duke enough money to support her in style, she began to take bribes for obtaining, through his influence, commissions and promotions in the army. After six years the corruption centered on her became such a scandal that a public inquiry was called, and the Duke was forced to resign his post. Mrs. Clarke counterattacked by issuing damaging statements against a number of public figures. Her conduct provoked increasing annoyance as it became increasingly irresponsible. Finally, in 1813, she was convicted of libeling the Irish Chancellor, William Fitzgerald, and sentenced to nine months' imprisonment. This ended her career in Britain. Soon after her release from jail, she settled in France, and lived to a great old age, indefatigably chatty, indestructibly gay.

Daphne du Maurier has written a novel about Mrs. Clarke's early life, called *Mary Anne* (Doubleday, $3.50, Book-of-the-Month-Club choice for July). The story is interesting, with its acidly distorted Cinderella theme, its glimpses of wealth and corruption, and its strong historical value. (The sale of officers' commissions could hardly be conducted, even by a more distinterested agent than Mary Anne Clarke, without producing corruption and inefficiency. It was the ultimate cause of many later disasters in the annals of the British army: see *The Reason Why*, by Cecil Woodham-Smith, reviewed here in June.)

But otherwise it is not a satisfying novel. Miss du Maurier says she wrote it in seven months, which is much too fast for a long book on a difficult subject. A good deal of it appears to be transcription of authentic records, which blend rather badly with the light offhand conversations and soliloquies of the main work. For most readers, the chief disappointment will be that the character of Mary Anne Clarke is never made clear. Was she an unscrupulous, ambitious extortioner, determined to serve herself and let all others go hang, a monster of selfishness with a surface charm? Or was she a gay hearty creature with a passionate zest for living, who really thought nothing at all about money except that she had to have lots of it? Or was she a fool, an empty-headed whirligig, with more beauty than brains, always finding herself in situations she could not understand, and improvising a few beats behind the conductor? Miss du Maurier never makes it clear which kind of woman

The true inside story of a secret weapon that *almost* changed our history —and still could!

Germany's most awesome and fearful weapon, had it succeeded earlier, would probably have made Allied victory impossible. How the V-2 rocket was developed is an incredible and dramatic story, involving history, politics, and warring personalities. Now it is all told by the man who directed the German experimental rocket station at Peenemünde, General Dornberger.

His candid picture of a totalitarian regime is a startling account of personal jealousies, battles for priorities, civilian greed and bitter military rivalry. He gives intimate glimpses of Hitler, Himmler, Göring and others, and describes in vivid detail the gigantic British bombing raid which almost wrecked the project. For all who care about history and politics, as well as those concerned with rocket development, this is an absorbing and exciting document. *Illustrated* $5.00

WILLY LEY, noted authority on rockets and space travel, has written a vital background introduction.

V-2

By WALTER DORNBERGER

John STEINBECK's great new comic novel!

Cannery Row's beloved inhabitants are back! Doc, the girls from the Bear Flag cafe, Mack and the boys from the Palace Flophouse —plus a few boisterous newcomers—appear in this wonderfully funny love story. Written with Steinbeck's special tenderness and humor, it recounts the adventures, both joyous and poignant, of some of fiction's most entertaining characters. $3.50

Sweet Thursday

THE VIKING PRESS



Mary Anne was. Her characterization is as obscure as an old painting, damp-stained and glossily varnished.

In historical novels, failures of characterization are common. That is why it is usually more satisfying to read straight history. Miss du Maurier's book has another weakness, which could easily have been avoided, and is therefore more deplorable. This is that she has paid very little attention to the language of her characters. From the early nineteenth century we have hundreds of volumes of letters, diaries, reminiscences, gossip, and magazines, which would have shown her exactly how the men and women of Mary Anne Clarke's age talked. Other historical novelists, who take their work more seriously, have read those books and used them, with the result that their stories sound genuine. Miss du Maurier has not done this thoroughly enough, so that her characters sometimes talk modern English and sometimes modern American: both good in their way, but ridiculous in the 1800s.

For instance, after hearing an outrageous suggestion, Mrs. Clarke suggests that if she accepted it she might be "put in the bughouse." (*Bughouse* is late nineteenth-century American slang, first recorded in 1895: and honestly, does it sound like the language of a woman born in 1776?) When she gets a little money, she determines to buy a "perambulator" for one of her children and a "bassinet" for another. Neither the words nor the things were invented until about 1850. Nobody who has any feeling for history can see a child of 1797 being wheeled about in such a new-fangled machine: the pictures nearly always show them carried on cushions by beribboned nurses. The Duke of York tells Mary Anne to stop drinking champagne, or she will be "tight as a tick": this is contemporary English slang, and *tight* meaning *drunk* is not recorded until 1853. One of her confidants suggests that she should make her way into the "Upper Ten." The phrase is short for "Upper Ten Thousand," and was coined in the United States long after Mrs. Clark had left her country for her country's good. There are more of these incongruities: "get cracking" (RAF, about 1940), "graft" (U.S., about 1890), and so forth. Single details do not matter. The total impression does; and the impression left by this book is that Miss du Maurier has been writing much too quickly, much too carelessly, and with something of the same sort of contempt for her readers as Mrs. Clarke had for the ordinary citizen.

Travel

The lady who was beaten about the head by a crazed drug addict was Agnes Newton Keith. She wrote a wonderful book about her life in North Borneo, called *Land Below the Wind*. She is one of the many admirable and entertaining characters whom you will meet in a new anthology by Jerome Weidman, called ***Traveler's Cheque*** (Doubleday, $4.50). This is a most entertaining book—a collection of travel reminiscences by over a dozen keen observers and vivid writers (Maugham, Ullman, Columbus, St. Luke, etc.), connected by Mr. Weidman's own suave, witty, and original remarks. Strongly recommended.

This book belongs to a small but valuable class of travel books: those which one can enjoy without going anywhere, or even planning to go anywhere. Such also is V. S. Pritchett's ***The Spanish Temper*** (Knopf, $3.75), a thoughtfully written discussion of Spain and of its strange, almost impenetrable personality. A serious, even somber book, this is the outcome of twenty years of experience and love of that distressful country; it does full justice to the tragic phase through which it has recently been passing and from which it is not yet in sight of liberation.

Much ampler, more cheerful, and more detailed is ***The Land of Italy***, by Jasper More (British Book Centre, $4.50), which is full of peculiar information—such as the fact that the southern provinces of Italy really belong to Central or even Eastern Europe, and that Naples is east of Berlin.

More specialized, but rich with affection, knowledge, and reverence, is Edward Hutton's ***Assisi and Umbria Revisited*** (McKay, $4.50), in which we seem to hear the very voice of St. Francis, and to see, as though in a primitive painting, his calm childlike face, sweet with humility.

Finally, there is a book of pure charm, called ***Europe: a Journey with Pictures***, by Anne Fremantle and Bryan Holme, with an eloquent foreword by Lewis Mumford (Crowell, $7.50). The authors say its purpose is "to whet the appetite and revive memory." Both of these things it will do. On its dust jacket is a superb aerial photograph of a late-and-almost-impossible-Gothic castle with gray roofs and a rose façade perched on a crag among thousands of acres of pinewoods. This is Neuschwanstein, built by the mad king Ludwig II of Bavaria. It looks simply wonderful. When my wife and I were honeymooning, we did not visit this castle, chiefly because we had been warned against it as a "nineteenth-century fake." We have regretted the omission ever since. Surely, if Neuschwanstein is a Gothic fake, then St. Peter's and St. Paul's and Monticello are Roman fakes. It would be better to call it a prolongation of history, or a romantic re-creation like *The Ancient Mariner*. Anyhow, it looks wonderful. Anyone who likes strange and handsome places, even if he cannot visit them, will have many happy evenings with this pleasant book.

Next to Nature, Art

It seems only a few years since the exquisitely varied shapes of snowflakes became so well known as to be used in Christmas decorations. But in fact the intricate forms of snow crystals were first drawn, from observations made with the naked eye, four hundred years ago. Ever since then they have been examined with growing interest by travelers, meteorologists, physical scientists (including Descartes), and an occasional artist. A comprehensive book on the subject has now been produced by a Japanese scholar, Ukichiro Nakaya (***Snow Crystals***, Harvard University Press, $10). Mr. Nakaya was appointed to a professorship in the cold northern island of Hokkaido in 1930. He spent some four years in collecting, photographing, measuring, and classifying the many different types of natural snow crystal, and then set up a laboratory in which he learned how to produce snowflakes artificially. The results

THE PARK STREET Book Counter

THE *Swivel Chair*



For the interval when the eye is lifted from the scrabble board and the double crostic has yielded up its quotation out of context, we submit a literary puzzle, "The Victorian Chaise Longue," a novella by Marghanita Laski. Here is the Lady or the Tiger again, and the story ends with a door slowly opening. But there's a new subtlety, for there certainly were two different ladies and just possibly a surprise if the tiger took over.

Melanie Langdon has achieved a tidily chic existence. Her husband has reached a smoothly inclined plane to success. The once dubious neighborhood around their remodelled house has pulled itself into shape. The Langdons have a new son, a competent Nannie and will set out for a holiday in Switzerland as soon as Melanie has recovered from a troublesome bout of tuberculosis.



Then the curtain goes up on this two hour drama. Melanie, dozing on the victorian chaise longue that she had felt compelled to buy as the outré note in her drawing room, comes sharply awake to find that the room around her has altered. It is ninety years ago, the chaise longue is the only familiar thing in the room, and she is being addressed not as Melanie but Millie, she had tuberculosis, in fact she is critically ill.

Millie was obviously an iron woman. If life and the doctors could defeat her in the 1860's she was determined to move on in time a century or so. Melanie's was a strong will too, and she was in terror. The past, so charming when one painted it white and laced it liberally with modern amusement, was smelly and scratchy and close-minded when encountered personally.



Ten minutes hard thought will reveal the only possible answer to you, the astute reader, but you'd have a hard time convincing your recent scrabblemate who has come up with a fantastically improbable solution. Each of you recruits troops and finds mutiny in the ranks. As soon as Bergson is invoked, abandon the whole discussion, and consider some recent and well-turned phrases from the critics.



Two books, published last month, have found this reception.

The first is The Romantic Egoists by Louis Auchincloss. ($3.00)

"A book which induces admiration, delight, and gratitude . . . The writing is modest, precise, and beautifully controlled. In every story, close to the end, there is an effect similar to that of a light's being quietly turned on, to illuminate in fine, warm clarity these chosen aspects of the world of Peter Westcott." *Richard Sullivan, Chicago Tribune*

"This volume reveals Louis Auchincloss as a writer of unusual brilliance . . . Mr. Auchincloss sees, or rather sees through people, with the piercing lens of an X-ray." *James Stern, N. Y. Times*

"With subtle intelligence and artful craftsmanship, in a prose as smooth and firm and bright as the skin of a perfect apple, with a phonographic ear for dialogue, Peter tells his stories."

Orville Prescott, N. Y. Times



The second is We Chose to Stay by Lali Horstmann. ($3.00)

"A heartbreaking but beautiful story of a German diplomat (until Hitler) and art collector who, with his wife, decided not to run away when the conquering Russians were approaching Berlin. They couldn't believe the stories of barbarism that they had heard and refused to escape while they could. The reality proved to be more dreadful than the stories. Mrs. Horstmann, a gentle, wise and intelligent woman, tells with great restraint and a philosophical acceptance that has in it no trace of personal bitterness of self-pity the stories of rape and ruin that engulfed them."

Gilbert Highet, Harper's





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Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., writes: "This is Jonathan Daniels' best book . . . It is a brave affirmation of the essential American faith in the capacity of people to govern themselves; it is a wonderful reminder of the sources of American strength. *The End of Innocence* has much to say to us in our troubles today."

Carroll Kilpatrick of the *Washington Post* writes: "This is a beautifully, brilliantly written book on the personalities and the politics of the Wilsonian democracy. It contains the best picture we have of F.D.R. when he was more concerned with being the dashing young aristocrat than the daring New Dealer. The characterizations throughout are superbly drawn by an author who can see the real men behind the pretenses of the public figures."

Henry F. Pringle writes: "This is a very rare book, with a kind of intangible beauty which is not easy to define. Jonathan Daniels has written the story of his father and the turbulent age in which he lived with sentiment, but without sentimentality. A good biography by a son might be called almost impossible, yet Mr. Daniels has produced one . . . First class and exciting history."

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LIPPINCOTT

his laborious and often arduous work appear to be important both for the understanding of weather and for the enlargement of the science of crystallography; but it is also a serious contribution to artistic design. Although the text of the book is dryly scientific, the many hundreds of microphotographs are dreamy. So much of the world invisible to our eyes is, when we see it, horrible with demoniac shapes and writhing organisms, that it is wonderful to see how in that same world, merely by combining a little water and a little cold, nature can create millions of masterpieces of beauty.

To turn to the art produced by human hands, ***Chinese Art*** by Sir Leigh Ashton and Basil Gray (Beechhurst Press, $9) is a fine collection of plates with brief but rewarding historical introductions to the thought of each period in the history of China; but it is spoiled, as nearly all books on Oriental art are spoiled, by being in monochrome. The superb colors of Chinese pottery and Chinese pictures are one of their deepest and most essential values. Therefore it is infuriating to open this volume and find a ravishing design of blossoming trees and finely plumaged birds described on one page as "ink and full colours on silk," and shown opposite in black, white, and dirty gray; to turn on a few pages and see a black-and-white oblong which is supposed to convey the effect of a Coromandel lacquer screen with a deep rich brown background incised and enriched with bright pigments and gold leaf. I know color printing is terribly expensive. Surely it would be better to make such a book far smaller and fill it with color, or else to raise its price high enough and allow its pictures really to represent the suave and unforgettable hues of the art of China.

The same applies to a sumptuous new album of ***Ingres'*** paintings, edited by Georges Wildenstein and published for Phaidon by Garden City ($12.50). It contains only eight color plates. Ingres was such a fine draftsman that one can enjoy this book for the sheer elegance of his line—apart from a few of his obsessions, such as the broken-necked beauty who symbolizes helpless womanhood; but one glance at the color plates, or one's own memory of the springlike tints of "La Source," will spoil the rest for us. Good color printing is a luxury which, like good sound-reproduction, has become a necessity. And it can be done—as Albert Skira has just proved with his two latest volumes ($4.95): a lovely ***Degas*** and a noble ***Piero della Francesca.***

Adventure

The July selection of the Literary Guild, ***The Conquest of Don Pedro,*** by Harvey Fergusson (Morrow, $3.50), sounds awfully romantic, but is in fact a slow and meditative story about a Jewish peddler who goes to New Mexico for his health (just after the Civil War), drifts into storekeeping, then into love, then into marriage, then out of marriage, and finally out of the book. Good character drawing, especially of women; little else of interest except the Hispanic atmosphere: a book for a siesta.

But Charlotte Jay's ***The Fugitive Eye*** (Harper, $2.50) is painfully exciting all the way through. Imagine yourself almost blinded in an automobile smash; imagine your eyes operated on, and sealed into bandages which must not be removed before the grafted cornea takes root; and then, helpless and sightless, imagine yourself involved in a plot which you cannot understand, pursued and captured by people whom you know only through voice and touch. There is a slight, a very slight, letdown at the end; but most of this story is taut-wire suspense.

Longer and more thorough, and for me marred by the absence of chapter breaks, but even more complete in its suspense, is Robert Carson's ***The Quality of Mercy*** (Holt, $3.50). The plot and setting (poverty stricken detectives on the trail of a sordid murder in California) are reminiscent; the atmosphere of frustration and greed, like dry palm leaves clattering in a hot wind, is known to us from other books; but the continuity in this novel is unusually powerful, and the solution only faintly incredible.

There is also an amusing ghost story on the lines of *Topper,* but less

sexy and more adventurous. Manning Cole's *Brief Candles* (Doubleday, $3). Light fun.

Finally—

AN APOLOGY, and a recommendation for those with special tastes. The apology goes to Gerald Carson, whose intelligent and amusing study of *The Old Country Store* (Oxford, $5) was mistakenly attributed in my May review to "Harold" Carson. The recommendation is for a young woman's diary of a year spent in the English countryside alone with her two little boys and her well-stocked and observant mind: *An English Year*, by Nan Fairbrother (Knopf, handsomely designed, $3.75): a book to remember and to keep.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

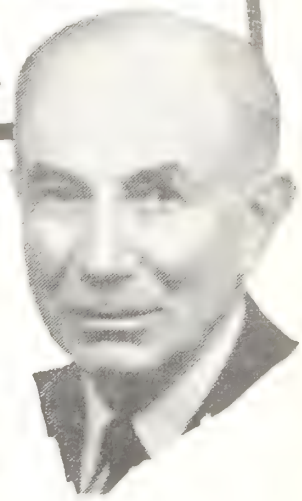
By Katherine Gauss Jackson

FICTION

The World in the Evening, by Christopher Isherwood.
This is the story of a rich young Englishman's marriage to a woman twelve years his senior, a novelist; of his defections—with both men and women; of his second marriage and flight therefrom back to his Quaker aunt's home in Pennsylvania. The actual time of the book is during Stephen's illness and convalescence among the Quakers—a spiritual as well as a physical one, of course—and most of the story is told in flashbacks and through the letters of the dead novelist, Elizabeth, which Stephen rereads during his illness. It gradually becomes apparent what a remarkable woman this Elizabeth was, a woman not only of great perception but of very great compassion and strength, with the ability to lend her strength to all with whom she came in contact. And the Quaker aunt, of a completely different world, has much the same quality. . . . There is a lot that is unpleasant in the story but it is never dull; and the backgrounds, geographic and intellectual, are so nostalgically familiar that one starts searching for the literal key to who-when-where? Yet the always exciting prose, the over-all philosophy, the probing and

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learning from (though not acceptance of) the Quaker attitude, the growth of personality and ideas all through the book add up to a rewarding experience. By the author of *Goodbye to Berlin* and *Prater Violet.*

Random House, $3.50

The Bad Seed, by William March.
It is hard to say why a book with such terrifying overtones can in a sense be satisfying. Perhaps because this story of a truly evil child raises the usual parent-child situation with the usual anguish and guilt and overwhelming love, to an absolute fever pitch. And the violent, frustrating resolution seems inevitable. Mr. March was a writer of distinguished prose and had a special narrative gift. He manages to write this story of a child's horrible perversion against an ordinary background with such conviction that one reads without drawing breath except to mutter, "There but for the grace of God. . . ." Nearly all the people—except the child—are ordinarily good and funny and gay and fallible and though their goodness and fun and gaiety are wiped out in the end, one cannot feel despair. The struggle has availed something. Rinehart, $3

With Kisses Four, by Charles Mergendahl.
This is a novel in which everything happens too fast. If the motion were slower, the passion and violence might be more credible. As it is they make a good superficial story seem almost funny. A mysterious couple arrive in a tiny Maine town and have to (and I mean have to) go on a hunting trip in the deepest woods at once. They find a local guide (home on vacation from the advertising business and the Stork Club). What are the couple fleeing from? What does the local fellow do about his local girl, the new woman, and his advertising job? These are things that have to be settled in the Maine woods. Mr. Mergendahl, author of *Don't Wait Up for Spring,* is an able writer, but as I have said, fiction must move a great deal slower than truth to be believed. This story is as quick and arresting as a flash of lightning, and as evanescent on the fiction horizon.

Morrow, $3

Mr. Hobbs' Vacation, by Edward Streeter.
It is hard to believe that one can laugh so hard at a book in which so little happens, but there's no question that one *does.* To anyone who has ever been part of an adult family with married children, this story of a very nice, ordinary man's month at the seashore (or it could be the mountains just as well) with his children and grandchildren, will be full of the joy of recognition; the struggle with the rented house and other people's sagging furniture; with the pump, the plumber, the rented boat; his wife's gay assurance that he can cope. The author has the rare gift of being able to make the usual seem not only hilarious but surprising and moving as well. A real delight for summer reading and long after. By the author of *Father of the Bride.* Harper, $3.

NON-FICTION

The Voyage of the Hérétique, by Dr. Alain Bombard.
One of the most extraordinary adventure sagas of our time, unlike others in that it has immediate consequences for the human race. Dr. Bombard, a Frenchman, has felt for years that the annual statistics of 200,000 deaths a year from shipwreck is too large. Most castaways who die at sea, he knew, die in the first few days, before hunger or thirst alone could kill a man. He felt that terror and despair were responsible, for from his studies he believed that the sea provides both food and drink in adequate amounts to keep a man alive indefinitely if he keeps his head and a minimum of equipment. Dr. Bombard tested his theories thoroughly in the Museum of Oceanography at Monaco, and after many false starts was towed out and set adrift in the Mediterranean in a collapsible rubber life raft with a sail—with no food or water. This is the story of his theories and of his 65-day voyage alone (he started with a crew of one who lost heart at Tangier) across the Atlantic. A perfectly fascinating chronicle of courage and adventure by a man whose writing and attitudes show him to be much more than just a doctor-scientist with a theory.

Simon & Schuster, $3.50

BOOKS IN BRIEF

How to Be a Top Secretary, by Margaret Delano.

There is no way even to suggest the valuable information in this book without listing the contents entirely. But with characteristic thoroughness Miss Delano has made even the contents so comprehensive and specific that they cover three and a half pages, divided under the general headings "Personal Qualities," "Office Procedures," "Dictation and Transcription," and "Grammar" (forty-five items and ninety-three pages included under this head alone). And the manner of instruction is so light and easy that one wonders how secretaries have ever got along without it.

Tupper & Love, $3.95

The Arts of Living, compiled by the editors of *Vogue*. Preface by Gilbert Highet.

This series of twenty-one essays is on just what it says it is—the arts of living, serious and gay. Among them: "Discovery" (J. Frank Dobie), "Skepticism" (Rebecca West), "Accepting Oneself" (Jean Stafford), "Courage" (Victoria Lincoln), "Balancing Time" (Charles Poore), "Using What You Have" (Emily Kimbrough), "Accepting" (Russell Lynes), "Persuasion" (Gilbert Highet). All Harper authors or editors and known to our readers.

Simon & Schuster, $3

FORECAST

Midsummer Novels

How much do you care about fashion? Try ***Alexandra Orme's*** new novel about the French fashion world coming from Houghton Mifflin on July 12, *Paris Original*. . . . Or about the early Swedish emigration and settling in America? There's the Literary Guild choice for August, *Unto a Good Land* by ***Vilhelm Borg*** (author of *The Emigrants* and *The Earth is Ours*), coming from Simon and Schuster on July 27. . . . Fictionalized history and biography? Then there's ***John Jennings'*** (*The Pepper Tree* and *Rogue's Yarn*) *Banner Against the Wind* (Little, Brown, August 5). . . . Or mysteries? Then ***Ellery Queen's*** newest, *The Glass Village*, from the same publisher, August 16. . . . Do people still fret about the immaturity, confusion, and so-called cowardice of "liberals?" ***John Dos Passos*** does in a novel called *Most Likely to Succeed* to be published on August 9 by Prentice Hall. . . . On August 18 from Crowell comes a novel from Australia, set in Victorian times, *Dark Moon*, by ***Helen Haney.*** For those who can never get enough Lincoln, even fictionalized Lincoln, the Literary Guild has chosen *Love is Eternal*, a novel about Mary Todd by ***Irving Stone*** (author of *The President's Lady* and *Immortal Wife*). Coming from Doubleday on August 20. Enthusiastically heralded by the publishers, Harcourt, Brace, is a newspaper novel by ***Edwin Lanham,*** *The Iron Maiden,* also in August. And big excitement hovers over the publication on August 20 of the novel that ***William Faulkner*** has been working on for the last nine years, *The Fable*. From Random House.

Non-fiction Notes for September

A quick look at fall lists shows more than the usual variety. September alone suggests a ripe harvest. Bobbs-Merrill is offering ***Lord David Cecil's*** *Melbourne;* Doubleday has an important history of the French regime in Canada, *The White and the Gold,* by ***Thomas B. Costain;*** Dutton will publish *Jesus and His Times* by the French author, ***Daniel-Rops,*** and a new book by ***Mrs. Robert Henrey,*** author of *The Little Madeleine,* this one called *Madeleine—Young Wife*. From Holt we shall have a biography of Winston Churchill's American grandfather, *The Remarkable Mr. Jerome* by ***Anita Leslie,*** and a first report from the Japanese side of the war on submarine warfare, *Sunk,* by ***Motchisura Hashimoto,*** one of the four Japanese submarine commanders to survive the conflict. Houghton Mifflin will publish *Beyond the Hundredth Meridian*, a biography of John Wesley Powell by ***Wallace Stegner;*** McGraw-Hill will have *MacArthur: 1941-1951* by ***Major General Charles A. Willoughby*** and ***John Chamberlain;*** Random House will present a *History of Christian Philosophy in the Middle Ages* by ***Etienne Gilson;*** and from Simon & Schuster will come a second volume of ***Edward Murrow's*** *This I Believe*. Best start laying in a large supply of the midnight oil.

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THE NEW RECORDINGS

Mitropoulos and Mendelssohn

Edward Tatnall Canby

If you want direct evidence of a great conductor at work, in no more than a few measures of quiet music, listen to the opening phrases of Mendelssohn's "Scotch" Symphony as played in the new recording by the New York Philharmonic under Dmitri Mitropoulos.

Those brief opening notes, semi-*recitativo*, contain the soul of the early Romantic movement—earnest, sincere, youthful, poetic, highly personal, and infinitely delicate. They are dreadfully hard to play. Few performances achieve the full expression they imply; only a handful of our conductors combine the understanding of all that these notes suggest with the ability to make an orchestra speak as a poet.

Mitropoulos stands out among them. He has the key to the vanishing poetry of Romanticism as few others have. This alone is enough to warrant the slightly tarnished title of "great," though Mitropoulos has important further claims: he is one of the few in his field who live dynamically in today's music as well as in the past, interpreting both with the same immediacy of conception, so that we as listeners are compelled to feel that dramatic continuity in the art of music which our times so frequently deny.

What is a "great" conductor? Definitely not a musical Great White Father, omniscient and infallible, a product of the easy superlatives of publicity. Mitropoulos is no universal genius of the baton. His mark is as heavy as that of many another strong personality and there are as many moments in his music as in anyone's where the conductor outbids the composer for attention. He has his faults.

But put aside perfection and listen to this man play Mendelssohn. Listen, too, to his Berlioz (the finest "Romeo and Juliet" I ever hope to hear)—and to his Alban Berg, Roger Sessions, Stravinsky. We have no other conductor who so deftly combines an insight into Romanticism with such an astonishing ease among the moderns, and such an uncanny ability to make sense of them both for an untrained audience. This is a rare and dynamic talent.

There are other conductors who may stand ahead of Mitropoulos in their own best fields, of course. Bruno Walter is unsurpassed in Schubert, Beethoven, and Mahler; Toscanini in such diverse areas as Brahms, Debussy, and Italian opera. But these men who grandly illuminate the musical past for us tend thereby to accent in the public mind a prevailing discontinuity between the past and the present in concert performances. How many notable conductors can live unabashedly in the present, and bring us both the old and the new music in the same alive and understandable terms?

And where else is the future of our symphony orchestras? The old select "symphony audience," with its limited tastes, is a dying force in our music wherever orchestral music is played. The New York Philharmonic listeners have seen something different in the past few years: the dramatic value of a living artistic connection with our own time. The orchestra has acquired a new prestige from it and a wider range of "listenership" than most other American orchestras. In this day of records and radio the "live" performing organization must keep itself artistically fluid, promoting new contacts with every developing aspect of a growing audience for music. The orchestra that has Mitropoulos has the finest imaginable musical insurance for the future.

Worth Looking Into . . .

More Hi-Fi

Liszt: Four Tone Poems (Les Préludes, Orpheus, Battle of Huns, Mazeppa). London Philh. Dixon. Westm. WL 5269.

Berlioz: Symph. Fantastique. London Symph., Scherchen. Westm. WL 5268.

Prokofieff: Chout. Falla: Three Cornered Hat. St. Louis Symph., Golschmann. Cap. P8257.

Falla: Three Cornered Hat, La Vida Breve. N. Y. Philh., Mitropoulos. Col. AL 44 (10″).

Dvorak: New World Symphony. NBC Symph., Toscanini. RCA Victor LM 1778.

Fiedler's 25th. Boston Pops Orch., Fiedler. RCA Victor LM 1790.

Stravinsky: Sacre de Printemps. Minneapolis Symph., Dorati. MG 50030. (Same) Pittsburgh Symph., Steinberg. Cap. P8251.

Liszt: Piano Concerti #1, #2. Frugoni; Pro Musica Symph., Swarowsky. Vox PL 8390.

A Wagner Program (Seven familiar excerpts). Phila. Orch., Ormandy. Col. ML 865.

Hymns and Anthems (with organ). Univ. of Redlands Choir, Jones. Col. ML 4866.

New Performances

Mendelssohn: Symphony #3 ("Scotch"); Symphony #5 ("Reformation"). N. Y. Philharmonic, Mitropoulos. Col. ML 4864.

The thing that strikes me in listening to this superb pair of performances is that, in our day of hard realities and steely music-making, the sweetness of the early Romantic era is increasingly difficult to recapture. We are beginning to realize with astonishment that the toughest music in the entire repertory is now the work of familiar composers—Schumann, Mendelssohn, even Chopin—who not many years ago were taken for granted as the very center of musical awareness. The notes of this music are not hard, but the spirit and sense are something else again.

Of all the recent Mendelssohn recordings (several of the "Scotch") this is the first that seems to me to touch the real feeling of the music, and for this

very reason, as you might guess, it is the most immediately communicative. When a conductor manages, as here, to hit a sort of musical jackpot of rightness, it doesn't take a trained ear to sense the benefits.

You will be astonished at the closeness this music has to Schumann, to the heartfelt serious expression that most of us have thought beyond Mendelssohn's power. The recording should add to Mendelssohn's own stature, which has diminished a good deal in recent years. Columbia's Hi-Fi monogram on the cover is well merited.

Mendelssohn: Two-Piano Concerto in A Flat (manuscript). O. Frugoni, A. Taddei; Vienna Symphony, Moralt. Vox PL 7400.

PLAYED from microfilmed manuscript out of a Berlin library (East zone), this is one of a pair of "rediscovered" concertos that have been known and available, though unplayed, during a century of profound uninterest, their composer's enormous reputation to the contrary. Suddenly, with a new attitude toward such music, they are now put into performance and recorded.

We know well enough today to cross our fingers and reserve decision in such cases—the music may or may not be of first importance. Plenty of music was put aside and forgotten for excellent reasons, but plenty more, as we've been discovering, was retired for causes that are quite irrelevant to our own enjoyment. This big concerto, composed when Mendelssohn was barely sixteen, comes from that extraordinary period of his early maturity that included the "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture. It is a florid work, ingratiating but long-winded. If we put aside the composer's age it rates as a good but not outstanding work of the time—more than usually prolix for Mendelssohn, the two piano parts overloaded with notes and so thoroughly entangled with one another that perhaps a single piano would have done as well. There's a strong suggestion of Mozart's work in similar forms, the longer-than-usual Symphonia Concertante (violin and viola) and the E Flat Concerto for Two Pianos, along with strong touches of the Romantic Weber in the melodies (but with less drama). Of Beethoven, who was then at the top of his fame, there is scarcely a trace; his tremendous influence scarcely touched Mendelssohn.

The performance here, though unique, is not by any means the gracious, ordered yet eloquent music-making that it should be. The pianists (I can't tell them apart for sure) play with an appallingly brilliant technique, hard and intense; the orchestra is more fluent but



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Tchaikovsky Symphony No. 5, Stokowski and his Symphony Orchestra

Brahms Symphony No. 1, Toscanini and NBC Symphony Orchestra

Dvořák "New World" Symphony, Toscanini and NBC Symphony Orchestra

Victory at Sea (*Rodgers*), Members of NBC Symphony Orchestra, Bennett conducting

Don Quixote (*R. Strauss*), Boston Symph. Orch., Munch, cond., Piatigorsky, 'Cellist; Burgin, Violinist; de Pasquale, Violist

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shows some inevitable signs of uncertainty in an unfamiliar score probably not too well rehearsed. Not enough to push aside the unaffected genuineness of the music, though, and curiosity will lead many collectors to sample the disc. Its companion, the smaller E flat concerto (PL 8350) is more satisfactorily recorded both in the playing and in the sound, but this A Flat work seems to be the more important.

Oratorio

Mendelssohn: St. Paul. Soloists, Akademiechor, Pro Musica Symph. of Vienna, Grossman. Vox PL 8362 (2).

"ELIJAH" is an oratorio war horse but "St. Paul," for reasons not too clear, is relatively seldom heard. Those who know "Elijah" will find this music refreshingly new but not startlingly different in substance. The performance is a warmly Viennese one and very musical.

What strikes the outsider (no oratorio specialist) is a strange anomaly here in the musical concept of the work which stems very pointedly from the Bach Passions. It was Mendelssohn, of course, who first revived the St. Matthew Passion and thus launched the great Bach movement that continues to this day. But his approach to Bach was very much of his time, long before the present interest in authentic restoration of the original intention. The prevailing desire then was not so much to restore as to recast Bach's music in accordance with then current musical practice, affording him the advantage, so to speak, of a century of progress and enlightenment in the art. Mendelssohn established the large-scale Bach performances with huge chorus and full symphony orchestra that have persisted ever since and still successfully resist the modern school of authentic restoration.

"St. Paul" is original Mendelssohn but it is from beginning to end a homage to Bach as Mendelssohn thus conceived him, making pointed use of all the familiar Bach Passion devices—the harmonized Lutheran chorale, the impassioned recitative, the short, dramatic choral outburst. But we are now aware that this conception, while surely a noble and (at the time) pioneering recognition of eternal musical values, is nevertheless an unauthentic one, even to many specific Bach details, such as the placing of the first cadence chord directly under the last note of a recitative. Bach wrote it that way on paper but, as we now know, the cadence was sounded *after* the end of the recitative.

Is Mendelssohn "wrong"? Is this both authentic Mendelssohn and unauthentic Bach? A nice aesthetic question.

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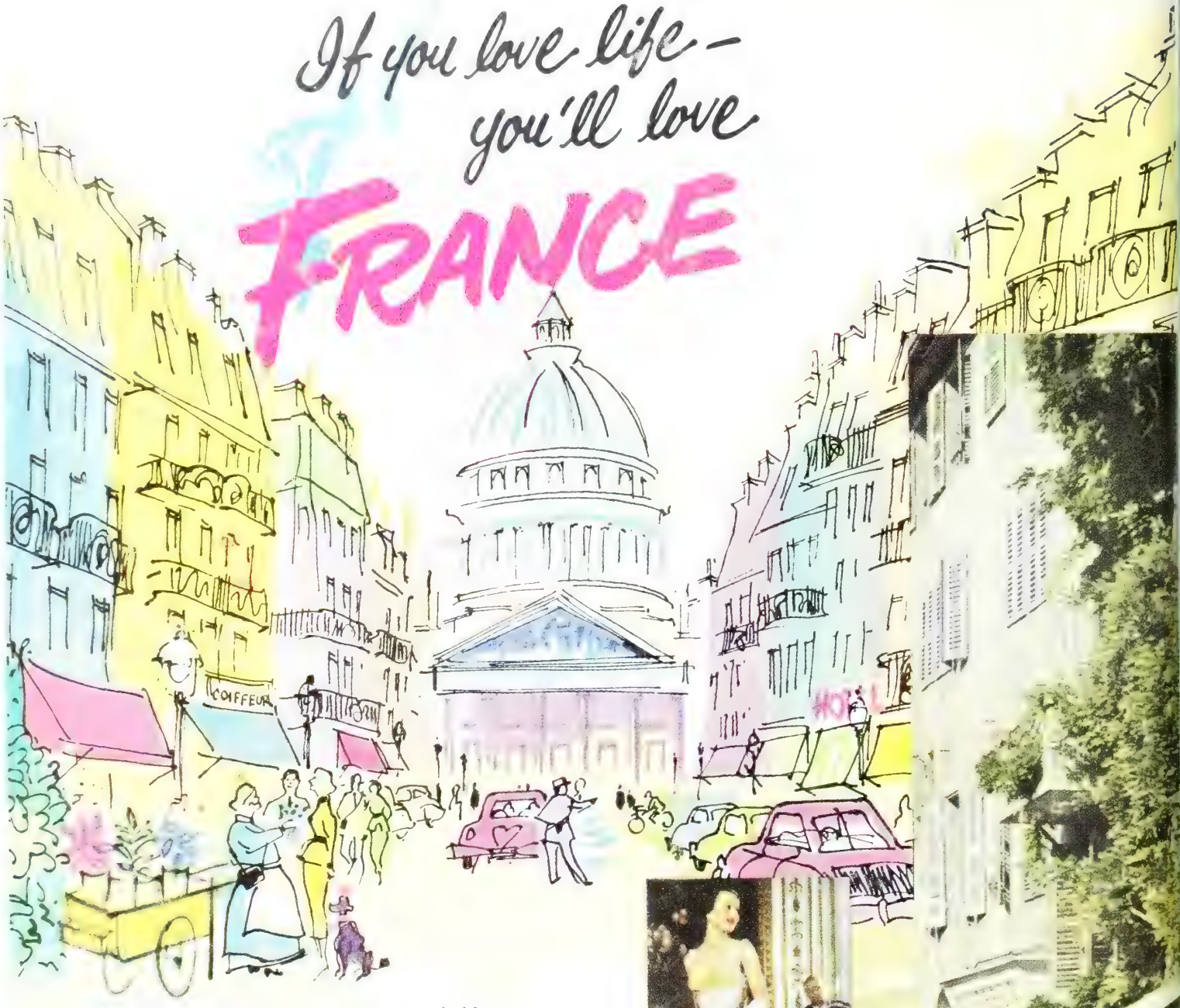
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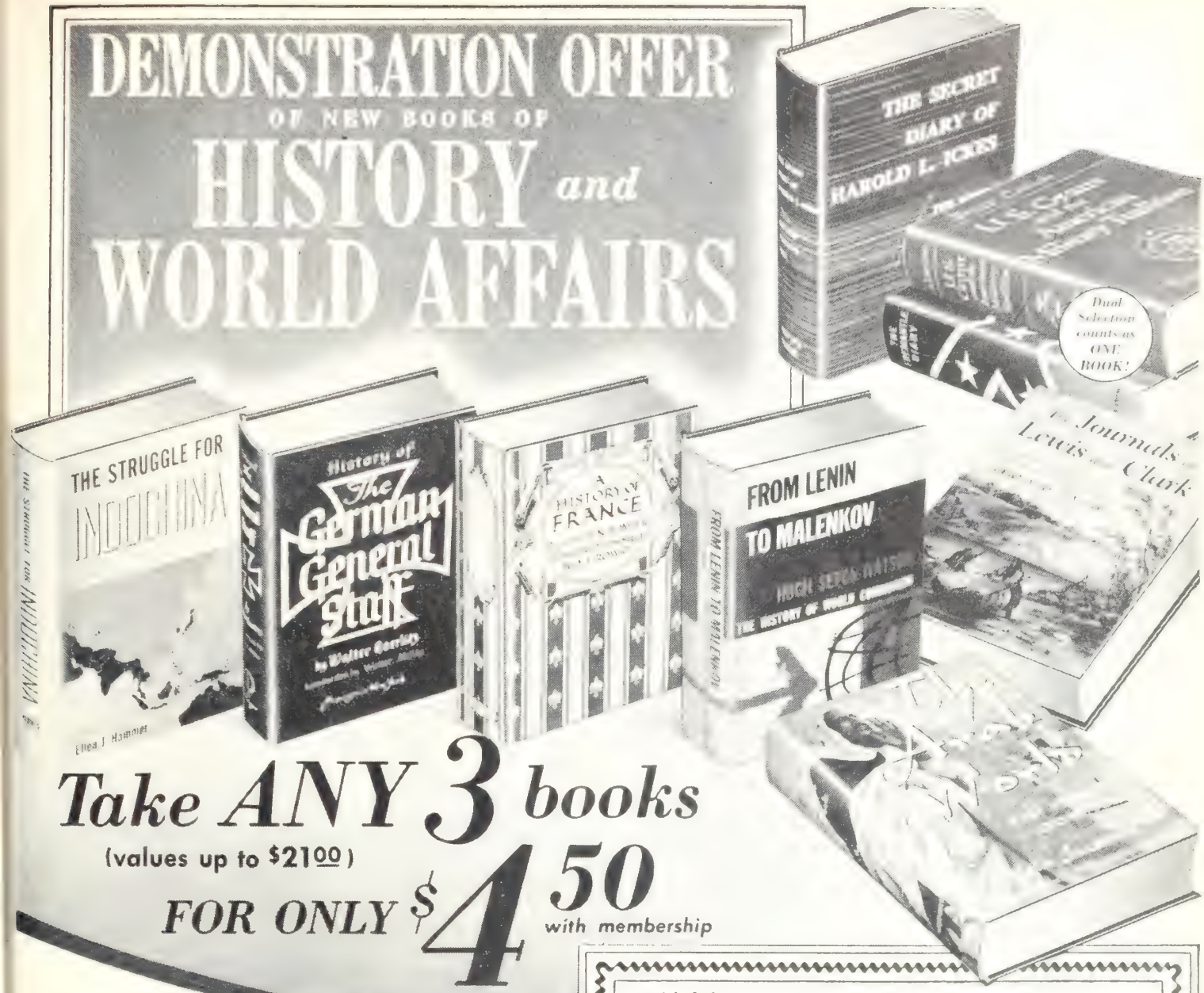
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LETTERS

Whittle and Tizard—

To the Editors:

Without malice and intending no affront, here is my reaction to Lancelot Law Whyte's "Whittle and the Jet Adventure" in your June issue:

For an age of jet flight
Mr. Lancelot Whyte
Has contributed more than a little.
It was he, you see
(For his company),
Contracted one Frank Whittle.

Now Whittle, though genius,
Was financially abstemious,
But Whyte was a fund-raising
wizard.
Independent support
(The authoritative sort)
He found in Sir Henry Tizard.

Now turbojet flight,
Wrong or right,
Brought about by those willing to
gamble,
With government spending
Is fast ascending.
(I'm afraid I'm beginning to
ramble.)

The lesson we draw
From this doggerel saw
Is the virtue of a two-way relation:
To each Whittle his Tizard
(Let's give Whyte his word)
And Tizard his Whittle innovation.

ALLAN SHIELDS
La Mesa, Calif.

The Real Mafia—

To the Editors:

It was indeed gratifying to read "The Real Mafia" in your June issue. The article, I am sure, will clear the air on a subject that has for too long been shrouded in mystery, error, and prejudice. It ought also to help remove the stigma attached to Italian names by the unsophisticated in America. . . .

Your article effectively counteracts such distortions as the following from *Washington Confidential*: "All Italians had to pay tribute [to the Mafia], a tithe of their earnings, from the dollar-a-week of the corner bootblack to five thousand a night of Enrico Caruso. Failure to pay meant the Black Hand letter, and continued failure, death. . . ."

MAURICE V. TOFAIN
Louisville, Ky.

To the Editors:

"The Real Mafia" by Luigi Barzini, Jr., may possibly be technically accurate, but within such narrow limitations that it would take a Philadelphia lawyer twice removed to construe it as the whole truth. Regardless of what is true in Sicily, here in the United States, these are the facts:

1. There is a nation-wide crime syndicate.

2. It is composed mostly of semi-autonomous local big-city gangs, but there is an efficient and deadly interchange of technical "experts." . . .

3. A large proportion of the gang membership is of Italian extraction; more specifically, Sicilians predominate.

4. The psychology of the whole outfit is almost identical with what Mr. Barzini invites us to believe is a quaint old rural custom in Sicily.

5. Other persons of Italian extraction who are not connected with the syndicate refer to it as "the Mafia."

Technically it may be true that Mr. Barzini's cute old nostalgic Mafia does not "rule" the American underworld, but *some* Mafia sure as hell does. . . . The danger in Mr. Barzini's article ought to be apparent to anyone who ever scanned the Kefauver report or studied a homicide report on a gang murder.

JOHN RUSSI
San Marino, Calif.

Truth and Politics—

To the Editors:

Got a saying up here: "May not be right but it's legal." Could add another: "May not be legal but it' done."

Read Mr. Henry Poor's article ["What It Costs to Run for Office," May]. Interesting. Had heard unions contribute to candidates. But Mr Poor says "It can *not* come from corporations." 'Tain't so. Know of feller in the Senate. He heads committee dealing with railroads. Also on payroll of country's largest railroad. Fact is, retainer's larger than federal pay. For shame, Mr. Poor-trying to pull hay over our ears like that.

HARRY SCOBLE
Bennington, V

About Gen. Wood—

To the Editors:

Harper's article, "The Baffling Career of Robert E. Wood" [April], has caused me considerable puzzlement and concern. The more I think about it, the more I must come to the conclusion that it was a subtle apologia for one of the founders of the America First movement, who is even now active in its successor, the For America party.

I do not question your right to publish this yarn, but there is an entirely different aspect of this controversial figure which should have been considered. A better way would have been to print another article together with this one with some such title as "Robert E. Wood: Another View." The second article should have been a critical study of Mr. Wood's career, his significance and influence on American political life, good, bad, or indifferent.

I had the strange feeling after reading the *Harper's* article that it was a subtle attempt to whitewash a figure with whose views a wide segment of American life takes violent exception. . . .

CHARLES L. BECKER
Jackson Heights, N.

(We certainly did not consider the article a camouflaged apologia for General Wood but rather an illum

(Continued on page 7)

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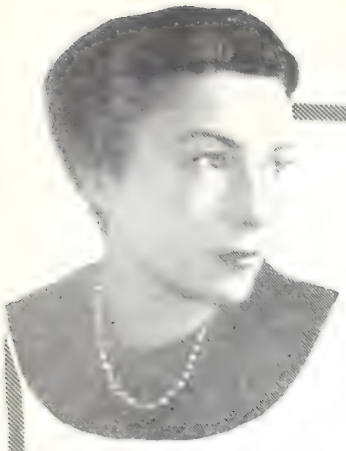
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nating explanation of the mental processes of Midwestern isolationists —among whom General Wood seems pretty typical.—The Editors)

Looking at India—

To the Editors:

May I, a recent foreign visitor to your country, express my humble opinion of Mr. Harry D. Gideonse's article, "An Unsentimental Look at India," in your June issue? I am a Calcutta youth worker who was in the U.S. for three months not long ago on an educational exchange program at the invitation of the State Department.

I fully appreciate Mr. Gideonse's effort to explain some fundamental conflicts in India's present-day thought. But does he not go too far and make a hasty conclusion when he refers to India—a country newly liberated from Western domination and passing through a phase of painful adjustment—as an "ideological no-man's-land"? Moreover the article betrays a skillful attempt to discover divisions between the Congress party and to isolate Mr. Nehru, the most popular leader in India, from the people. Mr. Gideonse should have realized that the statement: "Support of Nehru is not necessarily identical today with a policy of support for a strong and independent India," has various dangerous implications and can only wound the prestige and sentiment of every Indian citizen, whatever may be his differences with Mr. Nehru in domestic politics. Is not India already "independent," though not "strong" in the military sense? . . .

Let us learn from history. It is not by mere anti-Communist talks nor by billion-dollar military aid that a country can be saved from communism when it originates and develops from the discontent of the people.

What we need is a more radical and socialistic approach in our economic projects, more honest and simple administrative set-up, and quick industrial development—time is a major factor in the under-developed countries—through compulsory saving, shared by all, and unmotivated economic assistance from abroad, especially America.

Let not our impatience and desire for immediate gains cloud the sky of mutual understanding and block the path of lasting friendship between our two great democratic countries.

HIMENDU BISWAS
Calcutta, India

To the Editors:

Your introduction to Harry D. Gideonse's "An Unsentimental Look at India" in the Personal & Otherwise section, and your heading on the article itself quite clearly indicate that the writer of the article is going to offer some specific, firsthand, unfavorable criticism of Pandit Nehru. I do not feel that he did so. . . .

Dr. Gideonse points out in the article that "American observers frequently make the mistake of confusing Nehru with the Indian nation," and further releases Nehru from considerable responsibility for the poor way things are going in India when he says that the United States is not waging a winning battle in India because "the causes are deeply anchored in the cultural history and domestic politics of India itself, as well as in some of the hardest facts of world politics." . . .

Nehru is apparently taken to task for branding North Korea as an aggressor and then stressing to the Indian troops in Korea to administer the armistice "that they should remember that India was 'a friend to both sides.'" Is it, then, wrong for the leader of a neutral nation, acting as a mediator, to try to remain really neutral?

WESLEY P. CALLENDER, JR.
Thornwood, N. Y.

Cheever's Books—

To the Editors:

As a devotee of American short fiction, I wish to congratulate you for the continuing high quality of your stories. I particularly enjoy the work of one of my favorites, John Cheever. One small correction on your P & O copy about him in June: His first collection of short stories, *The Way Some People Live*, was published in 1943.

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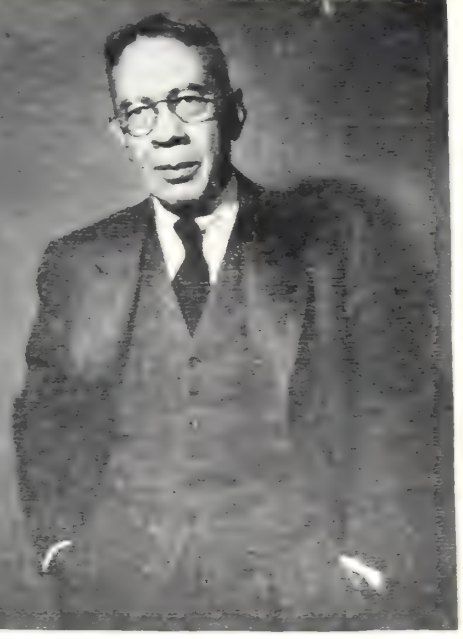
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The Easy Chair

by

Bernard DeVoto



Yankee Reserve

CAMBRIDGE is between seasons. Anyone who wants a Harvard or Radcliffe baby-sitter—Harvard charges less and does not have to be escorted to the dormitory—will have to wait till the summer schools convene. At any hour, up to six sight-seeing busses are parked in front of the Longfellow House. Earth's renewal has brought to the surface of my lawn more of the subsoil of broken blue glass which suggests that the town was once peopled by a race who lived on Bromo-Seltzer. Such of my friends as have not left for their places in upper New England are wondering whether it would be bright to uproot their hedges and start over. Some of them go coatless to the Square, and you can see there not only an occasional vacant parking space but more than an occasional woman in a halter-top arrangement. I wonder what Longfellow would have said about those displayed shoulders. I wonder even more, now that Harvard is a co-educational college, what Barrett Wendell would have said about the counter at the Coop that sells perfumes, stockings, lace hankerchiefs, bath salts, and lipsticks.

As I say, it is summer and since this will be read on verandas in August I assume it is all right to clean up my correspondence. There was a period when I had to put on a crêpe-hair beard when crossing the state of Wyoming. Now it looks as though for a time I had better go to Cape Cod incognito and in disguise. Two other magazines besides *Harper's* asked me to write articles about aspects of New England for the travel season but it was the *Harper's* piece that broke hearts. It is the sad duty of anyone who writes for tourists to say that some Lover's Leaps are better looking than others and that some local waterworks are in the antique style. This convinces the local residents that he is ignorant, malicious, a bum, and in the pay of better-heeled chambers of commerce. *(Woods Hole is a charming town: shining sun-glint weather, fascinating marine laboratory, a fine beach.)* Squaring up to my responsibility, I told the stranger who might want to tour New England for a couple of weeks that I thought he would enjoy other portions of the region more than the maritime provinces of Massachusetts. I said that scenically Cape Cod was mediocre, and that it was so hard to get to the Vineyard and Nantucket that I could not advise him to make the effort. *(Many Fifth Avenue and Madison Avenue shops of dazzling elegance have branches at Hyannis.)*

I HAD slurred the local waterworks and had been bought by the Vermont State Planning Board. *(The social center of the Cape is seven furlongs, three rods or perches, four feet east of Osterville on a back road.)* All the newspapers in the maritime provinces denounced me and one ran several follow-ups. And the Cambridge post office is only now returning to normal for the entire population east of the Canal—1,111 in winter, 1,400,000 in the summer—wrote in from as far away as Anchorage, Alaska, saying the indicated things. *(The handsomest town in these parts is Sandwich.)*

The *Vineyard Gazette,* which is always a lively and well-written paper though it sometimes shocks my low-church Republican heart by appearing so far to the right of the Spokane *Statesman-Review* that Colonel McCormick's house organ is barely in sight to port—the *Gazette* contented itself with saying, Nuts to this guy. *(There are as many artists at Provincetown as there are at Rockport, which is on Cape Ann, and more*

than at Truro, which isn't, and far more dancers; artists wear sail-cloth things, dancers wear leotards.) That is the sensible way to handle a slur on Lover's Leap and the waterworks: this guy is obviously unhinged and flying in the face of the facts as certified by the State Water Commission and a blue ribbon for pumping machinery awarded by the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893. *(Truro has some fine cliffs but Gay Head is better, except that you have to land at Oak Bluffs, which looks like a Sault Ste. Marie whose paint has had longer to peel in the sun.)* It gets you nowhere to inquire into the detractor's prison record, assert that he hasn't seen the waterworks since the pumping machinery was installed, or warn him that the town is now patrolled. *(Falmouth and Harwich are quiet towns; there is a distinguished summer theater at Dennis.)* You merely put yourself in the position of a novelist who writes an indignant letter to the editor about an unfavorable book review: you give the reviewer a chance to say what he left out the first time. *(No one has known true beauty till he has seen low tide and the offal at Provincetown.)*

Mistakes made in the Easy Chair are rectified and injustices are repaired. So since August is still to come, I retract that part of my piece in the May issue and advise the tourist to visit the Cape. His motive may be to buy some whittled windmills or ship models, or to see certain estuaries where there are hundreds of rocks with triangular holes in them. (The holes were chipped by Vikings in the year 1003 so that they could moor their ships; they preferred this labor to passing a line around the rocks or rigging an anchor.) He should choose a Friday when the temperature at Boston is 96° and should depart from Kenmore Square at 4:30 P.M. If he takes Route 138 he will avoid 3; if he takes Route 3 he will avoid 138. In a couple of hours he will be past Mattapan Square, and he can dine in his car at Weymouth or Stoughton while waiting for the 141,000 cars that have not taken the other route to disengage.

Let him disregard the wreckers and ambulances and, when he can, continue with a stout heart at two miles an hour to Bridgewater or Plymouth. There he can acknowledge that he has had a memorable experience and look up the most direct route to Vermont, which he should have taken to begin with. He has missed an even more memorable experience, that of coming back on Sunday afternoon. But he has escaped seeing the longest, in car-hours, sandspit covered with jack pine in the United States.

I must repair another omission. Various correspondents reproached me for failing to include in my piece some anecdotes about the quaint natives of New England, their reticence and taciturnity, and their laconic speech. I said nothing about the quaint natives for there are no natives quainter than you are. (When you come to New England "native" is a fine word to forget about, though some Cape Codders capitalize on it.) I acknowledge that I neglected my duty in one respect, however, and I proceed to perform it.

We will lead up to the summer of 1938. It was a memorable summer. For instance, it ended with a hurricane that is said to have done more damage, more financial damage at least, than any other storm in history. I saw it through at Walpole, New Hampshire, and wrote an Easy Chair about it; as Elmer Davis remarked, it was also the most written-about storm in history, for it crossed the portion of Connecticut where writers outnumber natives ten to one. Two or three weeks earlier, at Bread Loaf, we had a kind of dress-rehearsal hurricane, smaller but thorough; having passed over us once, it turned round and came back from the other direction. One of my colleagues on the staff of the Writers' Conference took advantage of the confusion to steal a bottle of champagne which I had been saving for a certain ceremony, and another one rescued an outsize white rabbit from the river that started flowing down the road from Middlebury Gap (which the tourist should make a point of seeing). I, however, thinking faster than the competition, was able to carry the lovely Josephine Johnson across the torrent in which she was in imminent danger of not drowning. This summer, too, I was able to evade, legally, the income tax laws of three states. And in July my wife and my son and I drove to the upper peninsula of Michigan and on to northern Ontario. When I began that trip I did not foresee that it would end triumphantly, with the fulfillment of a quest, a shining and beckoning ideal, to which I had devoted myself for many years.

I came to New England as a college boy in 1915 and, except for three half-hearted and progressively shorter ventures into infidel parts, I have lived here ever since. I came well grounded in the ideas about New Englanders which New Englanders have diffused all across the United States, and which have worked permanently into our literary tradition. I was a Westerner, which is to say that I had grown up in a culture where reticence has always had survival value and taciturnity is universal. From my earliest years I had been taught to be frugal of speech and wary of personalities. But I expected that foremost among the crudities the Yankees would find in me would be what seemed to them uninhibited indiscretion and unendurable loquacity.

I knew, because the literature had told me, that the Yankees were slow and very sparing of speech, that they expressed themselves parsimoniously, and that their pride was to conceal their personal feelings and affairs beneath a noncommittal evasion which a stranger might mistake for shyness or even rudeness. To this day no

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THE EASY CHAIR

New Englander has even thought m voluble or unreticent, for none ha ever let me talk long enough at stretch to observe whether I a either.

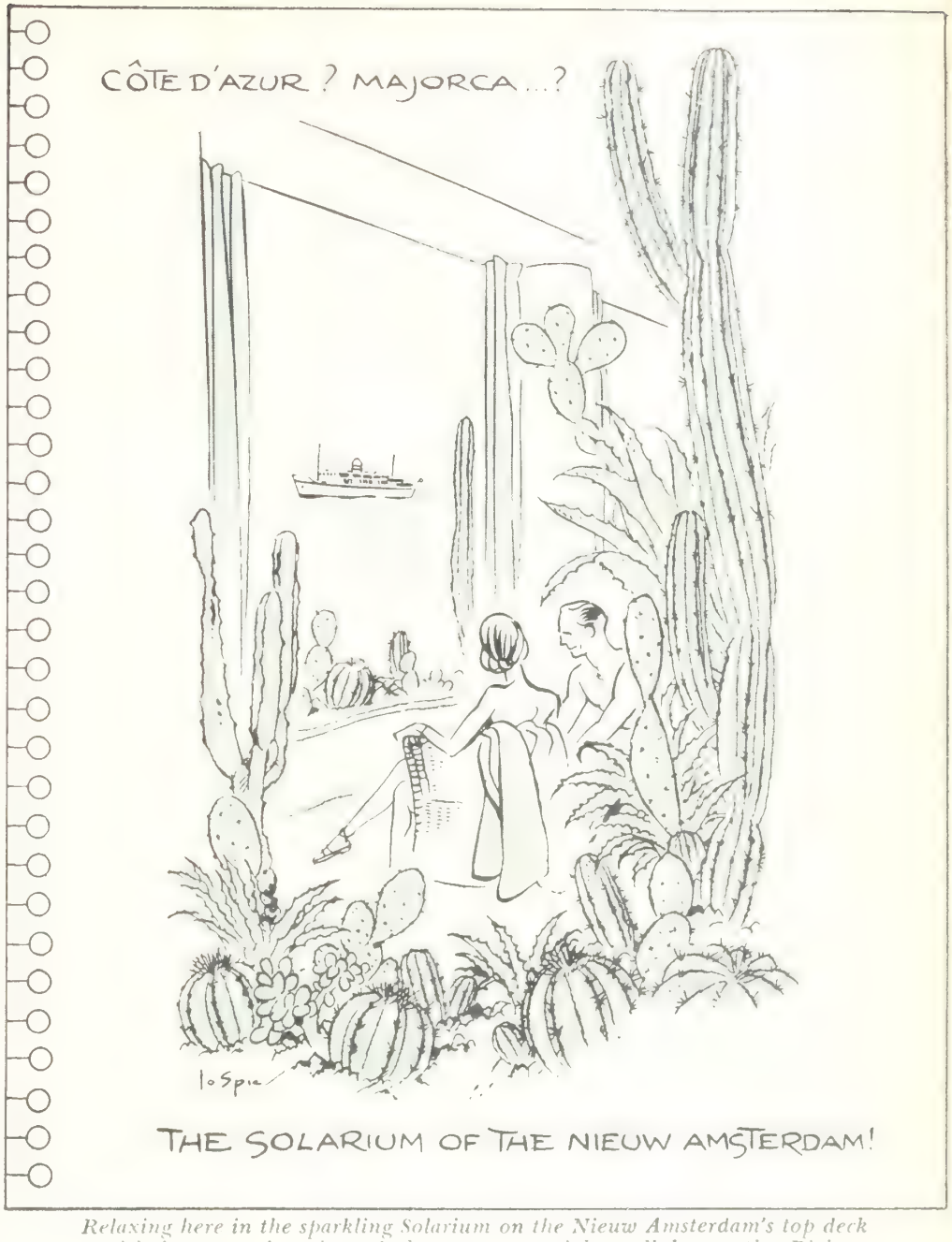
The spring flood of garruli and self exposure, of verbosity an eager exhibitionism, that began t swirl round me in September of 191 has never shown even a momenta sign of abating. The years have n diminished my shock and amazemer but they have developed some ski in me. At a cocktail party or a di ner I am now frequently able to fi ish a sentence before being silence by Bostonians, Cantabridgians, Ve monters, Downeasters, and Ca Codders talking at the rate of fo hundred words a minute about t bastardy and insanity in their m ternal lines and their own tenden to have periods of believing that th are Napoleon or a black wido spider. For a decade, however, I we practically speechless except when New York or the West. No doul this frustration is what lighted in m the vision to which I dedicated m self, that of sometime, somewher finding and viewing in the flesh taciturn or a reticent Yankee—eith one would do.

Some months ago I read an ar cle by Mr. William Faulkn that compressed the literary trad tion into a single incident. A frie was driving Mr. Faulkner across u per New England. He turned up dirt road that appeared to lead ov a mountain but presently, uncerta whether it really did, he turned ba to the first house. Three count men were sitting on the porch a the driver asked them if the ro did in fact go over the mounta One of them said, Yes. The dri turned round and started up t mountain again but after a mile so he bethought himself that he w in New England. He went back the house, where the three were s sitting on the porch, and asked if could make it over the mountain this road in a car. His informa said, no.

There you have it. With exquis courtesy (and it is true that all N Englanders except Bostonians h fine manners) the Yankee had s plied exactly the information as of him and no more. Believing

individual freedom and the right of every man to go his way as he might choose, without interference or comment, he had thought it none of his business why the inquirer wanted the information. He would volunteer no additional information for to do so might seem inquisitive or intrusive, might imply some criticism, or might suggest that he thought himself better than his neighbor on the accidental ground that he knew more about the road. And this laconic, reticent, self-respecting and respectful quality of mind, says Mr. Faulkner, who comes from the South, is the essence of the Yankee character.

BECAUSE Mr. Faulkner has as lively a literary imagination as our time has seen, I had better retell the story as it happened. Remember, there were three Yankees on that porch. The first question precipitated a triangular, twenty-minute discussion, without benefit of Roberts' *Rules of Order,* on possible routes over the mountain, with reference to the logging road back there a piece, the lane that leads off at Claude's, and the fact that the alternate which runs past Ash's has got a deep washout half-way up. Five-minute interlude while it was determined whether Ash really did have the money to build the new woodshed he said he was a-going to, and whether Claude's housekeeper was pregnant and, if she was, whether the child was Claude's or his son's. Meditative discussion of the sexual aberrations on both sides of Claude's Ma's family, with some reminiscences by one of our trio of his experiences with the seven Smithers girls thirty-odd years ago. Parenthesis on the frequency of incest among the Smitherses. For the next twenty minutes the talk, taking off from the car which the inquirer was driving, dealt with the hill-climbing ability of various cars hereabouts and how much was owed on them and when cousin Bert would get out on parole. Here the inquirer was cross-examined about his credit rating and childhood diseases. Thereupon one of the porch-sitters described in detail the embarrassments he had suffered for many years because of kidney trouble. This brought up the queer streak in his



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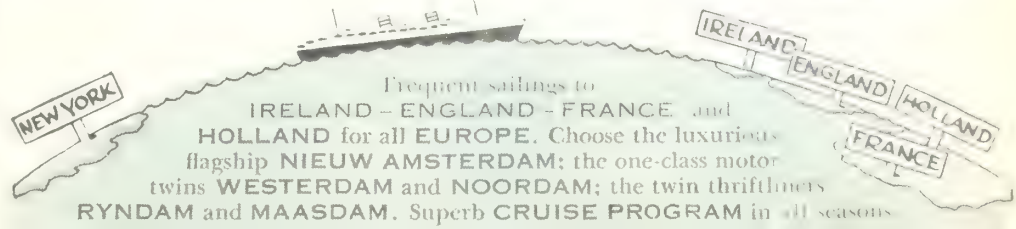
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The one most prevalent today is that American freedom is in danger from "the anti-democratic program of the Roman hierarchy." This, to some people, will sound new and alarming. Actually, there is nothing new about it.

Catholics of a century ago heard the same "alarm"... that the Church was hostile to our form of government—that she was anti-republican in spirit and influence—that she would disregard our free institutions and deprive us of self-government.

Even those who do not understand the teaching and practices of the Catholic Church will have to admit the falsity of this rumor ... for the evidence of a hundred years contradicts it in every particular. The Catholic people always have stood shoulder-to-shoulder with their non-Catholic fellow-citizens in building and defending our liberty and free institutions.

The rumor of today... like the rumor of a hundred years ago... does not claim that the Catholic Church is harmful to men's souls. It does not claim that the Church endangers the salvation of mankind. Its entire objection is that the Church is hostile to our political and social institutions.

In this there is a remarkable resemblance to the "alarm" sounded against Jesus Christ Himself.

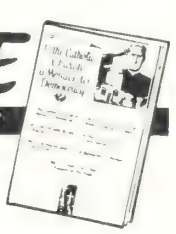
"If we let this man go," said the Savior's critics, "the Romans will come and take away our name and our nation."

Some think that Catholics should get their blood pressure up and reply angrily to these rumors. This is not necessary. We know that the American people of all faiths... with their traditional sense of justice... will boot this ugly ghost back into its closet without our help.

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THE EASY CHAIR

wife's family and how they built a cage of two-by-fours in the attic to keep her Uncle Ralph in. When Mr. Faulkner broke in to say that they had better be getting on, the softness of his speech prompted a question whether he was an American and whether any of his relatives had four thumbs. At sunset they went back down the mountain.

The grammar would have been somewhat better if the three had been Bostonians of the type who used to live on Beacon Hill but now inhabit Essex County or the Dedham-Dover-Norfolk axis, but nowhere in New England would the conversation have been shorter or less unbuttoned. I suppose that even a Westerner, if far gone in liquor, may occasionally reveal to a lifelong friend some such secrets from the family annals as you hear every day from the Yankee bank-teller, gas-station proprietor, and traffic cop; if, that is, the lifelong friend is not a Yankee and so gives him a chance to talk. The New Englanders are an admirable, charming, warm-hearted people, the most civilized people in the United States, and I would not dream of living anywhere else. But, oh God!, how they talk and what they cannot be prevented from telling you.

Two weeks of northern Ontario in the summer of 1938 filled my notebook with material on Lake Nipissing, French River, the Ottawa, and related waters—material bearing on a book I was to publish fourteen years later. But never in my life, before or since, have I seen such roads and they shook a fine new Buick Special practically to pieces. Our return trip to Walpole was a serial garage bill as I replaced springs, tires, water pump, fan and fan belt, air filter, and most other movable parts. The final day, when we crossed Vermont, was a Sunday. Dark and a thunderstorm were coming up when, between Ludlow and Chester, I turned on the headlights. They went on, gave the unmistakable flash that diagnoses itself, and went out. During the day the interior discords produced by the Ontario roads had loosened connections in the generator and now it had burned out.

I had noticed an open IGA store

about a mile back and set out for it on foot while thunder rumbled down the valley. The proprietor told me, in about two thousand words, that the nearest garage was at Chester, some four miles farther on. I got the telephone number and rang it. A voice said, "Hello." I asked if this was the garage in question. The voice said, "Yep." I explained that I was on my way to Walpole, twenty miles away, after a long trip, and that my car had broken down about a mile nearer Chester than the IGA store on Route 103. Here the thunder broke from a rumble to a crash and rain began to flatten the elm tops outside. I said that my generator had burned out. I was confident, I went on, that I could make Walpole on a battery if I had a fresh one but knew very well that mine would not get me there. In view of the circumstances, I said, I would be happy and grateful if the garage would bring a fresh battery, install it, take mine for recharging, and keep it till I could come back for it from Walpole a couple of days hence. I apologized for the bad weather but it was merely a pounding rain, not the cloudburst that accompanies a hurricane, and presumably this was an all-weather garage used to succoring the wayfarer.

Having had no reply but only the most courteous and patient silence, I went through the whole story again, point by point, in somewhat more elaborate and more careful detail—place of breakdown, nature of breakdown, kind of service prayed and desired, make and model of car, destination. Still getting no answer, I repeated and extended some of the more involved portions of my discourse, so that all would be clear. I checked everything over in my mind and then summed up: "I'm down here a mile your side of Gassett's and I wish you'd bring a fresh battery and put it in and take mine and recharge it, so that I can call for it on Tuesday. Will you?"

All unknowing, with no forewarning and no premonition, I had reached the end of the quest I had embarked on twenty-three years before. I suppose it was predictable that, if I were to find him at all, I would find him in Vermont. He said, "Nope," and hung up.

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Personal & Otherwise

Legend Aloft

NEXT to the covered wagon and the Model T Ford, the DC-3 probably is embedded deeper in American history and legend than any machine we have ever made. It is the plane in which most of us—including ***Richard K. Waldo*** and ***Herbert J. Guth***—made our first flights. In their article on page 75, Mr. Waldo and Mr. Guth—both economists on the staff of the Civil Aeronautics Administration—tell the full saga of this cherished old work horse for the first time.

But they skip two facts which have had a lot to do with the transformation of the DC-3 into a myth and a symbol, like the Spanish galleon or the Roman chariot. For one thing, it is a lovely work of art—clean, functional, and (like a good piece of sculpture) superbly balanced from any angle of vision. It is designed in what John Kouwenhoven has christened the American Vernacular, the great tradition ranging from the Mississippi steamboat to the San Francisco Bay Bridge, the Johnson Wax Company Building, the New Jersey Turnpike, and the Hoover Dam. (Every culture, of course, develops its own distinctive idiom and media. The materials of our major artists are steel, aluminum, glass, and concrete, rather than canvas, paint, and marble; and they are intended for the delight and use of millions, rather than for the private pleasures of an elite. Because European intellectuals find this hard to understand—because they can hardly conceive of any culture so different from their own—many of them still cling to the illusion that America simply doesn't have any.)

Then, too, the DC-3 has become legendary because it figures in the sharpest memories of so many Americans. Hundreds of thousands of us have had some experience with the plane which we are never likely to forget—a magic-carpet arrival in a strange land, a journey to a sick child, a glimpse of Manhattan's towers at night, an air drop into battle, or an encounter with fear.

For example, on a hot August morning in 1944, three strangers climbed aboard a DC-3 cargo plane at Dum-dum airfield. (This ancient military post, near Calcutta, is memorable only because the dum-dum bullet—which mushrooms on impact—was invented there about a hundred years ago; and because the outlawry of this unpleasant weapon is almost the only international Rule of War which is still universally respected.) None of the three had any proper military authorization to get on that plane; they were merely hitch-hikers, thumbing a ride to Delhi.

Like most cargo planes at that time and place, this one was overloaded. It took off heavily, under a five-hundred foot ceiling, and slid up into the monsoon cloudbank—some 16,000 feet thick—which covered most of India and Burma. You couldn't see the wing-tips; everybody felt claustrophobic and uneasy.

FORTY minutes out of Dum-dum the starboard engine quit. The pilot revved up the remaining engine, and swung into a slow turn back toward the field. Then the second engine began to splutter.

At this moment the navigator opened the door from the pilot's compartment, and grinned at his three passengers.

"Looks like we may have to get out," he said. "We got a couple of extra parachutes—you guys divide up."

He tossed the two khaki packs on the floor, between the rows of bucket seats, and closed the door.

For perhaps thirty seconds, the three strangers stared at each other, each one grappling in silent panic with the same moral problem: Do I let the others have the chutes—or do I fight like a tiger to get one for myself?

Before anybody could make up his mind, the port engine stopped spluttering and a few seconds later the starboard motor roared back to life. The passengers fumbled for cigar-



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es with sweaty fingers and talked out something else. The two parautes were still lying untouched on e floor when the plane rolled down e landing strip.

At least one of the passengers still thers about the incident now and en. He wonders (a) What should have done, if the engines hadn't ught on?—Toss a coin? Try to ess whose life was most important the war effort?—and (b) What uld he actually have done? These answered questions—and the areness that one of them now can ever be answered for sure—leave annoying kind of gap, a hole in psychic sock. He remembers it comfortably every time he sees a C-3 parked at an airport.

Legends in Texas

NEARLY every youngster born in Texas gets a thorough schooli , before he reaches his 'teens, in peculiar morals of his state. This le of behavior usually is imparted brusque, infrequent remarks from le relatives, ranch foremen, rig ses, or other adults who feel some ponsibility for his spiritual guide. One of the earliest admonis he is likely to hear is:

Never ask a man where he is m. If he is a Texan, he will let know. If he isn't, don't embar- him."

ubsequent lessons will cover a ad but vaguely-fenced range of duct:

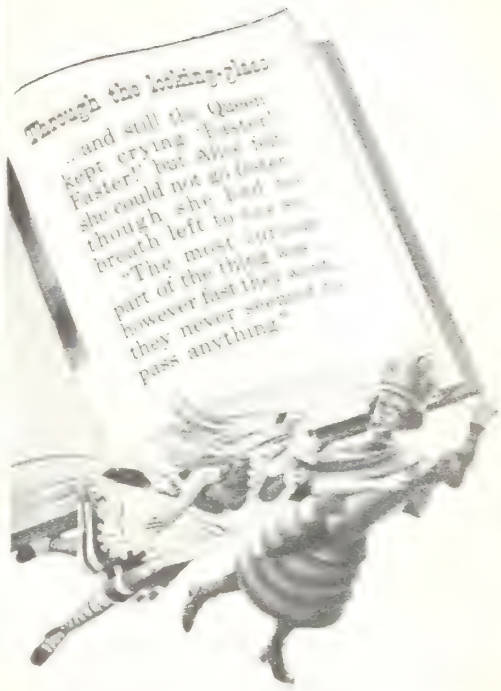
You can't expect a man to do an est day's work unless he has steak breakfast . . . Never drive a hard gain with kinfolks; deal fairly fellow-Texans, when you can rd to; Easterners are fair game . Any man's a fool to carry a gun, ss he is sure he can use it better anybody he is likely to meet . . . k learning is all right, but foot- is important . . . Never draw to nside straight and always check he one-card draw . . . If Texas n't made the mistake of joining Union, its empire would stretch Alaska to Yucatan . . . Always k the girth yourself before you on a horse, and the water before get in a car . . . It's a cardinal to forget to close a gate . . . hington is the permanent lair of with Wall Street a close second . . . The unadventurous never started West; the cowards turned back; the weak died on the way . . . The Texas climate is miserable, all right, but it's good for the character . . ."

THIS kind of upbringing leaves an impress which some Texans are never able to outgrow. It is true that in recent years the native-born have begun to shun the traditional, outward marks of their race. Now that every new immigrant from Rhode Island or California has a Boss-of-the-Plains Stetson, a set of leather vocal cords, high-heeled boots, a Cadillac, and a Gene Autrey drawl, the authentic Texan is taking to understatement, suede loafers, and gray flannels. But the sense of moral superiority which was ingrained in childhood frequently sticks for life.

Quite naturally, outsiders find this intolerable, and anti-Texas sentiment sometimes can be almost as virulent as anti-Semitism in Hitler's Germany. Occasionally, however, some Texan manages to rise above both this prejudice and the more abrasive features of his early training. One such specimen is ***William S. White***, now among the most respected of Washington correspondents, whose analysis of the coming Senatorial election is on page 23.

The grandson of a Confederate major, he started work as a reporter at eighteen, while still a student at the University of Texas. He climbed through a series of newspaper jobs with Texas papers and the Associated Press, until the outbreak of World War II, when he enlisted in the Army. An attack of spinal meningitis put him out of the service in 1942; but he went overseas anyway as an AP correspondent, crossed the Channel with assault troops on D-Day, and accompanied the allied armies until the break-through into Germany. Since 1945 he has been one of the top political writers in the Washington bureau of the *New York Times*. His biography of Senator Robert A. Taft was published this spring.

Fellow-members of the National Press Club report, wonderingly, that Mr. White has never been known to patronize anybody; that he treats a Tammany Congressman with the same deferential courtesy he accords Sam Rayburn; and that nobody has



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ever heard him sing "The Eyes of Texas Are Upon You," even on San Jacinto Day.

Outside the Corral

IF ***Bernard DeVoto's*** report on conservation (p. 66) leads you to suspect that the author is not a Republican, you are about 40 per cent wrong. Although Mr. DeVoto does speak of the Administration's behavior in this field with certain overtones of sorrow and suspicion, he is by no means a brass-collar Democrat. In fact, he has never voted a straight ticket in his life; in Massachusetts state elections, he customarily votes Republican. As readers of the Easy Chair may remember, he was critically wary of both the Roosevelt and Truman Administrations, and opposed many New Deal measures. He served, nevertheless, on the Advisory Board for National Parks, and has fought many a rugged battle in defense of the country's natural resources. Such interests come naturally to a writer who was raised in Utah and has won both Pulitzer and Bancroft prizes for histories of Western exploration.

The Unreported Nation

IF YOU should ask the next twenty people you meet: "What is the sixth biggest nation in the world?" the odds are that not one of them could give you the right answer. Probably not one in ten could find it on the map; and not one American in ten thousand has ever been there.

Such ignorance is excusable, because this nation—Indonesia—is a brand new one; it is far off the main-traveled routes; and it is one of the least (and worst) reported countries in the world. For months at a stretch it has not been visited by a single American newspaperman—and those who do get there often spend most of their time in a tizzy of anger and frustration.

Cameron Hawley, whose report on Indonesia appears on page 36, is one of the very few writers of any nationality who have managed to get beyond the capital city since the country won its independence five years ago. In the almost unexplored hinterland, he discovered what may be the most hopeful and exciting experiment now going on anywhere in the Orient—an area which hasn't produced much cheerful news lately.

Mr. Hawley himself might be described as a cheerful and surprising experiment in the writing world. He is a business man who climbed up through the ranks to become a top executive in one of America's great corporations. At the same time he carried on a second career as a playwright, fiction writer, and documentary film director. His recent novel, *Executive Suite,* became a prompt best-seller and has been made into a first-rate film.



Dilbert

• • • The poster of "Dilbert" on this page is one of 1,200 made by ***Robert Osborn*** for the U. S. Navy's training program; he has done forty-two books about that fumbling hero.

During the war years, Lieutenant Commander Osborn junketed about the world in the DC-3 airplane, which he pictures with love in the illustrations for "The Plane That Won't Wear Out" (p. 75).

• • • In the past seven years, ***Gerald M. Durrell,*** the youngest game collector for the Zoological Society of London, has accomplished several missions in the fastnesses of Africa, British Guiana, and Brazil, to bring home live animals of scientific interest. "The King and his Beasts" (p. 30) records the fun and the painstaking labor that go into the business of animal collection.

Mr. Durrell is the author of *The*

Overloaded Ark and of *The Bafut Beagles* (containing "The King and His Beasts"), which the Viking Press will bring out this fall.

•••***Anne Goodwin Winslow*** ("Godiva" p. 35) is best known for her novels, including *The Dwelling Place* and *The Springs*, ***C. S. Jennison*** ("I'm Apt To Be Surly," p. 43) has published serious poetry under her maiden name, Kay Starbird.

•••The prose and pictures of Steinberg's America (p. 44) demonstrate the living quality of two forms which have sometimes been declared obsolete: the essay and the line drawing. The man called ***Lynes*** who introduces the man called ***Steinberg*** is an editor of this magazine and the author of many essays on art and society which have been widely published and reprinted (*i.e.* "Highbrow, Lowbrow, Middlebrow"). He has also written two easily pocketable books that keep selling in and out of season—*Snobs* and *Guests*.

Russell Lynes's next book will be *The Tastemakers*, an unconventional history of the people and pressures that have shaped American taste for the last dozen decades.

Saul Steinberg too will have a new book out in the fall—*False Passport*, which contains more than 300 drawings, half of them never published before.

•••***Mary Roche*** made her discovery of the Kalmuks of Philadelphia (p. 53) when she was in that city recently preparing an article on housing. She was home editor of the *New York Times* for six years and later news editor of *House Beautiful*.

All of the Kalmuk names in her article are authentic but none of them refer to actual families now living in this country.

•••***Nadine Gordimer*** appears in *Harper's* this month for the fourth time in the past two years, with "A Wand'ring Minstrel" (p. 60). Though she is still under thirty, Miss Gordimer has been writing for magazines in her home city of Johannesburg, South Africa, for fifteen years. With the publication in this country of her book of short stories, *The Soft Voice of the Serpent*, and her novel, *The Lying Days*, she has rapidly gained a reputation here as one of the shining talents of her corner of the world.

•••It is hard to pick up a magazine these days without finding an article by a psychiatrist, frequently written in self-defense; almost as frequently, in self-blame. The attitude of ***Dr. Ian Stevenson***, who concludes his series on psychosomatic medicine with "As a Man Thinketh . . ." (p. 83), is indicated in the temperate and searching quality of his articles and in a note to P & O, in which he says: "Our present psychotherapy warrants confidence, but its many inadequacies also demand humility on our part."

Dr. Stevenson is thirty-four years old, Associate Professor of Psychiatry and Medicine at the Louisiana State University School of Medicine.

•••***Mario G. Salvadori's*** qualifications for imparting the joys of learning mathematics (p. 88) are rather overwhelming. With doctoral degrees in mathematics and in civil engineering from the University of Rome, he came to Columbia University as a lecturer in 1940 and was made a full professor last year. He has developed a number of courses in the School of Engineering, and has become well known as an industrial consultant. And he designed the longest and deepest under-water oil pipeline in the world in Mackinac Straits.

Tip for Gamblers

If Mr. White's article on the Senate races leaves you in some doubt about how to place your bets in November, you might do well to watch the outcome of the Alaska territorial elections in October. From the record, they seem to be the most reliable political barometer available. The old saw that "as Maine goes, so goes the nation" is, of course, notoriously inaccurate; but if you substitute "Alaska," the proverb becomes a pretty safe guide. Ever since 1916, the Alaskan voting has accurately foreshadowed the results of the subsequent national elections—even in the off-year Congressional races—with the exception of only three out of the nineteen contests. A batting average of .842.

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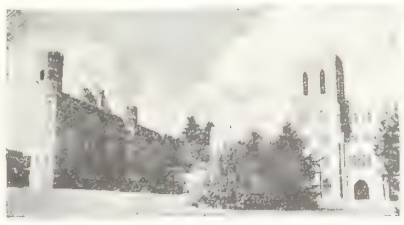


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Harper's MAGAZINE

The Fight for the Senate

William S. White

This fall's Senatorial elections—the most important in twenty-two years—will decide the future of both parties and the actual control of the government. A topflight Washington correspondent uncovers the underlying issues . . . and ventures a few predictions on the winners in crucial states.

THE oncoming elections for control of the United States Senate will be a series of contests of extraordinary meaning. They will be most significant, certainly, since the last days of the Hoover era. They will—barring the remote chance of a tie—resolve a parliamentary political crisis. It is also quite possible that they may create a new and quite different one.

And if history's word can be reasonably depended upon (which is by no means certain) they are likely to have a strong bearing on the outcome of the 1956 Presidential election.

Ever since the Civil War, with the single exception of 1934, the party in power has always lost seats in off-year, non-Presidential elections. When this loss has gone so far that Congress has slipped out of the control of the party in power, that party has also lost the following Presidential election. The single exception was the 1946 Congressional election, which led to storied 1948 when Harry S. Truman confounded every sage and returned to the White House.

The Senate of the departing Eighty-third Congress has struggled with a highly abnormal division of the parties. For most of this session it had 48 Democrats, 47 Republicans, and one Independent—Wayne Morse of Oregon, who was prepared at any showdown to vote Republican on the single issue of whether the Republicans should continue their nominal control. The closest parallel occurred when Mr. Hoover's Senate had 48 Republicans to 47 Democrats and one maverick—Henrik Shipstead of Minnesota, who was then a Farm-Labor man.

Twice before in history, the position has been even worse, as between the major parties, but not much worse. Andrew Jackson's confident view that a President ought to be as truculently strong as Constitution and custom would possibly allow was no doubt reinforced by the fact that the Twenty-third Congress ended in 1835 with a Senate divided twenty-twenty between Democrats and National Republicans, with eight other members roaming handsomely free amongst the minority parties. James A. Garfield, though not affected by it in the same vehement way as old Andy Jackson, had a Senate split thirty-seven to thirty-seven betwixt Republicans and Democrats, with one maverick running loose and one vacancy.

Whatever may have been the situation in those old days, the situation in the present Senate has been untidy in the extreme. And in November the voters will do a job in the

national interest if they give *some* party some kind of control of the most powerful parliamentary mechanism in the world. For eighteen months, nobody has had any. It has been a "Republican" Senate only by the saturnine grace of Mr. Morse; if a challenge had come his vote would have tied it and Vice President Nixon would then have broken the tie in favor of the Republicans.

Consequently, the Republican leader of the Senate, William F. Knowland of California, has not in fact been able to lead at all. He has been a reluctant coalitionist—carrying the Senate legislative program in his hip pocket, so to speak; putting up a bill at odd and relatively favorable moments; speaking in corners to every Senator of every party who would stand still; crossing his fingers and hoping for the best. This is not altogether because the Republicans no longer have a Taft, or because there simply have not been enough Republicans anyhow. A good part of the trouble has sprung from the fact that the Republicans are more fundamentally divided, and in more ways, than the Democrats—more divided, even, than the Democrats were in the long years of minor civil war between the Roosevelt-Trumanites and their intra-party opponents.

President Eisenhower carried the country handsomely in 1952—but he did not quite carry the Republican party, and he was far from carrying the Republican Senate.

Allowing for a little oversimplification, the Democratic division of late years may be described as horizontal. It was defined by the Mason-Dixon line and limited basically to the emotional issue of Civil Rights, along with some (but far from all) of the ordinary economic issues. The Southern and Northern Democrats have in fact been hand in glove much more often than they have been fist to fist: the generality have been together on foreign policy, trade policy, housing, power, farm subsidies, and much of the "welfare state."

But the Republican division is vertical and multi-lined; the party is severed by a series of incisions head to toe. The Eastern part of the party is out of sympathy with the area not in beyond the Appalachians; the Midwest is out of key with both the Appalachians and the Mountain West; and the Far West stands all by itself.

There are, in this party, at least three distinct views of the world and of this country's place in it—not to mention the endless homemade troubles about tariffs, about labor, about agriculture, and so on. The Senate Democratic leader, Lyndon Johnson of Texas, does not altogether speak with partisan malice in his favorite summary:

"Say what you will, we don't have one thing the Republicans have. We don't have half of our fellows disagreeing on foreign relations, and the other half opposed to foreign relations altogether."

Senator James H. Duff of Pennsylvania, for an example, is actually more at home with the whole mixed face of the Democratic side—running from the scrubbed liberal countenance of Senator Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota to the rocky conservative mien of Harry Byrd of Virginia—than he is with a Jenner of Indiana, a McCarthy of Wisconsin, or a Dirksen of Illinois. This split personality on the grand scale has, of course, long existed within the Republican party. It has, however, been much inflamed in this last year and a half by the frictions of unaccustomed Republican power in Washington.

Rock-Bottom Needs

The Republican problem for November involves, therefore, not only the rock-bottom necessity of electing enough Republicans—of whatever sort—to control at least the new Senate. It involves also the profound desirability, if there is to be any Republican coherence, of electing the kind of Republicans who can join the rather small and lonely bloc of pro-Eisenhower Republicans in such a way as to increase the President's practical, operative party influence in the Senate to the necessary minimum. The other alternative is to elect the kind of Republicans who can join with the present non-Eisenhower Old Guard, to dominate the scene clearly and indisputably.

The simple fact is that the Republicans now need, if they are to stay in effective business, a great decision fought out altogether amongst themselves. They urgently need to know not only whether they are to operate the next Senate, but what kind of a party is going to do the operating. The original Eisenhower Republicans—the Duffs, the Saltonstalls, and

their like—have in this Senate hung on only with the greatest difficulty to the thin lodgments of power. They will not survive, even as a remotely effective political faction, unless they gain recruits in November—or unless the President turns to them again, in some final disenchantment with the non-Eisenhower Republicans whose co-operation he had, until the early summer at least, so endlessly, so patiently, and on the whole so vainly sought.

All this is not to say that the Democrats, with their doubtful to fair prospects of becoming the majority after November, have before them a clear and benign vista. Their conduct in the expiring Senate, under the direction of a Southern-based regency headed by Senators Johnson of Texas, Richard B. Russell of Georgia, and Earle C. Clements of Kentucky, has been one of great subtlety and technical competence. But because it is a new tactic, and because it has put old-fashioned partisan Democrats on a very thin diet indeed, its ultimate worth may not be known even after the November elections, and maybe not until after the great decision has been made in 1956.

The Courtly Democrats

SENATOR Johnson advised at every point by the skillful Russell and Clements, has persuaded the minority to act with a courtliness (most of the time) that would shame the House of Lords. A partisan record of two kinds—and one of them a very curious kind, measured by the past—has been made by the Senate Democrats. More than once they have "saved" a Republican President—in part because issues have arisen that are genuinely close to Democratic doctrine (as in foreign policy and some aspects of housing), and in part because of minority respect for the President's undoubted power with the country. The question is whether this policy of "saving" the Republican President on the "good" points of his program will have in it enough strong partisan meat to satisfy the simple hunger of the "give 'em hell" type of brass-collar Democrat who is still numerous and athirst for revenge. The second half of the Democratic record has been traditional; Senator Johnson and his people have given the Republicans their lumps on such bread and butter matters as labor and farm measures.

At the outset of this Congress, Mr. Johnson declared to his party caucus that he intended to follow a policy of "responsible opposition" and would not participate in or countenance any partisanship for the simple, traditional purpose of putting up as many roadblocks before the other fellow as the terrain would accommodate.

This led for a time to a good deal of criticism, both from the Northern Democrats—whose necessities have made them instinctively combative—and even from some Southerners. Even the classical Democratic leader of the House, Representative Sam Rayburn of Texas—who is really happy only when he is leading an assault with all weapons blazing—seemed anxious, now and then, at the rather lofty, remote plateau of seeming nonbelligerency on which his Texan protégé, Lyndon Johnson, had pitched his campaign tent.

Nevertheless, the Johnson strategy, which had enormous defensive advantages, has largely told the story of this Senate. Moreover, it has not kept the party troops perpetually restrained. Again and again, when it had seemed to many that Johnson was adopting something resembling outright pacifism he has suddenly brought his Democrats forth with a sharp—and almost invariably successful—counterattack.

So Johnson's policy of awaiting the decisive moment and then striking was handsomely vindicated on many occasions. And it had the heretofore incredible result of bringing an almost total unity to the Senate Democrats. It is an astonishing spectacle to see Senators Byrd of Virginia, Eastland of Mississippi, and McCarran of Nevada voting often alongside Senators Murray of Montana, Humphrey of Minnesota, and Lehman of New York. But it happened.

THE Senate Democrats therefore will enter the decisive phase of the campaign carrying the theme of "responsibility." This will not, of course, exclude the exploitation of many palpable issues—public power in some areas, Taft-Hartley revision in others, farm subsidies in yet others, and so on. But the wholly national aspect of the Democrats' case must rest, by the very nature of their record, upon the belief of Johnson and his senior associates that the country is so tired

of fracas that it will reward those who represent unity and quiet.

It is a theory that will require much testing—for even if the Democrats win the Senate in November it will not be certain that the decisive factor was "responsibility" or whether it was one of a half-dozen more visible issues, such as farm prices and unemployment. Moreover, what will be the influence of "McCarthyism," and what weight will be assignable to the whole complex of questions posed by the Eisenhower Administration's "New Look" in military-foreign policy?

Besides, the mere fact that the notion of "responsibility" has become settled Democratic policy for the Senate contest will inevitably limit the Democrat's range of partisan action on through the pre-convention period of 1956. Under these circumstances, it may not be possible for the Democrats to hit very hard at the center of Republican power: the White House.

The Center of Democratic Power

THUS it is that while the Republican problem for this year's Senate races is a good deal more complicated than at first it might appear, the Democratic problem also is one of great complexity. If the Democrats should win the Senate (and if they do, it is safe to assume that they will capture the House as well), what then? First of all, the Democratic Senate would have become enormously powerful within the party. It would have become a regency clearly overshadowing the ordinary party mechanism, including the national committee. Indeed, it *could* become a junta before which even so formidable a non-Senatorial politician as Adlai Stevenson—the odds-on present choice for the 1956 Presidential nomination—would have to stand in pause.

For the Senate wing of the party would be able to make the powerful argument of success. It would be able to say that it had won in 1954 the victory that Mr. Stevenson was unable to win in 1952. It would be able to contend that the centrist Democratic record of the Eighty-third Congress, with which Mr. Stevenson naturally had only the most remote connection, had been the decisive factor.

It is entirely possible, indeed that the center of practical power in the Democratic party might come to rest not, as at present, in the area vaguely defined as "the North," but in the Southern and Border area in which the Johnsons, the Russells, and the Clementses stand supreme. This is not to suggest any probability that the result of the election could lead to outright Southern-Border State control of the 1956 Democratic convention, and specifically to the balking of Mr. Stevenson's nomination. It does suggest, however, that Senator Johnson and his associates will have led much of their party—probably enough of it, actually, to control its spirit—back a long way from Roosevelt and Truman toward the political center. It might be usefully recalled that Senator Warren G. Harding was nominated for President in 1920 through the power of a very similar Republican Senate regency.

It suggests also that given a Democratic Senate next year, Senator Johnson himself would be a great factor at the next convention, Texas background and all notwithstanding. This in all likelihood would be true even assuming the (quite probable) election again to the Senate of the indestructible Alben W. Barkley of Kentucky, ex-Vice President, and ex-Democratic Senate leader—and even assuming that Mr. Johnson might retire from the leadership in favor of "the old man." For the essentials of power would remain in the Johnson group, no matter who spoke for the party from the floor.

In summary, therefore, the position seems to be about this:

A gain of a few seats by any brand of Republicans would end the present paralysis in the Senate. But if these should be non-Eisenhower Republicans, the result would be yet another crisis. It would mean that the White House had lost even partial control of national policy. What we would have then—in fact, though not in form—would be government by the Senate, with the House in junior association.

AS TO the Democrats—the thinnest possible net gain would put them in nominal command of all Senate affairs, and in unquestioned command of such capital matters as foreign policy on which they would count upon the help of nearly all the internationalist Republicans. The Democratic Senate leaders would find themselves close

to the top of the party pyramid as well.

They would then, however, be under far different operational necessities. They would be required, for the country's sake and their own sake, to make some sort of working arrangement with the President. It might well be that this would not be so easy as it has been easy thus far to support, as a minority, the "good" parts of the Eisenhower legislative program.

In the first place, some of Mr. Eisenhower's closest associates in the Administration—notably Attorney General Brownell—have struck deep wounds among the Democrats that will be a long time in healing, if ever they heal. There is a carefully suppressed longing in many a Democratic heart to pay off certain scores—what Mr. Brownell said about Mr. Truman and alleged spies in government; what most of the Republicans said in the 1952 campaign about Korea and corruption; and so on. A Democratic party as master of the Senate would be far harder to restrain than a Democratic party working, as it has been, always in fear of the popularity of Eisenhower.

In the second place, it has seemed a fact of political life that almost any Democratic group in the minority is far more disciplined and cohesive than almost any Democratic group in the majority. It is said, with some justice that a Democrat so loves a fight that, driven to it, he will find one among his own brothers.

THERE are many in Washington (and of course most of them are Democratic members of the Senate) who will say that it would be "good" for President Eisenhower to have a Democratic Senate next year. They assert this view in face of a historical record which plainly indicates that it is about as good for a President to lose party control of Congress as it is for a baseball team to lose ten consecutive games in August.

At all events, the election of a Democratic Senate would certainly mean the entrenchment in power of its Johnsonian masters. Nothing that could conceivably happen could do more than increase in a trifling way the party power of the liberal Democrats. Their relationship to the hierarchically dominant center Democrats would be, in its way, analogous to the relationship of the all-out Eisenhower Senate Republicans to the hierarchically dominant center-to-right Republicans. Such minor influence as the Lehmans, Kefauvers, and the like have had in the present Senate has been largely by sufferance of the more conservative Democratic majority, just as the Duffs have had to operate largely by the sufferance of the more othodox Republican majority.

Seats in Jeopardy

IN ATTEMPTING to forecast the outcome of the November elections, a reasonably prudent reporter (particularly one writing before it is possible to make even an intuitive grapple at the probable meaning of the foreign policy and McCarthy issues) will open the whole bag of qualifying phrases. This reporter herewith opens the bag and at the same time invokes every kind of exit and escape hatch now in the market.

A fundamental in the position is that while the long slope of tradition favors the prediction of Republican ill-fortune, the present circumstance puts the Democrats in cruel hard case. Only fourteen presently-held Republican seats are at stake, while twenty-two presently-held Democratic seats are at the disposal of the voters.

And worse than that, from the Democratic viewpoint, at least six of the Republican seats involved—in Nebraska, New Hampshire (two seats), South Dakota, Kansas, and Maine—will remain Republican through every storm, assuming that all past experience means anything at all. Thus, only eight Republican seats may be said to be in peril.

On the other hand, ten of the twenty-two Democratic seats in issue will stay Democratic beyond question. These are in Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina, Arkansas, Virginia, Georgia, and Alabama, where John J. Sparkman, Southern-style liberalism and all, is plainly back in Senate business for another six years after the collapse of a determined primary opposition.

Therefore, twelve presently Democratic seats are at least conceivable prizes for the Republicans—running from rather hypothetical prizes, as in Rhode Island, to quite probable prizes, as in New Mexico.

The real heart of the contest, then, will lie in five states—Kentucky, Michigan, Minne-

Illinois and Ohio. There are many [illegible] with possibilities for overturn [illegible] another, but it is these five that most profoundly engage the attention of the professional politicians.

In Kentucky, the early form suggests a Republican loss—that is, that the widely-respected Senator John Sherman Cooper is unlikely to be able to survive the challenge of old Alben Barkley. To those who are reasonably detached about their politics, this race has a unique interest. Good, sound, partisan Democrats known to this correspondent shake their heads sadly over this affair and mutter: "Damn it, I would hate to vote in Kentucky." From the Democratic point of view there is a human dilemma. Who among the party faithful could cheerfully vote to deny Mr. Barkley that return on which he has set his heart, considering his immense service to his party? But in Cooper there is a Republican Senator whose views on some of the gravest matters, internationalism for one, are very close to Democratic views—and a Senator, moreover, who has behaved with a gentility and bravery much commending themselves to the more sensitive in both parties.

In Michigan, it appears at this writing that the dogged Senator Homer Ferguson, the chairman of the Senate Republican Policy Committee, has engaged himself in a very close race with Blair Moody. Not Moody but Governor Mennen Williams would have been preferred by those Democratic managers whose only interest is in the Senate. Still Williams atop the ticket (he is trying again for Governor) is expected to pervade it with considerable strength from top to bottom.

Ferguson has formidable resources, peculiarly, and latently, within the Administration. If the Administration goes all the way for him, as they put it in the political trade, he may be assumed to be a very slight favorite. But he would still be likely to fail, if unemployment worsens in Michigan before Election Day.

In Minnesota, Senator Hubert Humphrey is generally accounted to have a slightly better than even chance against Republican Val Bjornson. Though he complains that the Minnesota metropolitan press tends to give him "the silent treatment," Humphrey is an inexhaustible campaigner and he has, in the past at least, raised up in his state just such a curious coalition—half urban-labor and half farmer—as the one which the Old Master, Franklin Roosevelt, improbably sustained for the better part of twenty years. This reporter will risk (timidly) an out and out prediction that Humphrey will come back.

In Illinois, as of now, Senator Paul H. Douglas looks more likely to retain or lose his Democratic seat on what Chicago's Democratic organization does than on what is done by his Republican antagonist, J. T. Meek.

Douglas got himself into great and understandable political difficulty, with the Democratic political professionals of all of the United States as well as those of Cook County, by his actions in the 1952 national convention. Douglas' frantic exertions in behalf of Senator Estes Kefauver of Tennessee—rather than for his fellow Illinoisian, Adlai Stevenson—puzzled many and angered the rest of those who really control the Democratic party in the United States. If the organization people really exert themselves for him this time, it will be primarily because they want to save the rest of the Democratic ticket in Illinois. No two ways about it, on this race one must trim: just call it "close."

In Ohio, all is opaque. In anything approaching an ordinary political situation, the Republican candidate for the old Taft seat, Representative George H. Bender, would be an overwhelming favorite. It happens, however, that he is running against a Democrat already seated, if only in a very tentative way: Senator Thomas A. Burke, former Mayor of Cleveland. Bender, though in some ways in the old Taft tradition, is not in it altogether and is held in something less than the highest regard by a considerable section of the Taftites.

Burke, whose brief Senate career has been a model of quiet intentness, will run a very good race indeed, if the sometimes enigmatic Democratic Governor of Ohio, Frank Lausche, should so ordain. Lausche, certainly one of the most extraordinary and powerful politicians ever to arise in the Middle West, is at times a brooding man where other Democrats are concerned. When Taft in 1950 was making his supreme effort to come back to the Senate, Lausche plainly indicated that the Democratic candidate, Joseph Ferguson, left

him disenchanted. He even suggested that Ohio could do a lot worse than to go along with Taft, and, of course, Taft won. So what Lausche finally decides may not in fact decide Ohio, but it will be a most important consideration. No predictions here.

These five, then, are the "big" races. It seems a reasonable prediction that the Democrats will win Kentucky and hold their present seat in Minnesota. In the other three states, any bet at this stage would be rash.

TAKING the sum of the Republican seats at issue, the rather timid general prediction is this: That the Democrats have an excellent chance at one seat now held by the Republicans (Kentucky), a fifty-fifty chance at a second (Michigan), and a slight chance at two others (New Jersey and Massachusetts). Clifford Case, the Republican nominee, would appear to be home beyond question in New Jersey but for the fact that the Republican organization has suffered from scandal—plus the fact that Mr. Case is looked upon by some orthodox Republicans as dangerously "New Dealish." In Massachusetts, Republican Senator Leverett Saltonstall has been running one of the most "scared" races in the country.

As for the twenty-two presently Democratic seats at issue, the Republicans appear nowhere to have quite so substantial a prospect for net gain as the Democrats have in Kentucky.

There are, however, states of great potential trouble for the Democrats, apart from Illinois and Ohio. Senators Clinton P. Anderson in New Mexico, Allen J. Frear, Jr., in Delaware, Guy M. Gillette in Iowa, and James E. Murray in Montana, all gaze in one degree or another upon the bright face of danger. In Wyoming, the death of Democrat Lester C. Hunt leaves the race wide open.

Of all this lot, the relatively most safe probably is Gillette, whose hardihood in a Republican state like Iowa is one of the odd facts of political life. And the least safe is possibly Anderson in New Mexico.

Still, this is not quite all of this part of the story. Incredible as it may sound, Senator Guy Cordon of incontestably Republican Oregon is not absolute certainty against the Democratic challenger, Richard Neuberger. Public power, toward which the Far West takes a pretty hospitable view, is a major issue in the Oregon race and Cordon has been widely presented as on the wrong side. Moreover, the indomitable, if not necessarily wise, maverick Senator Morse—an erstwhile Republican who is officially an Independent but otherwise indistinguishable from a liberal Democrat—must be taken into account. If Mr. Morse has any good wishes for Mr. Cordon they have been well hidden.

Again, for an oddity, there is the strange position in Idaho. The Republican Senator Henry C. Dworshak is quite likely wishing that the Democratic primary will be won by Glenn Taylor, the erstwhile "singing cowboy" Democratic Senator who went off into the Leftist void with Henry A. Wallace in 1948 as the Vice Presidential candidate of the "Progressive" party. Highly competent opinion in Washington is that Dworshak's return would be made reasonably certain only if Taylor was his opponent; but that otherwise he will be in deep trouble.

IN SUMMARY, so many enigmas hang over the November campaign that no responsible soothsayer would be eager—at this stage, anyhow—to make a firm guess on the control of the new Senate. The power of the sleeping issues—of which perhaps the most important surround Senator McCarthy—cannot be gauged even approximately until about October. The only present certainty is that the McCarthy controversy has hurt the Republican party beyond any doubt. But how much it has hurt is still an open question.

Other wild cards, almost as important in the showdown, will be the state of business and employment this fall; the degree of tension between Secretary of Agriculture Benson and the farmers; and the depth of our involvement in southeast Asia, Guatemala, and other troubled lands. The one reasonably safe prediction, therefore, is that a Senate that nobody controls and which has had no typical tone or flavor will very probably acquire some kind of new character and direction. The present deadlock is so abnormal—and such a strain on the national interest—that it is not likely to survive another round at the polls.

In a lovely, happy, and little known corner of Africa, the author set out to capture an assortment of strange animals for the world's zoos. He enlisted the help of The Fon—a native chief endowed with wisdom, a hundred wives, a love of good company, and a notable troop of hunters. This is the first in a three-part account of their adventures.

The King and His Beasts

Part I: In Which We Done Come

Gerald M. Durrell

Drawings by Bernard Perlin

The Cross River picks its way down from the great mountains of the Cameroons, until it runs sprawling and glittering into the great bowl of forest land around Mamfe. After being all froth, waterfalls, and eager chattering in the mountains, it settles down when it reaches this forest, and moves along majestically, its brown waters full of hippo and crocodile. The forest on the bank gives way to the small grassfield that surrounds the village of Mamfe; and it was here, on the edge of the forest, above the smooth brown river, that we chose to have our base camp.

It took two days of cutting and leveling to get the campsite ready. On the third day my colleague Smith and I stood at the edge of the grassfield watching while thirty sweating, shouting Africans hauled at what appeared to be the vast, brown, wrinkled carcass of a whale that lay on the freshly turned red earth. Gradually, as this sea of canvas was pulled and pushed, it rose into the air, swelling like an unhealthy looking puffball. Then it seemed to spread out suddenly, leech-like, and turned itself into a marquee of impressive dimensions. When it had thus revealed its identity, there came a full-throated roar, a mixture of astonishment, amazement, and delight, from the crowd of villagers who had come to watch our camp building.

It took another week of hard work before we were ready to start collecting. Cages had to be erected, ponds dug, various chiefs from nearby villages interviewed and told of the animals we required, food supplies had to be laid in, and a hundred and one other things. Eventually, when the camp was functioning smoothly, we felt we could start collecting in earnest. We had decided that Smith should stay in Mamfe and keep the base camp going—gleaning what forest fauna he could with the help of the local inhabitants—while I was to travel further inland to the mountains, where the forest gave place to the great grasslands. In this mountain world, with its strange vegetation and cooler climate, a completely different fauna was to be found.

I was not certain which part of the grasslands would be the best for me to operate in, and so I went to the District Officer for advice. I explained my dilemma, and he produced a map of the mountains, and together we pored over it. Suddenly he dabbed his forefinger down, and glanced at me.

"What about Bafut?" he asked.

"Is that a good place? What are the people like?"

"There is only one person you have to worry about in Bafut, and that's the Fon," he said. "Get him on your side and the people will help you all they can."

"Is he the chief?"

"He's the sort of Nero of this region," said

the DO, marking a great circle on the map with his finger, "and what he says goes. He's the most delightful old rogue, and the quickest and surest way to his heart is to prove to him that you can carry your liquor. He's got a wonderful great villa there, which he built in case he had any European visitors, and I'm sure if you wrote to him he would let you stay there. It's worth a visit, is Bafut, even if you don't stay."

"Well, I'll drop him a note and see what he says."

"See that your communication is . . . er . . . well lubricated," said the DO.

So, that afternoon, a messenger went off to the mountains, carrying with him my note and a bottle of gin. Four days later he returned, bearing a letter from the Fon, a masterly document that encouraged me tremendously.

Fon's Office Bafut,
Bafut Bemenda Division,
5th March, 1949.

My good friend,

Yours of 3rd March, 1949, came in hand with all contents well marked out.

Yes, I accept your arrival to Bafut in course of two month stay about your animals and too, I shall be overjoyed to let you be in possession of a house in my compound if you will do well in arrangement of rentages.

Yours cordially,
Fon of Bafut.

I arranged to leave for Bafut at once.

Diplomacy with a Bottle

We drove for some hours, and by the time we were nearing our destination the valleys were washed with deep purple shadow and the sun was sinking leisurely into a thousand scarlet and green feathers of cloud behind the highest range of western hills. We knew when we reached Bafut, for there the road ended. On our left lay an enormous dusty courtyard surrounded by a high red-brick wall. Inside was a great assembly of circular huts with high thatched roofs clustered round a small, neat villa. But all these structures were dominated and dwarfed by an edifice that looked like an old-fashioned beehive magnified a million times. It was a huge circular hut, with a massive dome roof of thatch, black and mysterious with age. On the opposite side of the road the ground rose steeply, and a wide flight of some seventy steps curved upward to a large villa—shoebox shaped, its upper and lower stories completely surrounded by wide verandas, the pillars of which were profusely hung with bougainvillaea and other creepers. This I realized was to be my home for the next few months.

As I stiffly got out of the lorry, an arched doorway in the far wall of the great courtyard opened, and a small procession made its way across to where I stood. It was a group of men, most of them elderly, clad in flowing multicolored robes that swished as they moved; on their heads they wore little skullcaps thickly embroidered in a riot of colored wools. In the midst of this group walked a tall, slim individual with a lively, humorous face. He was dressed in a plain white robe, and his skullcap was innocent of decoration; yet you at once singled him out as the only one of any importance in the little calvalcade, so regal was his manner. He was the Fon of Bafut, ruler of the great grassland kingdom we had been traveling through and of its immense population of black subjects. He was incredibly wealthy, and he ruled his kingdom, I knew, with an intelligent, if slightly despotic, cunning. He stopped in front of me, smiling gently, and extended an incredibly large, slender hand.

"Welcome," he said.



Side-striped Ground Squirrel

It was not until later that I learned he could speak pidgin English as well as any of his subjects, so we talked through an interpreter. The Fon listened politely to my speech of welcome and then waved one huge hand at the villa on top of the slope above me.

"Foine!" he said, grinning.

I got out a bottle and drank his health in whisky and water, while he drank mine in neat whisky. As the level of the whisky fell the Fon started to speak pidgin English.

For two hours I was fully occupied in explaining my mission in his country. I brought out books and photographs of the animals I wanted. I drew them on bits of paper and made noises like them when all else failed.

He said he thought I should be able to get most of the animals I had shown him, and he promised that, the next day, he would send some good hunters to work for me. But, he went on, the best thing for him to do was to spread the word among his people so that they would all try to catch beef—the pidgin term for any sort of animal. The best opportunity, he explained, would be in about ten days' time, when a certain ceremony would be held. Apparently his subjects, on an appointed day, gathered large quantities of dry grass from the hills and valleys and brought it into Bafut so that the Fon could rethatch the roof of his great juju house, and the roofs of his innumerable wives' houses. When the



Dwarf Mongoose

grass had been brought in, he provided the food and drink for a feast. Many hundreds of people from all over the surrounding countryside would be at the ceremony, and it would be an ideal opportunity, the Fon said, to make a speech to his people explaining what I wanted.

I agreed heartily, thanked him profusely, and refilled his empty glass. The level in the bottle fell lower and lower, until it was obviously innocent of even the most reluctant drops of liquid. The Fon rose majestically to his feet, stifled a hiccup, and held out a hand.

The Bafut Beagles

THE next day, I employed four hunters, armed with eroded, ancient flintlocks, who had been recommended by the Fon, and a pack of six thin and ungainly mongrels—who, their owners assured me, were the finest hunting dogs in West Africa. I called this untidy ensemble of men and dogs the Bafut Beagles. Although the hunters did not understand the meaning of this title they grew extremely proud of it, and on one occasion I heard a hunter, when arguing with a member of the local population, proclaim in shrill and indignant tones: "You no go shout me like dat, ma friend. You no savvay dat I be Bafut Beagle?"

Our hunting method was as follows: we would walk out to some remote hillside or valley, and then choose a thick patch of grass and bushes. At a suitable point we would spread the nets in a half-moon shape; then, with the dogs, we would walk through the undergrowth, driving whatever creatures we found there into the nets. Each dog wore round its neck a little wooden bell, so that when the pack disappeared into the long grass we could still keep a track on their whereabouts by the loud clonking noise from these ornaments.

The advantage of this method of hunting was that I was on the spot to handle the creatures from the very moment of capture, and they could be hastily transported back to Bafut and placed in decent cages with the minimum of delay. We transported our captures in bags with special air holes, ringed with brass, let into the sides; for the bigger and tougher creatures, the bags were of canvas or hessian, and for the more delicate beasts they were made out of soft cloth. Once in the darkness of the bag the captives generally ceased to struggle, and lay quite quiet until we got them home again. The most frightening part of the whole process from the animals' point of view was the disentangling from the net; but after a bit of practice we got the job down to a fine art, and an animal could be caught, removed from the nets, and placed in a bag in the space of two minutes.

The first day that I went out with the Bafut Beagles, the hunters turned up so heavily armed one would have thought that we were going out to hunt a lion. Apart from the usual machetes, they were carrying spears and flintlocks. As I did not fancy receiving a backside full of rusty nails and gravel, I insisted, amid much lamentation, that the guns be left behind. The hunters were horrified at my decision.

"Masa," said one of them plaintively, "if we go meet bad beef how we go kill um if we go lef' our gun for dis place?"

"If we go meet bad beef we go catch um, no kill um," I said firmly.

"Eh! Masa go catch bad beef?"

"Na so my friend. If you fear, you no go come, you hear?"

"Masa, I no de fear," he said indignantly, "but if we go meet bad beef and it go kill Masa de Fon get angry too much."

"Hush your mouth, my friend," I said, producing the shotgun. "I go take my own gun. Den if beef go kill me it no be your palaver, you hear?"

"I hear, sah," said the hunter.

It was very early morning, and the sun had not yet risen above the encircling mountain ranges. The valleys and hills were still blurred and obscured with mist, and the long golden grass at the roadside was bent and heavy with dew. The hunters walked ahead in a single file, the pack of dogs scampering in and out of the undergrowth. Presently we turned off the road and followed a narrow twisting pathway that led over the hills. Here the mist was thicker, but low-lying. You could not see the lower half of your body, and you got the eerie impression that you were wading waist-deep in a smooth and gently undulating lake of foam. All around me under the surface of this opaque mist tiny frogs were sharing an amphibian joke with each other in a series of explosive chuckles.

It took us two hours to reach the place that the hunters had chosen for our first hunt. It was a deep, wide valley lying between two ridges of hills, curving slightly like a bow. Along the bottom of this valley a tiny stream made its way between black rocks and golden grass, glinting in the sun like a fine skein of spun glass. The undergrowth in the valley was thick and tangled, shaded here and there by small clumps of shrubs and bushes.

We made our way down into the valley, and there spread about a hundred yards of nets right across it. Then the hunters took the dogs and went to the head of the valley, while I waited near the nets. For half an hour there was silence broken only by the faint sounds of the dogs' bells and an occasional shrill expletive from the hunters when one of them trod on a thorn. I was just beginning to think that we had drawn a blank when the hunters started a great uproar and the dogs began barking furiously. They were still some distance away from the net, and hidden from my view by a small clump of trees.

"Na whatee?" I shouted above the noise.

"Na beef for dis place, Masa," came the answer.

I waited patiently, and presently a panting hunter burst through the trees.

"Masa, you go give me dis small catch-net," he said, pointing at the smaller nets neatly piled beside the bags.

"Na what kind of beef you done fine?"

"Na squirrel, sah. 'E done run for up stick."

I picked up a thick canvas bag, and followed him through the undergrowth until we reached the small clump of trees. Here the hunters were grouped, all chattering and arguing about the best way of catching the quarry, while the dogs leaped and barked round the trunk of a small tree.

I peered up into the foliage; there, perched on a branch some twenty feet above us, was a large and handsome squirrel, a brindled gray color, with a white stripe along his ribs, and orange paws. His tail was long and not bushy, banded faintly with gray and black. He squatted on the branch, occasionally flipping his tail at us and crying "chuck! . . . chuck!" in a testy sort of manner, as though he was more irritated than anything else. He watched us with a malevolent eye while we set up the nets in a circle, about ten feet away from the base of the tree. Then we tied up the dogs, and the smallest of the hunters was detailed to climb after the squirrel and drive him down.

This latter part of the operation was the hunters' idea; I felt that to try and out-

maneuver a squirrel in a tree would be impossible, but the hunters insisted that once someone climbed up, the squirrel would come down to the ground.

As it turned out they were quite right; no sooner had the hunter reached the upper branches on one side of the tree, than the squirrel shot down the trunk on the other side. With incredible cunning he dashed at the one portion of the net that had a tear in it, struggled through the hole and galloped off through the grass, the hunters and myself in hot pursuit, all of us shouting instructions to one another which were completely disregarded. We rounded a clump of bushes to see the squirrel scrambling up the trunk of another small tree.

Once again we spread the nets, and once again the hunter climbed up after the rodent. This time, however, our quarry was more cunning, for he saw that we were guarding the hole in the net through which he had escaped last time. He ran down the tree trunk on to the ground, gathered himself into a bunch, and jumped. He sailed through the air and cleared the top of the net by about half an inch; the hunter nearest to him made a wild grab, but missed him, and the squirrel galloped off chuck-chucking indignantly to himself. He decided on new evasive tactics, and so instead of climbing up a tree he dived into a hole at the base of one of them.

We stuffed a handful of smoldering grass into the hole, and as the pungent smoke was swept through the network of tunnels we could hear the squirrel coughing and sneezing in an angry fashion. At last he could bear it no more and dashed out of one of the holes, diving head-first into the nets. But even then he had not finished causing trouble, for he bit me and two of the hunters while we were disentangling him, and bit a third hunter while he was being forced into a canvas bag. I hung the bag on the branches of a small bush, and we all sat down to have a much needed smoke while the squirrel peered at us through the brass-ringed air holes and chattered ferociously, daring us to open the bag and face him.

The Side-striped Ground Squirrels are common enough in the grasslands of West Africa, but I was pleased to have caught this one, as he was the first live specimen I had obtained. As their name implies, these squirrels are almost completely terrestrial in their habits, and so it rather surprised me to see the one we had caught taking refuge up in the trees.

I discovered later that all of the grassland squirrels made straight for the trees when pursued, and only chose holes in the ground, or hollow logs, as a last resort.

Presently, when we had bound up our wounds, smoked cigarettes, and congratulated each other on our first capture we moved the big net further down the valley, to an area where the grass was thick and tangled and almost six feet tall. This was a good place for a special kind of beef, the hunters informed me, though with understandable caution they refused to specify what kind.

Again they proved to be right. By the end of a strenuous day of hunting we had netted quite a good catch—a dwarf mongoose and a large cane-rat, known locally as a Cutting-grass, in addition to the squirrel.

The All-Girl Orchestra

On arrival back at Bafut, after my first day out with the Beagles, I received a note from the Fon asking me to go over to his house for a drink, and to give him any hunting news. So when I had eaten and changed, I wended my way across the great courtyard and presently came to the Fon's little villa. He was seated on the veranda, holding a bottle of gin up to the light to see what the contents were.

"Ah! ma friend!" he said, "you done come? You done have good hunting for bush?"

"Yes," I said, taking the chair he offered, "hunter man for Bafut savvay catch fine beef. We done catch three beef."

"Foine, foine," said the Fon, pouring out five fingers of gin into a glass and handing it



Cane-rat

to me, "you go stay here small time you go get plenty plenty beef. I go tell all ma peoples."

"Na so. I think Bafut people savvay catch beef pass all people for Cameroons."

"Na true, na true," said the Fon delightedly, "you speak true ma friend."

We raised our glasses, chinked them together, beamed at one another, and then drank deeply. The Fon filled up the glasses again, and then sent one of his numerous retinue in search of a fresh bottle. By the time we had worked our way through most of this bottle we had mellowed considerably, and the Fon turned to me:

"You like musica?" he inquired.

"Yes, too much," I said, truthfully, for I heard that the Fon possessed a band of more than usual skill.

"Good! We go have some musica," he said, and issued a terse command to one of his servants. Presently, the band filed into the compound below the veranda, and to my surprise it consisted of about twenty of the Fon's wives, all naked except for small loin cloths.

They were armed with a tremendous variety of drums, ranging from one the size of a small saucepan to the great deep-bellied specimens that required two people to carry them. There were also wooden and bamboo flutes that had a curious sweetness of tone, and large bamboo boxes filled with dried maize that gave forth a wonderful rustling rattle when shaken. But the most curious instrument in the band was a wooden pipe about four feet long. This was held upright, one end resting on the ground, and blown into a special way, producing a deep, vibrating noise that was rather astonishing, for it was the sort of sound you would expect only to emanate from a lavatory with exceptional acoustic properties.

The band began to play, and soon various members of the Fon's household started to dance in the compound. It consisted of a sort of cross between folk dancing and ballroom dancing. The couples, clasping each other, would gyrate slowly round and round, their feet performing tiny and complicated steps, while their bodies wiggled and swayed in a way that no *Palais de Dance* would have allowed. Occasionally, a couple would break apart and each twirl off on their own for a time, doing their own swaying steps to the music, completely absorbed. The flutes twittered and squeaked, the drums galloped and shuddered, the rattles crashed and rustled, with the monotonous regularity of waves on a shingle beach, and steadily, behind this frenzy of sound, you could hear the tuba-like instrument's cry, a gigantic catharsis every few seconds with the constancy of a heartbeat.

"You like my musica?" shouted the Fon.

"Yes, na very fine," I roared back.

"You get dis kind of musica for your country?"

"No," I said with genuine regret, "we no get um." The Fon filled my glass again.

"Soon, when my people bring grass we go have plenty musica, plenty dancing, eh? We go have happy time, we go be happy too much, no be so?"

"Yes, na so. We go have happy time."

Outside in the compound the band played on, and the steady roll and thud of the drums seemed to drift up into the dark sky and make even the stars shiver and dance to their rhythm.

Godiva

ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW

Where he fell there Thomas lies,
Eternal darkness on his eyes;
No bolt from heaven struck him down,
But Beauty riding through the town.

Down from the castle high and grim
The message came to all, to him—
Stir not abroad lest you should meet
The morning star upon the street;

Let every house be closed and still,
The crescent moon slips down the hill;
Let time on every steeple wait
Till she re-enter at the gate!

—Should he not risk one mortal eye
To see the lights of heaven go by?
Now doors are open, clocks tick on,
And moon and star for him are gone.

[*Next month Mr. Durrell will report the adventure of the Snakes and Shillings.*]

Because the press reports from this new nation are so scanty —and so misleading—hardly any outsider knows what is really happening there. An American business man and writer found a charming people, trying to run their country under incredible (sometimes comic) handicaps . . . and doing it surprisingly well.

Indonesia: The Fabulous Experiment

Cameron Hawley

No major nation is so little known to the rest of the world as the Republic of Indonesia. Actually, millions of otherwise well-informed persons are apparently unaware that Indonesia *is* a major nation, the sixth largest on earth, exceeded in population by only Russia, China, India, the United States, and possibly Japan.

There are now some 80,000,000 Indonesians. Thus, population-wise, it is a nation half again larger than the whole United Kingdom, almost twice the size of France, and eight times larger than Holland, the country that held Indonesia for over three hundred years as its "Netherlands East Indies," unquestionably one of the richest plums that any colonial nation ever lost.

Don't miss Indonesia," a Washington friend had advised me. "If you can wangle a visa to get in and, once there, can manage to get around enough to find out what's really going on, you'll see the world's most fabulous experiment in the establishment of democratic self-government."

Standing on the pier at Tanjong Priok, the port for the capital city of Djakarta, shepherding a clutter of baggage, I was acutely aware that no one else had echoed the advice of my Washington friend. From New York to Singapore I had been bombarded with warnings against this expedition into Indonesia, warnings liberally salted with harrowing tales of cities overrun with lawless hoodlums, roads ambushed by terrorist gangs, impossible travel conditions—and, above all else, customs officials who took a sadistic delight in stripping visitors to their white skins.

Ahead of us now, shimmering in the fierce glow of the tropic sun, stood the little customs shed. A dark face in the black rectangle of an unglassed window watched our approach. We walked on, in through the door, quickly obeying the hand-signaled order to open our baggage.

The search was unrelievedly thorough but eventually the bags were closed and officially chalk-marked. Still fully clothed and with every indication that the ordeal was over, I permitted myself a sigh of relief, almost immediately dissipated by a grim demand in an unintelligible tongue that seemed to bear no relation to the Indonesian language that I had been studying on the Pacific crossing. I finally deduced that I was being asked about money and produced a packet of traveler's checks.

Obviously, the fat was now in the fire. Tight-lipped, the customs man made a long inspection of each individual check. The minutes ticked by. The heat was suffocating. Finally, he snatched up the telephone and began to make calls, all unintelligible but his tone growing progressively more ominous. The gesture after the last call indicated that we were being taken somewhere. I suspected that it would turn out to be a police station.

Instead, we were hauled off to a larger customs office, told to wait while a group of uniformed men huddled around a desk and carried on a muttering debate. Driven to desperation by the choking heat and the long delay, I edged toward the group and eventually discovered that the argument, so ominous-sounding at a distance, was actually concerned with nothing more serious than a decision as to which of a half-dozen forms should be used to record our possession of traveler's checks. The real difficulty was that these men could scarcely read!

Tentatively fumbling a few words of phrase-book Indonesian, I tried to relieve the tension by suggesting that we Americans also had a certain amount of difficulty in attempting to decipher some of our government forms. One of the men, his face softening with an embarrassed grin, matched my linguistic attempt with a few trial words of English. The grin spread around the table. Almost instantly the whole atmosphere changed. Someone hurried out to find chairs for us. Cold drinks were offered and everyone started apologizing, the words unintelligible but the meaning cheerfully clear.

Finally identifying the right form, we were completing the task of filling it in when the section chief appeared, was told what had happened, and immediately offered his profuse apologies in quite adequate English. Escorting us to a waiting car he said, "I pray, please, that you will try to be understanding. It is very difficult to establish efficient government services when the best men that it is possible to hire are only now beginning to learn to read and write."

I had spent almost two hours under conditions that could hardly have been called pleasant, but no calculated introduction to the Republic of Indonesia could possibly have given me a clearer picture of the problem that this new nation faces.

WHEN Indonesia proclaimed its independence in 1945, a status that it did not achieve until its final settlement with the Dutch late in 1949, its population had one of the highest illiteracy rates in the world. Over 90 per cent of its adults could neither read nor write a simple sentence. Even among the 7 or 8 per cent who were credited with some formal schooling, the number who had been permitted to gain any education beyond the low grades of grammar school was pitifully small. During the last decade of Dutch colonial control, only about two hundred Indonesians a year were allowed to progress as far as graduation from high school.

"Imagine if you can," one cabinet minister later implored me, "the problem you'd have in the United States if you were to attempt to duplicate your whole governmental structure, filling hundreds of thousands of posts, many requiring a high degree of specialized training and experience, if all you had to draw upon were largely illiterate and almost totally inexperienced men and women. Think what it would be like to set up a major public-works program, as I myself was charged with doing, and being able to locate only one graduate civil engineer in the whole country."

ILLITERACY had been one of the Dutch's most stiffly maintained safeguards against trouble. But it wasn't the only one. Another was a potent prohibition against political activity of any kind, no matter how small in scale. The punishment was usually exile on some faraway island. Soekarno, who was to become the new nation's George Washington, and still serves as its President, was sent to New Guinea in 1933 and held there until released by the Japanese in 1942. The same was true of many others who were to emerge as the new nation's leaders. For all their ability and zeal, they shared the common inexperience in governmental administration.

No new republic was ever so poorly prepared for independence as the Republic of Indonesia. Bearing in mind the handicaps faced and the raw material out of which a democracy had to be forged, it would have been a major accomplishment to keep the situation from degenerating into chaos. Much more than that has been done.

What has happened has gone largely unreported to the rest of the world. Indonesia is off the circuit usually followed by the roving press correspondents. The news that has filtered out has been inadequate and generally derogatory, particularly so in the press of those nations whose own colonial interests create an understandable bias against tossing bouquets in the direction of a successful revolt against colonialism. As a case in point, I witnessed a minor street squabble in Djakarta.

Dutch East Indies had blown up to "terrorist uprising" proportions in a Singapore newspaper.

Among the clippings I had accumulated in a file of background information, there was a recent article reporting how "the once beautiful Dutch city of Batavia" had degenerated under nationalist control into a shabby shambles that, "fortunately for the city's former reputation as one of the finest cities of the East, has now been renamed Djakarta." Thus warned, I was astonished when we drove into the city from Tanjong Priok. Everywhere there was cleanliness and order, rare qualities in any Asian city. Heavy auto and cycle traffic, all under well-policed control, flowed up and down modern streets lined with mile after mile of substantial and well cared for homes. Everywhere I looked there was new building construction. Driving on through the city we toured Kebajaron, an enormous government-built housing development that would not seem too out of place on Long Island or in Los Angeles. Nowhere in the metropolis did I see any substantial area of the horrifying housing conditions that are so commonly a part of big-city life all over the East.

The disparity between conditions as I found them and what had been reported before is in some instances a measure of the rapid progress that has been made. That is especially true of security conditions, one of Indonesia's most publicized shortcomings, particularly in connection with the marauding activities of the fanatically Moslem gangs of terrorists who style themselves the *Darul Islam*. At the time I was in Java, early in 1954, with the exception of one small area near Bandung, travel in and through all parts of the island was as safe and unrestricted as it is anywhere. I proved that to be true by personal experience.

The Wine of Freedom

On the other hand, Indonesia is far from being a staid, settled, and placid nation. It would be an almost unbelievable miracle if it were, less than five years after its revolutionary birth, and all the more so because of the nature of the forces that made that independence a reality.

Contrary to the situation that prevailed in other nations new-born from a colonial status, Indonesia enjoyed no slow transition to independence, no gradual assumption of control. It all happened in a rush. One day the invading Japs were in tight control, the next day they were out and the Dutch were trying to get back in. The chance for a declaration of independence was at hand and, ready or not, the Indonesians had to grasp it.

What little preparation there was had taken place under Japanese occupation, partly because of the cruel conditions that then prevailed. At first the Japanese had been more or less welcomed. As a local leader in Surabaya put it, "We believed the old Islamic proverb that the enemy of your enemy is your friend—and the Jap had driven out the Dutchman. Then, too, the Jap raised our age-old hope of freedom by promising democratic government. But we found very soon that the Jap was not our friend. He ruled with a sword. Our subjection was even worse than under the Dutch. As soon as we realized that we had been tricked, most of us fought back in the only ways we could, sometimes openly with guerrilla bands, sometimes under cover, often screening our sabotage behind what the Japs thought was collaboration."

The same guerrilla bands that rose against the Japs comprised the military force that went on to wrest independence from the Dutch. They were local groups led by local leaders, all fiercely jealous of their autonomy, all conditioned by long resistance to both Dutch and Japanese control against any centralized controlling authority. Furthermore, there was the background of thinking created by the historic Dutch policy of "divide and rule" under which the population had been fragmented into countless groups, partitioned by regional interests, the personal pride of sectional leaders, language barriers, island boundaries, and religious differences. It was hardly a situation conducive to the quick achievement of a unified nation.

The strongest unifying force was the personal leadership of Soekarno—"Bung Karno," as he is familiarly called by the people—who was, and still is, an enormously popular man with a quite remarkable ability to sway and lead the masses.

But even Soekarno and the dedicated little group around him could not hold the people in check. Suddenly released from over three hundred years of colonial control, the popu-

lace broke loose in what a member of the first cabinet characterized as a "freedom binge." He added, "We prepared statements in which it was pointed out that *merdeka*—our word for freedom—must not be taken as a synonym for license. But, unfortunately, most of our people were unable to read—and anyway, they were too drunk with the wine of freedom to understand."

One incident, perhaps not typical but nevertheless illustrative, happened in a Dutch-owned hotel where, on the morning after the declaration of independence, the waiters were discovered dividing the silver among themselves. What was wrong—had not Bung Karno promised that now all Indonesia belonged to the people?

Similarily, a plantation manager apprehending a man stealing rice from a ripened paddy, was confronted with the explanation that a local general had promised that after independence everyone would be "free as a bird." Did a bird have to bother about whose rice paddy he was in when he swooped down to pick up his morning meal?

Not all the population was so naïvely innocent. Young men who had spent up to eight years as guerrilla fighters living off the land still had guns in their hands and a strong disinclination to go back to a life of grubbing toil. Petty crime was rampant. The state of law and order still leaves something to be desired, particularly in the large cities—but Indonesia is not unique in that respect.

The bulk of the population kept its balance remarkably well, but nevertheless wanted the revolutionary leaders to fulfill some of those big promises for a better life. Honest men, the leaders tried their best to make good, openhandedly ordering the construction of schools, hospitals, and housing developments. The doors of the treasury were opened and the money poured out. Actually, they themselves were a bit intoxicated with the heady *merdeka* wine. There were brilliant men in the group but few had the benefit of practical experience in the field of economics and finance. As one of them wryly observed to me with the twinkling eye that is so characteristic of the humor-loving Javanese, "Unfortunately, the course I had taken in governmental economics at my concentration camp in New Guinea proved rather inadequate."

Financial folly was also committed at the round-table discussions where the final settlement was reached with the Dutch, the Indonesians so anxious for freedom that they rather blithely overlooked the extent to which they were mortgaging their future when they signed. Folly was compounded as they began to buy Dutch private businesses, the government almost blindly financing any citizen in order to drive out Dutch business men and put Indonesians in control.

For a while the Republic of Indonesia was a top name on the international sucker list. Sharpshooting quick-buck artists descended like a horde of vultures. The government proved particularly susceptible when anyone offered a ship for sale. Nothing galled national leaders so much as the continued Dutch control of shipping, the only means of commercial communication in this empire of 3,000 islands. To displace Dutch ships almost anything offered was bought. In Tanjong Priok harbor today there is a barely floating junkheap that has never managed to get away from the dock to which it was delivered. It should be towed off to the break-up yard but one political leader told me, "Perhaps it's a good idea to leave it there for its educational value—an expensive lesson but I believe you Americans have paid rather dearly, too, for some of your education in governmental wastefulness."

The Indonesians have taught themselves a lot in the last four years. The freedom jag is long over. The hangover aftermath has worn off. Here, to a much greater degree than anywhere else in the countries that fill the globe from Manila to Bombay, I found what impressed me as a realistic approach to the building of a new nation. There is, above all else, the realization so rare in Asian countries that building an underdeveloped country into a sound and lasting nation can't be done by magic, fancy ideologies, or foreign aid.

The First Job

One of the most able spokesmen for the Republic of Indonesia is Dr. Djuanda—like so many Indonesians, he uses only a single name—a persistent minister in cabinet after cabinet and presently chief of the National Planning Commission. After talking about such current objectives as in-

creasing food production and encouraging immigration from overcrowded Java to undersettled Sumatra, he turned to the future.

Obviously, we must take advantage of our enormous undeveloped natural resources and of course we need more industry," he said. "But first jobs must come first and, in our view, the prime first job is the education of our people—the reduction of illiteracy among our adult citizens and the training of the generation that is coming along. Under such a program the results are not spectacular but I am sure that we will build a sounder nation in the long run than some other new countries where it is felt that progress must be measured in terms of such physical assets as hydroelectric dams and big factories."

It's hard to agree with Dr. Djuanda that the reduction of illiteracy is "not spectacular." In my own round-the-world observations, I have found nothing to match it—a gigantic effort to teach adults to read and write that is turning illiterates into literates at the claimed rate of two million men and women a year. The claim may be on the high side, and anyone can argue about the location of the boundary line that a man has to cross to become literate, but you can scarcely walk down any city street or wander any village road without seeing and hearing irrefutable evidence of the results.

DURING my first evening at the Hotel Des Indes, I heard a voice reading aloud with the unmistakable accent of a child struggling with a primer. But the reader turned out to be no child. He was a thirty-eight-year-old "roomboy" doing his homework for tomorrow night's class. There was an all but indescribable joy of victory in those liquid brown eyes as he demonstrated to me that he could actually *read*—and after completing only half of the six months course! "Before long I will be able to read what the ministers in the government say. Then I will know for myself what is right and wrong."

That incident was repeated in essence day after day all during my travels in Indonesia—a clerk in a Djakarta store, a taxi-driver waiting for a fare, two young men sitting beside a road near Bogor, an old man in a hat-making shop in Mantilan. Everywhere, that primer-reading voice has become the most characteristic sound in Indonesia.

Mass education is not only teaching people to read and write but, almost as importantly, it is establishing *Bahasi Indonesia* as a common tongue for the whole nation. It is based on Malay, a language with which most Indonesians already had some familiarity, since a simplified Malay has long been the language of trade. In this connection Indonesia is much more fortunate than other new republics with language problems. Malay is not the tongue of any region so its selection incited no jealous resistance in other areas, so obvious a handicap in India's attempt to secure the widespread use of *Hindi*.

Interestingly, the "second language" of Indonesia, now widely taught in its schools, is English.

The education of adults, big as that job is, is dwarfed by the mushrooming school system. You can't drive far anywhere in Java without seeing a new school building or one under construction. Every available building is jammed to overflowing on a three shift basis—elementary school in the morning, secondary in the afternoon, adult education at night.

To an American, accustomed to youngsters who resort to almost any subterfuge to avoid attending school, it's something of a revelation to see Indonesian youngsters battling all odds to get an education. Driving down the main streets in the mid-Java metropolis of Djokjakarta, I saw what looked at a distance like the fulfillment of one of those predicted street riots. Upon investigation it turned out to be a mob of teen-agers struggling to get into an empty store building to see an exhibition of books!

THE government, through its Ministry of Information, is wasting no time in putting the newly acquired reading ability to good use. Waiting for a car to pick me up after one of my appointments, I noticed a group of workmen clustered around a poster on a godown wall. In format, the poster resembled a double-spread from a picture magazine and one of the men, following the captions with a moving index finger, was slowly reading the primer-size type. He was obviously a new reader proudly demonstrating his prowess and putting across a government message in the process—"Keep working, Don't strike." Even without the text, the story was clearly carried by the pictures. When men go

on strike and quit work, the shelves of the markets become bare, prices go up, and no one lives as well. On the other hand, when men keep working the market shelves stay full of goods, prices are held down, and a better standard of living results.

The poster was admirably done with telling simplicity and great professional skill, so I resolved to see the man who was responsible. That led me to the office of Roeslan Abdulgani, then Secretary-General of the Department of Information.

In his office, I caught a glimpse of a beautiful Balinese painting on the wall and a scattering of museum-quality bric-a-brac. My flash suspicion was that he'd turn out to be another art-slanted intellectual of the type so commonly found in "information" offices. But, on quick second thought, that didn't check out either. I'd heard about his record as a military leader, one of the heroes of the revolutionary defense of Surabaya.

Then he spoke and all impressions but one were erased—I was back on Madison Avenue in New York, listening to as able an advertising executive as I'd ever met. The scene was complete, even to the attractive secretary who slipped in to put cups of coffee at our elbows.

All that was missing was the turnover portfolio. But Roeslan Abdulgani needed no gadgets. He launched into the story and I settled back to listen, amazed at the completely professional way he went about outlining the problem and the campaign that was designed to solve it. What I heard here was as solidly down to earth as the plan chart of a top-ranking American advertising campaign. The one big difference here was that what had to be sold was not soap nor cigarettes but the responsibilities and obligations of self-government. The objective was not the meeting of a sales budget but the survival and growth of a nation.

The printed portion of the program—typified by the "Don't Strike" poster that I had already seen—also provides a continuing exercise in reading. The use of pictures and cartoons supplemented with crisp captions is standard technique. With a tongue in cheek grin, Roeslan Abdulgani observed, "Even in your country, I understand, the readership of comic strips exceeds the readership of anything else."

But at best there are still more people who can't read than can. The government radio network, controlled by the Department of Information, is the prime tool there. Its big job is to spread information to 80,000,000 citizens scattered over 3,000 islands. Supplementing radio, there are sound trucks that go into village areas and stage programs of speeches, demonstrations, shadow-puppet plays, and motion pictures. Some idea of the extent of the total effort can be judged from the fact that there are about 15,000 men on the Information payroll. The field men, each having from one to six villages as a working territory, could learn little from a high-pressure American salesman when it comes to the thoroughness with which they comb for prospects and the intensity of their methods. For example, the Moslem religion calls for many family festivals and gatherings, the birth of a baby inciting an all-night celebration. The field man, keeping track of obviously expectant mothers as carefully as any salesman ever watched a ripening prospect, schedules his activities to be on hand for the festivities, passing out literature to those who can read and recruiting adult education candidates from those who can't.

Religions, Slightly Jumbled

Currently, the major effort of the Information program is directed toward preparation of the citizenry for the first national election. Outside the country, there has been considerable skepticism as to whether the election will take place. On-the-spot observations do not confirm that doubt. The coming election is a prime topic of conversation right down to the kampong level and it is difficult to see how any minority political group, no matter how much it might desire to do so, could block the fast-rising pressure of the people to get to the polls.

Every political leader to whom I talked, including the key men of minority groups that will almost unquestionably lose power after the votes are counted, agreed that a general election is a vitally necessary first step toward eliminating the political instability that has, up to now, been the Republic of Indonesia's prime national weakness. There are at least twenty recognized political parties—largely an outgrowth of the already discussed

The big political issue—one that will not be [illegible] by the election—is how [illegible] allowed to intrude into the affairs of state. On the face of it, the answer to a theocratic state seems cut and dried because 90 per cent of the Indonesian people [illegible] profess the Moslem faith. But this [illegible] of Egypt where the skylines are domed with mosques and the sight of a praying man bowing to Mecca is common. Except with a small but potent minority, the Indonesian version of the Islamic faith is a relatively mild one, much colored and modified by the still remaining influences of Hinduism and Buddhism and, in some areas, the impact of Christianity as well. Visiting the ancient temple of Borobodur, I saw obviously Hindu offerings being made to representations of the Lord Buddha by people who called themselves Moslems. In Djokjakarta, a woman coming out of a Roman Catholic Church with a rosary in her hand protested my assumption that she was a Catholic, explaining that she was, of course, a good Moslem as were all Javanese people. It just happened that she preferred the Roman Catholic church and [illegible]

Although the Moslem faith will continue to be a political influence, perhaps to a greater degree than is now the case, it is difficult to imagine the people of Indonesia submitting to the Koran-modeled straightjacket of a completely theocratic state. Nationalist feeling and a burning desire for self-determination appear to run too deep to make that a likely outcome.

Those same reasons make it seem equally unlikely that Communism will gain much ground either, despite an openly accepted Red movement. The Communists are most active in the labor unions where they carry on their typically disruptive tactics. One of the most serious results is discouragement of foreign investors who might otherwise contribute to Indonesia's badly needed industrial expansion.

It was my consistent impression, although many politicians side-stepped the admission, that no governmental system is so admired by the Indonesians as that of the United States of America. I constantly heard our history quoted as an accepted guide to national planning and the detailed study that Indonesian leaders have made of American history was amazing.

The almost standard gambit for an explanation of Indonesian national problems was, "You must recognize that we stand today about where you stood in 1787, four years after finally achieving your own independence, so—"

The usual rebuttal against criticism of Indonesia's fumbling "neutrality" in world affairs consisted of chapter and verse quotations from the pronouncements of former United States Presidents and Congressional leaders in support of our long maintained American policy of "no foreign entanglements."

The Indonesians are inclined, however, to concentrate their admiration on our early periods where they see us as more "truly democratic" and less dominated by "capitalism"—which, in the Indonesian mind, is still a semi-synonym for "colonialism." Yet, even there, the capitalist bugaboo—obviously encouraged by infiltrating Communist propaganda—is losing its scare value. Judging by what I heard, nothing is doing so much to sell America to the Indonesian government as its relationships with some of our large corporations, often as the result of relatively small-scale acts. For example, the Isthmian Steamship Company took a little group of young Indonesian men to its New York headquarters and gave them a short course in American shipping methods. I was amazed at the number of times I heard that action lauded as "the kind of friendship that really helps us."

People in Glass Houses . . .

Wherever I went, no matter how hard I tried to keep my role of interviewer, the tables were invariably turned before the conversation ended and I was asked questions about the how and why of American life. I recall one occasion with some embarrassment. It was on the island of Bali where I had, by chance, encountered a government official there to attend a political conference. We sat talking on the hotel veranda until long after dark. It was near the end of my stay and I asked his opinion of some of the

conclusions I'd drawn. "You're quite right," he said. "Admitted or not, your form of government is the model toward which we are striving. But there's one thing that has been bothering me a great deal of late."

I noticed then that he was idly turning the pages of an American news magazine that he had picked up from the arm of my chair.

"Is this the inevitable accompaniment of democracy?" he asked softly. "Must we look forward to this if we continue to follow your example?" And then he went back over the pages he had fanned, silently exhibiting them, one by one, not critically but in the spirit of a man fearing disillusionment.

It was a sobering experience to read the headlines his pointing finger indicated, seeing them then through the eyes of a man who was thinking of the United States of America as an ideal to be followed—graft in high places, malfeasance in office, a Congressional investigation violating fundamental freedoms, an undisciplined labor riot, a string of brutal murders, the shabby record of a single week.

"It's still the best form of government the world has ever known," he said stubbornly, but that faintly questioning undertone in his voice made me wish then, as I had so many occasions to wish later as I made my way around the globe, that the walls of the glass house into which the United States has moved since it assumed a position of leadership of the free world weren't quite so transparent.

Walking back to my room that night, stopping for a moment to breathe in the flower-scented odor of the tropic night, I heard a primer-reading voice and followed it to the lighted doorway of one of the service rooms behind the lobby. An old waiter was bent over a pamphlet laboriously piecing the words into sentences. When he saw me he looked up, closing the book, permitting me to see its title—*Apa Artinia Kemerdekaan*—"What Freedom Means."

I'm Apt to Be Surly Getting Up Early

C. S. JENNISON

Although it seems a trifling thing, a matter immaterial,
I bear my malice toward the men who manufacture cereal.

I'm looking for a muffled meal, no wham, no pop, no swish,
That settles down inert and shy, relaxing in the dish.

The early hours are bleak and gray; the early news is drastic,
So why are all the breakfast foods so darned enthusiastic?

I feel in troubled times like these, somebody ought to quiet
The built-in boom and crackle of the current morning diet.

I'm not impressed by prizes, rings, or matching silver service.
I simply want some nourishment that doesn't make me nervous.

I'm weary of the cowboy and the package he endorses;
No doubt he'd rather eat the stuff than have it scare the horses.

I plan to burn each noisy box of vitamins and bulks
The happy day I run across a cereal that sulks.

A Man Named Steinberg

Russell Lynes

To some people Steinberg's drawings look like children's drawings; indeed they do to some children. One day several years ago when Steinberg was having an exhibition of his work in a New York gallery on 57th Street, a boy of seven or eight was introduced to Steinberg, and he said, "I can draw as good as that." Steinberg said to him, "Can you draw a horse?" and the boy said, "Sure." He drew the outline of a horse in the air. "Now," said Steinberg, "can you draw a refrigerator?" and the boy said, That's easy." He drew another picture in the air. "Good," said Steinberg. "Let's see you draw it with the door open." The boy started and then stopped, "That's different," he said, wonderingly.



Steinberg can make drawing look easy, infuriatingly easy. He can draw anything he wants as completely or as elliptically as he pleases, and he wants to draw everything. Everything in Steinberg's world has a line around it, and nothing is quite what it seems to anybody else. He is an extensively published satirist and humorist whose drawings and water colors are collected by museums here and in Europe and South America. His ideas are copied and his style is plagiarized, but nobody ever quite catches up to him. Just when you think you know what he's up to, he's up to something else. Anything one might say about him today, or about visual humor or satire, he is as likely as not to make out of date by what he produces tomorrow.

At the time of that exhibition in New York, he complained to me that "people always talk about a humorist's work as his 'stuff,' even nice people. They say to an artist that they like his work, but," he said, "they tell a humorist, I like your stuff." He also said that he wished his exhibition could have been in a Broadway shooting gallery "with dioramas and things mounted on cranks, and pictures painted on glass using electricity the right way—real entertainment." And he added, "If the thing the artist is doing entertains him, it should entertain everybody. Artists want to be normal—the quintessence of normalcy."

To Steinberg it may seem patronizing to call his work "stuff," actually it is not. If the artist wants, as he says, to be the quintessence of normalcy, a normal human being among his own kind, then he does not want what he produces to be looked upon with reverence and awe, he wants it to be considered as the workmanlike product of a workmanlike artisan. He wants it to be admired as a piece of machinery that is put together by a master mechanic is admired by a man who runs a car. Most people are satisfied that a piece of machinery runs and they very much like the fact that it does. In the case of a humorous drawing they like the fact that it makes them laugh—there is no reason why they should know or should be asked to understand the intellectual and manual processes by which the idea is evolved (if it is evolved and not just exploded) and transferred to paper. The process of transforming the commonplace into laughter is like transforming gasoline into motion. And what one master mechanic may say to another about a piece of machinery is very like what one artist will say to another about a drawing—highly critical technical and appreciative shop talk.

"I like your stuff" is a compliment—a great deal more sincere compliment than most that artists get. It is certainly better than "I think your landscapes are adorable" or "I don't see how you make things look so *real!*" Or, even worse—"I think your pictures are so *interesting!*"

When Steinberg says that he wishes his show could have been held in a Broadway shooting gallery, he gets a great deal closer to what he really means. I know of no artist, humorist or otherwise, who sets such store by having his work reproduced in large quantities and in all kinds of media. He not only does cartoons, he does Christmas cards and wallpapers and textiles and murals for hotels. He draws on pottery and he draws on tiles; he makes garden sculpture (at least he made a piece for his own New York back yard) and he does parodies of calligraphy. He imitates old photographs and on shelf paper he draws pictures that are fifty feet long and longer. He has even designed needlework. The more and the bigger the merrier.

If he could get people in off Broadway he would; but it is easier to get them in off 57th Street, and this is less of a comment on Steinberg than it is on the general attitude toward art in our time. There used to be a time in America in the early part of the last century when people did come in off Broadway and pay good money to look at a single picture of a battle scene and marvel at its excitement and what they took for the realism of its detail. But art and the penny arcade have not been on speaking terms for a long while in this country because we have all had it dinned into our ears from childhood that unless it's serious it is not art.

At the risk of seeming to be pedantic about an art whose most despised enemy is pedantry, let's look briefly at some of the attributes of graphic humor.

Gags and Ghouls and Fantasies

The most common type of graphic humor is, I suppose, the so-called "gag" cartoon with which our lives are somewhat dubiously gladdened. You will find them in the *Saturday Evening Post*; you will also find them in the *Saturday Review*, in *Colliers*, and mixed in with the comic strips in your daily paper. You will find them at their most sophisticated (if not always their funniest) in the *New Yorker*.

Let's take an example: there appeared in the *New Yorker* a couple of years ago a drawing by Peter Arno, surely a top-flight cartoonist and a first-class draftsman, in which a man and a woman are in a darkened and obviously fairly luxurious bar. The woman, who is pretty and vacant-faced, is sitting on a barstool and the man is obviously addressing himself to the bartender. "Fill her up," he says.

Gag cartoons like this one are possible to describe: you can tell what the pictures look like, and still have them funny. That is, the picture is merely the illustration for the gag. The situation which it describes pictorially can also be described verbally. When I say this I do not mean to detract from the artistry of the best of the gag cartoonists; a few of them like Arno and George Price are among the best draftsmen now working in America (and I mean to include the so-called serious painters as well). But the gag cartoon is primarily a literary and not a visual trick, and that is why most illustrators of gags depend

on other people to supply them with ideas.

Another kind of cartoonist is the illustrator of the outlandish, of which the most celebrated practitioner today is probably Charles Addams. He has become famous not only as the depictor of broken down nineteenth-century architecture but as a depictor of the ghoulish and the macabre. Addams has very few imitators; it is not that his style of drawing is especially personal, though he too, as you could see if you were to look at the original of one of his drawings, handles a wash with great skill; but he has invented a world of humorous evil, peopled by ghouls, in which there is just enough appeal to the grains of sadism and masochism in all of us to call forth an uneasy laughter.

CHARLES ADDAMS has a very special appeal to children, a species whose skeletal emotions have not yet been locked in the closet of respectability and custom. He is something of a gag cartoonist on occasion, but he is more of a fantasist. Unlike most gag cartoons, his lose something in being described. His drawings have a ludicrous and uneasy charm, but they lack bite, and if you will compare them with the Capriccios of Goya—which were, in a way, Charles Addamses in the eighteenth century—you will see what a real fantasist whose emotions about human cruelty and stupidity have fierce intensity can do. The comparison is, I admit, unfair, and I mention it only to demonstrate the contrast between the bemused illustrator of the ghoulish and the passionate satirist of the world of evil.

There is still another category of humorous drawing—the humorous illustrator. He is one of the most endearing of all the humorous artists, for he is an interpreter who puts into visual terms what we would like to be able to conjure up for ourselves from the written word. I can think of no better example of this kind of artist than Teniel and his drawings for *Alice in Wonderland*. They are not only humorous in their own right, but they are genuinely imaginative interpretation of a genuinely imaginative text. They are, furthermore, so absolutely right for the text that they have become inseparable from it in most people's minds. It is impossible to think of Alice and her friends and the curious world on the other side of the looking glass without seeing it exactly as Teniel saw it. There is no better proof of this than the failures that many publishers have encountered in trying to present up-to-date versions of Alice. The illustrations of the new editions may be charming, imaginative, and colorful—but Teniel's world and Alice's are inseparable.

Finally there are the literary men who also draw. America's best known example in this category is James Thurber, who writes extraordinarily well and who, be it said, draws abominably if entertainingly. Better examples, if not American ones, are William Makepeace Thackeray, and George DuMaurier (who illustrated his own *Trilby* and was a cartoonist for *Punch*). Our own current example of a humorous artist who is basically a writer is Walt Kelly, the creator of Pogo.

There is in England now a writer, Osbert Lancaster, who is also a first rate illustrator. He is the author of *Drayneflect Revisited,* a delicious satire on historical research and writing, on archaeology and on sociology. Several years ago Lancaster was in New York and I had the pleasure of introducing him to Steinberg, whom he considers the greatest graphic artist alive. Later I asked Steinberg how he liked him. "Very nice fellow," he said. "But he's not a visual man, he's a literary man. He draws very well but he sees everything in literary terms, not in visual terms." This is the almost invariable quality of the literary man who also draws; he is the interpreter of what he writes, he is not an interpreter of what he sees, or, to put it another way he thinks with his mind and not with his retina.

The Visual Punster

STEINBERG cannot be pigeonholed in any of the categories I have mentioned; he is something of all of them but a good deal more than any of them. He is primarily a visual and not a word-minded man. He is occasionally a gag cartoonist, but rarely will you discover a drawing of his that depends on a caption for its humor. Indeed in his first book, *All in Line,* there are only two or three that actually needed captions to tell their story; in his second book, *The Art of Living,* none of the drawings has a caption. It is partly for this reason that when the

exhibition experts of the Office of War Information were assembling a group of American cartoons to send to Paris during the war they found that the Steinbergs were the only ones of which they could be sure. There was no problem of translating the gag lines into a foreign language; the situations that the drawings depicted were not dependent on any familiarity with local lore; their humor or their satire was built in terms of human situations with universal overtones stated graphically in a language that is common to all of the Western nations.

That is not to say that there is anything simple about Steinberg or that anybody can understand his drawings. Indeed there are a good many people who find them intensely distasteful, and like most really original artists for whom one acquires a taste by becoming familiar with their work, Steinberg is continually leaving his admirers behind. He is amused or impressed, delighted or disgusted by a whole new range of visual experience and he is off on a new excursion. But always there are a few basic qualities in his work that are constant. To understand those one does not need to know Steinberg's history, but it helps.

STEINBERG was born in Romania in 1914, or forty years ago, and in 1932 he went to the university in Milan to study architecture. He received his diploma in 1940, and as he was Jewish and anti-Fascist, he got out of Italy to come to America, and wound up in Haiti and Santo Domingo. *Life* first published his drawings here, and then his work began to appear in the *New Yorker,* with which he is usually identified. He moved to the U. S. A. in 1942 and joined the Navy in 1943. He was commissioned and assigned to the job of teaching Chinese guerrillas how to blow up bridges, and for a year he flew back and forth over the hump from India to China supervising the transportation of explosives. Then General Donovan of the OSS decided that he wanted him and dispatched him first to North Africa and then to Italy. He got out of the Navy in 1946 and since then has been living in New York.

There are several clues to Steinberg's art in this brief biography. The first, and in some ways the most important, is his training as an architect. The second is his deep-seated revulsion against any person or any government that sets itself up as Mussolini did to be the arbiter of morals and the enemy of personal freedom. The third and fourth are inherent in the assignments that he performed for the Navy (he is a man of courage) and for the OSS, which snatched him for service where general intelligence was so highly prized.

LET's take these clues in order. First, the architectural training. Steinberg is a trained draftsman with an appetite for ornament and a tremendous skill in drawing it. His preoccupation with architectural subjects is too obvious to need more than just a mention, but how many of the people who look at his drawings and enjoy them have any idea what an extraordinary understanding of architecture he has or what delight he takes in it? His draftsmanship goes a great deal further than that. Beneath his almost automatic distortion and simplification of the human figure, for example, is the most thorough knowledge of how the figure works, its articulations and subtleties.

The second clue in Steinberg's life—his revulsion against authority as it is embodied in the popular hero or in the state—explains an important segment of the subjects with which he treats. He dislikes histrionics, and many of his drawings sharply satirize those who take unto themselves the attributes of pomp. He delights in drawing equestrian statues of mustachioed generals, and to carry this satire of officialdom a step further, he makes visual parodies of official documents in the most elegant but meaningless script, complete with red seals and sometimes crests and red ribbons. But (and this is especially true of the "fake diplomas," as he calls them) the satire that he makes with his pen is also an object of very real elegance and style in its own right. Even the most satirical drawings of our modes and mores are the products of a man to whom it is a pleasure to draw anything, because there is design and pattern in everything and everything is either alive or related to life—a house, a horse, a railroad station, a bejeweled woman or a bejeweled taxi cab or a bejeweled cowboy, a street sign or a baroque facade, a landscape or a gondola.

One is likely, I think, to associate the satirist with bitterness. Steinberg is a

satirist, all right, but he is a wryly amused man with a strong sense of justice. He is, as I have said, a suspicious man—suspicious of sham and fortuitous exhibitions of virtue as well as of evil, suspicious of the motives of those who set themselves up as paragons of anything. He is a man who admires humility but despises a show of humility. On the other hand he is entertained by human fallibility as long as it does not do anyone else dirt or offend any man's inherent dignity. Steinberg is a moralist every bit as much as he is a satirist. There is, in fact, no such thing as satire that is not moral. The purpose and function of satire are to discipline morals or manners and the sword in its hand is ridicule. But to call Steinberg a satirist is to call him by only part of his name.

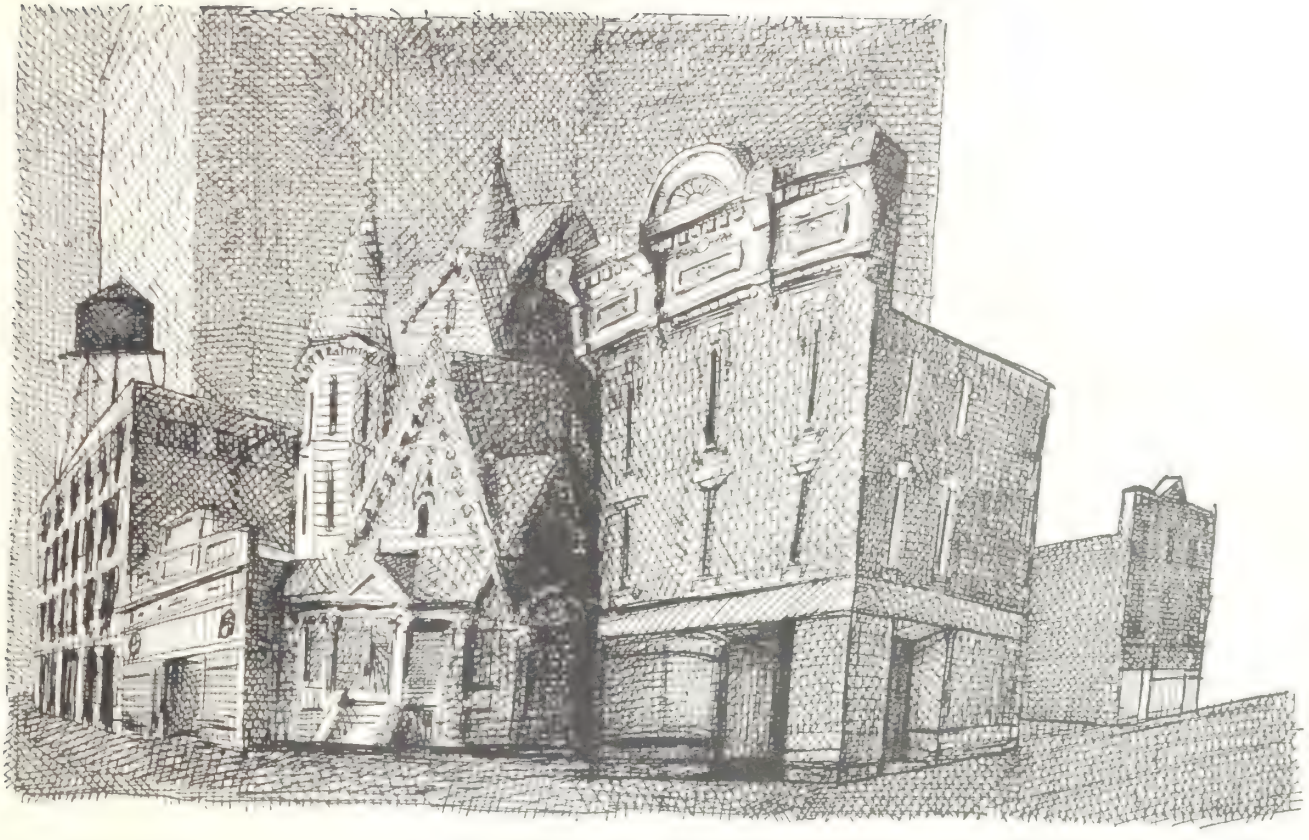
Satire comes easily to him; he has an eye which seems to focus almost automatically on the pretentious, but he also has an eye that transforms any object it lights upon into a drawing. Aside from this he is that very rare species—a "visual wit." There are many of his drawings that can only be accounted for in this way. You may know his drawings of a drawing that is drawing its own picture, a hand holding a pen that is drawing the face on the figure of which the hand is a part.

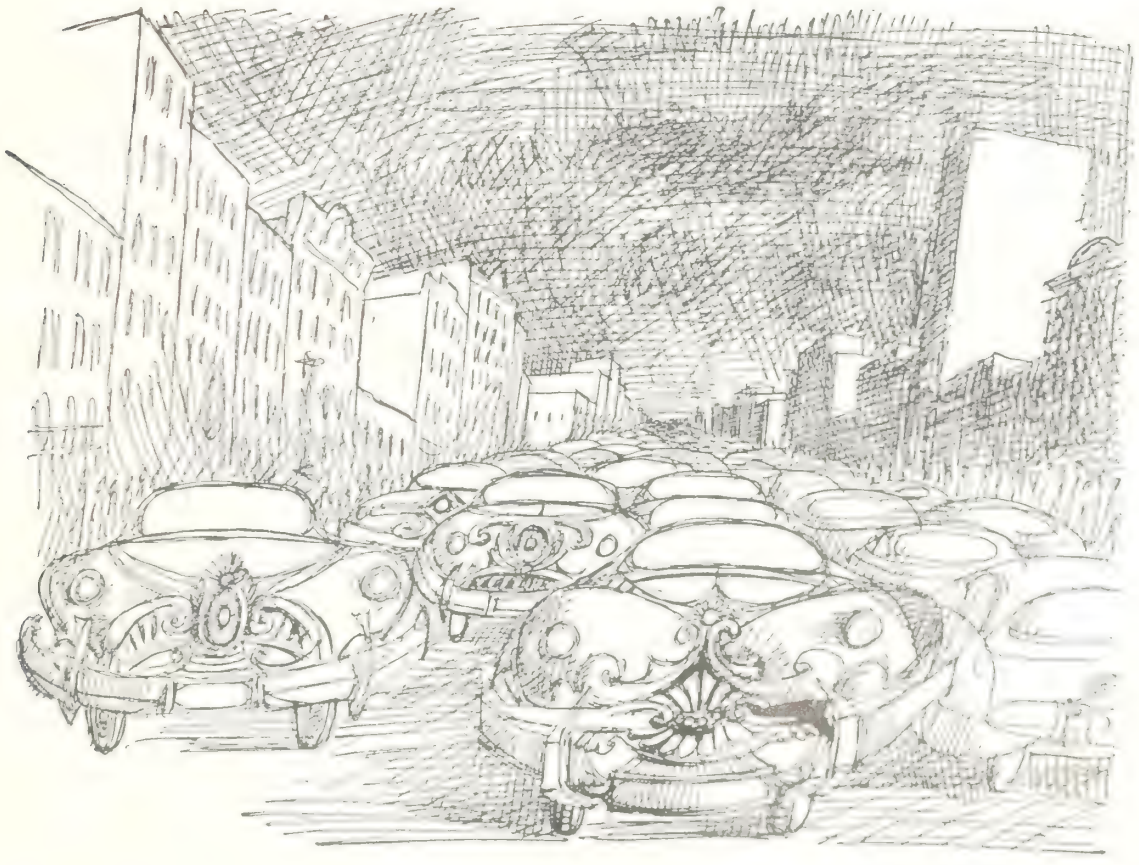
As you see, this visual pun, for that's what it is, cannot be described in words. Perhaps a better name for it would be a visual epigram. It is the product of a mind that thinks with its eyes.

Steinberg is a serious artist, as serious as any I know, and long after the satire in many of his drawings will have lost its point (for much of the satire is directed at passing fads), the wit of his eye, the ebullient quality of his imagination, and the seemingly limitless invention of his pen will, I feel confident, mark him as one of the few first-rate artists of our time.

Steinberg's America

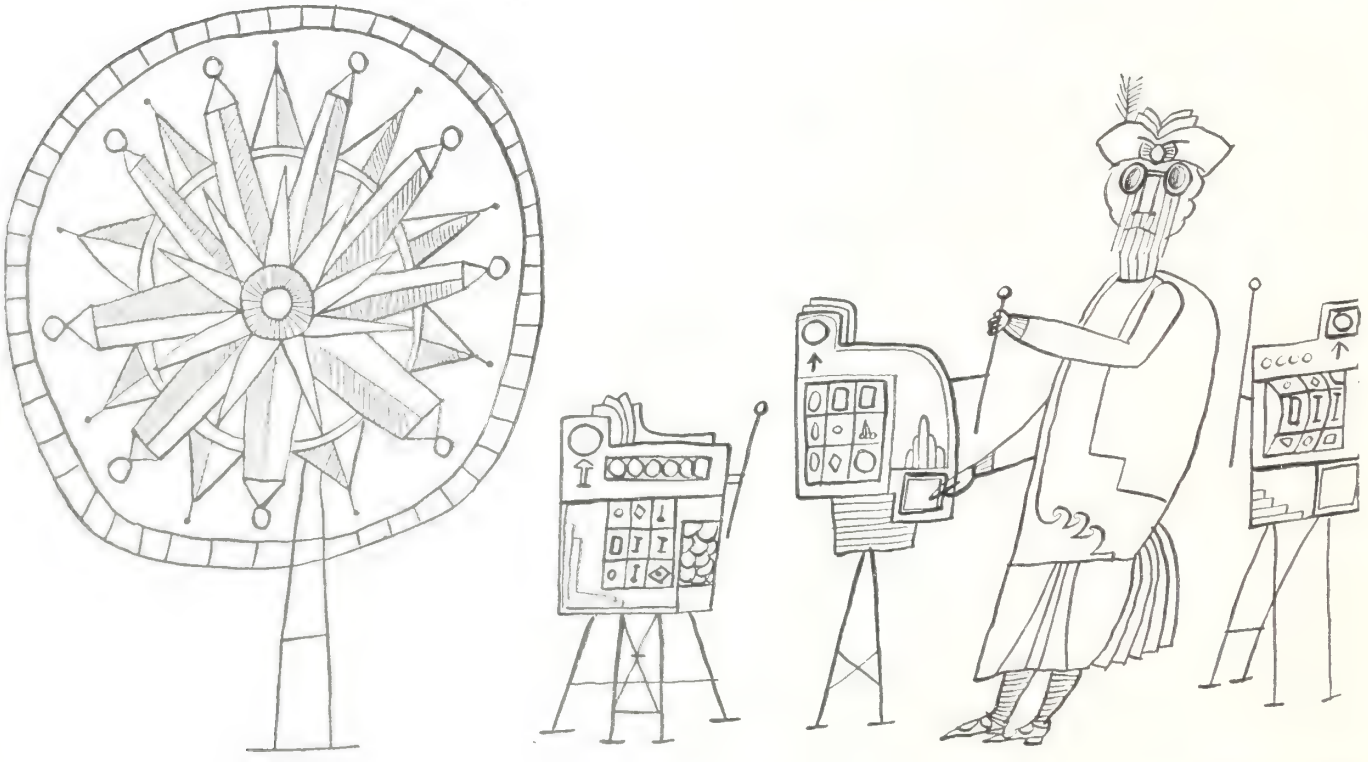




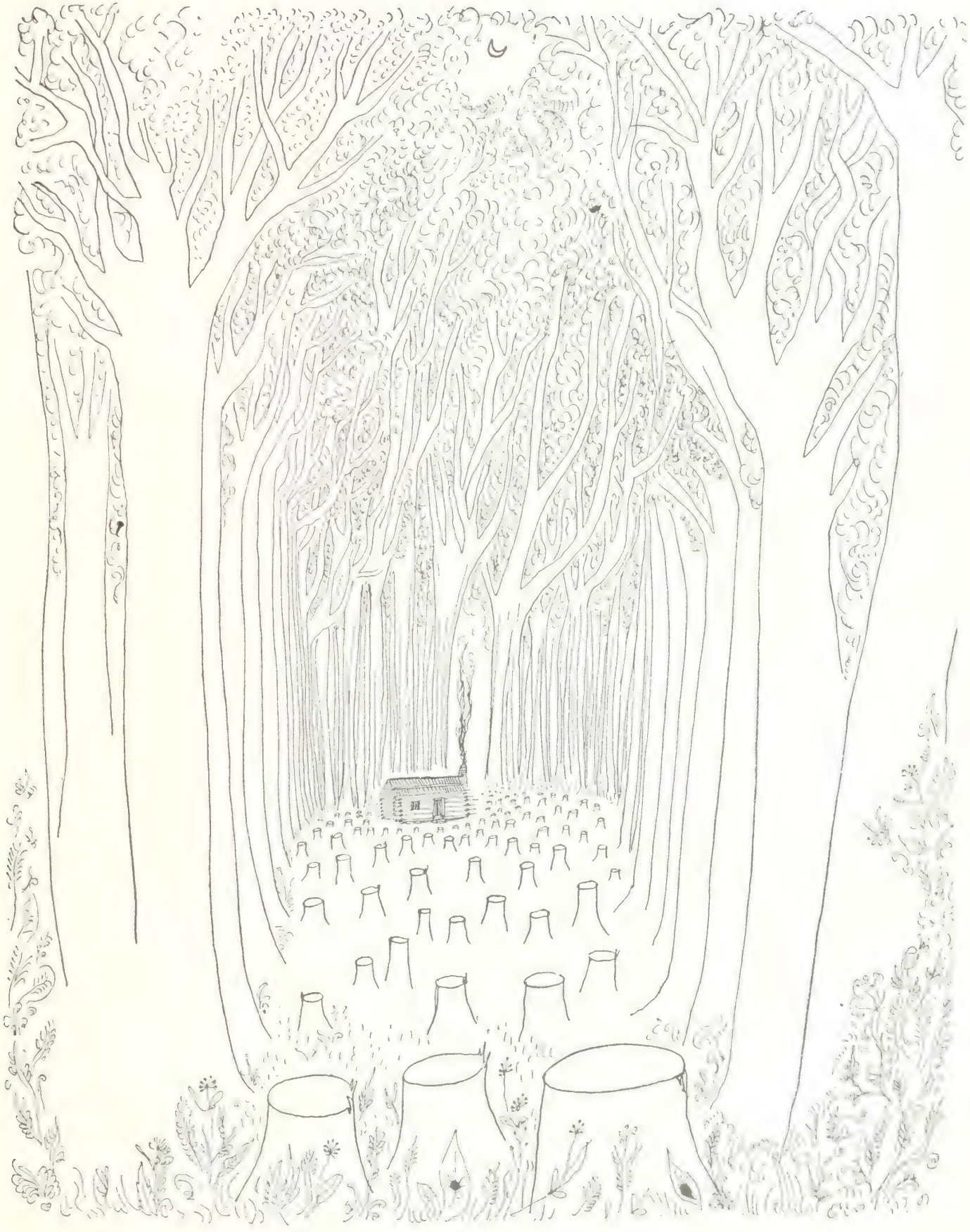


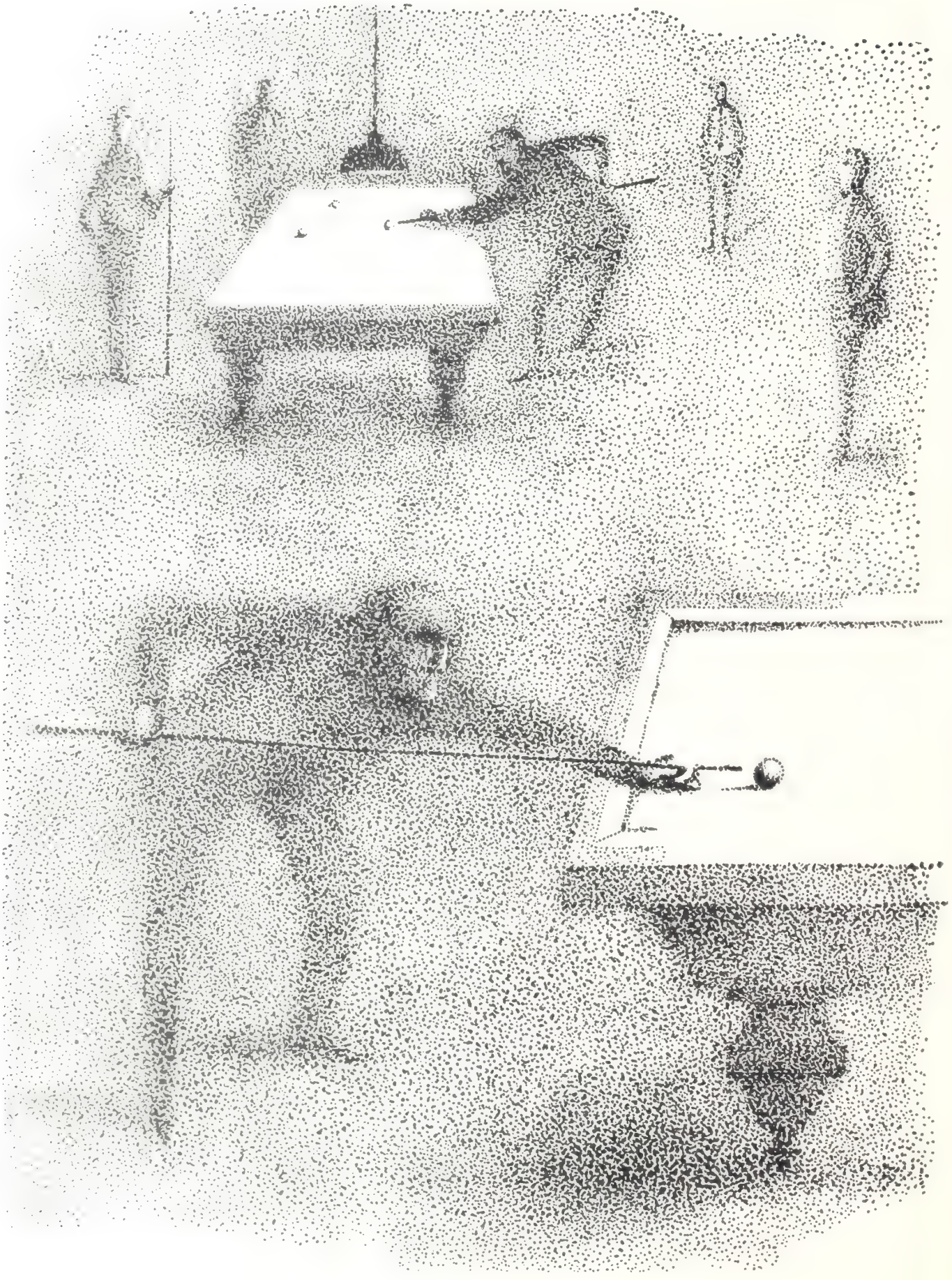


Harlem



Las Vegas





They're called the Kalmuks and some people believe they are the descendants of Genghis Khan's Golden Horde. For 300 years they lived in Russia, but today the largest Kalmuk settlement in the world is in Philadelphia . . . and Leonard Borman is their shepherd.

Philadelphia's Lost Tribe

Mary Roche

In the early hours of the first Sunday in January 1953, twelve men and women were under arrest in a Philadelphia police station on a charge of disorderly conduct. They looked like Chinese, more or less. Except for one man, the youngest of the lot, they spoke no English. Only one thing was clear: they were not American citizens.

For some time they jabbered excitedly among themselves. Finally their spokesman managed to get across a collective request: would the police send for a man named Borman?

The desk sergeant was agreeable to anything that might clear up the confusion. He ordered two patrolmen to take the young man and one of the women to get in touch with their friend, Borman. The rest were herded into jail, the men on one side, the women on the other.

The sun was just coming up when the police car returned with a stocky brown-haired American in his late twenties, wearing horn-rimmed glasses. He was not a lawyer, he told the sergeant, but he would represent the foreigners before the judge.

They were lined up for questioning again, this time by officers of the Immigration and Naturalization Service, through an interpreter who discovered that some of them spoke French. Alien registration cards were called for, but only one man had his with him.

When that round of questioning was over, two police vans took the whole crew to another station house where they were put in jail again to wait for the judge. Theirs was the first case of the morning. One by one the defendants were called out by name.

"That's you," said Borman, prodding each in turn. Hardly any of them recognized their names as the clerk stumbled over the syllables: "Bajan Kolinkinev, Djangar Mucharaew, Otchon Nilsironow. . . ."

The court asked one of the policemen involved in the arrest to explain the charge.

Around 2:00 A.M., he reported, the station got a couple of phone calls complaining about noise coming from a house on New Market Street. He and five or six fellow officers went over to investigate.

"Nobody could talk English," he said. "That's a tough neighborhood over there. Lots of foreigners."

"How far away could you hear the noise?" asked the judge.

"Well, we didn't hear so much till we got to the foot of the stairs."

"What was going on?"

"A party. They were playing the phonograph and singing. Not singing exactly—humming. Some kind of queer music."

"Were they dancing?"

"No. Just sitting around."

"Any drinking?"

"Not when we got there. But we found some empty beer bottles in the kitchen."

The judge turned impatiently to the district captain. "Can't see that you have much of a charge here."

The captain was visibly embarrassed. "The immigration officers have a charge, your honor," he said. But the immigration officers were not in the courtroom.

Apologetically, the judge turned to Borman: "I guess there's no reason to hold these people any longer. But—off the record—I'm curious. Who are they? How long have they been here?"

"About a year," said Borman. "They're Kalmuks."

The judge did not look enlightened, so Borman went on: "Displaced Persons, from Russia."

"From Russia?" asked the judge, scanning the line-up of oriental faces.

"They're descended from Mongols who migrated to Russia three hundred years ago," Borman explained. "But they're anti-Communists and Buddhists. The Soviets made it tough for them."

"Well," said the judge, "you'd better warn them about making too much noise late at night."

Next day the Kalmuks had to make amends for forgetting to take their alien registration cards when they were hustled off to the police station. Their case was Philadelphia's first violation of the McCarran-Walter Act.

"Action Anthropology"

As far as anyone has been able to find out, the largest concentration of Kalmuks in the world today is in Philadelphia; and Leonard Borman is their self-appointed shepherd. Neither the Kalmuks nor any government agency pays him for his work which includes serving alternately as athletic manager, legal adviser, purchasing agent, youth counselor, social secretary, amanuensis, and marriage mender. One day he expects to write a thesis about it which he hopes will earn him a doctor's degree in anthropology from the University of Chicago. He describes himself as an "action anthropologist"—a term he is called upon to define almost as often as he is asked, "Who are the Kalmuks?"

"'Action' is a way of putting anthropology to work," Borman explains. "It's what clinical medicine is to biology. You make use of what you know to help people who need help and you learn something in the process—something that adds to the general store of knowledge."

His profession is not overcrowded. Right now there are only three full-time action anthropologists in the country, and all of them are students of the man who thought up the idea—Dr. Sol Tax, professor of anthropology and associate dean of social sciences at the University of Chicago.

Traditionally, an anthropologist is not supposed to *help*. But five or six years ago Dr. Tax began to take a different point of view. "If a man is drowning," he reflected, "and another man comes along and does not try to pull him out, he is doing *something* by not doing anything." In 1951 he read a paper on his new concept to the American Anthropological Society, and seminars in "action" have since become part of the curriculum at Chicago.

It was Tax who steered Borman toward the Kalmuks. In the spring of 1952 the new DPs were giving resettlement agencies a rather rough time and it looked as if there might be a job open for one of Tax's students. Borman had just finished his master's thesis and was looking around for a likely field. The Kalmuks sounded promising, so Borman took off for Philadelphia and looked up the Kalmuk resettlement worker, a young Russian who was a DP himself.

The anthropologist did not have to wait long to see action. His first morning in Philadelphia he found himself shoved into a police emergency wagon along with the Russian and a pregnant Kalmuk woman who seemed about to have a miscarriage. The Russian had asked the police for an ambulance, but the police had chosen a faster method. It was the academic Borman's first ride behind bars.

A few weeks later the Russian left town, his duties officially finished, and Borman was on his own. The prospective job never came through but he stayed anyway, and the Kalmuks kept him busy. Before long he was discovered by Francis Bosworth, director of the Friends Neighborhood Guild, the local Quaker settlement house that had accepted secondary sponsorship for the Kalmuks in Philadelphia. Bosworth invited Borman to take his meals at the Guild to ease his budget, and, several months later, obtained a grant

for the Guild from the East European Fund which enabled him to continue his work.

Telling the Kalmuks' story to people who have never heard it is one of the surest ways to help them, Borman has decided. He has plenty of prospects: scarcely one American in ten thousand knows anything about them. Even a physical anthropologist at the University of Pennsylvania confused them with the Kallikaks, a famous family of mental defectives.

"Most Europeans seem to know about them," Borman says. "Even the British. I guess they can see over into Asia. We can't."

The Kalmuk Odyssey

NEWSPAPER stories often identify the Kalmuks as descendants of Genghis Khan's Golden Horde—a claim that would be hard to prove one way or the other. Certainly they stem from the Mongol tribes who once roamed the Sinkiang province of Western China. In the early seventeenth century—about the same time that a group of Dutch traders bought Manhattan Island from the Indians—they migrated to Southern Russia, bringing with them their religion: the Lamaist Buddhism of Tibet. They settled in the steppes between the Black Sea and the Caspian, and some of their descendants were still there at the start of World War II.

In the centuries between, there were two mass departures of these people from their adopted land. The first was in 1771 when 300,000 of them set out on the disastrous journey back to China described by Thomas de Quincy in "Revolt of the Tartars." Not more than 25,000 ever reached Mongolia, and one group was left behind at the very start—stranded, so the story goes, because the Volga thawed earlier than they had figured. It was at this time, according to one theory, that the group remaining in Russia acquired the name "Kalmuk," a Turkic word meaning "remnant." (It is also spelled Kalmuck, Calmuck, and by the Russians, Kalmyck.)

Nearly two hundred years later, after the Russian Revolution of 1917, about 1,200 Kalmuks from the Don region—where they had served and lost with the Cossacks—managed to escape across the Black Sea to Turkey, and moved on from there to Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, and France.

The Kalmuks left in Russia were steadily hounded by the Soviet government as "counter-revolutionaries." Their churches were burned; their farms, collectivized; and their intellectuals, liquidated. There was a brief letup after the establishment of the Kalmuk Autonomous Socialist Soviet Republic in 1922; then in 1943, that republic—comprising about 300,000 people—was dissolved by decree and all Kalmuks were declared dangerous to the state.

"Between the Russian Bolshevism and the German Nazism," one Kalmuk wrote of his people, "they found themselves as the red hot iron between the hammer and the anvil." Many fled with, or were captured by, the retreating German armies—only to end up in forced labor camps where their non-Aryan features did not help them any. Those who had spent the previous twenty years in Yugoslavia and Bulgaria found themselves in the same camps. After the war, nearly a thousand were rounded up and put into Displaced Persons camps near Munich—and there they stayed for the next six years.

By the summer of 1951 the Kalmuk DPs had become known as "the people for whom there is no room under the sun." The United States, the British Commonwealth, and most South American countries had refused them entry as "Asiatics." But a sympathetic American group called the Kalmuk Resettlement Committee was pushing an appeal for the admission of one Kalmuk couple, the Remilovs, for permanent residence here as "members of the white race" or "Europeans."

The case had been referred to the Attorney General, but no one was optimistic about its immediate prospects. Suddenly on July 28 a ruling was announced: the Remilovs, likewise all Kalmuks, were Europeans and thus admissible.

RECOGNIZING that the Kalmuks would have their problems no matter where they went, the International Refugee Organization set up a fund of $182,000 for their resettlement—the only fund of its kind in the history of the Displaced Persons program. The Tolstoy Foundation and the Church World Service department of the National Council of Churches of Christ provided the necessary assurances and took charge of settling them in the United States.

For the next twelve months these agencies [illegible] from one crisis to another. "Utter improvisation," is the way the Church World Service Director Roland Elliott describes the whirlwind operation of Kalmuk resettlement. "After the years of work it took to get them declared eligible," he says, "it seemed as if they began to arrive on the next boat."

The Kalmuks in America

Actually the first couple did not land until the end of October 1951. But by February 1952 a total of 571 had come here, to be followed by ten or twenty strays the following year.

An abortive attempt was made to settle about a hundred of them on ranches in New Mexico, on the theory (which later proved inaccurate) that most of them had been farmers and herdsmen in Europe. Within a few months they were clamoring to go back East. They were lonesome, too widely dispersed in that state of long distances.

The happiest arrangements grew out of Kalmuk friendships with Russians they had known as fellow DPs. About 150 found jobs and homes through friends in the large Russian community around Farmingdale, New Jersey. Others got in touch with Russian friends in Philadelphia, and by midsummer that city had more Kalmuks than any other place in the country—about 350. Some fifty others found jobs and homes on their own in Paterson, New Jersey, while a very small number made their way individually to other cities.

Even to the generalizing Western eye, individual Kalmuks vary considerably in looks. A few could almost pass for Slavs, testifying to mixed marriages over the past three centuries. But some have the lean faces, prominent cheek bones, and even the pointed mustaches of the Tartar horsemen in antique Chinese paintings. Others have the full, fleshy faces of sculptured Buddhas. Their skin tones vary from the pale creamy complexion of the young girls to the weathered yellow of the men who have spent most of their lives in the open.

[illegible] not very hard to find the Kalmuks in Philadelphia," Leonard Borman wrote to his colleagues in Chicago. "Just walk down Fairmount Avenue between Sixth and Seventh Streets. If you don't see them lined up in front of the houses there, try Sylvia's Luncheonette on the corner of Seventh. If none are sitting in the booths drinking soda, or playing the juke box or the pin ball machine, look on the steps of the corner grocery across the street. Just about everyone else is out there too, at one time or another—the Puerto Ricans, Negroes, Russians, Poles, Ukranians. If English is the only language you speak, you probably won't manage too well."

Between appointments with lawyers, real-estate agents, and soccer-team managers, Borman spends a good deal of his time wandering around these neighborhood hangouts in an apparently aimless mood. He drifts off to the movies with some of the young Kalmuk men or sits up and talks with them until three o'clock in the morning. Like many people who do not keep regular office hours, the only time he is positively off duty is when he is asleep.

Instead of moving to the settlement house, he has kept his furnished room because he feels its first-floor-front location is ideal for his mission. He could hardly be more accessible to the Kalmuks if he pitched a tent in the middle of Fairmount Avenue, and they make the most of it.

"It's got so I can tell which Kalmuk is at the window by the way he knocks," he said recently. "Some of them whistle, some tap on the glass with a key. You can open the window from the outside, so if I'm not there they toss in notes."

On two occasions when the Kalmuks have been particularly grateful for his services they have presented him with a gift of dubious value to a non-housekeeping bachelor—a pound of butter.

Babel in Philadelphia

The Kalmuks' language problem is complicated by the fact that they speak so many—but not everybody the same ones. The majority know Russian, but some of the older generation speak only Kalmuk—a branch of the Ural-Altaic family which includes Mongol, Turkish, Finnish, Magyar, and numerous others. Many of the young people, on the other hand, speak Hungarian,

German, and French along with Russian and fairly good English. Today the use of Kalmuk is dwindling, and Kalmuk leaders are wondering how to encourage better English and still keep their traditional tongue from becoming a forgotten language.

Neither Soviet and Nazi oppression, nor the DP camps, nor the Philadelphia slums seem to have dampened the Kalmuks' vitality. Employers have found them industrious, and after two years in this country—judging by the Kalmuk homes Borman took me to visit in Philadelphia and New Jersey—their industry has begun to pay off.

Mr. Purgaew, a stocky Kalmuk in his late fifties, looked like the happiest man alive the day we stopped the car to speak to him on a country road near Freewood Acres. He chattered gaily in Russian while our Kalmuk interpreter gave us the gist of his greeting.

"He has just bought a car and he wants us to see it. His house is down the road a bit. His wife is there and he'll be right home."

We drove on past the flat, sandy fields and thin woods of scrub pine until we came to a property marked off with a rustic post-and-rail fence. Set well back from the road was a little red clapboard house with white trim, probably built originally as a summer cottage. At the end of the drive stood a 1935 Chevrolet, the paint beginning to show signs of wear. Its new owner returned shortly, still beaming, and toting a quart bottle of beer. Had we seen his car?

"Yes, indeed. Can he drive it?"

"Not yet, but he will learn."

Proudly, he leaned back and jiggled an imaginary steering wheel, talking in rapid sentences and ending with a hearty laugh.

"When he has learned to drive this car," giggled the interpreter, "he will buy a Cadillac!" More seriously, Mr. Purgaew acknowledged: "We are still poor. It takes time." But he left the impression that time was the only obstacle he saw between him and abundance.

One evening in Philadelphia we called on the Batinow family who live in one of the three-story red-brick row houses with low marble steps that line block after block of the neighborhood. The Batinows had bought the house, Borman said, six or seven months after they came here. At the curb, glistening under the street light, was the family car, a 1954 Plymouth in a racy shade of terra cotta. As we walked down the narrow hall past the front parlor, I saw a television set.

Gathered in the back parlor was the entire household: Mr. and Mrs. Batinow, a dignified, vigorous-looking couple in their sixties; two grown sons; one daughter-in-law; one daughter; her husband; and three small children. Borman told me later that Mrs. Batinow was the only adult in the family without a paid job. She has to stay home to take care of the grandchildren.

The next room, where the women served us coffee and pastry, was presumably the kitchen since it contained a large electric refrigerator, a counter-top range, and a double cabinet sink, all recent models. But the papered walls and gleaming tidiness gave it the dressed-up air of an electric-appliance showroom.

"How do they do it?" I asked Borman after we left, remembering that less than three years before the Batinows had been without a home and a country.

Counting up their respective jobs and probable wages, Borman figured the total family income must be around $12,000 a year. That is somewhat above the average, he admitted. But the Batinow family pattern is typical.

Large, three-generation households are the rule and almost everybody works including the young mothers. The men work as laborers, on construction jobs at Levittown, or in New Jersey carpet mills; the women, in dress factories or food-processing plants. Individually they make between $40 and $80 a week, but when their wages are pooled, family totals mount up. In some families everything is turned in to the elders who manage family finances and dole out allowances. (Borman discovered Mrs. Batinow also guards the key to the Plymouth.)

The Worship of the Lord Buddha

Another day Borman took me to visit a little red-brick house on Olive Street. We walked through a barren hallway to a dingy kitchen where a heavy-set old Kalmuk was stirring something on a big old-fashioned stove. He motioned us to go upstairs.

On the second floor everything was bright and new. I was ushered toward the front room which had just been redecorated. From the outside the room seemed empty of furniture except for a large metal gong in a wooden frame standing in the corner. But when we walked in I was startled to see that there was a large alcove which was, in effect, the sanctuary of a Buddhist church.

Its three walls were almost entirely covered with colored pictures of Buddha and Buddhist parables. Overhead was a canopy and a welter of bright-colored satin hangings. A table placed against the far wall served as an altar and in the center of it sat a brass Buddha about fifteen inches high. One of the priests had found that in a Philadelphia antique shop, Borman told me, and the Kalmuks had raised $500 to buy it. Lined up in front of the figure were several small dishes containing water, seeds, incense sticks, candles, and piles of American factory-made cookies.

Three priests in bright yellow robes appeared shortly. They sat down at a long table in the center of the alcove and started a low rhythmic chant in Tibetan (the "Latin" of Lamaist Buddhism) which they continued for the better part of an hour.

The Olive Street house was bought for the Kalmuks with money from the resettlement fund. So was their church in Freewood Acres which occupies the whole interior of what was once a one-story stucco garage.

All thirteen of the Kalmuk-Buddhist priests here now are getting on in years. But they are bringing up replacements —two sixth-graders and a high-school sophomore. Each of the boys started training—as he was supposed to—at the age of eight. But they all go to public school now, and live at home with their parents instead of at the church with the priests. Some of the older Kalmuks take the gloomy view of this.

The oldest boy is a husky sixteen-year-old, a star player on the junior Kalmuk soccer team. Like many Kalmuk teen-agers he is often drafted as an interpreter. His performance is usually good but recently a visiting theologian registered a complaint.

"When you're trying to learn about Buddhism," he said, "it's somewhat disconcerting to have your interpreter reading an American comic book."

Borman found his early questions about Buddhist doctrines and rituals were quickly countered by questions concerning his own religion. He does not subscribe to any formal faith and said as much. This met with unexpected coolness until he thought to point out that, in this country, failure to belong to a church does not necessarily mark a man as a Communist.

The Kalmuks are wary of any attempts, real or imagined, to convert them to Christianity. They question closely the motives of any religious group including the Quakers, who have never in 300 years tried to convert anyone and who put even a voluntary convert on lengthy probation until they feel sure he is "convinced." Nevertheless, the Kalmuks demanded reassurance before they would fill out Blue Cross hospitalization blanks. Anxiously, one of them asked the Neighborhood Guild worker: "Will this make us Quakers?"

Stealing a Bride

In spite of his bustling program of "action," Borman finds time to make copious and scholarly notes on Kalmuk life. One day, he wrote down the story that Mrs. Sharapov tells her children about her marriage to their father in Russia:

They had never seen each other—the story goes—until the night when Sharapov and two of his friends came riding into her village to attend a dance. Next day, while she was with some other girls at the village market, the three visiting horsemen swept down and carried her off.

A week later twenty men, including her three brothers, arrived at the outskirts of Sharapov's village to demand her return. She, however, was very happy with her new status. She rode out to meet her rescuers and told them so, whereupon each of her brothers took out a whip and lashed it across her back. After several months had passed, the bride and her husband went to pay their respects to her parents. Their reception was icy, but they persevered. In the end they were welcomed back into the family.

That was forty years ago. But Borman has discovered the tradition still persists that "A good Kalmuk is one who can steal his bride."

Already, five young Kalmuks have tried it in Philadelphia. Each time it happens there

is a community crisis. The bride's family wants her back, married or not. (One family called the police.) They never admit she might have co-operated with her captor, and they cannot understand why no legal charge can be brought against the boy if he and the girl are both of age and can produce a marriage license. Despite the hullabaloo, four of the five abductions so far have resulted in permanent marriages, and three have been accepted by the families on both sides.

Customarily, a Kalmuk bride lives with her husband's family unless he has none, in which case he lives with hers. But more than one young wife in America has discovered that if her husband fails to provide her with a home apart from his parents, she can run down to the Philadelphia Court of Domestic Relations and file a complaint. Not long ago an aggrieved husband woke Borman at one-thirty in the morning to ask if *he* had a right to file a complaint, or if the court heard complaints only from wives—Kalmuk men are convinced that American justice is designed for the exclusive benefit of women.

One of the Kalmuks frankly bewildered by American life is nineteen-year-old Hongor, who as a young boy used to forage for radio parts among the bombed-out airplanes near the DP camp. Now he is working as a radio technician in a small repair shop.

The Kalmuks are getting along all right, Hongor admitted to Borman during one of their bull sessions. "But we are not having any fun.

"If we try to act like Americans we get stepped on," he complained. "For instance, if an American goes into a store to buy something small with a large bill, say $10 or $20, the clerk will take it and not say anything. If I do that, they'll make some crack about those DPs always having a lot of money."

Another young man about the same age has run into trouble on his job. Most of the other workers are Puerto Ricans. They insist on calling him "Chinese Communist." It does no good to tell them he is not Chinese and his people fought the Communists. He has explained that his people came from Russia.

"If you come from Russia, you are a Communist," say the Puerto Ricans. "You look Chinese. You are Chinese. We kill Chinese."

One of Borman's most voluble authorities on Kalmuk tradition is Mr. Mishkinow, a reflective middle-aged man who spent twenty-two years of his youth training for the priesthood, then left it to marry his brother's widow and support her seven children. For ten years he worked in the state horse-breeding stables until he was deported to a German labor camp along with 3,000 horses.

When I ran out of questions for Mr. Mishkinow, he announced he would like to ask me some.

"Why don't you teach religion in American schools?" he began.

Drawing a deep breath I struggled to explain, via the teen-age interpreter, about the separation of church and state. That drew the comment: "Church and state should be friendly, not divided. Children spend most of their day in school. Mothers have to work hard. They have many other things to look after. If children are not taught religion in school, how can they grow up to be moral citizens?"

His other questions, prompted by personal experiences, were no easier to answer convincingly. When he finally asked: "Why do I have to pay the union every time I get a job?" even Borman was stumped.

Borman believes that his work with the Kalmuks is self-liquidating, since he always insists on their making their own decisions and trying to figure things out for themselves. He disclaims any attempt to "Americanize" them in the sense of urging them to be just like the rest of us. Some individuals, he admits, will want to strike out on their own and be melted in the American pot. "It's the ones who don't, who need help," he says.

How long can an alien flock of six hundred people hope to survive intact?

"Indefinitely, if you leave them alone," Borman claims. "The Kalmuks kept their identity in Russia for three hundred years until they were forcibly uprooted. Even here we have the American Indians whose culture is far more alien to ours than any that came from Europe. Yet instead of 'vanishing,' the Indian has multiplied.

"We just have to teach people how to get along with other people who are different," Borman says, "and to let them stay different."

A Wand'ring Minstrel



A Story by Nadine Gordimer

Drawings by Shirley Burke

RUPERT and Lilo Grant had been expecting them all day. "*With* the three children?" asked the little Polish baroness who came to play tennis.

"But my dear what could I do?" Lilo threw up her hands and the plucked ridge of her own eyebrows flew up too, underscoring the painted ones she shaped to her defiant fancy.

"Oh I *know*," said one of the other women, the corner of her mouth whitening for a moment in that knowing, stoic sense of iniquity into which even the women most indulged by men plunge, like a kind of atavism, when they are championing their own sex against some injustice of the other. "That poor thing never has her children under one roof with her. They're always farmed out—someone takes this one, someone else takes that one."

"Is that so?" somebody's husband asked. "But he's an able fellow?"

"Able, mmh—" With a jerk of her head, Lilo indicated her husband, Rupert, as if to say, "Ask him."

But all Rupert said was, "Ah, it's a mess." He did not want to talk about the man who was to be his guest.

Like all Rupert's obscure loyalties, this brought a little rise of irritation, like bile, into Lilo's mouth.

"Mess, all right. That's putting it mildly. He's had three jobs in five months. I mean you can go on being talented just so long. . . . People get a bit tired of it. Utterly irresponsible, utterly unreliable."

"So how do they live, for heaven's sake?"

"They don't, my dear. At least not the way a normal woman expects to live."

The men were laughing among themselves about something else. But the women remembered things they had heard, casual meetings.

"She's English, isn't she? Rather pretty? And there's a fat little girl?"

"Oh of course! They were the people who stayed in the Elsburgs' house while Cissie was away."

"Well, so's he. Got a DFC or something in the RAF."

"No, a DSO, I remember, the same time as Nickie. My brother, that is.

"Well, anyway. He brought her out to South Africa and went and had three children and never did any good at all. That girl's never known what it is to have two rooms she could call her own."

"So they spend all their time living in other people's houses, while people are away on holiday and so on?"

"All the time. She packs and unpacks. With three children, can you imagine?"

"I have seen this Mrs.—" The baroness paused, the name eluded her; she went on in a kind of detached wonder at the description of a woman's life which she felt she did not understand, not out of the impossibility of herself being in such a position, but out of the barrier of language and background, as she might fail to understand the point of an English joke: "I have seen her at the club. Once she was dancing there, with that tall one—"

"Barron? Barrow? The Colonel Barrow, that's right?" supplied her husband, pleased that he had remembered an English name.

"Oh poor girl, it's a wonder! She has little enough pleasure, heaven knows."

"Why, only last week—" said Rupert in spite of himself.

Lilo tried for the last sip of her drink, but it was an illusion of the bottom of the glass; there was nothing for her to swallow. "She phoned up before eight one morning. I heard there was something funny about her voice. But you know, she's rather reserved."

"Oh, she's a nice girl," someone affirmed.

"Too fine for him, that's it, I should say."



"So I didn't say anything, I simply called Rupert—she asked for him. So then she says to Rupert in her quiet, controlled way, 'Please Rupert, I don't want to bother you, but I haven't seen Andrew since the day before yesterday, late in the afternoon.

"'He went to some club celebration that should have been over by six or seven. Would you ask at the club, if you happen to be there for lunch today? It may be that he's been there, or they've seen him.'"

"How awful!" One of the women looked as if she had just seen an abyss, dark and terrible, which, who knows? one might have opened up under one's own feet, simply by putting one's foot down in the wrong place, smiling at the wrong man at the wrong moment.

"So you *see*, my girl." An affectionate husband patted his wife warningly on her soft girlish behind as she passed his chair. And the atmosphere of the room changed, as a mirror changes as it is turned in the light; at once they were all easy with chaffing banalities.

They trooped in to lunch. "Cold, I'm afraid," said Lilo. "Without decent servants, hot lunch for more than four's impossible here on a Sunday. Rosie's off."

"Well, we'll warm our blood with some red wine," said Rupert amiably.

"Excellent!" someone murmured.

Rupert called from the darkness of the cupboard where liquor was kept: "What's happened to the other two bottles of Beaune, Lo?"

"Oh, all right, I'm coming," she said, and added in a confidential undertone to her woman friend beside her: "To tell you the truth, I've put most of our decent liquor away, before *he* comes. Not that one wants to be mean—"

"Of course. He drinks like a fish, I believe. So for *her* sake, anyway."

"Exactly. I'll offer him one drink every night before dinner, and that's all. I'm going to warn Rupert, too—you know what men are, no sense. I don't want that poor girl embarrassed in my house."

After lunch the affectionate husband and his young wife left, and the rest of the guests sat about on the terrace among the ash trays and the coffee cups. Lilo and Rupert were easy, thoughtful hosts. "Who'd like a snooze?" she asked. "Plenty of beds upstairs."

"Oh, I don't think so."

"Too nice out here, Lo."

"What's happened to your boarders?"

"Well, I don't know. I said any time they were ready, we'd be here all day anyway. Their rooms are ready for them."

"I'm sure Sigmund likes to sleep," smiled the baroness.

The baron shrugged, politely denying his suppressed yawns and the puffiness of his face round the eyes.

"Yes, I know, I know him!" his wife cried delightedly.

"Come on, Sigmund," said Rupert. "Let's go up. I'm dead too."

"Of course" said Lilo. "What about you, Noele?"

Two of the men and three of the women went upstairs, leaving the baroness with her shining unpowdered face turned to the sun, two other men with the Sunday papers behind which they instantly began to breathe deeply and regularly in the slumping anesthesia of food and wine.

It was five o'clock by the time the Douglases came. They arrived just at the point when they had failed the mild expectancy of the household so long that everyone momentarily really had forgotten about them; they produced a pause, a moment of unexpressed confusion when the room full of people was confronted with the living reminder of the couple about whom so much had been said all day. The faces turned toward Sheila Douglas—that curiously English contradiction, dark beauty and primness—and her husband Andrew—filling the doorway behind her with his large sandy-colored presence—and tingled with guilt.

The baroness, looking out of her schoolgirl's large eyes as if she peered over a wall, remembered Sheila, but did not think that she had seen the husband before. The baron, sleepily immersed in politics, which worked round his mind as slowly and seriously in South Africa as they had done in Europe, rose from his chair and stood a moment with his heels neatly together; as he sat down again he remembered who these people were and lowered his eyelids as a cat does when settling down to regard something interesting.

Lilo stood introducing everyone to Mrs. Douglas, her hand lifted like the hand of a nervous conductor. In between, she fussed aside: "Sheila, my dear, I've put your little Elizabeth in with Eva, I hope you'll approve. . . . One side of the cupboard is cleared for her things, if that will be enough?"

The tall smooth-browed English girl, whose eyes looked as if they had never focused on anything smaller or warmer than open spaces, whose stiff, little-girl neck rose very straight from her neat blouse, smiled slowly and faintly to everyone, looked submission to Lilo, and sank, still very upright, to the edge of the sofa, next to Noele and Bertie Haffner. Noele said brightly, "I'm sorry I take up so much room. The way Lilo feeds you! I could see myself spreading visibly, all day. . . ." But the young woman merely looked at her quickly, like a child who does not know whether or no to answer, and continued to sit on the edge. Her two hands met each other in her lap.

"Hullo," said Andrew Douglas, from the door. It was an amused hullo; at once a greeting, a reminder, and a challenge. He stood there, looking at them all.

"Oh, I'm awfully sorry—Andrew, Baron Varohevsky, Baroness Varohevsky, Noele and Bertie Haffner, and I think you know Archie? And this is Archie's wife, Betty, and Frank Davis."

Andrew Douglas stood at the door, touching a hand to his forehead in salute to them. He was so big, it seemed for a moment that the frame of the door held him there. Did he need holding? Or did they imagine that he swayed slightly, or rather that something in the way he held himself showed that somewhere inside him, something swayed.

"Hi," he said, looking down between his legs, "hi there!"

A little boy as sandy-haired as himself burst through his parted knees; Lilo's Eva struggled past at the same time. Another small girl, also sandy-haired, came in and went straight and silently to the side of her dark mother, sitting in silence on the edge of the sofa. Noele's blond children, pale-eyed furies, tore in, too.

Andrew grinned down at them. He was one of those handsome fair men whose features, eyes, and markings of hairline and brows have become smudged and neutral-toned in the dissolvent of liquor and fleshiness. Every brandy he took, like an inconsequent drip wearing away the fine edge of a stone, gently smoothed away the clarity with which once his nose had been cut against the planes of his face, washed the green and sharp hazel flecks of his eyes more nondescriptly into each other. His whole face had the effect of being a little blurred to the eye of the be-

holder, like a print that has been over-enlarged. He had a large mouth with freckled lips; the kind of mouth that must always be fresh from the imprint of a kiss, a drink, or a dangling cigarette.

"Swept off my feet. Do you think I look like a swing door?"

"Oh yes, Dad, be one, be one!"

His small son charged at him and the man whirled his heavy body around with surprising agility.

The children squealed under his flaying arms. He sat down suddenly in a chair, in the midst of them. Their faces were turned expectantly to him. Over their low heads he caught the eye of the little baroness and smiled at her lazily, acknowledging the child in her, too. A suffused brightness came up over her face; caught out, she smiled back.

All conversation in the room had ceased at the entry of the new guests; it seemed impossible to revive it. It was as if the big blunt presence of this man who should, surely, have sensed the weight of the others' disapproval and discussion of him and have felt some measure of unease before them, had thrown them off their social balance by his complete ease. Somewhere, subconsciously perhaps, they had determined that they *would* put him at ease, *for her sake,* if nothing else, in order to save her embarrassment. Now it was he who seemed to be putting them at ease. He sat in his chosen chair looking round at them, moving slightly to shift himself to comfort inside the rather washed-out army issue shorts which were too tight for him round the waist.

Rupert was busy pouring drinks again, as he had been before lunch. Noele and the baroness had theirs already; Bertie had asked for gin and tonic, the baron a vermouth. When Rupert asked Sheila Douglas what she would have, she started, and sitting nervously forward, said almost inaudibly, "Oh—thank you—a small gin and lime juice, please, if you have it—" Her large, dark, blank eyes were fixed on her husband in a kind of taut, warning expectation. He looked up in answer to Rupert's question, felt himself interrupted, like a tap on the shoulder, by the intensity of the girl's look, and could not escape it, met it good-naturedly, ironically, but not with the weight of his full attention; meanwhile he was waggling a foot to amuse the little Eva.

Suddenly the English girl said stiffly: "I wish you wouldn't." The remark fell with the prim clarity of a stone into a puddle. Everyone in the room was instantly remote with embarrassment, except Andrew Douglas and the children around him. He leaned his head back against his chair, looking lazily questioningly from his wife to Rupert:

"Just a small brandy. And water, Rupert, please." He lowered his head in an imaginary



charge at the little Eva, who crouched back squealing delightedly. His wife sat with every line of her body drawn up, looking at him. Noele Haffner managed a light polite remark to the baroness, Bertie said something to Frank Davis, but whatever was spoken was merely an undertone to the line of high tension humming from the figure of Sheila Douglas to the heavy blond man relaxed in his chair.

He made no attempt to join in the desultory conversation, but, unlike his wife who was obviously deaf to the normal, the trivial inconsequentialities about her, he had the look of a man who had half an ear for the talk, tolerantly, even though he could not bring himself to the trouble of contributing. She sat, isolated in her reproach.

He finished half his drink, deliberately, almost musingly. Once he found himself looking straight at that pretty, tight English face, the discreetly tinted mouth with the corners of the lips pulled in, the small, narrow-nostriled nose, the well-washed ears just show-

ing beneath the perfectly neat, conventionally cut hair. And Noele Haffner saw the skin under his eyes crinkle in an intimate, insolent, culpable smile that was closer to a wink.

Nothing moved in the face of the English girl. Even the dark lashes remained lowered and steady.

The man heaved himself up out of his chair with a grunt and wandered over to the window, where he put his glass down on the sill. The children were about the floor, getting under his feet. He picked up a toy guitar one of them had left lying on a stool and said, catching one of Noele's blonds by the hair, "What can you sing? D'you know Yankee Doodle?" He stood there, grinning, with the toy in his freckled hands. And, strumming he began to sing himself, ". . . went to town, riding on a pony."

He pulled a chair round and sat down to it. The children giggled. "Oh my darlin', oh my darlin', oh my darlin' Clem-en-tine," he sang softly. And then with a thump and a flourish on the tuneless strings, he burst into "Camptown Races" with a minstrel accent and gestures in the best and most exuberant tradition.

The children came and stood round him, as if he were a freak, with all the cruel candor of their curiosity.

"Sing some more," they demanded, as they might have said, "Show us your sores."

Now, he had the low, insinuating drawl of a torch singer, the pouches of his faded handsomeness drooped toward his red-grained neck "It was just one of those things . . . if we'd thought a bit, of the end of it, wh-en we start-ed painting the town . . . we'd have been a-ware, that our love-affair was too hot . . . not to cool-down. . . ." He broke off, smiling at their puzzled faces: "No? Well, what about this?" and he sang "Abdul the Bulbul Amir."

THEY were enchanted: the small Eva moved her head with a gasp of distress when Ivan Petruski Skavar was slain, the breathing of the boys was heavy as in the act of identifying themselves with cowboys in a film. After four or five verses, the baroness came and stood with an arm about each of the blond Haffners. Frank Davis learned forward with his elbows on his spread knees, his emptied glass dangling like a transparent lily between his hands. Noele Haffner crossed one tightly-stockinged leg over the other and sat back, the corners of her mouth twitching. Smiling, Rupert got up to replenish Davis' glass, and in answer to a frowning parenthetic sh-sh! from Lilo, almost tiptoed.

"Did you ever know that song of the French, perhaps?" said the baroness when the ditty was over. "I heard it when I was with my father in Paris during the Occupation—how was it?" And shyly, she lifted her hand and conducted her own thin voice for a bar or two.

ANDREW Douglas sat with his full lips amusedly together, gravely, the guitar still in his hands. Then he struck an excruciatingly tuneless chord on the thing and began to sing, in a charming, slightly nasal French, the song of which she was thinking.

"But you sing awfully well!" said the girl Betty.

He inclined his head to her, mockingly obsequious, good-natured.

"A damned sight better than the stuff they put over the radio," Frank Davis admitted. Bertie Haffner was looking at Douglas appraisingly. He said suddenly: "You know, I think we were once on a party together in Cairo. End of '44 or beginning of '45. Of course. . . . But you were half the size then, man—"

"And *your* waistline?" his wife Noele cut in indignantly. "Have you forgotten your ten pounds round the middle?"

"Oh, I know, I know." Bertie laughed, putting his hand gently on his crumpled waistband.

"Sing 'Alouette'! Please!" Betty pleaded. "I adore 'Alouette'."

The big blunt hand handled the toy guitar as if it were a Stradivarius, in an elaboration of care that counterpointed his performance with burlesque. The voice went from "Alouette" into one of those childish songs with a refrain in which a noise is substituted for one of the words: "A fly flew in the window . . . he"—Andrew Douglas rolled his veined green eyes, blew noisily through his freckled lips—"there, and he"—the children shrieked with laughter and made the noise for him—"there, and he flew right out again." The grownups made a discreetly laughing audience.

Do you think that's a song to sing to

children?" The English girl had her hands clenched in her lap now. Her face, firm and pretty and unchanged, unaware of its inability to change, regarded him as she must have learned, ten years ago, when she was a school prefect, to regard one of the girls who had let down the honor of the house. Her slim defenseless back, stiffened only by the starch of gentility, bastioned her against the people in the room.

A flicker of interest passed to her; but eyes were on the entertainer; there was even, perhaps, a slight irritation at the interruption. Noele Haffner turned to the young woman with a smile of intercession and appeal, that instantly withdrew feebly, like a foot that has been put in the wrong doorway.

In the interval of three sound thrums between verses and refrain, Andrew Douglas grinned at his wife, a warm, impervious, shamefaced, flirtatious grin: the grin with which he had looked at her for the first time eight years ago, across a bar in London. His underlip gleamed with the saliva of song, his eyes swam a little with the second brandy which Rupert had given him.

The Grants' Evan went and hitched herself up onto the arm of his chair, in a claim of intimacy: the man's big hand left the guitar a moment to steady her (that was the gesture, too, with which he always had put out his hand to stroke the hair of a passing girl behind the back of the girl with whom he might be dancing).

Immediately his own daughter left her mother's side and wriggled up onto his lap in possession. He played the guitar held above her small head. He passed from the mildly bawdy to the sentimental ballad now, while everyone had another drink, and the children began to have the look in their eyes that comes just before sleep.

He was singing an old Gilbert and Sullivan air, ". . . a wand'ring minstrel I, a thing of shreds and patches . . . ," when Lilo became conscious that something had altered in the composition of the room, and saw that the English girl, the young wife with the neat black curls and straight back, must have left the room some minutes before, unnoticed by anyone: had gone, ignored, past the backs of their chairs and out of the door, up to the two rooms which did not belong to her.



Through many little measures—most of them scantily reported in the press—the Eisenhower Administration is reversing the nation's seventy-year-old policy for protecting our natural resources. Here, for the first time, is a complete picture of the devious campaign against America's forests, water power, parks, public lands, and soil conservation program.

Conservation: Down and on the Way Out

Bernard DeVoto

AN APHORISM of the Chinese philosopher Mencius declares that the problem of government presents no difficulties: it is only necessary to avoid offending the influential families. In January 1953 the Business Administration in Washington took off from a related premise: that it was only necessary to get along with the trade associations.

This article deals with public power and the public lands, other natural resources, and the national conservation policies which have been developing for three-quarters of a century. In dealing with them the Administration had to convert into concrete measures the generalizations of the Republican platform and campaign promises. It had no program when it took office. It was promptly handed one specific program, which the electric power companies had worked out in anticipation of a Republican victory in 1948. It has improvised several others, playing by ear. On several problems, it apparently is not concerned with programs; it has simply drifted downward.

Perhaps I can formulate the campaign generalities as working principles. In fields where private enterprise could operate at a profit, the Administration would try to reduce government operations. In fields where private enterprise could not make profits, it would maintain government operation up to the minimum political necessity. In both areas it would try to provide "a greater measure of local participation and control," greater co-operation between federal and local governments, and "a friendly partnership" with private business. It would try to "decentralize" federal administration, and it would —in an even more opaque phrase—"operate at the grass roots."

THERE was an inherent weakness in these working principles. They would throw the gates wide open to the boys in the back room unless the Administration could get in first with programs of its own. It did not and the boys—the trade associations, the lobbies, the special interest groups—rushed in with a loud whoop. During the campaign Mr. Eisenhower once remarked that he would not interpret his election as a mandate to preside over the liquidation of the publicly owned natural resources of the United States. Others *have* so interpreted it, however; a considerable liquidation has been effected already and much more is in the works. Eighteen months have made clear that the executive departments and the independent agencies will go much farther than Congress in alienating public property—but not (except perhaps in the Department of the Interior) as far as the boys have in mind.

They pin their hopes to the new Hoover Commission. The first one worked out intelligent plans for reorganizing the executive departments in the interests of efficiency and economy; but the second one is clearly intended to slay Mr. Hoover's white whale at

last. It is to erase twenty years of infamy, root out all remnants of the New Deal, and turn the clock back to 1928. There are those who regard 1928 as practically a pinko compromise: the clock should be turned back somewhere beyond Theodore Roosevelt.

Fiat by Washington

In the Departments of Agriculture and the Interior the business men whom the Administration summoned to government promptly displayed the political ineptness visible in other departments. One reason may have been the sources of information which it was natural for them to rely on. A Congressman who wants a quick check on what the folks back home are thinking is apt to telephone to a local editor or political figure, or the head of some local labor or farm organization. From the top offices of Agriculture and Interior, however, the phone calls went instead to a chamber of commerce or to the Washington office of a trade association. The information available there being of a radically different kind, there followed such miscues as Secretary McKay's nomination to be Director of the Bureau of Mines of an open and recorded enemy of the services he would have to direct.

Top officials were also unable to recognize public opinion as a political force. Congressmen saw a clear portent in the widespread opposition to the Tidelands Bill—and in the public outrage when the Assistant Secretary of Commerce tried to discharge the Director of the Bureau of Standards for affirming that the addition of a laxative to a storage battery would not improve it. But to the Business Men in Office these were unrelated and meaningless phenomena, just one of those things. The Department of Agriculture revealed this state of mind in its handling of the reorganization of the Soil Conservation Service. There could be no more local an organization than a Soil Conservation District; more than 2,500 of them cover the country and they are literally of the grass roots. But they were not consulted about the reorganization of SCS and indeed could not find out what was going on till it was completed. In Administration semantics, "local participation and control" had become "fiat by Washington." The districts were enraged; they still are.

This reorganization, an aggrandisement of the land-grant colleges and the Extension Service at the sacrifice of conservation values, was typical of the new order in several ways. SCS had originally been organized on the basis of state units but had evolved a much more effective organization in a series of regions, each with its own headquarters, specialists, and technicians. The reorganization plan proposed to dissolve the regions and substitute state units for them. The heart of SCS assistance to farmers was its six technical services; four of these were to be abandoned and the specialists of the other two were to be distributed among the land-grant colleges (so far as the colleges had jobs for them) and the Washington headquarters. For the immensely successful program of SCS, forty-eight fractional and necessarily unharmonized programs were to be substituted; and these were to be administered from Washington. Decentralization had worked out in the semantics as greater centralization. Incentive to local conservation practices was to be provided by decreasing appropriations. And with technical service reduced, much research was to be abandoned.

But opposition to Tidelands and the firing of Dr. Astin had *not* been just one of those things, and nation-wide opposition to the new scheme forced the Department to reverse itself in midair. A new system of regional offices, under a different name and with headquarters in different cities, was extemporized. (In the semantics, A ceases to be A when you rename it B.) The technical services were retained, though in a more cumbersome and more expensive form.

As I write, SCS is half flux and half chaos. The technical teams have been broken up. Their invaluable pool of common experience at working together has been dissipated. This drastic impairment of professional skills is typical of the administration of public resources in the new order. So are the increased expense, delay, red tape, and inefficiency. So is the destruction of morale in a career service. Promising young men have left SCS in droves; promising young men who might have sought a career there are notably failing to join it. An Administration fetish whose name is Management-Practice Improvement has had its paper tribute, but a strait-

jacket of mediocrity has been forced on public administration. And a damaging blow has been struck at the conservation of American cropland and rangeland.

The Department of Agriculture, however, appears to have taken instruction from the public reaction. Evidently it has abandoned some reactionary changes which it had in mind a year ago and has narrowed the scope of some others. Not so the Department of the Interior. The boys have practically taken it over; the predicted giveaways are in progress. There is a cynicism in Interior which reminds observers of the aromatic days of the General Land Office. Yet some things that look like cynicism may be mere ineptness. Thus Secretary McKay at a moment when all the conservation organizations in the country—national, nonpartisan, and representing hundreds of thousands of votes—were denouncing his recommendation of Echo Park Dam. Seeking for *le mot juste* to characterize conservationists, he came up with "punks."

Return to the Spoils System

THE top officials of SCS have been put on Schedule C; so have those of all other conservation bureaus in Agriculture except (as yet, perhaps) the Forest Service, and all those in Interior except the Geological Survey. Schedule C is a classification withdrawn from Civil Service protection which permits discharge at the will of the Secretary, without regard to merit. It has a twofold purpose: (1) to provide jobs; (2) to substitute a pliable sycophancy for professional judgment in the making of policy. Promotion according to merit is abandoned for the spoils system, and career services become political footballs. The effect on the conservation agencies has been disastrous; it had not hitherto been supposed, and it cannot be supposed now, that the publicly owned resources could be administered on any basis except a purely professional one. These bureaus first introduced into the American government the concept of a professionally expert civil service. Staff them with spoilsmen, and the public resources must begin leaking away.

The Administrator of the Rural Electrification Administration is appointed to serve ten years. It was therefore a tipoff when the White House requested the resignation of Mr. Claude Wickard two and a half years before the end of his statutory term. Rural electrification and federal power can be treated together here, and several facts which are tirelessly misrepresented must be noted. The electric power generated at public installations runs between 13 and 16 per cent of the national total, never more. In spite of nationwide propaganda by the utilities (paid for out of tax money and rate-increases), unalterable natural circumstances make it certain that the percentage will decrease as time goes on. Furthermore, the consumer co-operatives which REA serves are strictly private enterprise, locally owned by their members and locally managed. They pay interest on the loans which REA makes them; they pay off the loans; they pay local taxes. They are "socialistic" only in the new semantics: in that they are not owned by the utility companies and they sell power to consumers so cheaply that their rates serve as a yardstick by which the rates of the utilities—a natural monopoly—can be regulated. Finally, most of the power they sell is bought from the utilities.

They constitute an area of private enterprise which the utilities had refused to pioneer or develop. In 1935 when REA was established, about 11 per cent of the farms in the United States had central-station power; in 1952 about 90 per cent had it. This constitutes an agricultural revolution even greater than that effected by SCS; it has transformed agricultural production, farm labor, and rural living. REA and the co-ops have greatly increased the business done by the utilities and very greatly increased that done by manufacturers of electrical equipment and appliances.

A MULTIPLE squeeze has been put on co-ops and REA. The Administration's first budget request drastically cut REA funds. Its power-generation program, and therefore its bargaining power with the utilities, would have been destroyed. Its ability to accommodate new co-ops and the ability of the co-ops to serve new customers would have been drastically reduced. Congress refused to go so far and saved much of the program by increasing the appropriation far above the request. But Congress did not vote

an increase over the Budget's allotment for technical service. Thus the theme of SCS is repeated, for the abandonment or even any serious reduction of REA's technical service to the co-ops would be a serious blow, to some of them a fatal blow. Small co-ops, unable to afford such a technical staff as a utility company maintains, have been able to get their problems solved cheaply by REA. Moreover, the Power Use Section of REA was cut down, and the auditing services were abolished, thus increasing the financial hazards of the co-ops. A related but unsuccessful move was the attempt by Congressman Kit Clardy of Michigan—an old and dear friend of utility companies—to double the rate of interest which REA charges on loans to the co-ops.

MEANWHILE what amounts to a rewriting of the Federal Power Act, supplementary acts, and even the Reclamation Act has been achieved by administrative action. The utilities would be glad to have the government build the large and expensive control dams—because they make private downstream dams efficient—provided they could buy the power generated at them on their own terms and could control its distribution. But they have always rebelled against the "preference clause." This clause—which in essence goes back to the earliest conception of public power in Theodore Roosevelt's first Administration—is a provision that public bodies and co-operatives shall have first call on the power generated at federal dams. ("Public bodies" means primarily municipally owned systems and such organizations as the power districts of Oregon and Washington.) The ordinary growth of such systems was provided for by selling the rest of the power to utilities on short-term contracts only. By abandoning this practice, the Administration is in effect discarding the preference clause.

In the Northwest, utility contracts, previously short-term, now run twenty years. This limits the growth of co-ops, denies them new customers, and rations the power used by their present customers. A similar change in the Missouri Valley has been held up till after the November election. The co-ops have been faced with an impossible choice. Either they must forfeit their preference privilege, thus arresting their own growth, or they must contract for power far in advance of their needs and so pay a ruinous bonus for power which they could not use and which would have to be resold to the utilities at dump prices.

The utilities have fought the construction of steam-generating plants by REA to firm the power produced at government hydroelectric plants, a frequently necessary measure because of seasonal fluctuations in stream flow. And the low rates charged by the co-ops have always harrowed them, for the differential is all too visible. There would be no reason for co-ops if they could not pass on to their members the savings they effect, and Assistant Secretary of the Interior Aandahl announced the answer. Federal power rates, he said, would be raised to the point where there would be no incentive to continue REA or establish co-operatives. Here is one form of private business with which the Administration will not enter into a friendly partnership —and, as Senator Murray remarked, here is a negative yardstick for the power industry.

As for the generation of power, the Director of the Budget announced that there would be no "new starts"—no additional federal power projects—till arrangements had been made with local (which here means large-scale and absentee) interests to install the generating facilities.

He thus proclaimed publicly a policy which some members of the Administration were simultaneously denying. It is significant that of the twenty-three new starts so far made by the Corps of Engineers, none are multiple-purpose and none include power. And it seems likely that the Engineers will be favored over the Bureau of Reclamation in such new projects as are authorized. They are far friendlier to the utilities, they can legally assess against the taxpayers a larger percentage of the costs, and they are able to circumvent painful provisions of the Reclamation and Power Acts.

THE program drawn up by the utilities in 1948 has not been carried out in full. But the process of strangulation that has been applied to REA should kill it in another two years. The co-ops will be withdrawn from competing with the utilities and furnishing data for the regulation of their rates. It would take considerably more than

two years to get a wall round federal generation of power.

Secretary McKay's abandonment to the Idaho Power Company of the Hell's Canyon site—the greatest remaining one in the country—was geared to this policy. In the current semantics a consumer co-operative, owned and operated by farmers unable to get electricity except by their own efforts, would not be local enterprise; but Idaho Power is.

IDAHO POWER is a Maine corporation. About 7 per cent of its stockholders live in the mountain West; of its thirty largest stockholders all, except Harvard University and the Commonwealth Fund, are insurance companies or investment trusts; all but two are east of the Mississippi and those two are insurance companies. The corporation could satisfy its future needs more cheaply by building steam plants, but the idea is to keep federal power out of central and southern Idaho. The cost of the three small dams it currently proposes to build in Hell's Canyon will be taken care of by a rate increase—there being no public systems to provide a yardstick—and by the use for permanently profitable construction of the tax-amortization privilege which was intended to protect defense industries from losing money on temporary plant expansion. The Secretary also withdrew government opposition to the Pacific Gas & Electric Company's proposed developments on the North Fork of King's River—developments made possible by existing facilities built at public expense.

But much as Eastern-owned Western utilities respect the spirit of private initiative, the West needs dams and wants payrolls. The relinquishment of federal reserved sites and the no-new-starts policy caused uneasiness, and there was November to think of. So the Upper Colorado Storage Project was taken out of mothballs and nearly a billion dollars' worth of construction was recommended. (It will cost about twice that; for obvious reasons, Bureau of Reclamation estimates are poetic conventions.) Its political feasibility is obvious but its economic and social justification is open to the most serious doubt. Worse still, the plans for it are part fantasy and have been changed so often and so capriciously that no one knows to what extent its engineering is sound. But it satisfies the requirements. No corporation would ever want to build dams on this stretch of the Colorado, so there is no competition; but the promise of the Budget Director would attract corporate investment in the generating facilities, since the public would be paying all other costs.

The recommendation of this project breaches the basic national parks policy: one of the dams it includes, Echo Park, is to be built in Dinosaur National Monument. The dam will destroy the beauty of spectacular canyons of the Yampa and Green Rivers. There was a peak of cynicism in Mr. McKay's promise to spend $21 million of Bureau of Reclamation funds to build the roads now denied the Monument and to construct "recreational" facilities at the fluctuating, unsightly reservoir which the dam will create. This sum is equal to four-fifths of the drastically-cut 1955 appropriation for the entire National Park Service.

The progressive impairment of the parks by budgetary blood-letting is a national disgrace—but it is a smaller evil than Mr. McKay's approval of Echo Park Dam. Opening the parks to exploitation by the Bureau of Reclamation—which in the semantics is "co-operation between federal and state governments"—makes only a matter of time their exploitation by any corporations which may want their water, water power, timber, minerals, or grass, and which have sufficient capital to awe a business man in office.

MANY trial balloons about TVA have been sent up. The refusal to reappoint Mr. Gordon Clapp as its Director made clear that career-service administration is not desired. His successor will need only a single qualification: a distaste for socialistically increasing private business in the Tennessee Valley by providing cheap power. Several other trial balloons from Interior are significant, such as suggestions that the tremendous Central Valley Project might be sold to the State of California. At the right price it would make a happy deal: the big corporate farms would get the water denied them by the 160-acre limitation they have been fighting since 1902 and PG&E would get the power facilities. This clue is underscored by a recent announcement that the utility companies of the Northwest are forming a syndicate capable of taking over all the federal

dams and power plants on the Columbia River, the projects that brought industry and boom times to the Northwest.

If the Central Valley and the Columbia Basin projects should be handed over to utility corporations, how will flood control, erosion control, and the other conservation functions of federal projects be carried on? The utilities could not possibly assume them. Indeed a corporation has no proper concern with them, and no state has ever done an even passable job at any of them. Nevertheless, the clues suggest that the ground work is being laid for the property evaluators, rate specialists, and constitutional lawyers of the new Hoover Commission to propose that all federal reclamation and power projects be sold.

The Cowboys Ride Again

Both the platform and the campaign had promised to take care of the small but influential group of Western stockmen who ever since 1946 have been trying to gut the Forest Service and get hold of the grazing ranges in the national forests. A bill embodying as much of the malodorous "Stockmen's Proposal for an Act" as it seemed cagey to put in one package was sponsored (behind the scenes) by Senator Barrett of Wyoming—who as a Congressman had spearheaded the attempted landgrab of 1946-47. He has great parliamentary and backstage skill; but his sole victory with this bill was his success in keeping the Secretary of Agriculture's adverse report on it from reaching the House Subcommittee on Public Lands.

At the public hearing Western spokesmen —water users, sportsmen, wildlife specialists, hydrologists, city engineers, individual stockmen, small stock associations—ripped the bill to shreds. The Denver *Post* attacked it repeatedly; so did such other prominent papers as the Salt Lake *Tribune,* the Portland *Oregonian,* and the San Francisco *Chronicle.* More striking was the opposition of many small newspapers, even in Wyoming, which had always before supported the plans of the stockmen's lobby. Whereas the attempted landgrab of six years before had to be stopped by the East, this time the West itself prevented a shameful raid on the public resources. Senator Barrett—seeing that the bill would be defeated if it came to a vote—maneuvered to keep it in committee and to prevent publication of the testimony at the hearings.

But something had to be done for the stockmen and so the Hope-Thye-Aiken Bill was made an Administration measure. Bad to begin with, it was rendered truly vicious by amendment; it has been passed by the Senate but as I write has not yet been taken up by the House. That such sound conservationists as Senator Aiken and Congressman Hope have been lined up behind so reprehensible a measure shows the formidable pressure that the U. S. Chamber of Commerce and other allies of the stockmen's lobby have succeeded in bringing to bear. Long since, Senator Aiken should have been attacking his own bill.

The bill would achieve three major objectives of the landgrabbers. It would give present holders of grazing permits in the national forests two different kinds of property rights in those forests, thus impairing the public title and in part alienating public property. It would enable the present permit-holders to sell the permits at will and without reference to the Forest Service, closing the ranges to newcomers and making monopolization of them certain. It would permit them to construct permanent improvements on the public ranges, further alienating public property and enabling the permit-holders to tie up the public lands indefinitely with lawsuits. Finally, it would cripple the regulatory power of the Forest Service by permitting appeal to the courts on various kinds of purely administrative decisions. It is a raid on the public land system and its passage would seriously undermine our conservation policy.

The House of Representatives stopped something even worse, a bill by Ellsworth of Oregon long a Congressional spokesman for big lumber interests. It provided that when the government acquired privately owned timberland, as for the reservoir of a dam, which a timber operator had under sustained yield (that is, cutting only in step with replacement by natural growth), the operator would have the option of being paid in cash or by the transfer to him of publicly owned timberland of equivalent value. This meant the national forests or the far smaller forests administered by the Bureau of

Land Management—and in committee it was extended to include the forests in the national parks. Proof of operation under sustained yield was not stipulated and there was no guarantee that it would be used on the land to be acquired. The government bureau which must provide the timberland was given no control over its selection, and no power to require any kind of protection or conservation.

BAREFACED as these provisions were, however, they were unimportant compared to the central fact: *ostensibly a measure of relief for suffering corporations, the bill provided for the direct transfer of portions of the permanently reserved public lands to private ownership.* Enemies of the public lands system have been trying to achieve precisely that fundamental step ever since the first reserves were made in Benjamin Harrison's time. The Hope-Thye-Aiken Bill would open fissures in the foundation of our national conservation policy—but the Ellsworth Bill would have shattered it.

The Secretary of Agriculture drew up an adverse report and this time it reached the committee. Normally this is enough to stop a bill. He was, however, prevailed on to withdraw it. No notice of the public hearing was given except the routine listing in the *Gazette;* conservation organizations and interested Congressmen did not know that it was to be held. It was attended only by representatives of the Department of the Interior, who had been instructed to think highly of the bill (one who wasn't thinking highly enough on the witness stand was called away by telephone), and of the Department of Agriculture, who had obviously been instructed not to think ill of it but to try to get it softened nevertheless. The committee reported it out and by a tricky lateral pass in the Rules Committee Mr. Ellsworth cleared the way for an attempt to slip it over on the House in the closing days of the session. Chance discovery at the last moment, however, scared him into holding it over till the next session.

By then the bill was in the open and it was murdered. The quarter-backing on the floor of the House was by Congressman Metcalf of Montana, who was making a distinguished record in his first term. His Democratic teammates were Madden of Indiana, Price of Illinois, and Brooks of Texas, with McCarthy of Minnesota, Magnuson of Washington, and Hays of Ohio assisting at critical junctures. A striking development, however, was the cooperation of four Pennsylvania Republicans who were well acquainted with the issues at stake—Messrs. Gavin, Saylor, Fulton, and Mumma. Mr. Gavin's role in the debate was especially informed and expert. This extemporized coalition drew the bill's teeth with amendments and then, when the strength of the opposition became manifest, Mr. Metcalf moved to recommit it. His motion carried on a roll-call vote of 226 yeas and 161 nays—a brilliant victory for the freshman Congressman, who is not even a member of the relevant committee.

Perhaps a few other Republican Congressmen, who were active in opposition to the grazing bill, can be added to what looks like a conservation bloc. If the Republican party retains control of the House in November, this bloc will be important. For it is clear that if any of our historic conservation policy is to be saved, it must be saved in the House. Senator Langer fitfully opposed some anti-conservation measures but no other Republican Senator did. Senator Aiken, who devised the strategy for many earlier victories over anti-conservation forces, has now put his great prestige at the service of the attack on the Forest Service. The Independent party, Senator Morse, has been magnificent, making an all-out fight against every anti-conservation move.

"Reorganization" with Burglar's Tools

THE Forest Service may also serve to illustrate dangers latent in other Administration fetishes—reorganization, consolidation, and a cant phrase from schools of business administration, "management-practice improvement." If consolidation and reorganization are the first recourse of a management engineer, they can serve more devious ends and become the last one of a lobby or a landgrabber.

The Forest Service has always been decentralized. It began with a regional organization, to prevent the delays and rigidities that half-paralyzed the General Land Office. There are now ten regions, each with headquarters and specialist staffs. Differences in terrain,

climate, forestation, methods of lumber operations, and other complex variables make this the only kind of organization that could conceivably be efficient. To consolidate the regions, reducing them to four or even two, as has been proposed, would greatly increase expense and greatly reduce efficiency. It would increase travel, paper work, and red tape. It would slow up administration and all field operations. It would make the specialist and scientific activities of the Service more cumbersome and expensive. *In all these ways it would add to the costs of the private businesses that use the forests.* But the notion is attractive to the managerial mind. You consolidate the Omaha and Denver offices of Continental Gadgets; why not, then, consolidate Nebraska and Colorado?

There is a more sinister aspect. Weakening professional and administrative efficiency by such a consolidation of the regions would favor both the special-interest groups which want to exploit the national forests and those which want all federal regulation everywhere undermined. Also it would greatly reduce such ability as the Service now has to resist the attacks of its enemies. That is one of the ends in view.

All these hazards would be increased by the unbelievably idiotic plan, which has also been proposed, of abolishing the regional setup and achieving "local control" by grouping the national forests—which disregard state lines—in state units. Neither a forest stand nor the watershed of a river will stop short at a state boundary on Executive Order. But the thirty-eight miniature Forest Services thus created—in ten states there are no national forests—would be easy prey for the local special-interest groups. The Administration fetish which dreams of reorganizing federal conservation activities on a state-wide rather than a regional basis is a victory for the propaganda which represents issues as a conflict between local interests and Washington—when in fact they are conflicts between one local interest and all the others; that is, between a special interest and the public interest. In every aspect of conservation this kind of "local control" must inevitably mean local vulnerability, local manipulation, and local intimidation.

All research in the Department of Agriculture except that of the Forest Service has been grouped under one bureau. In some respects the results have been of no particular importance, in some others they have reduced expense and increased efficiency. But also in some instances they have reduced efficiency and increased expense. It seems likely that the eye of the management-improver is on Forest Service research, and that his table of organization calls for transferring it to the central bureau. To do so would be a truly stupendous blunder. Forest Service research created scientific forestry in the United States and is now the foremost in the world. It is so organically related to the field activities and daily jobs of the Forest Service that it could be dissected out only at the cost of permanent damage. The damage done would increase geometrically in the future.

And one wonders. The Forest Service, always the cornerstone of our national conservation policy, is the most vigorous of the conservation bureaus. That is precisely what is wrong with it in the eyes of the landgrabbers, the cowboys, the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, and its other organized enemies. It is threefold: it consists of the national forests, its agencies which assist and supervise and cooperate with state forestry and private forestry, and its research programs and experiment stations. The effort by the Bureau of the Budget to abolish two of its co-operative programs suggests an intention eventually to amputate one full third of the Service. Removing its research to another bureau would also lop off a third. Reduced by two-thirds, it would be weak, ineffective, easily preyed upon, immensely less valuable to the American future. Is that the end in view? At any rate, in their most arrogant moments the landgrabbers never dreamed up so promising a way to make it impotent.

Arrival of the Buzzards

In a year and a half the business men in office have reversed the conservation policy by which the United States has been working for more than seventy years to substitute wise use of its natural resources in place of reckless destruction for the profit of special corporate interests. They have reversed most of the policy, weakened all of it,

opened the way to complete destruction. Every move in regard to conservation that the Administration has made has been against the public interest—which is to say against the future—and in favor of some special private interest. Most notably, too, every one has been in favor of some big special interest and against the local small ones. The friendly partnership with business has turned out to mean only some kinds of businesses, the bigger the better.

More important still is the appointment of officials friendly to the enemies of the public interest, for this is preparation for the future. Judicious selection of a Director could doom TVA, for instance, and no doubt will. The utilities plan to "get the government out of the power business altogether," with all that that implies in destruction of resources and exploitation of consumers. Many other corporate plans look to getting hold of publicly owned resources and converting them to dividends. Under Secretary of the Interior Tudor has announced that his legal staff is rewriting contracts for the water from federal dams in such a way that the 160-acre limitation can be "by-passed"—which means that the government will connive at breaking the fundamental Reclamation laws. Assistant Secretary Lewis has said that he looks forward to the time when there need be no federal forestry. Their chief, Secretary McKay, has repeatedly said that he favors the disposal to private hands of various classes of public lands.

We called it corruption in Harding's time. It is not corruption when it is Administration policy. But it does show an intent, or perhaps only a willingness, to turn the clock back beyond Hoover, beyond the first Roosevelt, to the Old Stone Age of Republican domination by those to whom the infinite wisdom of Providence had entrusted the property interests of the country. Meanwhile the future of the United States is caught between the inexorable millstones. Population pressure steadily increases. The rivers fill with silt, the water table drops, the rains run off as floods. In the West, booms end because there is neither enough water nor enough electricity. The West too has had four years of drought, parts of it five years. Two dustbowls have formed: "The best place to get a Colorado farm is eastern Kansas." And the best place to get anything else you may want is the Department of the Interior.

Indirect damage such as the sacrifice of professionalism in the public service is manifest. But consider something else. If, for instance, the Central Valley Project should be sold to California, doubtless Mr. Hoover's evaluators could work out a price. (California utilities and the Department of the Interior co-operating.) What would be entirely beyond computation is the loss to the public in past investment, future waste, and future expense. Similarly with every other aspect of conservation—erosion control, flood control, watershed management, forestry, range improvement. Whatever is lost or weakened now will mean pyramiding loss in the future.

For it is the nature of the problems of land and water that damage done to either is cumulative. And it is also their nature, as the entire American experience has shown, that they can be grappled with effectively only by federal action.

Soil conservation districts, REA cooperatives, conservation organizations, browned-out areas of power consumers, towns and counties apprehensive about dust and drought—here are a lot of voters. One obvious giveaway is the presentation to the Democratic party of a shining issue for 1954 and 1956. And if Schedule C proved to be a fine means for a quick cleanup in top administrative offices, it will remain one after the elections.

In the early fall of 1953 Washington birdwalkers reported a phenomenon which their amiable hobby could not explain. The number of turkey buzzards resident in and near the city had increased remarkably. The buzzard population continued to grow through the winter and the following spring. By now it has created a sizable problem at feeding time at the zoo.

DC-3:

Built originally for the luxury trade, this model-T of the airways still goes on flying—safely and dependably—after nearly two decades of continuous rough-and-ready use.



The Plane That Won't Wear Out

Richard K. Waldo and Herbert J. Guth

Drawings by Robert Osborn

THE next time you land at LaGuardia Field, Los Angeles International, or Chicago's Midway Airport you are more than likely—as you hurry toward the terminal building—to pass an anachronism of the Air Age, a rugged old twin-engine transport plane, still in use. Ordinarily you might not give a second glance to a ship so much smaller and less impressive than the four-motored airliner that has just flown you through the skies in streamlined comfort at 300 miles per hour. But this one you should regard with respect, for she is the DC-3—the most versatile and hard-working flying machine ever made.

She has had many names in the eighteen years of her career. To thousands of airline pilots she is the Three, the Dizzy Three, or just the initials from the manufacturer's designation: Douglas Commercial Model 3. To British pilots she is the Dakota, or Dak for short. American military pilots have known her as the Skytrain, the Skytrooper, the Doug, Old Fatso, or any of a long list of numbers, the main ones being C-47, C-53, and R4D.

But, under whatever name, the DC-3 is the best-known aircraft in history. This is the airplane in which so many Americans took their first flight, when she was the standard commercial airliner back before the war. This is the plane that hauled cargo, troops, and everything else for the United States and our allies during World War II. This is the plane that since the war has opened up rural America to air travel and helped create the new enterprises of air coach and air freight. It is the plane that still serves as the workhorse—and a demonstration of American technology—for dozens of foreign airlines throughout the world. It is a plane whose record has no parallel.

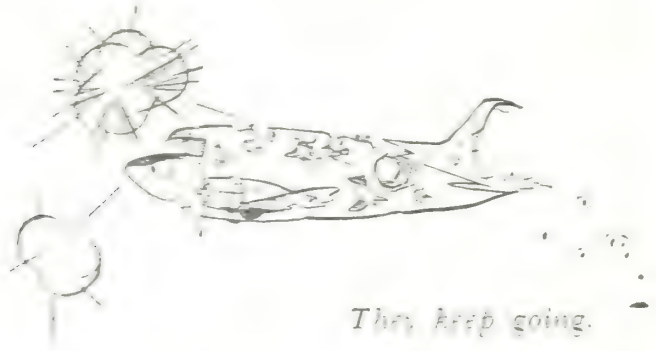
In all, there were twelve thousand DC-3s constructed in the Douglas plants at Santa Monica, Long Beach, and Oklahoma City. Half of them are still in operation today. At last count, some 150 scheduled airlines in seventy different countries were using them. And their passenger count has been phenomenal. American Airlines alone flew ten and a half million customers in its DC-3s before retiring them in 1949. Statisticians at Douglas have estimated that about 400 million commercial passengers must have been carried

by the DC-3 in its eighteen years of service, not counting the millions for the military.

As far as distance goes, the figures are even higher. The single DC-3 with the largest number of hours in the air—or "high time" ship, as it is called—is now flying for North Central Airlines out of Chicago and the Twin Cities. She has done better than 50,000 hours. Multiplying by a conservative average speed of 150 miles per hour, this amounts to more than seven and a half million miles of flying for this one aircraft alone. The DC-3 is, literally, the plane that won't wear out.

Model-T of the Air

It has been said that the airways are not unsafe but, like the sea, terribly unforgiving of carelessness or neglect. To the extent that any airplane can "forgive," however, the DC-3 is that plane. Her ability to absorb punishment is legendary.



They keep going.

A Capital Airlines DC-3 once lost five feet from one wing tip in a mid-air collision and landed safely with a full load of passengers. Another DC-3, in China during World War II, was strafed on the ground by the Japanese and lost her right wing. Since no replacement wing was available, she was fitted with one from a DC-2, her predecessor ship, which was a good ten feet shorter. Christened the "DC-2½," she took off and flew just fine.

DC-3's have been mishandled and overloaded to an unbelievable degree, especially by the Russians. After purchasing a few models from Douglas in the late thirties and concluding a licensing agreement, they began producing her in quantity as the Ilyushin LI-2—the mainstay of commercial air transport on the other side of the Iron Curtain. In his book, *Report on the Russians*, William L. White painted a vivid picture of life in a Soviet DC-3:

> You get aboard. There are no seat belts. There is no sign warning against smoking; if you prefer to burn alive in a take-off crash, that is a matter of personal conscience and no concern of the crew. Once the door slams shut the pilot starts the motors, which have been cold since the night before. If they run at all he releases the brakes, guns the plane on down the runway. You gather speed and clear the runway by maybe ten feet. At this instant the pilot makes his turn by the process of tilting one wing up toward the zenith and the other down until its tip is digging potatoes on the adjoining farm. Once pointed on his course he levels off and, if there are no mountains, he continues at this altitude of from 50 to 100 feet, scaring Kolkhoz cows, Sovhoz chickens, and the passengers.

The DC-3's allowable gross take-off weight for civil operations in this country is 25,200 pounds. This allows a payload of about 5,000 pounds, generally divided between twenty-one passengers, a crew of three, baggage, mail, and cargo. The Air Transport Command, however, regularly flew her at a normal gross of 29,000 and an overload of 31,000—doubling the payload capacity. During the critical days in early 1942, a group of Army DC-3s staggered off Brazilian airways and out across the South Atlantic loaded with gasoline at a gross of 33,000 pounds.

Her original twenty-one-passenger capacity has also been considerably stretched. A Middle Eastern airline today habitually crowds forty-five aboard, while as many as thirty-six are often found on European airlines. On one memorable occasion during the evacuation of Burma, one DC-3 carried a total of seventy-four passengers including twenty-one fully-equipped soldiers, twenty-one women, twenty-one children, ten Indians, and Lieutenant-Colonel Jimmy Doolittle, returning from his bombing raid over Tokyo. "If I'd known they were crazy enough to try to fly that ship," the famous flyer remarked afterward, "I would have *walked* home."

The story of this remarkable airplane began in California more than twenty years ago, when Transcontinental & Western Air Lines and the Douglas Aircraft Corporation joined hands to produce the DC-2, a fourteen-passenger, low-wing, twin-engined, all-metal airplane which cruised at

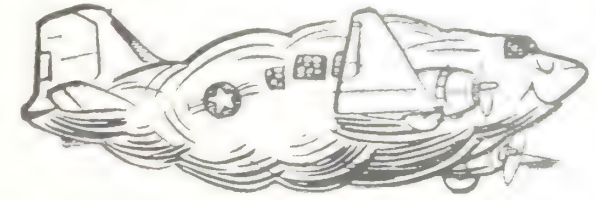
about 150 miles per hour. The DC-1, of which only a single model was built, was the prototype of the DC-2.

The DC-3, Douglas' third commercial transport model, was born a few years later. Originally she was conceived as a luxury airliner. American Airlines needed a sleeper transport for its southern transcontinental route, and had found that the fuselage of the DC-2 wasn't wide enough to accommodate a comfortable berth. American took its problem to Douglas. Following the general outlines of the DC-2, and borrowing ideas from the Pullman Company, American and Douglas engineers came up with the DST (Douglas Sleeper Transport), a somewhat larger and faster ship.

She was initially designed for seven upper and seven lower berths, with a private cabin up front generally reserved for honeymooning couples. Then the engineers found that by taking out the berths they could fit three rows of seven seats apiece into the DST fuselage, and the new design became the twenty-one passenger DC-3. Douglas hoped there would be a market for fifty of its new planes—perhaps a hundred at the outside. The first model flew on December 18, 1935, and opened a new era in air transportation.

Some of the best-known figures in American aviation were involved in developing the DC-3. Leading them was Donald W. Douglas himself, who had become chief engineer for the Glenn L. Martin Company at the age of twenty-four, founded his own company four years later in 1920, and in 1932—in the depths of the Depression—taken a bold gamble and built the DC-2. Douglas' chief engineer was James H. "Dutch" Kindelberger, now President of his own company, North American Aviation. His assistant chief engineer was Arthur E. Raymond, a brilliant young engineer who had worked his way up from the bottom of the company's ladder and later became its engineering vice president.

When the DC-2 was expanded into the DC-3 to meet American Airlines' requirements, American's chief engineer was William Littlewood. Littlewood spent almost half of his time at the Douglas plant during 1935 while the DC-3 was being developed. The *Aeroplane*, Britain's authoritative aviation magazine, later declared that "the industry has Littlewood's genius to thank for much of the efficiency built into the aircraft that really put the air transport business on the map." He is now American's vice president for research.



Loaded

The DC-3 was an immediate success. The first of American's ships went into service in June 1936 on the non-stop New York–Chicago route. Orders started pouring in from other United States and foreign airlines. The speed with which the airline industry converted to DC-3s seemed limited only by the rate at which Douglas could produce them. By 1938, the 350th model had been delivered. The DC-3 had not only become the standard equipment of our major airlines but was also operating in dozens of other countries throughout the world.

Not only was the DC-3 larger, faster, and more luxurious than any previous plane, but it was also more economical to operate. Costs per seat-mile were about a third less than those of its predecessor, the DC-2. Standardization on the DC-3 reduced maintenance and other costs and boosted safety records.

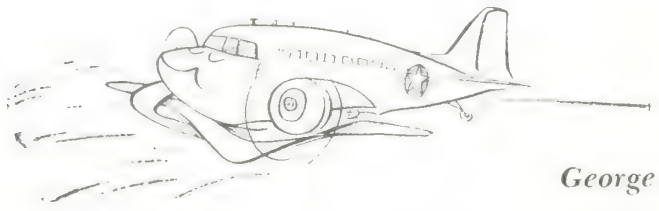
The new plane's cruising speed of 165-180 miles per hour, which cut coast-to-coast travel time to fifteen hours, added greatly to air travel's sales appeal. So did its long range, which permitted the first non-stop schedules between New York and Chicago, New York and Boston, and other major traffic points. The public liked the DC-3's luxury and her club-lounge atmosphere, including such innovations as electric razors; meals served on tables with silverware, real china, and linen; and air conditioning at terminals and aloft.

Air traffic more than doubled in the two years after the opening of DC-3 service, taking the airlines a long step forward on the road to solvency. C. R. Smith, President of American Airlines, puts it this way:

"The DC-3 freed the airlines from complete dependence upon government mail pay. It was the first airplane that could make money just by hauling passengers. With previous

planes, if you multiplied the number of seats by the fares being charged you couldn't break even, not even with a 100 per cent load."

Airline pilots may hesitate to admit it today, but when they first saw the DC-3 back in '36 there were some who had misgivings, fearing she would be too big to handle. Once they got used to her, it was a different story. One of the things that made the DC-3 an easy plane to fly was the automatic pilot which for obvious reasons became known as "George" (once leveled off, in good weather, the pilots could relax and "let George do it"). Another nice feature was a long metal air tube which supplemented the cockpit heating system and could be adjusted to throw warm air wherever it was needed.



George

One day two pilots combined this device with "George" for the benefit of a new stewardess who didn't know about him. The captain put the ship on automatic pilot and tied one of his gloves to the warm air tube, swinging the tube over so that the glove, its fingers filled with warm air, rested on the control wheel. Then he and the First Officer hid in the baggage compartment between the cockpit and the passenger cabin, and buzzed for the stewardess. The young lady came forward, took one look, screamed, and fainted.

Another feature of the DC-3 which pleased one pair of pilots was a small cargo door just behind the cockpit and forward of the main cabin. Unknown to the stewardess, the Captain squeezed in through this door just before take-off. The First Officer shortly announced his intention to wait no longer for the Captain but to take off and fly the ship himself. Considerably flustered, the stewardess could only nod her assent. At the next stop, the Captain squeezed out through the cargo door, ran up the loading ramp as it was wheeled up, and pounded on the door. When the bewildered stewardess opened the door, the Captain—panting hard—gasped out: "Boy, am I glad to see you! I thought I'd never catch up."

During the year that preceded the attack on Pearl Harbor, engineers at Douglas and other aircraft manufacturers were busy with large four-engine planes, which were expected to retire the old transport as soon as fleet quantities were available. The DC-3 was relatively old as airplanes go. But when Army and Navy orders began flooding in, the DC-3 was found to be the only sizable multi-engine plane actually in production, with all the "bugs" worked out of her, and with a backlog of proven commercial and military experience. The war turned out to be her proudest hour. By its end, more than 10,000 military DC-3s had been produced.

Early in 1942, 180 planes (half of the commercial fleet) were commandeered by the Air Transport Command to carry men and supplies to combat zones. Supplemented by later military models, these provided the lifelines of a world-wide war. The Three saw service in every theater of operations and took part in every major invasion and campaign, from the island campaigns in the Pacific through North Africa, Sicily, and Italy to the Battle of the Bulge. She carried paratroopers, airborne infantry, jeeps, ammunition, weapons, bulldozers, gasoline, and anything else that needed hauling. When her cargo included an airplane wing too big to fit into her fuselage, she carried it slung under her belly. Outfitted with litters, she became a hospital plane and evacuated thousands of battle casualties.

One of her routine jobs was dropping paratroopers behind enemy lines. In the invasion of Normandy, C-47s of the Troop Carrier Command flew two entire airborne divisions to the scene of battle on D-Day.

Operating from bases in Britain, C-47s flew thousands of sorties to bring gas, ammunition, and other freight to the Third Army and the Twenty-first Army Group as they outran their own supply lines across Europe. As glider tugs, the C-47s doubled their payload. Jeeps, bulldozers, artillery, and other bulky items floated to earth in expendable Waco gliders, with C-47s serving as aerial locomotives, sometimes pulling two gliders at the same time.

The C-47 got into the Pacific war early when it helped bring out wounded troops, ground crews, and civilians from the Philippines and Java to Australia. When the offensives began in New Guinea and the Solomon

Islands, the C-47 was indispensable in supplying troops and in getting the wounded back to Australian hospitals over six hundred miles of water.

Perhaps the most spectacular job done by the C-47 was in Asia, over the "Hump"—the 700-mile aerial supply line across the Himalayas, from Assam in northeast India to Chungking, the provisional capital of China. This air route is considered the most difficult in the world; much of the area is unexplored and uncharted, jagged peaks rise to 25,000 feet, and deep jungles cover the valleys. Weather is unusually bad and much of the flying must be blind, or on instruments.

The "Hump" was pioneered before Pearl Harbor by China National Aviation Corporation, which had operated routes from Hong Kong to Chungking, and then south to Rangoon and Calcutta, with a fleet of DC-3s and a few smaller aircraft. When the Japanese closed the Burma Road, the normal trade route between India and China was cut off. But CNAC started a Burma Road of the Air, flying in most of the supplies to reach China from the outside world. In December 1942, when military C-47s had become available in quantity, the India–China Wing of the Air Transport Command joined forces with CNAC in keeping the supplies flowing into China. In the years following, more war matériel was carried in by this aerial route than had gone over the Burma Road itself.

One C-47 in that theater held the unusual distinction of being the only transport plane officially credited with downing an enemy fighter plane. A Jap Zero smashed into its tail while the transport was taking evasive action close to the ground, cutting off all but a foot and a half of the C-47's rudder, and then crashed. The 47 staggered back to base, was repaired, and returned to service.

WHILE her counterpart in uniform was busy on the fighting fronts, the commercial DC-3 was trying manfully to maintain normal airline service at home. It was an almost impossible task. Instead of working six hours a day as she had before Pearl Harbor, the DC-3 gradually had her work day increased to twelve hours. This meant that she was flying on a round-the-clock basis when she wasn't in the shop for maintenance. By 1945 she was flying over 200,000,000 miles annually, more than triple the mileage of five years earlier.

The resumption of peacetime travel after VJ-day brought another upward surge in airline operations; passenger traffic nearly doubled between 1945 and 1946. To meet this pent-up demand, the airlines frantically sought additional equipment. No four-engine planes were yet available, so again the DC-3 was thrown into the breach. While the Liberators and Flying Fortresses, their mission accomplished, gathered dust on remote weed-grown fields, C-47s and other DC-3 types released as surplus by the military service were rapidly converted to civilian status.

WINGS and landing gears were rebuilt; parachute racks, cargo bulkheads, special doors and bucket seats were ripped out and replaced by lounge chairs, air conditioning, galleys, hat-racks, and lavatories. Twenty days was all the time needed on the reconversion line to change a dirty, olive drab, war-weary aircraft into a virtually new, gleaming silver commercial transport. By the close of 1946 over 500 DC-3s were in domestic airline service. And, as usual, they were carrying most of the traffic.



Shirt Tail Run

Beginning early in 1947, however, the increasing availability of postwar aircraft began to threaten the DC-3's long-held monopoly of the airways. The new DC-6s, Constellations, Convairs, and Martins were bigger, faster, and more comfortable; and their greater work capacity made them much cheaper to operate. Gradually the old workhorse was forced off the airlines' blue ribbon routes. Yet, though one or two carriers sold off all their DC-3s and converted to postwar equipment, most of the others found new uses for the veteran.

While the Super-Constellations and the DC-6Bs flew the transcontinental and other premium long-haul routes, the DC-3s went to work on the "shirt tail" runs—the short-haul service to small communities. Today over 200

DC-3s are still on the job for the major domestic lines—a greater number, incidentally, than any other single aircraft type they have in service. Of the thirteen lines only two—American and National—are not flying DC-3s today.

Non-Skeds, Execs, and Feeders

SCHEDULED airlines were not the only customers who flocked to buy war surplus DC-3s. Returning Air Force veterans who wanted to put their wartime training to civil use started non-scheduled air services all over the country, largely with the aid of converted DC-3s which the War Assets Administration was glad to sell at a few cents on the dollar. Operating on an irregular rather than on a scheduled basis, the non-skeds—as they came to be known—were willing to carry anything, anywhere, and at any time.

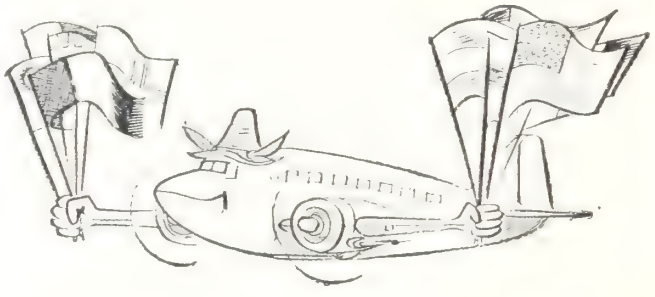
Soon the versatile DC-3 was winging her way from Cleveland across the Caribbean to Bogota with a load of thoroughbred cattle, and returning with a shipment of Puerto Rican blouses or Cuban avocados. She carried the latest fashion creations from New York's garment center to New Orleans in exchange for a planeload of fresh shrimp. One non-sked using DC-3s hauled five planeloads of coking coal from New York to Cuba for a sugar refinery during a dock strike.

Other non-sked DC-3s went into the passenger business. If you were willing to put up with a few discomforts, you could fly coast-to-coast for $88 to $99, and from New York to Chicago for about $38. In fact, the non-scheduled carriers were glad to take you anywhere you wanted to go, at considerably less than the cost of a regular airline ticket. Thus began air coach service, the air transport industry's first serious attempt to capture the low- and middle-income travel market.

Large corporations were among the others who realized the DC-3 had a lot of life left in her when she was put on the war-surplus auction block. Although there were some company-operated aircraft prior to World War II, it wasn't until the war-surplus DC-3s became available that business flying really boomed. Today there are nearly 300 DC-3s in use by private corporations. Outfitted as combination private offices and living quarters, these planes are equipped with swivel reclining chairs, sleepers, divans, deep pile carpeting—and sometimes with a bar, galley, desk, dictaphones, and recorded music.

Perhaps the most important job taken on by the DC-3 since the end of World War II has been on the nation's feeder or local service airlines. At the war's end, the U. S. Civil Aeronautics Board certificated some 18 small lines to provide a secondary type of scheduled airline service to some 180 smaller cities and towns.

It was soon apparent that the DC-3 was the best available ship to do the job. The feeder airlines bought their ships at war-surplus prices of ten to twenty thousand dollars (against a prewar price of $120,000) and converted them back to passenger service, often paying several times the purchase price for the reconversion job. The convert was well received by the public in the small towns served by the feeders. Large crowds came down to the airports to see the DC-3 come in when service was inaugurated. For many, she was the largest plane they had ever seen.



One-Plane Point IV Program

INTERNATIONALLY, the DC-3 has always been limited by her range, which precludes long over-water hops. However, you can still fly a DC-3 to Cuba, Mexico, and on down to South America on Pan American Airways, and she has enjoyed wide acceptance by territorial carriers in Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, and the Virgin Islands. And foreign airlines have long been enthusiastic about the DC-3; it was largely their preference for her that has enabled U. S. aircraft manufacturers to dominate the world civil transport market.

Today there are few countries in the world where you won't run into the Douglas airliner. Some were bought before the war, some obtained through lend-lease, and others as war surplus. She is in the fleet of no less

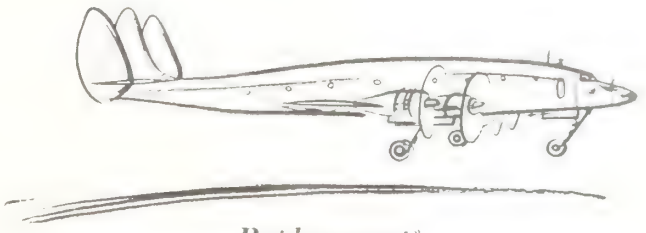
than 120 scheduled airlines in 69 foreign countries, as well as 35 scheduled lines in the United States—and not counting innumerable charter and tramp operators. For many people in the far corners of the world, she has become a tangible American symbol, like the Model T and the Singer sewing machine.

The DC-3 has also taken on a number of challenging jobs of a non-transport variety. Day in and day out she works for the Civil Aeronautics Administration of the Department of Commerce, flight checking CAA's extensive network of radio and visual aids to air navigation, known as the Federal Airways System. She has served others as a flying laboratory from time to time, as when she was used as a test vehicle for airborne collision-warning radar. British European Airways rigged her up as a flying test-bed for a new type of British turbo-prop power plant, and the Department of Agriculture has used a number of DC-3s for aerial application of insecticides over vast areas of range land. The Forestry Service has flown her in pest control work over wide stretches of forest in Oregon, Washington, and Montana inaccessible except by air. And, of course, when war came again, she went back into service with the Air Force in Korea. In April 1954, dispatches from Indochina told of French legionnaires parachuting from low-flying C-47s, amid bursts of flak, to relieve the surrounded fortress of Dienbienphu.

Limit of Service: None

WHAT is there about this airplane that has kept her going for so long? The advantages of war-surplus prices are only part of the answer. The rest must be sought in the qualities built into her by her designers. Her ability to take punishment and grueling overloads has already been mentioned. Her safety record has been a fine one, too, and it has improved with age. Her passenger and crew survivability record in serious accidents has been exceptional. A Civil Aeronautics Administration official can recall many DC-3 crashes where in his words, "No one should have walked away but they did." She is, in other words, a fundamentally well designed airplane.

Four times since the end of World War II the Civil Aeronautics Board—on the grounds that her performance characteristics didn't measure up to present standards—has set deadline dates which would have ended the DC-3's airline career. In each case, however, the deadline was extended. Finally, in 1951, after reviewing her safety and operating record, the Board found the old ship fit and ruled



Replacement?

that she could remain in airline service indefinitely.

Asked what they like about her, pilots will give varied answers. She is an honest and straightforward plane to fly. She handles well. She is fairly simple for a new pilot to "check out" in. Her inherent stability is good, and she has good response to the controls. She has good cockpit visibility which facilitates ground maneuvering. She is a pilot's airplane.

She has her weak points, of course. One thing that troubled the pilots, especially at first, was her slim, tapered wing that seemed too small to support the weight of the plane. Moreover, the wing tips showed a slight tendency to be flexible in flight—a characteristic deliberately built in by the Douglas engineers to relieve structural tension. Later on, when the value of the wing design had been proven through its performance in turbulent air, the pilots relaxed. They groused about her heating system for a time, but that was taken care of when the switch was made from steam to hot-air heat. They have never stopped griping about her leaky windshields, however. Raincoats were carried as standard operating equipment, for use as lap robes. "Light rain outside, heavy rain inside," a pilot once reported.

HER biggest problem has been economic. In recent years she has been increasingly hard hit by the general rise in price and wage levels, sharply raising her operating expenses. The cost of spare parts went up even faster as war-surplus stocks dwindled. The result was that the DC-3 had

to have 75 to 80 per cent of her seats filled on every flight just to break even, an impossible task on the low-density routes she was flying.

Beginning in 1949, therefore, the feeder lines started a campaign to replace the DC-3 with a postwar airplane. They argued that a new plane, operating at a lower cost per mile, would reduce their dependence upon government subsidy, and over the long run give them a chance to become economically self-supporting. Part of the campaign for the new airplane took the form of knocking the old ship. Phrases such as "chained like a slave to the obsolete warhorse" and "emancipation from the DC-3" appeared in the press.

After all, the design of the DC-3 was fourteen years old by now. If our aeronautical know-how hadn't advanced in fourteen years to the point where we could build a more efficient and economical airplane than the DC-3, we'd better throw in the sponge! So the talk ran, at any rate. The airlines, manufacturers, and sympathetic government aviation officials sat down and agreed on the broad general specifications for a postwar plane to replace the DC-3. Then the manufacturers went to work to design such a plane.

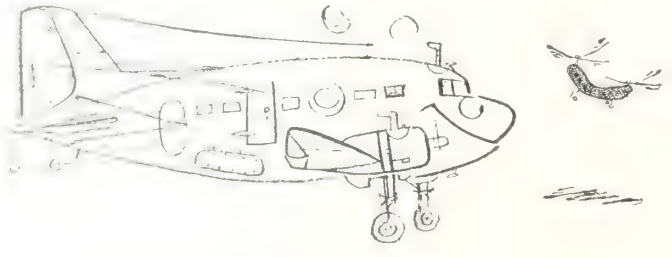
But gradually the cold, unpleasant truth emerged. It couldn't be done! Although American, British, Canadian, French, and Dutch manufacturers have tried their hand at a DC-3 replacement design, the answer has invariably been the same. The DC-3, built for about $7 a pound of aircraft weight, and now generally carried on the books on a fully-depreciated basis, represented too much in the way of competition. A new airplane would cost $21 or more a pound to build, and have heavy depreciation charges against it; it would cost the same or only marginally less to operate than the DC-3. One after another, the manufacturers gave up.

One interesting sidelight on this problem was the position taken by the Douglas Corporation. By 1951, its studies had indicated that the only practical way to replace the DC-3 was by a somewhat larger (30-37 passenger) and faster (250 mph) plane with a new wing and tail, which they labeled the Super DC-3. "Give us your old DC-3 and $250,000, and we'll give you back a Super DC-3," they told the feeder lines. However, the inherent economies of this plane could not have been realized on the kind of routes on which the local carriers operated, and her superior speed would have meant little on short hops. A mere handful of commercial models of the Super were sold, none of them to the feeder lines (although the Navy took a substantial number).

The local carriers have now turned to the federal government for help, and have had legislation introduced to appropriate eight million dollars for the design and production of a prototype DC-3 replacement airplane. Although it has had a generally sympathetic reception on the part of aviation-minded Congressmen, it is given little chance of passage. What then is the outlook for the DC-3, since it seems she won't be replaced by a new airplane and the government apparently is not going to regulate her out of existence?

THE only vehicle on the horizon that seems at all likely to crowd the DC-3 out of the picture is the large transport helicopter. Military prototypes of these are just now appearing on the scene. Commercial versions of thirty- to fifty-passenger capacity are being promised in limited fleet quantities by 1957 or 1958. Some feeder airline operators are banking heavily on replacing the DC-3 with the 'copter and getting into the mass short-haul market in a big way.

But whether or not the 'copter replaces part or all of the 160 DC-3s on the feeder airlines, the fact remains that thousands of others will keep going indefinitely in the military services and on other routes throughout the world. Today's best guess is that the DC-3, like Old Man River, will just keep rolling along.



Since emotions often bring on an illness, is it possible that other emotions—or faith—might be used to work a cure?

As a Man Thinketh . . .

Psychosomatic Medicine, Part II

Ian Stevenson, M.D.

No one except the very naïve or the fanatical claims that emotional factors alone cause physical sicknesses. Many factors enter into every illness.

One of the most important is heredity, which influences a person's predisposition to a particular disease. Nature, like Achilles' mother, failed to dip any of us completely in the river of health, and members of the same family often have the same vulnerable organ. Certain families, for example, have a high incidence of heart diseases, others of disorders of the thyroid gland, still others of gastro-intestinal maladies. This genetic factor undoubtedly influences the occurrence during emotional disturbances of asthma in one patient, hypertension in another, and peptic ulcer in a third. Yet hereditary factors alone do not determine the site of disorder. As I explained last month, thoughts and ideas may focus more on one organ than another and so select it for a physical disturbance.

Of course, still other factors contribute to illness. A person may be invaded by bacteria, by toxic fumes, or by pollens, to name only a few of his potential enemies. Or he may subject himself to stresses greater than he can stand—exercise beyond his endurance or foods which harass his stomach.

Any of these factors by itself may cause no harm, but when it occurs with others may bring trouble. For example, during certain emotional disturbances the secretion of acid in the stomach increases greatly. In itself this may be harmless and easily combated by the mucus of the stomach. But if, during such a crisis, a man pours into his stomach large quantities of irritants like alcohol and rough foods, the assault may be too great. Then an ulcer may eat into the stomach wall.

I have studied certain patients who complained of various symptoms of heart and lung trouble when they exercised. When these patients were studied while exercising, their claims were confirmed. Sometimes when they climbed only two flights of stairs their hearts raced and became irregular, and they would pant for breath. They had few or no symptoms at rest, so it seemed as if the exercise was harming them, or at least bringing out their symptoms. Yet when these patients overcame their emotional disturbances and became relaxed, they performed the same exercise without discomfort and without the disturbed actions of the heart and lungs which they had formerly shown.

Anxiety and Pollen

In a study by the workers at Cornell, a victim of hay fever was taken to a room where the doctors had placed (unknown to her) a large concentration of the particular pollen to which she was sensitive. Inside the room her nose was examined and showed some reaction to the pollen, but she made little complaint. Then the doctors began a discussion of her relations with her husband. Soon she became emotionally disturbed and at the same time began to complain of all the symptoms of hay fever. Her nose, when examined again, was found to be much more

engorged than it had been at the first examination, and ran with the drip of full hay fever. The doctors then channeled the conversation into other, less disturbing topics, and the symptoms abated, although the patient still remained in the room with the pollen. Simultaneously her nose resumed a normal appearance.

Another patient at Cornell had hay fever regularly every September. Nothing seemed clearer than the relationship between his hay fever and the seasonal ripening of ragweed pollen. But this man was also unhappy in his marriage and his work. He received psychotherapy and adjusted himself better to his situation. The following September, to his astonishment, he had no hay fever, although the ragweed had certainly not moved from his neighborhood. However we must remember that previously, even though he was unhappy, he had symptoms *only* in September. It took the combination of ragweed and unhappiness to bring on the illness.

The significance of the emotional component varies markedly in different illnesses. In some it is slight, in others paramount. It may help to think of a disease as the algebraic sum of a number of factors. A disease occurs only when the sum reaches a certain total. It may reach that total by the addition of large amounts of emotional factors and small amounts of other (*e.g.*, hereditary) factors. Or it may reach the total by large amounts of other factors to which a small emotional disturbance adds just enough to bring trouble.

Doctors as Detectives

Since so many factors must be considered, laymen may well wonder how the physician evaluates the emotional component of each illness. In practice he looks for several clues. When two observed events both vary at the same time, there is probably a causal connection between them. And the more the two events are observed to vary together, the more probable the causal connection. The doctor simply studies all the factors which are associated with changes in the patient's symptoms and tries to isolate the common denominators of the flare-ups.

First he takes a full history of the illness from the moment of its inception to the present. He charts, in his mind or on paper, the times when the illness was better and when it was worse. Then he encourages the patient to talk freely about his past life. The patient recounts his sorrows and joys and the events in life which brought them. From these data the doctor constructs another chart of times when life pressed the patient hard, and times when it spared him. Then he brings together the two charts of symptoms and stresses and matches them. Often they fit as well as the two pieces of a paper torn down the middle.

Sometimes a weak memory draws a veil of vagueness over events in the patient's past. Then the two charts may not match, or may merely hint at a relationship without confirming it. Or the illness may be of such short duration that no fluctuations have occurred. In such cases the doctor tries another technique. He proposes to the patient that they study the matter together, discussing each week what happens to the patient as a person and what happens to his symptoms. At each visit they discuss how the patient has felt and what he has done, or what has been done to him, since the previous interview. Often they discover rather soon a pattern in the fluctuations of the symptoms. For example, the physician notes—or the patient himself comments—that every time he would like to get angry—but does not—he gets palpitations, or hives, or whatever other symptoms he may have.

Two somewhat strange phenomena sometimes deceive the patient and even the unwary physician. First, symptoms associated with emotional disturbances often come only after a latent period and at a time when the patient believes himself calm again—a delay which may play into the patient's wish to deny any relationship between symptoms and emotions. Secondly, symptoms sometimes occur during pleasurable emotional states. Everyone knows of tears of joy, but few realize that other symptoms too may come during pleasurable excitement. Diarrhea, irregularities of the heart, and painful tension of the muscles have occurred during pleasurable states in patients I have known. A German ophthalmologist of the last century studied his own glaucoma—a serious and painful affection of the eyes. He complained that his symptoms worsened not only during anger,

but also whenever he was moved by music. The explanation for such symptoms remains uncertain. Possibly the organs involved, from much practice during unpleasant emotions, become sensitive to any stimulus. Then any emotional change acts as a fuse for symptoms.

The doctor may find further evidence of a relationship between symptoms and emotions by observing physical changes in the patient as he talks about the significant problems of his life. Changes in respiration and ease of breathing can be easily seen and sometimes heard. A patient with asthma may have an actual attack when the conversation wanders (or is led) onto the subject of, say, his marital unhappiness. The physician may also observe color changes in the skin or sweating. He may even notice variations in the patient's heartbeat through his clothes. Or the patient himself may comment on physical symptoms which occur during interviews. One patient used to tell me whenever her heart skipped a beat, and then we would look back to find out what we had just been talking about.

Sometimes the doctor cannot use the foregoing tactics. The patient may lack awareness of his own emotional disturbances or deny or minimize those of which he is aware. Then the doctor must examine the patient carefully for evidence of the physical changes known to accompany emotional disturbances. If he has sweaty hands and a pale face; if he moves about restlessly and searches the room with eager eyes of rabbit-like timidity; if he frequently licks the dryness off his lips, the doctor can reasonably suspect that the patient is frightened. It remains to know of what, but probably his fright has something to do with the symptoms of which he complains.

Identifying the Culprit

Physical changes associated with emotional disturbances often occur in certain patterns or constellations of symptoms. One or two of these symptoms may resemble those of serious structural disease. But if a larger number are found together, the evidence of emotional disturbance becomes clearer, since the groups of symptoms caused by structural diseases are different from those associated with emotional disturbances. Tracking down the true cause of the symptoms is like identifying a criminal. The more similarities you can find between a suspect and the description of a known criminal, the more certain you are that the suspect is the criminal. In medicine this technique can be applied only where several symptoms occur. Many patients have only one or two symptoms, as in hay fever. In such cases the doctor must rely on the other methods described to decide whether the pollen or emotional disturbances played the larger part in producing the disease.

A discrepancy between the complaints which the patient brings and the evidence of structural disease found in a thorough examination, provides an obvious clue to significant mental factors. For example, the patient may complain of a racing heart and shortness of breath. These symptoms could warn of serious heart disease. But when they result from structural changes in the heart, they are accompanied by certain abnormalities which can be detected in an examination. If the physical examination fails to explain the patient's complaints adequately, the doctor naturally suspects that emotional factors are prominent.

The discovery of an emotional disturbance does not prove that it has caused the symptoms. Frequently the reverse is true. A man may have cardiac symptoms, for example, because a current impasse in his business frightens him. Or he may be frightened because he has cardiac symptoms and fears heart disease. In the latter case, the more frightened he becomes, the more symptoms he produces, and so on, in a never-ending chase. Once the physician has found an emotional disturbance, he must rely on the other methods I have described to try to decide whether the anxiety arose first in connection with some external stress, or came entirely as a reaction to the physical illness.

Sometimes all the foregoing clues prove nothing and still the doctor believes that emotional disturbances in the patients bear on his ill health. The doctor may then try to modify the patient's emotional state by a trial of psychotherapy. The patient himself may or may not know about this. What it means is that the physician gives him a chance to talk about himself, his wishes, and his miseries; encourages him to release long-hidden and half-forgotten secrets of fear, re-

sentiment, or grief. Soon the patient may begin to feel better emotionally and—if there is an important connection between his emotions and his symptoms—he will concomitantly feel better physically. He will astonish himself and perhaps the physician—by finding that he can run upstairs now or that he can eat anything with relish.

I do not want to oversimplify psychotherapy. Often doctor and patient must work hard before they achieve such results. Equally, I do not want to overvalue it. Emotional disturbances are more often transient than enduring. As I said last month, our minds fortunately wander off to new worries or back to our blessings. Or the ever-flowing current of life carries us past the rapids to smoother waters. "Time is the great physician," said Disraeli, and if he were alive today he would add, "especially for emotional troubles." But whether healing is applied by a doctor, by the washing out of time, or by some other agent does not matter. When a return to physical health accompanies an improvement in the patient's emotional state, the doctor has evidence of the relationship for which he has been looking.

In practice the doctor does not rely on any one clue, but searches for as much evidence as he can find, gradually building up a brief. He would not undertake extensive psychotherapy without a rather strong conviction from other evidence of the importance of emotional factors in the illness. A favorable response to psychotherapy would thus provide a final confirmation of his hypothesis.

Frequently patients have symptoms associated with emotional disturbances and simultaneously symptoms due to serious structural diseases of one or more organs. Many patients with heart disease—perhaps most—have two layers in their symptoms.

A bottom layer of disability stems from structural damage to the heart. On this lies an upper layer of disability related to the anxiety which the patient may feel about the heart disease itself or about some other problem in life. Both layers contribute to the formation of cardiac symptoms. If the top layer is peeled off, as it were, by the vicissitudes of life, or by psychotherapy, the patient may be much improved although not entirely well. Yet the improvement obtained in this way may make the difference between invalidism and a return to active, enjoyable living. I have seen this happen and know it *could* happen more often then it does.

What Psychotherapy Can Do

Which leads us to consider what can be done to treat physical disorders associated with emotional disturbances. Psychotherapy is our chief tool for repairing the emotional component of ill health. At present this tool costs too much, takes too long, and lacks sharpness. Future progress will file away the bluntness. In the meantime, imperfect as it is, psychotherapy can and does help.

Who should receive psychotherapy? Since everyone's illness contains an emotional component, every sick person needs some psychotherapy. And it should be dispensed according to the size of the emotional contribution to the disability. In practice, family physicians (general practitioners and internists) now apply minor psychotherapy to many smaller emotional problems, just as they apply minor surgery to boils and tonsils. Referrals to psychiatrists are becoming (and should be) restricted to patients whose emotional problems are major or unresponsive to the efforts of the family physician.

Sometimes patients ask how much they will have to change in order to get rid of their physical symptoms. They believe that the discovery of psychosomatic relationships implies a personality shot through with vile emotions which can only be purged by a thorough transformation. And lacking Mr. Hyde's antidote, how can they get back to being like Dr. Jekyll? The truth is, there is no need. They are not like Mr. Hyde. Many illnesses with an important emotional component fluctuate in intensity. They are turned on and off like a faucet according to the presence or absence of disturbing emotions. During the patient's period of relief from symptoms, he retains his basic personality and differs little from what he is when he is having symptoms. So the physician and patient usually strive to modify only the top stratum of the patient's personality, that is, the part which repeatedly involves him in tensions and conflicts. The vast treasures of healthy mental functioning which the

patient also carries remain untouched. Often patients need change only 5 per cent of themselves to get rid of their symptoms. But since, as mentioned earlier, the emotional component of an illness often makes the difference between an active life and invalidism, the effort to change 5 per cent greatly profits the changer.

Naturally, while the physician endeavors to alleviate the psychological component of an illness, he does not neglect other therapeutic measures. For example, the patient with severe asthma deserves some immediate relief from his attacks while he gradually separates himself from his mother, if that is his principal emotional problem. Patients with peptic ulcer wisely take extra milk when making out their tax returns. Later, when they become wealthier, or achieve what Taoists call nonattachment, they may dispense with the milk.

We cannot tell yet what kind of treatment psychosomatic medicine will employ in the future. We shall certainly learn new ways to reduce our emotional turbulence and hence the erosion of our bodies by fear, anger, greed, and other passions. (Incidentally, some day we may have a new morality based on biological vices—those which damage the body and reduce the racial vitality.) These will come with future advances in traditional psychotherapy.

The Power of Faith

But psychotherapy may not follow only a worn path. Other avenues to physical health through mental activity may open. I have a fantasy that we shall learn to exploit the relationship between thoughts (especially ideas and beliefs) and physical function. We may learn to borrow a leaf from the book of the hysterics—those virtuosi of the mind and body. By this I mean that if hysterics can believe their bodies into a disability, why cannot we believe ourselves into health? We should be able to use creative imagination for health as well as for the manufacture of illness. Thus we may some day learn and practice a kind of anti-hysteria.

Already some people do. Each year about 15,000 supplicants travel to Lourdes. Most are disappointed; a few are cured. But the fascination and importance of Lourdes lie not in the many who remain ill, but in the few who are cured. Something goes on there that needs further study. And Lourdes is a public place where faith is proclaimed and advertised. Millions of people may, for all we know, never leave their beds and homes, but help themselves to wellness by quiet, inarticulate faith. Personally I have never seen mountains moved by faith, but I have seen serious illnesses moved by faith, and I have a lot of respect for it. I believe that ideas are weapons in protecting the body as well as in war.

I only wish we knew more about how to acquire faith. Anyone can say, "Have faith." Few have it. I think we often confuse a wish with a belief. "Faith," as Kant said, "is belief strong enough for action." Action with others—or action in one's own body. And this is where the talent of the hysteric applies. The hysteric unconsciously wishes to be disabled or paralyzed. So do a lot of other people much of the time, but only the hysteric can really believe himself disabled and realize his belief. To improve health according to this principle would require not a wish but a belief. Wishing comes easily, conviction with labor—or by grace, or somehow otherwise.

Perhaps it comes with simplicity. I mentioned before that hysterics are mostly simple, uneducated, suggestible. Other people are spared hysteria by learning and information. But sophistication can also throw up a barrier to simple belief, the important ingredient of recovery. The problem suggests T. S. Eliot's question, "Where is the knowledge we have lost in information?" Now perhaps we can see a new meaning to "Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth." If the meek (and I think this means the simple) can believe in their own good health, they can at least live longer on the earth, which is one form of inheritance.

I hardly need add that psychosomatic medicine, despite its embarrassingly ancient history, has only started. Far from being completely understood, the subject fairly bristles with problems. We need to know a great deal more about the relations between the mind and the body. And we need to know even more about how to influence the body through the mind. Then, some day, we may say of the body as of the spirit, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

Mathematics, says an outstanding civil engineer, is a language, a tool, and a game. Also it can—and should—be fun.

Math's a Pleasure

Mario G. Salvadori

I HATED mathematics. It was a symbol of everything that oppressed me in my childhood. I was afraid of it and resented it. Not until I psychoanalyzed myself by taking a Ph.D. in it did I overcome the fear and, with it, the resentment.

When I was a boy we lived for several years in Spain, and my parents decided to teach me at home. Mother provided most of the instruction, but for mathematics Father took over. He was a very positive man—the embodiment of authority. Every day I sat before him while he lectured at me, filled a blackboard with strange marks in chalk, and asked me questions which required exact answers. He had a lot of fun. I suffered.

My suffering, I realized later, is still felt by most youngsters who face the terrors of mathematics—terrors compounded of infallibility, incomprehensibility, and authority in an amalgam that is thoroughly inhuman. The fact that it is one subject in which parents and teachers insist upon perfection adds to its grim repute.

"How much is seven and five?" a young mother of my acquaintance asked her small daughter, who was being initiated into the earliest mystery of mathematics—arithmetic.

"Eleven," the child suggested after some hesitation.

"No!" came the stern, uncompromising reply. "It's twelve."

"Well, I was close, wasn't I, Mamma?" the little girl pleaded hopefully.

Of course she was close. But that didn't appease her mother. A little wrong is all wrong when it comes to mathematics—at least according to the average parent and teacher. That little girl will have to penetrate fairly far into the higher reaches of the subject to find out that these absolutes are false; that five and seven may not always be exactly twelve; that three times five is fifteen, but five times three may turn out to be something called 15a.

Meanwhile she is well on the road to believing that mathematics is simply a matter of learning facts which have no meaning, and remembering them long enough to pass an examination. I did that myself. I even did it well enough to get A plus in calculus. I can still recall my despair when a friend of the family congratulated me warmly, adding: "We need good mathematicians."

The prospect of that A plus forcing me into mathematics as a career gave me the sinking sensation of stepping onto apparently solid ground and having it suddenly give way under my feet. Actually I had no idea what the calculus was all about.

IF MATHEMATICS were used only to discipline the mind—a meaningless concept I have sometimes heard teachers defend—this lack of understanding about it might not be so bad. But in fact mathematics is the common language and common tool of all science, upon which our world is coming to rely more and more. We live in a civilization that demands the mass production of scientific

achievement. This in turn demands mathematics.

Even among college-trained men and women—perhaps I should say especially among them—I find a tendency to argue that, since understanding the science by which we live depends upon mathematics, they'll just take literature or art and leave science to the scientists. This defeatist attitude is induced by early training. For a child it is easier to understand the calculus than Shakespeare. Mathematics calls only for imagination and an ability to play games—the qualities in which children are pre-eminent—but Shakespeare demands an experience and understanding of life which no child can have. Pascal at thirteen had taught himself all the mathematical knowledge of his time, but he was a long way from reaching the peak of his talents as a literary philosopher.

A Matter of Rebellion

Perhaps he would not have found mathematics so easy if he had not taught himself. For, although the subject calls primarily for the exercise of imagination, it is usually taught as though every mathematical theory were an absolute fact which no one dares question. In this country students are invited to form their own opinions and reach their own conclusions about English, history, and the humanities generally. In the physical sciences, even when there is little freedom in the teaching, the student can observe the results of experiments. In mathematics there is nothing to watch (which is why it calls for imagination) and the neophyte is discouraged from exploring the unseen for himself.

The result is a sort of schizophrenia in which mathematics takes to itself all the burdens of resented authority. American children especially resent authority, and rebel against it pretty much in proportion to the amount of it they get at home. Psychologists have noted —without always explaining it—that American children from authoritarian homes usually have more trouble with mathematics than their fellows. Boys especially identify mathematics with their fathers.

"I just don't get long division" is easier for a child to say than "I hate my father."

A similar psychological barrier is imposed on the children of "over-loving" mothers.

European schools used to be credited with teaching mathematics more skillfully than their American counterparts. Certainly the average graduate seemed to have a better grasp of the subject and less fear of it. But that was primarily because, in countries like Germany, everything was taught in the same manner, and the student was treated consistently by all his teachers as a person needing authoritative guidance.

In fourteen years of teaching engineering students, who are supposed to have some background in mathematics by the time they reach graduate school, I have found that 90 per cent are pitifully unprepared, and have to be taught all over again from an entirely new point of view.

These students come to us accomplished in mathematics exactly as deaf children who have been taught to play the piano might come to a conservatory of music. You could teach the deaf children just which keys to strike—and enforce the lesson by rapping them over the knuckles when they struck a false note. They would *understand* music as well as most of our students *understand* math. They probably would be just as fond of it, too.

Despite the great demand for engineers and the obvious attraction of the profession, only 8 per cent of the high-school graduates who qualify take up engineering. Why? In a survey which sought the answer, an overwhelming majority of the students gave as their first reason: "I'm afraid of math."

By the time they got into high school their imaginations had, in most instances, been killed. The youngsters who preserved imagination up to this point and kept it through high school against all odds turned to the arts rather than to engineering.

This attitude toward mathematics is so common it has become socially acceptable. The same bright person who boasts in company that he "could never understand math" would be ashamed to acknowledge that he doesn't understand Shakespeare or Freud. This attitude, too, has created the myth about mathematicians' extraordinary intelligence. To the layman any professor of mathematics is a genius—even if a slightly despicable one.

Having experienced these sentiments my-

self, I have tried to develop courses which restore imagination, remove the authoritarian complex, and relate math to life.

The first step in this direction is to rid the student of a lot of misconceptions. Anyone who can read can do the same thing for himself, but before he starts, he should understand what mathematics is and is not. It is a language, a tool, and a game—a method of describing things conveniently and efficiently, a shorthand adapted to playing the game of common sense or logic, as it is called in scientific circles. It is a human phenomenon, *not* an infallible proof of anything.

The Discovery of Numbers

Mathematics came into being when some primitive genius discovered that counting could be done in the abstract. Before his day, men had been able to count, say, three stones, or three tigers, or three trees. Our genius, in a great burst of imagination, conceived of three as an abstract number and found that he could apply it to anything and to all things.

This is a step most of us are capable of today, even after the worst our schools can do to us. But some people never grasp even this elementary abstraction properly. They are like the members of a class of student nurses, whose sad story I heard recently. In order to be able to mix medicines accurately, these girls were taught for a whole term about fractions, with pints, quarts, and gallons of milk used as examples. In their final examination they were asked to calculate the mixture they would get if they mixed a quart of vanilla ice cream with two-thirds of a quart of chocolate. Seventy per cent of the class failed. Their imaginations did not stretch from milk to ice cream.

However, enough men learned to count satisfactorily to serve the needs of civilization for many thousands of years. For a long time men made things, even the pyramids, without fixed rules of measurement. It was not until builders had been using a right angle to square off their walls for several thousand years that a Greek named Euclid came along and put it all down in the form of the abstract geometry, with points so small and lines so thin that they take no space. (Incidentally, this is usually the form of mathematics that Americans grasp most easily—partly because it can be visualized and partly because the Greeks were superb teachers.)

A few thousand years later another genius, this time unknown, took another formidable step. Instead of thinking about twos and threes and twenties, he became interested in what you could do with *all* numbers in general—in, in other words, algebra. Algebra is a shorthand used to arrive at answers to general problems instead of solving each separately by the boring and inefficient process of plain arithmetic. We owe our knowledge of it to the Arabs, who either invented or transmitted it to us, along with the symbols for our numerals.

Primitive man and even the highly civilized man of antiquity had little use for precise measurements of speed, but some three hundred years ago the demand arose for a good description of how—and how fast—bodies move. In response to this demand, the Englishman Newton and the German Leibniz, quite independently of each other, invented the branch of mathematics we know as differential and integral calculus.

It is worth noting that almost nothing new in mathematics ever was deduced until there was a practical use for it. But as soon as there was a need, the answer came swiftly. Twenty years ago, when the progress in aviation demanded a method for solving equations having to do with the performance of airplanes, an American and an Englishman, unknown to each other, came up with the same answer. Their essentially identical works were published the same week.

Mathematics is the language that has made possible the rapid progress in modern science. In the past, scientific strides were made by a solitary genius here and there unveiling a bit of the mystery of the world. Today quite ordinary fellows, working in teams, communicate through mathematics and, using mathematics as a tool, bring about tremendous technological advances.

Once you have got rid of the idea that mathematics is a set of absolute and arbitrary relationships, the next step is to realize that it is a game—and a game for which man made the rules. The student can too if he likes.

When my child was three he invented his

own numerical system, which went: one, two, three, four, six, seven, eight, nine, and ten. Five did not exist. There was nothing "wrong" with my child's game, provided you played it his way and not ours. It is great fun to play games in a slightly different way from the accepted ones; all children do it, and that is why, if they are unspoiled by formal education, they can do so well at mathematics.

Games are played for mere fun; mathematics can also be played for intellectual satisfaction or for practical results. A good way to get rid of the fear and hate of mathematics is to apply it to problems in which you are deeply interested.

One of the thoroughly despised parts of college mathematics is called "inverse trigonometric functions." Students hope to be able to remember these well enough to pass the examination; they do not care to understand them. When this point is reached in one of my courses, I introduce it something like this:

"Gentlemen, I suppose we all would rather be going to the movies than sitting in this classroom. Let us imagine, therefore, that we are doing just that. Let us imagine, furthur, that we have our choice of seats anywhere in the house.

"How can we decide just where we will get the best view of the screen?"

This is a problem that makes sense. By the time the class has taken all the factors into account and discovered the best vantage point in a particular theater, the students have also grasped the meaning of inverse trigonometric functions.

This is how mathematics came into being. Men set themselves a problem imaginatively and solved it. The great mathematicians were much more akin to poets than to pedants. They were fallible, too. Most of the papers published by the leading authorities in the field contain some mistakes in mathematics. Mistakes are not fatal.

One of the best ways to learn mathematics is to discover its truths for yourself. A few teachers are beginning to realize this; they have known all about it in the humanities for a long time.

Not long ago a child in the third grade asked her teacher: "Why can't I divide by zero?" It's a good point, but by the time she is fifteen, the child won't ask such questions. In this case her teacher unhappily did not know the answer, and did not like to give the usual one: "You can't, that's all," or, "Because the book says so."

This teacher felt guilty and ashamed, and when she met me she asked me. I countered with another question: "How much is one hundred divided by fifty?"

"Two, of course."

"And by five?"

"Twenty."

"And by one?"

"One hundred."

"And by one-half?"

"Two hundred."

"And by one-tenth?"

"One thousand."

"And by one-hundredth?"

"Ten thousand. . . . Oh, I get it. The smaller the number you divide by, the larger the result. So when you divide by zero you get . . . infinity!"

The young teacher found the answer by herself. In doing so she also discovered an application of the idea of limit and obtained a better grasp of the concept of infinity. And she did all this in two minutes, in a manner she could use with her own grade students.

The right approach to mathematics, then, is to unbridle the imagination. But this can only be done after the mistaken ideas and feelings about it have been cleared away.

One Man's Goose Is Another Man's Yam

oc·a·ri·na (ok′ə-rē′nə), *n.* [It., dim. of *oca*, a goose; L. *auca*, a goose: so called from its shape], a small, simple wind instrument shaped like a sweet potato. . . .

—*Webster's New World Dictionary of the American Language*, College Edition, 1953.

After Hours



Pot Hunters

A NEW hobby spreading rapidly around the Southwest these days is amateur archaeology. There is nothing new, of course, about the mere fact of amateurs digging in ruins. That has been going on for an alarming number of years. The novelty is the contrast between the old-fashioned, destructive sport of "pot-hunting" and the current vogue of pursuing archaeology as a scientific pastime.

Traditionally the Southwestern archaeologist looks upon the Sunday digger as a plague, a fiend, a reckless despoiler of irreplaceable antiquities. To him "pot-hunter" is a swear-word. It all goes back to that hectic turn-of-the-century period when railroad builders, cattlemen, and prospectors were swarming westward. The writings of Bandelier and Lummis on the cliff-dwellings of Colorado and New Mexico were just beginning to penetrate the drawing-rooms of Philadelphia and Boston. Cushing, back from his Arizona excavations, was lecturing to packed audiences. A great demand grew up for pottery, weapons, household implements, mummies—anything at all out of the old Indian ruins.

Traveling Indian shows were making small fortunes. Romantic Eastern women, like the Rousseau-smitten ladies of the French court who dressed as shepherdesses for Sunday outings, went vicariously back to the Noble Savage (the cliff-dweller, in this case) by possessing Indian baskets and artifacts and talking about the purity of the primitive American. The states of Colorado and Utah even financed pot-hunters to make collections for their exhibits at the Chicago World's Fair of 1893.

The new market for Indian relics was so voracious that the looting of antiquities, previously only a minor sport, now became a major business. Vast quantities of invaluable historical materials went out of Aztec and Chaco Canyon, out of Grand Gulch and Mesa Verde. It wasn't until 1906 that the professional archaeologists were able to muster enough political strength to have the Antiquities Act passed, just in time to save the fabulous Pueblo Bonito itself. It is no wonder that the pro has looked upon the amateur poker-around-in-ruins with a jaundiced eye.

IN RECENT years, though, there has been a trend in the other direction. The new amateur is interested not in depositing but in preserving. Since part of the game is learning something about the art and science of archaeology, his big satisfaction comes not from seeing some Indian oddity on his mantlepiece but in hearing a pro tell him he has found something worthwhile. As the amateur's respect for archaeology has increased, so has the archaeologist's respect for the amateur. In the trackless stretches of the American Southwest, one of the world's richest archaeological areas, the professional now welcomes the amateur as a valuable ally. Indeed, some of the most important finds of the past decade would not have come to pass without this new co-operation.

Weekending Air Force pilots have found Basket Maker materials in old caves, and Indians have brought in ancient skulls, bones, and pieces of armor. Schoolteachers have found the remains of dinosaurs millions of years old. Girl scouts and forest rangers, farmers and construction men, have all been getting into the act. The

late Tully Thomas, postmaster of Concho, Arizona, gained such stature in the archaeological world that he was invited to give papers at scientific conferences and contribute articles to technical journals.

The two finds which the University of New Mexico's Frank Hibben rates as among his most important were a direct result of amateur work. It was a dancing teacher named Kenneth Davis who unearthed the tusk showing that Sandia Man existed twenty thousand years ago. And it was a postmaster, Oscar Shay of Portales, who found a Folsom Man rib bone in the same blue-clay strata in which he had earlier turned up the skeleton of a rare prehistoric dire-wolf. One of Hibben's most productive amateurs is a cowboy named Emmett Brown, who rides the range near San Jon, with an eye constantly alert for bones or artifacts that might be jutting out of arroyos. (It was a Negro cowboy, by the way, a bronco-stomper named George McJunkin from Colfax County, who made the very first Folsom site discovery at Dead Horse Gulch.)

Fred Wendorf and Marjorie Lambert of Santa Fe's Laboratory of Anthropology depend on amateurs for much of their most valuable material. The chief of San Juan Pueblo, digging himself a foundation for a new house, turned up a corroded old Spanish helmet, which he brought in to Mrs. Lambert. The presence of the helmet (the oldest piece of armor to be found in this country) in that particular spot settled a long-standing historical argument. Wendorf is indebted to an amateur for a newly-discovered Early Man site near Midland, Texas, which—after all the evidence is in—may turn out to be the year's big archaeological news.

Emil Haury of the University of Arizona was recently invited to a meeting of the Arizona Cattle Growers Association in order to point out what ranchers and cowpunchers should look for while riding the range. Not long ago a highway-department crew telephoned Haury, told him they had accidentally turned up an old site, and held up operations until he could come out and look at it. And it was a gas-station attendant named Navarrete who called Haury's attention to the now-famous mammoth-bone bonanza at Naco.

All this does not mean that the pot-hunter is extinct. Newly arriving uranium miners and oil men are constantly rediscovering the delights of making off with Indian relics. Chambers of Commerce and tourist lodges keep advertising the proximity of lovely ruins. And Santa Fe's Jesse L. Nusbaum, whose job it is to police antiquities for the Department of the Interior, still finds enough looting and vandalism to keep him busy full time.

But the average Southwesterner, it is nice to hear, is becoming increasingly aware of his rich heritage as revealed by archaeology. And the uncovering of that heritage, with due regard for its preservation, is getting to be one of the Southwest's most popular outdoor sports.

The Big Sell

Whether an American movie should try to deal soberly and accurately with American life is a question that has to be asked—and periodically answered Yes in general terms and No in particular ones. "On the Waterfront," with Marlon Brando, is the most recent among the discouraging exhibits of how far wrong you can go with the best of intentions. It is a film with every virtue except the one which would have redeemed it even had it lacked the others, which is justice. For the most part it is beautifully acted, beautifully directed, and beautifully photographed—and in total it is an obnoxious fake: false to the longshoremen whose lot it purports to depict, false to the dedicated individuals who have tried to improve that lot, and ultimately false to itself.

Movie-makers of the caliber of Mr. Brando and Elia Kazan (who is his director here) obviously dislike to make pictures which do not aim for significance and distinction. One can see how this project must have attracted them; it was a chance to work with realism and respect within an important, glamorous, and cinematically untouched area of national life: to say something relevant about an issue which had been but recently in the headlines; and to handle the dramatic materials of American low life with that caressing tenderness that is misnamed "documentary." At this point all the forces undoubtedly came into action which are supposed to keep American movies from offending anyone powerful enough to afford a Los Angeles office: and there took place the usual struggle to save what could be saved, to conceal in subtleties what could not be left explicit, and to achieve a compromise that was not one of the spirit.

Everyone does this: there is no other way to make big-company movies, and no reason why there should be another way. The things movies "say" are so much better stated through indirect suggestion, and Hollywood has developed so many techniques of skillful evasion, that the burden of censorship and the pressure groups has always been more apparent than real. Art thrives on limitations. For the classic French dramatists the three unities of time, place, and action (plus the whimsical sensitivities of a monarchical court) must have been continuously irritating, but they were no obstacle to greatness.

The audiences of this age make certain demands about the stories they are willing to listen to, demands that are always observed even when they are circumvented. What is interesting about the artist's compromise, in the movies as elsewhere, is what he chooses to conserve and what he chooses to sacrifice.

For the sake of a hollow fidelity to the brooding atmosphere of violence and venality around the New York docks, "On the Waterfront" gives up any sense whatever of responsible judgment. It is a charming and fitfully naturalistic vignette, a safely sterilized and hygienic slumming expedition, which allows the spectator all the satisfaction of sharing life in the raw without having to do, or even think, anything about it. This movie first engages your attention and sympathy by saying things that are true—things drawn from the long roster of evidence that the waterfront has in fact been in the grip of thieves and murderers—and then resolves its own comparatively simple dramatic conflicts by saying what is not only untrue but insulting to the honest men who have truly fought, and bled, and died "on the waterfront." As a memorial, this film is respectful neither to their motives, nor to their difficulties, nor to their good sense.

"On the Waterfront" is not circumscribed by an inability to distribute blame; if anything, it manages to blame everyone but Marlon Brando. The majority of longshoremen are represented as weak and befuddled by the threats of their leaders. The Church is represented as aggressively indifferent, except in the person of a single sympathetic but naïve priest. The unions are represented only by one "pistol local," which is made to seem uniquely vicious and whose leader, in a grotesque parody, utters the only defense of the laboring man's economic aspirations which the film contains. There is a sly but inconclusive insinuation that he is covertly in league with the stevedoring bosses, but otherwise "On the Waterfront" leaves you with the vaguely confusing impression that no one union is really like this but that all of them are a little. A "crime commission" makes a brief appearance but mainly as a setting for Mr. Brando's crucial decision to "call copper" and tell all. In the end there is a fist fight, the Bad Mans gets tossed in the water, and everyone goes happily back to work. Thus we leave beautiful Hell's Kitchen.

For the rest, it is all Brando—the infinitely slow penetration of an idea into his head and the incredible pressures required to overcome his natural inertia. He plays the part well—nonsense, he plays it perfectly, with that cat-like confidence that comes from knowing an Academy Award role when he sees it. As the punchy ex-pug, the teen-ager's idol, the mob's boy with the good heart, Mr. Brando seems to savor his own performance with the same relish he gets from turning over on his tongue the stereotyped nasal idiom of the underprivileged—"He was a good kid, dat Joey" (this of a man he has just sent to die). There are other fine performances, among them Karl Malden's as the priest, with a face of individualistic dignity that is much more impressive than the lines he is given to speak. But, for the rest, it is all Brando—his divided loyalties, his soul-searching, his sacrifice, his sufferings, and his wholly ambiguous triumph.

The point of the picture, if there is a point (and the concluding sequences are all of a rush, as though no one knew quite how to stop it but wanted to get everything in first), is that Mr. B., a convinced thug, is led by a dawning awareness of wrong into personal conflict with his villainous colleagues. His first impulse is to precipitate a gun-fight in which he would obviously be killed. Reason (in the person of the priest) prevails, and he takes the "harder" step of breaking the waterfront code of silence on the witness stand—thus alienating himself from his society but so weakening it that he can then have his fight without guns and merely be beaten to a pulp.

Bloody but unbowed—and reinstated in the eyes of the community—he subsequently shows by his survival that the power of the corrupt union is broken, thus averting a wildcat strike and presumably falling prostrate at the feet of a towering white-haired figure who symbolizes Company Authority. Several interpretations of this little scenario are possible, but it would be difficult to say which is the most nauseating.

Understandably, drama must convert abstract issues into human ones. It would be asking too much of "On the Waterfront" that it cope effectively with the complex triangular relationship between the International Longshoremen's Association, the shipping companies, and the mobsters which one investigating group after another have over the years sought to unravel. It might even be asking too much of a movie that it pay just attention to the courage and intelligence of men like Father John Corridan of the St. Francis Xavier Labor School, who must go on being calm, persuasive, and patient after the "crime commissions" go home and the public turns to other sources of titillating scandal. But it is not asking too much to demand of films with pretensions to being serious and moving that they do not exploit, do not ridicule, and do not falsify the "reality" on which they are based. If there is no alternative,

then the picture should not have been made—not by men who can afford to be choosy, like Mr. Brando, Mr. Kazan and Mr. Budd Shulberg, the film's writer.

It is the practice these days of such "liberal" highbrows as Mr. Brando to complain about the predominance in American life and letters of the passive, blundering, masochistic hero made immortal by Mickey Spillane—his modern crusader with no motives, no emotions, no morals, and no end in view, whose sole function is to move inexorably through a perverse and chaotic world, precipitating violence and winning only by being alive at the end of the last chapter.

It is a sinister archetype for any literature, but even more sinister is its penetration into the dramatic sermonizing of intelligent and well-intioned people who know better. If the makers of "On the Waterfront" had chosen to have it merely a decadently sophisticated underworld travelogue—a kind of American *"Quai des Brumes"*—they would have been truer to themselves, their subject, and their art. Still better, they could of stood in bed.

Worry-Worry-Worry

Recently I saw an exchange of letters between a pair of rather high-powered men, one an advertising executive and the other a lawyer. The lawyer in his letter had referred to the advertising man's easy-going, extroverted manner, and had done so, it seemed to me, in a most amiable and appreciative spirit. The reply, however, was such that you would have thought that an insult had been intended. "Look," it said, "I'm strictly laugh-clown-laugh, and if you don't believe me I'd be happy to show you the X-rays of my ulcer."

There was a time when the symbol of conscientiousness was working late at the office, and a full briefcase on the suburban train was as surely the mark of an up-and-coming executive as a full dinner pail was the mark of the successful laborer. But work-work-work is not enough today to mark the conscientious man. Now it is worry-worry-worry. It isn't outer manifestations of bustle and business that matter; it's inner tension.

The mythology of success has changed since the Horatio Alger days and with it the symbolism and iconography. The hard-hitting executive who waded through a stack of papers making decisions with boundless energy and sure judgment, and who could dispose of more work than any of his underlings is a faded chromo of another generation. The appearance of not working, of the clean desk in a paneled room that looks as little like a conventional office as possible and as much like a living-room in a country estate as a decorator can make it, has become the prerogative of chairmen of the board. They are full-time thinkers, global strategists, theologians of the folk religion of business. Theirs is the problem of maintaining an outward appearance of calm at the same time that they exude a slight aura of desperate inner strife.

One of the things we want out of successful men, and especially out of top management, is worry. We want them to worry about the state of business, about the stockholders, about the



corporation's public responsibilities, and about the welfare of the nation. If they don't, what good are they? We are unimpressed these days by the man who just works hard in the old-fashioned way to make money. Any fool on an expense account can make money. We want our heroes to worry, and the symbol of worry is the ulcer.

Some important men rise above it. Harry Truman did. He perpetuated the old symbols of hard work—up early, at it all day, and almost all night too. President Eisenhower hasn't risen above it. I would risk the prediction that if between now and the November elections the President could get a certified ulcer, it would do more toward saving the Senate and the House for the Republicans than any amount of campaign funds, oratory, or twenty-foot putts.

—Mr. Harper



The New Books

by

Gilbert Highet

Despotism and Liberty

Revaluation

A book which promises to arouse a great deal of controversy was published in this country during July. It is ***The Nazarene Gospel,*** by Robert Graves and Joshua Podro (Doubleday, $10). Judging from the reviews and correspondence that have appeared in British papers, this is a long and elaborately documented attempt to prove that Jesus was simply a Jewish teacher, preaching to the Jews, and to the Jews alone; and, therefore, that all the structure of Christian theology and ethics is a later accretion added by men who were partially foreign to his thought. This work appears to deserve special treatment. It will therefore be reviewed in a separate article, in a future issue of *Harper's.*

Instans Tyrannus

All nations change, and develop, and act, and suffer. Yet most nations change within a pattern they have already chosen, or have had imposed on them. Their shape and character seem to be "given." Of all the important peoples of the world, only the Russians are still shapeless. They still appear to be searching for a spiritual form. They keep trying to find an ideal way of life. What is a Russian? What are the Russians? Outsiders ask this often: few can answer. Russians ask it always, and can never answer. Every new convulsion in the life of Russia marks another attempt to find a solution, to force the vast amorphous Russian spirit into a single frame which is either too loose and rickety, or too cramped and cruel. Poor Russians. It is difficult not to pity them—not their bosses, but the many millions of working men and women, so long subjected to remote religions and bored aristocrats and Cossacks and Chekas and that persistent Byzantine curse, a bureaucracy which combines inefficiency with petulance, minority privileges with appeals to the people, mechanical plans with irrational fits of hysteria and bitter personal feuds. Russian music makes this quite as clear as Russian novels. The symphonies of Russian composers are usually strings of folk-tunes, cheery or plaintive, repeated again and again, with variations in the orchestration and occasional contrapuntal combinations, but with no development worth mentioning: emotional, vigorous, thoughtless; or else they are (like the best-known symphonies of Tchaikovsky and Shostakovich) long, formless, lonely meditations without much intellectual content, filled with an alternation of bitter brooding and intense excitement, and concluding either in a gaiety which sounds artificial or in a sigh diminishing into dark silence.

These ideas are confirmed by a big new Russian novel. Its author is Igor Gouzenko—one of the first of the educated Soviet-Russian diplomats to escape into the free world, and the special one who brought with him details of a powerful Russian espionage organization designed to destroy the United States, Canada, and Britain. It is a good novel, but terribly strange. It has nothing to do with espionage in foreign countries; it all takes place in Russia during the first twenty years of the revolutionary regime, roughly between 1917 and 1937. It is packed with exciting incident, with richly memorable atmospheric description, and with a peculiar type of psychological analysis which we, living outside Russia, have scarcely had any opportunity to practice.

The Fall of a Titan, by Igor Gouzenko (well translated by Mervyn Black, Norton, $4.50, Book-of-the-Month Club choice for midsummer), is a



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huge and fascinating work of over 600 pages. Its main theme is the attempt of the Russian government to enforce absolute conformity on one of the greatest surviving Russian artists.

This man is called Mikhail Alexeyevitch Gorin. The most famous of recent Russian writers was Alexey Maximovitch Peshkov, who wrote under the name of Maxim Gorky. The details of the fictitious Gorin's life correspond closely to those of Gorky's. They both began adult life as tramps, wrote romantic-plus-realist stories about the lives of outcasts, lived in Capri after fame came to them, revisited Russia during the revolution but left for Western Europe again, returned in the late twenties wrote a little more, died mysteriously after a period of silence, and were buried with great honor.

However, there was another artist whom the Russian government also tried to subdue. The famous film-creator Sergei Eisenstein, who designed and produced some of the finest of all motion-pictures, ended his life in a cloud of doubt and frustration. His much-admired film of the Mexican revolution was somehow mutilated or spoiled, not by the capitalists, but by his own collaborators. Then in Russia he projected a film on the life of Ivan the Terrible. One part reached a few theaters in the United States seven or eight years ago. Both scenically and dramatically it was simply amazing, something to put on the same shelf as "Boris Godunov." It showed Ivan as a powerful but dangerous genius, and his entourage as shrewd but backward semi-barbarians. No more ever reached the general public. Now, in *The Fall of a Titan,* one of the chief endeavors of the Russian agents operating on old Gorin is to get him to write a play justifying Ivan the Terrible. The theme is that, although Ivan may have been an absolute dictator, although he may have enjoyed bestial cruelty, although he may have murdered or silenced the intelligent men and women of his land, he was "doing his best for Russia." And in fact this particular point of view was put forward by a Russian historian called R. Vipper, in a specially written life of the monstrous Ivan. Dr. Johnson said that patriotism was the last refuge of a scoundrel.

The main plot of *The Fall of a Titan* makes a tragic parallel to the almost comic death of Tolstoy. Though annoyed by the Tsar's censors, Tolstoy lived on to the great age of eighty-two, and was only driven from his home by the tantrums of his wife, to catch pneumonia and die. But Gorin, harried and deceived and entrapped by Stalin's agents, existed in something like a luxurious prison until his seventies: he was finally murdered by his literary confidant, a servant of the dictator, a professor who had sworn to convert him and who felt ashamed of his almost complete success. The murder is one of those complex Russian crimes which (as in Dostoevski) becomes something like a virtuous act because it purges the murderer.

This unforgettable book treats many other problems of urgent interest in our painful century: the problem of brain-washing, the technique by which both thought and will may be invaded and sometimes paralyzed by skillful and ruthless men; the problem of power concentrated in the hands of one individual; the subordinate problems of the transmission of such power, and of its abuse by the children of the tyrants; and the problem of the corruption of clever men without standards, who can think of no way to succeed except by acknowledging the domination of a few brutal anti-intellectuals. (This last theme is admirably discussed by Hellmut Lehmann-Haupt in ***Art Under a Dictatorship,*** Oxford, $5.50.) And yet, for all its clear perception, the book is pervaded by that ineluctably Russian sense of bewilderment. Everyone in it who can think is puzzled almost all the time; strives hard and unsuccessfully to understand himself and his fellow-creatures. The soul of that people is a mystery not yet revealed even to themselves; but this fine novel is another courageous attempt to penetrate it.

Immigration

The Literary Guild choice for August is a touching and delightful novel called ***Unto a Good Land,*** by the distinguished Swedish novelist Vilhelm Moberg (eloquently translated by Gustaf Lannestock, Simon & Schuster, $3.95). It describes the first year in the American lives of a small group of Swedish immigrants, who landed in New York harbor in June 1850, made their way through thousands of miles of still less-than-half-populated America to a remote but fertile region of Minnesota, marked out their farms, built their houses, lived through their first winter, and welcomed their first spring as inhabitants of a new and mighty land. Quite often as one travels in the Midwest and the West, one will meet men and women who say proudly, "My grandfather *homesteaded* this place, and I still live here, where he started." Until one realizes the difficulties and dangers the homesteader confronted, it is hard to see this as much more than an amiable piece of antiquarianism. But Moberg's book explains the problems and perils, exactly as they confronted the immigrants of a hundred years ago.

Travel was laborious and dangerous. One man lost his wife on the voyage over the Atlantic; one woman lost her husband; children died; all the travelers nearly starved, living on the scanty rations they had brought and the miserable food of the immigrant ship. There is a touching picture of the little group of Swedes sitting in Battery Park just after landing—pale, frightened,

hungry. A little boy chews a mildewed crust of rye bread, the last bread brought from overseas, and still feels famished. A young mother is astonished, and overcome with both joy and relief, when her husband—after venturing out into the New York streets—brings back fresh milk and new white rolls. She feels this must be a healthy country, where they can drink such good milk; and a happy country, where they can have wheat bread every day. "At the very first bite she felt that she was eating festival food."

But from Battery Park, with its new sunlight and fresh food, the road to Minnesota was long and hard. The immigrants took a river-steamer up the Hudson River to Albany (standing all the way, although exhausted); then a "steam-wagon," terrifying and noisy, to Buffalo; then a steamship through the lakes to Chicago; and then a smaller steamship from Chicago to the St. Croix River in Minnesota. That ship had cholera aboard, haunting it like a ghost: from time to time it stopped, so that the sailors could go ashore and bury a new corpse in an unmarked grave on the prairie. And at last, when the little group of sixteen Swedes landed at the tiny settlement of Stillwater, Minnesota—late in July 1850, too late to sow or plant for next year—then they had to walk, with their children and their old people and their pregnant wives, and their tools and their clothes and their furniture, over a trail covering the last thirty miles to the new land . . . "like the old Apostles," says Moberg, gravely recalling the missionary piety of the God-fearing people who populated our Middle West.

There were many other problems. One of the worst was that, as soon as they landed, the immigrants became deaf mutes. They could say nothing, and understand nothing that anyone said to them. There were no stones in the good ground of Minnesota—yet nails were almost worth their weight in silver: so were all iron things; a man was rich because he brought out several axes from Sweden. The immigrants had painful religious problems, because they were afraid to take communion with such heterodox sects as the Baptists, in case they were allying themselves to the devil. Problems, problems. But there is happiness too, and growing consciousness of success through work, triumph after suffering—the only kind of life which, to us Westerners, is worth living.

This book is recommended almost without reservation. The only exception is that some characters are rather abruptly introduced and some motives are not fully explained: a revivalist preacher called Danjel never comes fully alive, and certain disputes are hard to understand. This is no doubt because the novel is the second of a trilogy. The first (judging from the front-matter) was called in Swedish *Utvandrarna, The Emigrants* or *Outwanderers*: it must have dealt with the slowly gathering determination in this small group to pick up and leave Sweden. It would be a novel of escape. This volume in Swedish is *Invandrarna, The Inwanderers,* and so it shows them turning their hearts slowly inward toward the new country. (There is a sadly humorous moment in which the former village whore—don't blame her, she was bought like a slave in Sweden, at the age of four, by a farmer who raped her at pleasure from the age of fourteen onward—determines to settle down in America, accepts one of her many suitors, and buys a *hat.* No one in Sweden, except great ladies, ever ventured to buy and wear a *hat.*) This book is a monument to one of the best American feelings, our innate optimism, which we are still trying to export.

Not only European people immigrated. Scores of European customs entered America, and settled down. In many ways we are inalienably Americans, part of the land and the climate; but in many ways we are still Western Europeans—in language and food habits and (until very recently) in housing and clothing and many other patterns of living. This is explained in a smoothly written and interesting book by George Stewart called ***American Ways of Life*** (Doubleday, $3.50). It is full of things which few of us consciously know and which all of us will enjoy learning. To take a trifle, it has never struck me that "yeah" is not a corruption of "yes"

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houses fully to their new environ- ... to build closely packed Western European frame houses and brick-row houses, or at best Swedish log cabins—until seventy or eighty years ago, when there began a second American revolution, the cultural declaration of independence which is still far from complete.

Forgotten World

IN CONJUNCTION with the New York Graphic Society, UNESCO has inaugurated a remarkable new series of reproductions of early works of art. There will be volumes on Egypt and on the paintings of the Australian bushmen. The first to appear is a sumptuous volume of ***Paintings from Ajanta Caves*** ($15), edited by Madanjeet Singh, with a preface by Jawaharlal Nehru. These ... were done in what now seems to have been one of the greatest periods of civilization in human history, between the 2nd century B.C. and the 6th century A.D. They were decorations on the walls of temples and shrines and monasteries carved out of the solid face of cliffs in what is now the state of Hyderabad. Those who painted them, those who paid for them, and those who worshipped in the temples, were all Buddhists. But in the Dark Ages Buddhism left that land. The temples were abandoned to tigers and snakes and bats; the surrounding territory fell into semi-savagery, and so ... the many generations. British officers were the first to discover the caves—the story was well ... recent issue of the *New Yorker* by that talented observer ... Moorehead—and several British ... spent many years on trying to ... the paintings in ... many difficulties and un-

... were at first less in- ... works because they ... Buddhist, and Bud- ... Indian penin- ... most

Mukul Dey, when he first visited the caves in 1918, was astonished to meet a group of Japanese artists who had come out specially to copy the pictures, while he himself found no companions of his own race and language. Apparently it is only in recent years that the Indians themselves have taken a lively interest in the masterpieces created by their ancestors; and we hope it is not too late.

In 1950 Oxford published a touching account of the caves by Mukul Dey, called *My Pilgrimages to Ajanta and Bagh* ($3.30), with many good black-and-white illustrations; and there are fine albums of Ajanta reproductions in most art galleries. This new collection is very beautifully done as far as color goes, but it is less satisfactory in its choice of pictures. The caves contain, or once contained, many bold and vivid scenes: for instance, an angry prince bending forward as though to behead a lovely naked dancing-girl who has tried and failed to seduce the Buddha. This album has nothing so original and impressive as that—only a few noble or dainty figures, some rather conventional heads, and many charming but faded color-patterns. Still, it shows us something of a wonderfully gentle and graceful civilization.

Unusual Novels

ONE peculiar type of novel in which English and French writers seem to specialize is the story about a short period in the life of a very young person—a boy or a girl—during an epoch of rapid change. In this period the youngster undergoes momentous experiences: the discovery of cruelty, the first understanding of hypocrisy, the earliest realization of the power of sexual desire, the awakening of the power to produce works of art. At the same time he witnesses, but only half understands, a drama taking place among the grown-up members of his family or his community: a love affair, an irreconcilable conflict, the sudden irruption of poverty, a death.

Personally, I always have the same difficulty with such books. I cannot never believe them. I cannot convince myself that the narrator observed as much as he says he did; most of the events seem to me to be historical reconstruction. And this disbelief is increased by the fact that the incidents of the story are always narrated in an elaborate vocabulary and rich, exquisitely balanced sentences which could not possibly have emerged from the brain of anyone except a skilled writer of twenty-five or thirty years old. (Capote? Oh, all right. Eighteen, then.)

Alfred Knopf has brought out a beautiful new English example of this type of artificial reminiscence, which is worth reading for the delicate fragrance of its style alone. I do not believe it, but I enjoyed it. It is L. P. Hartley's ***The Go-Between*** ($3.50). It tells how a rather poor boy was invited to stay with a rather rich boy about 1900, and gradually became the important and unsuspected emissary who carried love messages between a beautiful lady and her coarse peasant admirer, and also between the same lady and her deformed aristocratic suitor.

The plot is almost as melodramatic as that of "Il Trovatore": you expect a chorus of villagers to burst in, singing, "Clasp, clasp the honest heart! Shun, shun the visage scarred!" The incidental details also appear incredible to me. Can you imagine that an English boy who dropped his H's would be asked to stay for a long period with the son of a snobbish family, who was going to Eton? Can you believe that at breakfast one could sit down to eat ham and eggs, but must stand up to eat cereal? ("The men walked about to eat their porridge. This, Marcus told me, was *de rigueur*; only cads ate their porridge sitting down.") Yes, I suppose it is possible, but it is terribly strange and terribly distant. Elegantly written as it is, this book is like Christopher Robin reporting on a scandal among the Forsytes.

GRAHAM MCINNES, the son of Angela Thirkell, writes more imaginatively but more clumsily than his mother. His first book of fiction is a wild romance, called ***The Lost Island*** (World, $3.50), which swings between bitterly cynical descriptions of contemporary life and lotos-land fantasies about an undiscovered isle in far-off seas. It is well plotted, with a clear story line. Unfortunately it is deformed by clumsy phrasing

and mixed metaphors, like this:

> . . . young oil executives turned out by the assembly lines of American colleges for the jobs of minor satraps in the growing oil empire of the north . . .

and even of misused words, as when a land-crab's eyes are said to be on "prehensile" stalks. But it is also full of those mythical imaginations which charm many readers: a lovely lonely castaway, a living relic of ancient history, a fountain of eternal life. Acceptable diversion.

A pleasant summer of sun tan and fresh air to you all.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

FICTION

The Dollmaker, by Harriet Arnow. This is a book which should have been reviewed several months ago. It is a long novel—one of those one lives with happily, for days. Its basic story is quickly told. An unschooled but wise and compassionate woman from the Kentucky hills, whose inner satisfactions have all come from the land and from the things she, like her father, has been able to whittle out of wood, is transplanted by the second world war to Detroit with her five children. Her husband has found a job there and she has no choice but to abandon the newly purchased farm, her pride and delight, and follow him. Their life in the squalid wartime city, its terrors and meager satisfactions, her struggles to meet the new situations, her growth in understanding, make up the bulk of the long story. But no summary can give the quality of the storytelling, nor the richness of it. It approaches greatness in literary and in human terms.

Macmillan, $5

A Wreath for the Enemy, by Pamela Frankau.
Probably no story *Harper's* has published in recent years has stirred up more excited pleasure than "The Duchess and the Smugs." We published it two years ago and we still get occasional letters about it. Readers will be glad to know that it constitutes the first of three sections in this new novel by the author of *To the Moment of Triumph.* Miss Frankau not only shows how Penelope grows up (the little English girl who hated her Bohemian life on the Riviera) but what happens to Don, one of the "Smugs." It will be no surprise that it is a sensitive story, full of minor characters as memorable as the central ones, and that the other episodes make dramatic reading. As in the shorter story, the whole novel is an affirmation, and, like Penelope's first experience with the Duchess, it is about people who find unexpected belief and conviction from life's most unlikely happenings.

Harper, $3.50

The Victorian Chaise Longue, by Marghanita Laski.
The author of *Little Boy Lost* and *Toasted English* has performed a difficult *tour de force* in this little book about a modern young mother with TB who falls asleep on a Victorian couch and finds herself trapped in the world to which it belonged. This romantic kind of "Berkeley Square" journey into the past has been done before—perhaps more satisfyingly—but the two worlds that Miss Laski creates are perfect to the minutest details—sights, sounds, smells, *décors,* emotional atmospheres—and one believes them both though one may not thoroughly understand the passage from one to the other.

Houghton Mifflin, $2.75

NON-FICTION

The Gentle House, by Anna Perrott Rose.
An eleven-year-old boy, a DP who had been bombed out of a Latvian orphanage and later sent to a German DP camp, was taken in by Mrs. Rose some years ago though everyone warned her against it. He screamed in the night: he had unexplained and uncontrollable temper tantrums: other families had had to give him up: he was incorrigible and should be sent to an institution. But his school teacher, the author of *Room for One More,* now a widow with a nearly empty house, knew better and took him home. Within a couple of years his English was

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much improved, his school work was good, he was an accepted member of a scout troop, and the tantrums had disappeared. The last thing to go was an unexplained phobia about shining shoes. When, on a transcontinental scout trip, that phobia also vanished, he was finally able to explain. In the camp in Germany the children were always made to shine the officers' boots and were beaten when they didn't do it well . . . Slow patience and understanding, great common sense and humor accomplished what seem like miracles. A satisfying book.

Houghton Mifflin, $2.75

A Child of the Century, the autobiography of Ben Hecht.

These lusty six hundred pages of personal history and observation are surely not for the prudish, but there is pithy comment here—much of it controversial—on a Chicago childhood, on God and sex and love and marriage, on the Jews, on journalism in the 1920s, on Hollywood, Broadway, and the many causes in which Mr. Hecht has fought impassioned battles. The vitality and swagger which will infuriate some will delight others, and the book can be read just as well, and with the same subjective reactions, at the beginning, middle, or end. Since Mr. Hecht himself announces that he has no taste, all readers are forewarned if they feel the lack of it here. By the author of *A Book of Miracles* and *Erik Dorn,* and co-author of "The Front Page" and other Broadway successes.

Simon & Schuster, $5

The End of Innocence, by Jonathan Daniels.

The story of three eminent liberal statesmen—Woodrow Wilson, Josephus Daniels, and Franklin Roosevelt—told by the fourth who knew them all. Daniels the older was, of course, Secretary of the Navy in Wilson's Cabinet during the first world war. And FDR was his Assistant. Jonathan was very young when the family went to Washington but he apparently noticed a great deal and has had his father's voluminous unpublished diaries to refresh his memory. His recollections and recreations of the times and of the men are vivid and amusing, and there is something very satisfying in this complete square of distinguished men—Josephus Daniels working under Wilson; Roosevelt working under Josephus; and finally Jonathan working under Roosevelt. They did not always agree; far from it. Their differences make part of the interest of the book: Daniels, the "backwoods" democrat, and Wilson and Roosevelt, the aristocrats who learned much from him. But they were all fighting for the same things and the book is happily textured with affection. It is an inspired retelling of history from 1913 to Roosevelt's nomination for the Vice Presidency in 1920 with, as an end note, the story of his funeral in 1945. The whole book is shot through with Josephus Daniels' democratic conviction that the people could be trusted and that "the innocent would inherit the earth."

Lippincott, $5

FORECAST

Here's Looking at America

Whether it's a good or bad sign, as a country we surely are having a look at ourselves—our outward manifestations, our inner motivations, in every department. Simon & Schuster announce for July *100 Stories of Business Success: Case Histories of American Enterprise* compiled by the ***Editors of Fortune.*** On August 24, Little, Brown is publishing a collection of the writings of thirty-two historians, by ***Edward N. Saveth*** with an introduction by ***Allan Nevins*** in a book called *Understanding the American Past.* In September Simon & Schuster will publish a kind of historical montage in words and pictures, *What is America,* edited by ***Arthur Goodfriend.*** In October comes *The Second Treasury of Early American Homes,* by ***Richard Pratt***, from Hawthorn Books; a survey of the current American literary scene, *The Literary Situation,* by ***Malcolm Cowley*** (Viking); and a book that all *Harper's* readers will look forward to, a history of the people and influences which have made American taste what is is today, *The Tastemakers,* by ***Russell Lynes*** (Harper). In November, from Hermitage House comes ***Chard Powers Smith's*** history of the New England mind, *The Yankees and God.*

THE NEW RECORDINGS

Tape Records for the Home

Edward Tatnall Canby

In recent weeks I have been made acutely aware, via advance publicity, of a sensational revolution said to be about to burst upon the record field pre-recorded tape "records."

Well, so it may, but then again perhaps it won't. I am a somewhat jaundiced enthusiast for this year's hi-fi innovations mainly because almost without exception they are already three to five years old. "Hi-fi" itself burst upon the nation last fall, but many of us have been in there plugging for it these past eight years or more. Only the economics and the ads have changed. So it is, in a way, with magnetic tape records. I find I'm not likely to be scooped on this subject. On the notion that somehow it all sounded oddly familiar, I dug into the files and came up with an old article of some length called "Tape Libraries," by Canby, of all people, dealing with the whole subject of tape records *vs.* discs. A good 90 per cent of that article could be digested here safely as of 1954. The date was August 1951. *(Audio Engineering).*

There were several announced "tape libraries" then, and one was already on the market. The prices were roughly double those for the equivalent music on discs and the same is true today. The 1951 tapes offered good tonal quality (full range at 7½ inches, thanks to the then new Ampex narrow-gap recording head), but play-back quality depended then, as now, on the play-back machines, most of which had sound quality somewhat better than the average home phonograph but by no means as good as that of an LP on a modestly priced separate-unit home system. Today, the tonal range of new home tape machines is somewhat improved and the sound will also be steadier at least while the machine is fairly new.

Music? In 1951 the available material was somewhat less than competitive with disc: fourteen or so reels of assorted cocktail music with one classical sally that got as far as an anonymous "Nutcracker Suite"!

Today, three years later, the situation is not yet basically changed. Much tape and more publicity will soon appear, but initially the new sensations will consist in part of the same high-economy musical material: (a) dinner music, movie and show tunes, background stuff; (b) a few mild stabs toward classical music not duplicated on discs, mostly by chorus (non-union), anonymous or doubtfully named orchestras, and/or assorted small ensembles.

Worth Looking Into . . .
Choral Music

Palestrina: Missa Papae Marcelli; Choral Music from the Lowlands (Sweelinck, Des Près, Ockeghem, Obrecht, Lassus, etc.). Netherlands Chamber Choir, de Nobel. Epic LC 3045.

Anthology of Renaissance Music. (Dufay, Des Près, Lassus, Victoria, Morley, Mouton, Palestrina, Van Berchem). Primavera Singers (N.Y.). Period SPL 597.

Vienna Choir Boys (includes Mozart, Schubert, Palestrina). Columbia ML 4973.

All outstanding performances.

However, there is one important "innovation" (already launched on several earlier occasions but somehow not previously brought to fruition), the issuing of good classical recordings in dual form, on LP and on tape. RCA has introduced both a Bluebird and a Red Seal line of tapes, the music also on LP. A-V tapes, duplicating Remington LPs, are already quite extensive. But tape cost is double to triple that of LP, and most lists will at first be relatively microscopic.

Don't forget though, that virtually every disc record of the past five years —millions—came from a tape original that is now on file and can be mass-copied onto home tape at almost a moment's notice, if desirable. The entire LP library could appear on tape in no time, with technically better quality than is available on the discs—players aside.

It won't happen soon, if ever. Yes, ideally the tape sound is inherently better than any disc sound (due to elimination). But tape is also an inherently clumsy medium in the home; it must be rewound as well as threaded for playing, it is exasperatingly unsuited to the quick locating of inner movements or musical passages, nor has it the flexibility of use for long or short selections that we find on the combined disc system at all speeds.

Yes, tape will play thousands of times before wearing out and your machine will go first. Yes, surface noise is nil and does not increase; damage by ticks and scratches is impossible, breakage can often be repaired. But the plastic record is a remarkably simple, cheap, easy-to-use, space-saving musical device that will be hard to beat in the long run, even if tape players, inherently costly, and tape itself come down to the same price level. Let's assume that tape will supplement, not replace, our disc records, and brace ourselves against the coming sales talk!

Oratorio

Handel: Belshazzar. (1) Berlin Chamber Choirs, Berlin Symphony, soloists, Helmut Koch. Vanguard (Bach Guild) BG 534/5 (2). (2) Chorus and Orch. State Conservatory (Stuttgart), Grischkat. Period SPL-594 (2).

These two virtually simultaneous releases of a hitherto virtually unknown masterpiece are momentous for those who follow choral music. "Belshazzar" is quite unlike any of the well-known Handel works, and in it you will find music of an almost Romantic intensity. The music is markedly Bach-like in the depth of its expression and even in the techniques—striking recitatives, tragic minor-key arias, chorale-like hymns, unexpected dramatic freedom at the climactic moments.

"Belshazzar" is virtually an opera in all but the staging—with acts, scenes, a

...undwriting on the wall, the defeat of ...fountains by King Cyrus and his Persians; ... special dramatic intensity is created by a "third force" that dominates it, the captive Jews. Three separate choruses represent the Jews, Babylonians, and Persians; and with the utmost skill Handel has balanced the powers ... Belshazzar's queen Nitocris who ... tells him and laments the terrible fate of great states grown corrupt and old.

Throughout there are direct dramatic techniques here that few of us would ... Handel, in the use of the dynamic power of solo recitative for dramatic action, in such remarkable devices as the agonized choral recitative ... the famous handwriting appears in the midst of the revelry—broken terrified choral exclamations that fall by a *tour de force* into fugal form.

The two recorded versions give a composite picture of the music, but neither is ideal. The one on the Period label from Stuttgart is impeccably performed and recorded with a polish and accuracy that may at first hide what is, in spite of some excellent solo work, a plodding performance, lacking drama, the music played note by note without the slightest awareness of musical or dramatic shapes. The apotheosis of musicology!

The Berlin performance on the Bach Guild label is by contrast a whirlwind of dramatic expression, beautifully conceived, with a remarkable understanding of the musical sense, especially in the chorus. The ensemble, however, is often ragged and the solo voices are of a wobbly sort. Yet the sweep of conception is so overwhelming that there would not be the slightest question of choice if the recording itself were technically acceptable

Both performances are in German, an inconvenience, but the accompanying texts in both German and English make it easy enough to evoke the original English intention.

Haydn: The Creation. Chorus and Orchestra of Radio Berlin, soloists, Helmut Koch. Urania URLP 235 (2).

HERE is a similar recording by the same or similar forces. Again the words are German and those who know the "Creation" in English may be disturbed. (The original was a German translation of an English text.) But again, the concept is so big that these are minor considerations. This brings out, as might be expected from "Belshazzar," the dramatic aspects of the score which have too often been neglected under the benevolent aegis of the "Papa Haydn" school. A revelation even if you may disagree on details. Recording okay.

The "Creation," incidentlly, requires for good performance in our age a very knowing insight into the nature of Haydn's religious philosophy, so feelingly depicted throughout this wonderful work. To Haydn, a modernist in his day, the works of God were manifest in Nature and in Man; wherever one looked, in that pre-Darwinian time, one "saw the wonders of His Work," and Haydn felt especially that his own gift of musical creation was the sublime manifestation of God in himself. Religion, for him, included all Nature and all of Man; there was no segregation of God within the Church.

For that reason, as is wonderfully evident in the music, life itself and especially its happiness and its humor, were a part of Haydn's worship. The "Creation," then, is a vivid and astonishingly humorous work, playful in its depictions of the appearance of the animals, starry-eyed at the beauty of the first man and woman, joyous at the bounty of the Lord. A heavy, serious-minded performance is an abdomination—yet all too often (in the manner of today) that is what we hear. Lightheartedness, vivid movement, utter sincerity, and frank drama are the essentials. This performance has them.

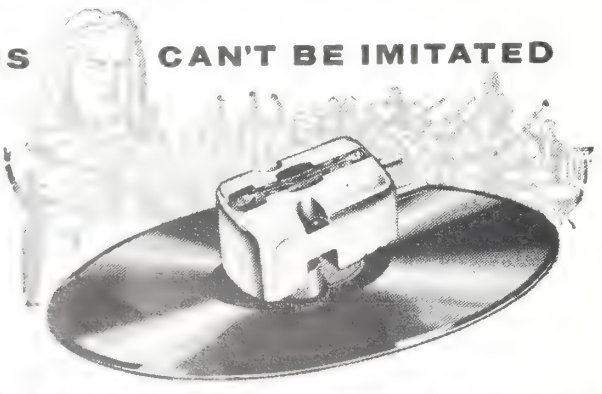
Delius: A Mass of Life. Soloists, London Philharmonic Choir, Royal Philh. Orch., Beecham. Columbia SL-197 (2).

THERE is a strangely antithetical relationship between this major work of Delius—a secular "mass" based on poems of Nietzsche—and Haydn's "Creation," a nominally sacred work that reaches out, too, to include a whole philosophy of life. To Delius, the meaning of life itself was in art; creation was for him a religion.

It is perhaps more useful to describe than to judge Delius—for one is, or is not, a Delius fan and there can be no argument! I suggest that Delius, especially in this long work, is a mystic somewhat like Mahler. He lacks the rich bitterness of Mahler and his melodic and orchestral invention are for my ear much inferior. But that endless, passionate search for greatness via musical monumentality, the striving for climax after climax ever larger and larger, the inability to be both profound and concise—above all the strange reluctance to *end* a piece without the ultimate wringing-out of passion, beyond all commonsense limits—in these things Mahler and Delius are alike.

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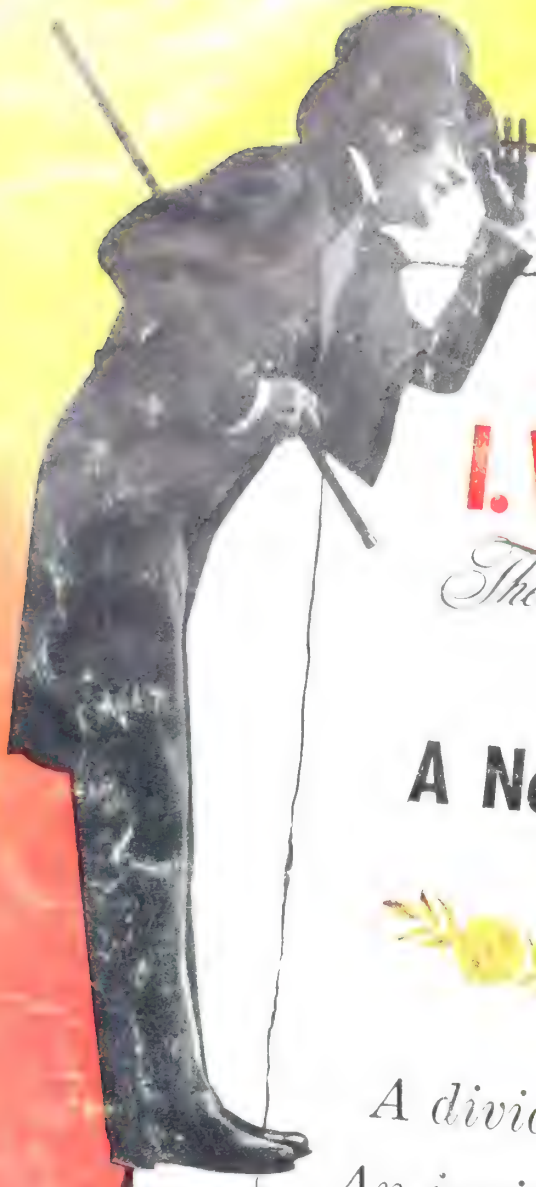


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President, Tennessee Gas Transmission Company

Underpublicized, yet vital to national defense and the American economy, the natural gas industry has achieved in a few short years a dramatic record of phenomenal growth and engineering accomplishments. Here's the story, for* Harper's *readers, by Gardiner Symonds, whose company was the first to tap the rich Gulf Coast area and transport its gas to the fuel-hungry East.

SINCE the beginning of time, perhaps five billion years, natural gas has been waiting for man to use it. Primitive people feared and worshipped the "eternal flame" as a wild spirit. Only the Chinese, some 2,000 years ago, saw a practical use for these burning jets of gas escaping from the earth's fissures. But even they restricted its use to drying salt. And until relatively recent years it was despised as a nuisance by oil drillers who burned and wasted it.

But in the last quarter century natural gas has come into its own. Today, this "stored sunshine" is an authentic, modern miracle revolutionizing the habits of the American people. Though lighter than air, its consumption in homes and industry last year was equal in weight to more than twice the 106 million tons of steel produced in the United States. And its 8½-trillion cubic feet of marketed production yielded six times as much energy as the entire electrical industry, enough to manufacture the total output of automobiles for twenty-one years at the current annual rate of production.

Cleaner, hotter, more efficient, and requiring no storage by consumers, natural gas not unreasonably is called the perfect fuel. Some 21 million families use it to heat their homes and provide their automatic hot water, to cook and refrigerate their food, to power their air conditioners, and fuel their laundry dryers and incinerators. Consumers turn it on and off like a water tap, eliminating all problems of delivery, handling and waste disposal. Most important, a dependable, year-round supply is assured. Natural gas likewise has become the indispensable industrial fuel with some 25,000 different uses. Uniformity and ease of control have made it a necessity in a vast number of operations, ranging from the manufacture of steel, glass, and machine tools to the production of textiles, plastics, and paint.

In addition, heavy hydrocarbons are recovered in a process that both improves the gas as a fuel and yields valuable by-products such as natural gasoline, ethane, propane, and butane. These are used in the form of "bottled gas" for rural and suburban homes, as an ingredient in motor fuel, and in the burgeoning petrochemical industry, which produces 25 per cent of the nation's chemical products. Finally, such commercial customers as hospitals, stores, laundries, and restaurants have elected natural gas their preferred fuel. Ninety-five per cent, for example, of the 65 million meals served daily in public dining rooms are cooked with gas.

How Nation's Fuel Habits Changed

Obviously, natural gas has mounted to a high rung on the ladder of consumer preference. A half century ago, natural gas furnished only an inconsequential 3.3 per cent of the nation's mineral fuel energy. During the following twenty years it barely held its own in proportion to other fuels. By 1920 its percentage had edged up to just 4 per cent.

A vast change has taken place since then. In a generation, the volume of natural gas used in America has increased eight-fold. Today it supplies approximately one-fourth of our mineral fuel energy. Still more dramatic has been the accelerated growth since the start of World War

In fact, beginning with 1942, the volume of natural gas consumption has almost tripled, its percentage of the nation's mineral fuel energy has doubled, and its expansion has been at a faster rate than that of any other fuel.

The gains of natural gas meant losses by some other fuel. Coal has borne the brunt. In 1900, coal furnished more than 90 per cent of America's mineral fuel, with gas and oil providing comparatively minute quantities. In the early 1920s oil started to grow and recently dethroned coal as the leader. During recent years, natural gas has played the star role in rate of growth. Today, the rankings stand: petroleum 42 per cent; coal 34 per cent; natural gas 24 per cent. This trend underlines a recent prediction by an eminent petroleum economist that "natural gas may surpass coal within five years and in time challenge oil for supremacy as our leading source of energy."

Early Growth of Natural Gas Slow

The nation's first producing natural gas well was dug 133 years ago into the bank of a creek in western New York state. The bored-log pipes used at that first gas well gave way in the late 1800s to wrought iron pipes with screw couplings. These sufficed for the pipeline systems which spread through the Appalachian area from wells in Pennsylvania and West Virginia—leading natural gas producing states until 1923. Steel replaced wrought iron about 1900 where high pressures were involved, but natural gas transmission was still in its infancy, serving only local or regional needs.

Two new developments in the late 1920s set the stage for the great industry growth of later years. Improved metallurgy produced large diameter, thin-walled pipe strong enough to withstand great pressures. Techniques of electrically welding pipe sections together were introduced, making welds stronger than the parent pipe.

These innovations, and the discovery of the great Panhandle (Texas) and Hugoton (Kansas and Oklahoma) gas fields, led to construction of several major transmission pipelines to Midwest population centers and to Denver, in the late 1920s and early 1930s.

Depression Decade and Gas Flaring

In spite of inauspicious economic conditions, the natural gas industry moved ahead at a moderate rate from 1930 to 1940, gaining about one trillion cubic feet in annual consumption. But gas flaring remained a widespread practice. Natural gas produced with oil was still providing sensational displays at wells far from markets, rather than delivering the fabulous energy of which it was capable when properly harnessed. Oil men of our Southwest partially utilized it in pressuring oil to the surface, but wells found to contain only gas often lacked accessible markets and meant a serious financial loss to the drillers. The gas from wells in which it was mixed with oil was piped a safe distance from the source, ignited, and burned as the oil was produced.

This flaring practice, which over the years constituted one of the most prodigal wastes in our national history, was not an arbitrary or negligent act. Behind it lay the hard economic fact that the sale price of gas did not pay the expense of gathering, since no practical method existed to convey it to distant markets. The development of long-distance pipelines dramatically altered this picture and transformed vast volumes of oil-well gas from a nuisance into a national treasure.

The War Years

The triggers that set off the rapid wartime and postwar growth were the shortage of gas and other fuels, and the sharp escalation of the price of other fuels. By war's end, the public had become impatient with such shortages and interruptions. When people discovered that natural gas was not only generally more economical than most other fuels, but also was cleaner and readily adaptable to automatic operation, they clamored for it. There have been waiting lists ever since.

By 1943, it was estimated that more than 100 trillion cubic feet of natural gas was waiting to be produced and marketed. Most of this gas, however, was in the Southwest, while the fuel-hungry markets were hundreds of miles away particularly in the densely populated and industrial North and East. Gas transmission on a new scale was needed. From the Gulf Coast of Texas and Louisiana a parade of long-distance pipelines fanned out to the Northeast, spreading across the continent as the soul and sinew of the natural gas industry. These pipelines linked supply and demand to make possible the conservation of an important national resource.

Tennessee Gas Growth Typical

An example of this was the Tennessee Gas Transmission Company's original pipeline, first link in its present multiple-line 2200-mile system —the nation's longest. This 1265-mile pipeline

to West Virginia was built in wartime 1944 to meet a War Production Board deadline. It was the first cross-nation pipeline to tap the rich Gulf Coast deposits of natural gas making them available to market. Following suit, some seven other major pipelines have been built from the Gulf Coast to the North and East.

Every year since Tennessee Gas went into operation has been one of expansion. Its system capacity in ten years has grown seven-fold, from 200 million cubic feet per day originally to one and one-half billion daily. The twenty-seventh compressor station, being completed this year to compress and push the gas stream along the system, compares with seven original stations.

Starting deep in Texas at the Mexican border, its pipeline system sweeps northeast across ten states and skirts Canada at Niagara Falls en route to New England. There, its lines extend into four more states. To gas distributing com-



panies along the way, this "wholesale" system delivers the fuel equivalent of more freight than is transported by many of the country's largest railroads. System pipeline mileage has been multiplied to 8,000 by extensions to new areas and by "looping," the industry term for building pipelines parallel to the existing system.

The growth of Tennessee Gas pipeline mileage is representative of that of the transmission industry. By 1953, total mileage of natural gas pipelines of all kinds larger than service lines aggregated 394,000 miles, more than the length of all the railroads in the country.

Inherent Efficiency of Pipelines

The expansion in the past ten years has brought natural gas recognition as probably the nation's fastest growing industry. That trend is expected to continue, with transmission especially having great growth possibilities. A major reason for this is that the pipeline is the low-cost, efficient transporter of fuel for any distance, but especially for long distances. It represents the continuous system of transportation in its most advanced form. Once laid and in service, a pipeline needs comparatively little labor for its operation. Less than 10 per cent of the total operating costs of Tennessee Gas are for labor, for example. This compares with some 65 per cent for railroads, and more than 60 per cent for coal mining. Nor does usage wear a pipeline out. By comparison, other media are subject to wear and tear including friction, jarring and jolting.

Pipeline transportation continues, beyond the reach of weather, 24 hours per day, every day of the year. Boosted forward at compressor stations spaced along the pipeline, the gas flows continuously to market at a twenty-mile-an-hour average pace. This continuity of service is a key factor in the gas industry's future. But growth will be of a different character than in the past, when expansion came largely by extension of pipelines to new areas previously not served. This race for franchise territory appears about over. Thus future growth will be in depth: the addition of new customers in markets now served along with new services for existing gas users. The largest potential lies in expansion in the house heating field, but cooking, air conditioning, and other gas services will add customers in substantial numbers.

The New York metropolitan area is an example of such a growing domestic heating market. To serve new house heating customers there, it is estimated that each year for the next ten years an additional 150 million cubic feet per day will be needed. For the nation, it is estimated that approximately 2.2 million additional families will heat with gas in each of the next three years.

Underground Storage

House heating is seasonal with very high demand in winter and none in summer. This has posed the problem of how to integrate system operation with varying peak demand conditions and still obtain maximum efficiency and economy. It is being solved through an ingenious engineering activity: underground storage.

Depleted gas fields located near consuming areas are ideal gas savings banks. These subterranean storehouses, usually porous-bearing sand under rock-dome covers, are painstakingly

[illegible] makes sure they will again [illegible] In summer unneeded [illegible] s pumped into them from main lines, to be withdrawn in winter as needed to bolster the [illegible]lar supply from the pipeline. This enables pipeliners to transport gas year around at economical near-full system capacity. It also assures further economies by eliminating the need for additional pipeline capacity that would be used only in winter and whose cost would be reflected in increased fuel bills. Most of all, underground storage provides a way of alleviating midwinter [illegible] shortages.

In the Tennessee Gas storage program, for example, five underground storage fields are projected. They will have some 77 billion cubic feet of top storage gas, giving the company an added peak-day deliverability of some 770 million feet per day for 100 sustained days in winter. In terms of equivalent aboveground storage, it would take 38,500 of the conventional tank type gas holders of 2 million cubic feet capacity to match our proposed underground facilities—enough, if placed side by side, to completely cover Manhattan Island from the Battery to the Bronx and from the Hudson to the East River. For every dollar the company will invest in this storage, three dollars would be required to achieve the same peak-day capacity by building more main lines from producing areas.

As a collateral project to this storage program, Tennessee Gas has applied for and contemplates completing a 1,000-mile five-state pipeline loop tying into these vaults. It will bring an improved, more flexible gas supply to metropolitan New York and other eastern areas.

Gas Reserves Growing

The nation is fortunate in being assured of adequate, long-range supplies of gas already located and proven. According to leading geologists and engineers, proved recoverable reserves [illegible] rose to 211.4 trillion cubic feet, enough for about twenty-three years at present consumption rates even if no more were discovered. Expert opinion believes we have over twice the present reserve total in the United States alone, with some 200 trillion cubic feet more in western Canada. Mexico also has plentiful reserves waiting to be tapped for export. The depth of the rich Texas and Louisiana Gulf Coast sediments are still only one-third explored; the area and potential of their offshore tidelands is thought to exceed anything comparable on land. Development of these marine structures, recently opened to leasing by state and federal governments is being stepped up. Significantly, each year since official reserve studies have been made, new discoveries and revisions of previous estimates of known U. S. reserves have exceeded the consumption by far, just as in the case of oil.

Tennessee Gas is strategically located with respect to reserves. The system not only splits the Gulf Coast producing area on land but also skirts the tidelands and touches the doorsteps of Mexico and Canada. Ten years ago the company began with a twenty-year contracted supply for the 200 million cubic feet daily through-put of its pipeline. Now, ten years and 2.3 marketed trillion cubic feet later, it still has more than a twenty-year supply at 1½ billion cubic feet daily, and its contracts permit it to withdraw up to 3 billion cubic feet each day. The reserve picture for generations to come is most promising in terms of its ability to meet mounting demands for its fuel.

Enlightened Regulation Needed

As important as any other factor in the future progress of this nationally vital industry is fair regulation by the governmental bodies given that duty by law. Enlightened regulation by the Federal Power Commission, the key agency in natural gas matters, the long look, and some industrial statesmanship are needed. The common phrase "fair rate of return" should be construed to mean not only fair to the consumer but equally fair to the potential investor. His money must be forthcoming if facilities are to be built to take people off waiting lists and put them on the end of gas lines.

The industry's past is replete with accomplishment. What then lies ahead for natural gas, which has grown from small and even mysterious beginnings to become the mighty sixth-ranking business in the nation today?

Its pipe dreams of yesterday have become its pipelines of today. In each postwar year it has climbed to new peaks. Based on a solid expanding market and a proved ability to meet its needs, the industry can see before it only an unlimited vista of greater progress and public service.

LETTERS

The Liberal Position—

To the Editors:

Except for a brief mention of the Liberal party in connection with the 1950 tri-partisan coalition against Marcantonio, Mr. Heilbroner in his article on Carmine G. DeSapio "The Smile on the Face of the Tiger," July] has avoided any mention of our party, even when, as in the instances of the 1948 Surrogate and 1949 Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr. special election, the Liberal party was the prime factor in the nomination and election results.

In the Surrogate race, the Republican-Liberal candidate won by about 1,100 votes over his Democratic opponent. It is interesting to note that the Liberal party line gave him 65,000 votes, which was obviously the margin of victory.

FDR, Jr.'s nomination and election in May 1949 was sponsored in a major fashion by the Liberal party. Mr. Heilbroner comments that when Tammany rejected Roosevelt's nomination he "ran in defiance on the Four Freedoms ticket" and "they won hands down." The approximate vote on that occasion was: Liberal, 21,000; Four Freedoms, 10,000; Democratic, 16,000; Republican, 5,000. Incidentally, the Liberal party, as a regular party under the Election Law, was the first to nominate FDR, Jr. He was later nominated by petition by the Four Freedoms group.

How the author manages to avoid mention of Rudolph Halley's 1951 Liberal party victory in the City Council Presidency race, and how the threat of a possible Halley victory in the 1953 mayorality race also galvanized the Wagner primary success against Impellitteri is a mystery in elementary political research.

Whatever reform is transitorily or permanently affecting Tammany Hall is in part at least attributable to the alternative availability of a Liberal party nomination for deserving major-party or independent candidates.

MURRAY BARON, Chairman
The Liberal Party
New York, N. Y.

Wages of Sin—

To the Editors:

In his otherwise excellent article on Carmine G. DeSapio, Robert L. Heilbroner refers to the "late Frank Hague," former Mayor of Jersey City.

Shame on *Harper's* editors! The venerable Mr. Hague is still with us—a physical entity if not a political one. Luxuriating in his retirement, the ex-boss is still living proof of that old political adage—the wages of sin are wages.

AMY R. HANAN
New York, N. Y.

Psyche and Soma—

To the Editors:

I cannot wait for Part II to send my grateful thanks to you and Dr. Ian Stevenson for the first installment of "Psychosomatic Medicine" in the July issue.

Disraeli said: "The Public Health is the foundation upon which rests the happiness of the people and the welfare of the nation. . . ." I know of no approach to the problem of declining health so effective as psychosomatic diagnosis and psychosomatic therapy. Health education of this kind is desperately needed by so many of our people, and I am heartened that you include this vital information in *Harper's*. . . . I have no connection with the professions of psychiatry and psychotherapy. . . .

EVELYN E. MELVIN
Wilmington, Del.

To the Editors:

Dr. Ian Stevenson says in his fascinating article on "Psychosomatic Medicine" that he enjoys collecting passages from writers of former ages



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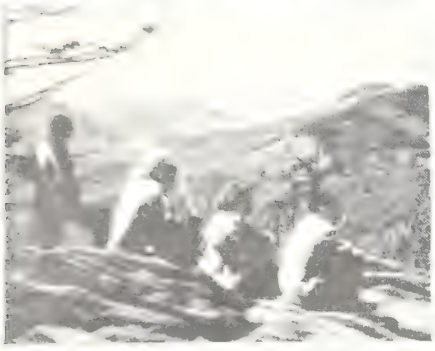
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illustrating knowledge of what we now call psychosomatic medicine."

May I submit the following from a sermon preached by John Donne on March 24, 1616:

> As Plato says of a particular natural body, he that will cure an ill Eye must cure the Head; he that will cure the Head must cure the Body; and he that will cure the Body must cure the Soul; that is, must bring the Minde to a temperature, a moderation, an equanimity. . . .

JOHN V. HAGOPIAN
Bloomington, Ind.

Mules and Men—

To the Editors:

It was noble, but unnecessary, of Thad Snow to admit that Kate, the mule, was smarter than he ["Proud Kate: The Aristocratic Mule," July]. That fact was made clear in the box-car moving incident. Had Mr. Snow been as smart as a mule, he would have given the box car a nudge with the pinch bar instead of standing by and wondering if Kate's heart would burst. No wonder he doubts he had the mule's respect. He did not deserve it.

P. J. WESTKAEMPER
San Antonio, Tex.

To the Editors:

The most eloquent testimonial to "those almost mythical creatures," mules, of which Thad Snow writes in "Proud Kate," occurs, to my way of thinking, in William Faulkner's *Sartoris* and runs in part:

> . . . Some Homer of the cotton fields should sing the saga of the mule and of his place in the South. He it was, more than any other one creature or thing, who, steadfast to the land where all else faltered before the hopeless juggernaut of circumstance, impervious to conditions that broke men's hearts because of his venomous and patient preoccupation with the immediate present, won the prone South from beneath the iron heel of Reconstruction and taught it pride again through humility, and courage through adversity overcome; who accomplished the well-nigh impossible despite hopeless odds, by sheer and vindictive patience. . . .

FRANK BLACKFORD
Virginia Beach, Va.

Who is Mabel?—

To the Editors:

Maybe Sylvia Wright ["Who the Hell is Holy, Fair, and Wise?," June] thinks it's trying to bear a name associated with the fragile flower of womanhood, but suppose she had been inflicted with the name writers invariably reserve for their most disagreeable females?

Have you ever read about an admirable heroine named Mabel? If you have, I wish you would tell me. . . .

P. G. Wodehouse wrote about a friend of Bertie Wooster's who is perpetually falling in love with waitresses and other socially submerged women. The current waitress, being an impossible choice, is named Mabel. The friend approaches Bertie and asks, "Do you like the name Mabel?" "No," answers Bertie tersely. "No?" repeats the friend. "No," reiterates Bertie. "You don't think," pleads the friend, "that it suggests the sound of falling fountains in the moonlight?" (or some such rot). "No," says Bertie.

Imagine how my family hounded me by chanting this dialogue! . . .

Once I sat next to another victim of this name at a college club dinner. During the evening I felt emboldened to ask her, "Don't you think Mabel is a terrible name?" "Horrible!" she agreed wholeheartedly and added, "I named my daughter Sylvia."

MABEL GILLESPIE
Glenolden, Pa.

Suburban Crises—

To the Editors:

The late Frederick Lewis Allen's "Crisis in the Suburbs" [July] is truly magnificent. However, we who live in Delaware County, Pa., feel that when he speaks of the "metropolitanizing process" he does not mean Chester County, which centers upon agricultural and academic West Chester, but that he must mean the region from Philadelphia to Wilmington, which is for the most part Delaware County, Pa.

WILLIAM E. SAWYER
Chester, Pa.

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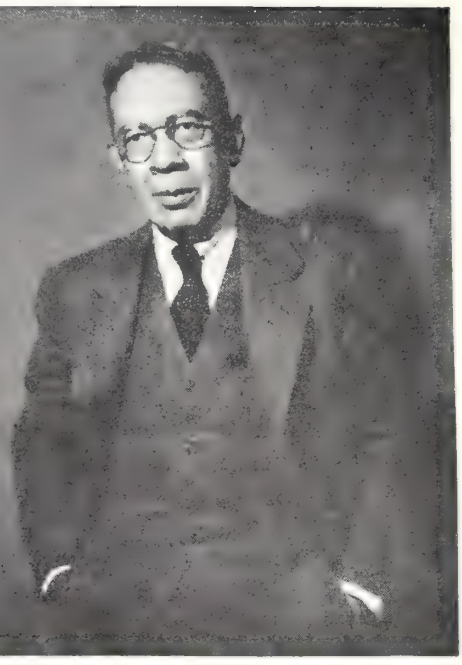
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The Easy Chair

by

Bernard DeVoto



And Fractions Drive Me Mad

WE ARE all able to help the kids with their arithmetic problems through the Fourth Grade and well into the Fifth. What, therefore, are we to think when the principal engineering agency of the government, the Bureau of Reclamation, makes mistakes in simple arithmetic? When the Bureau repeats such mistakes, crusades on the basis of them, induces the President and Congress to act on them, and refuses (with, as one witness said, "its slide-rule stuck") to acknowledge them? The mistakes in question were made in the plans for a multiple-purpose project which would cost a mere $176 million if construction costs hadn't risen since the estimates were made. The project, however, is part of a big one that will eventually cost a good many billions of dollars. The episode of the stuck slide-rule should interest not only conservationists but all taxpayers, Easterners, Westerners, Congress, and most especially officials of the Department of the Interior who must be guided by the Bureau's mathematics.

Last December Secretary McKay approved for authorization by Congress a unit, called Echo Park Dam, of the Bureau's tremendous Colorado River Storage Project. This is the dam to be built in Dinosaur National Monument which will breach the basic national parks policy and insure destruction of the national park system. Conservationists had successfully opposed the construction of the dam till Mr. McKay approved it. One of their basic arguments was that the destruction of Dinosaur Monument was unnecessary because the results which the dam was intended to achieve could be achieved just as effectively, and at less expense, by construction outside the Monument. The evidence and the public opinion it aroused led Mr. McKay's predecessor to refuse approval of the dam and direct the Bureau of Reclamation to make a study of alternative sites. What the Bureau made instead was some mistakes in addition.

Of the unit of measurement called an acre-foot you need know only that it represents the amount of water that would cover the area of one acre one foot deep. To meet the storm of protest which greeted his approval of Echo Park Dam, Secretary McKay issued a statement. He based his case for the dam on comparative evaporation losses. None of the proposed substitutes for Echo Park was acceptable, he said, because their reservoirs would lose far greater amounts of water by evaporation. In comparison with Echo Park, he said, the net loss would be "approximately 100,000 to 200,000 acre-feet per year." These are the Bureau's figures, and an approximation that can't be figured more closely than that provides a broad-minded margin of error. For, as Mr. McKay noted, even the smaller figure represents the water-supply of a city of half a million people.

IN JANUARY the House Subcommittee on Irrigation and Reclamation held public hearings on the project. In the meantime competent critics had challenged the Bureau's figures, as they had been doing at intervals for four years. Under Secretary Tudor, however, again rested the case for Echo Park Dam on the alleged difference in evaporation loss. Speaking for the Sierra Club, Mr. David R. Brower once more pointed out some staggering errors in the official figures. One of the rejected alternatives "does not evaporate 165,000 acre-feet more than Echo Park Dam as [Mr. Tudor] testified but 2,610 acre-feet *less,* while storing some 700,000 acre-feet more." The Bureau had made mistakes in addition and subtraction. And its figures con-

tained "an error in multiplication or division or both" which represented the evaporation loss of the proposed alternative as 51,000 acre feet (six months' water supply for Mr. McKay's hypothetical city) greater than it actually would be. Also, instead of subtracting from the evaporation loss of the proposed substitute that of Echo Park Dam, which of course would not be built if the substitute were, the Bureau had actually added it in. Here was a loss of 86,000 additional acre-feet which would not occur, though the Bureau had said it would. Add 51 and 86. Of Mr. McKay's "approximately 100,000 to 200,000 acre-feet per year," 137,000 were the Bureau's bad ciphering. Nor was that all.

Before the record of the hearings was printed, someone altered a key statement of Mr. Tudor's and one of his statistical tables, in order to meet Mr. Brower's criticism. Presently the Bureau informed Mr. Tudor that its figures did seem to be off a little, and in March he wrote to the chairman of the Subcommittee, bringing the alleged net loss by evaporation down almost 50 per cent, to 70,000 acre-feet a year. Critics went on pointing out what must be oversights, faulty slide-rules, or someone's inability to pass the semester exams for the Fourth Grade. Finally, in April the Bureau published some data which said in effect, Well, is our face red! So Mr. Tudor wrote to the Subcommittee again, saying that his amended figure of 70,000 acre-feet was out by 45,000—an error of 60 per cent—and that the net loss by evaporation seemed to be 25,000 acre-feet per year. He added that he wouldn't blame the Subcommittee if it should doubt the reliability of this figure too. He believed it was sound, he said, but had ordered a check of all the figures, just in case. Damn good idea, for a lot of them have been challenged, but why not make that proposed study of alternative sites?

These admitted errors stood unchanged when the Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs reported favorably on the Colorado Storage Project, including Echo Park Dam. As I write it is uncertain whether this session of Congress will get round to authorizing the Project. If it does, Dinosaur Monument will have been ruined and the national parks system undermined on the basis of errors in arithmetic too gross to be permitted a schoolboy. Only the Bureau's own figures were involved and not only engineers but humble conservationists caught the errors. So some questions. Had the Bureau ever checked its figures till testimony at the hearings forced it to? If not, why not? Was it aware that the figures were in error when it gave them to Mr. McKay and Mr. Tudor? While Mr. Tudor was testifying, the Regional Director who had jurisdiction over the project was at his side. Was it not his business to know about the errors and his duty to acknowledge them? Is it not somebody's duty now to hold up the entire project till we all, including the Bureau, know where we are?

I am not now talking about the negligent ease with which the Department of the Interior, whose duties include protecting the national parks, breached the policy that has withstood all attacks by private interests. Quite apart from that, the episode of the non-existent evaporation loss has serious national implications.

President Truman appointed a very able Water Policy Commission to study the complex, chaotic problems of our water supply. Its authoritative report was published in 1950. We are still without a water policy four years later, primarily because the Bureau of the Budget has prevented any legislation that would provide the beginning of one. In desperation President Eisenhower has now set up another commission, consisting of the Secretaries of Defense, Agriculture, and the Interior. Its job is to break through the barrier and get some legislation started.

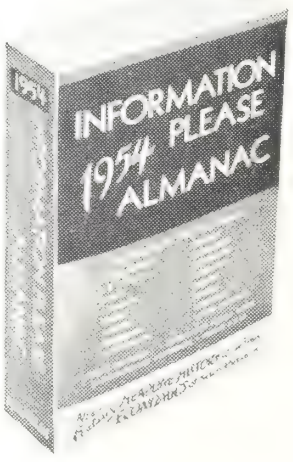
On the way to policy legislation, it should appoint a board to examine the Bureau of Reclamation's plans for the development of the Colorado River. There should be other experts as well as engineers on the board; none of its members should be in the employ of the government and none should have any connection with the power industry. It should be directed to make a complete study, at whatever expense may be necessary, and to propose such amendments, changes, additions, or deletions as it may decide are desirable. But its first job should be to publicize the existing plans so that they may be subjected to appraisal by the public.

The vast water and power systems which the Bureau of Reclamation has built in the West are among the most notable achievements of mankind. The amazing development of the West during the last generation would have been impossible without them. The Bureau will be the principal force in the development of the remaining water resources of the West, and it is the only possible organization for the development of the Colorado. But also in regard to the Colorado it has up to now operated almost without criticism. Even in the states that are to benefit from its plans few people have any clear idea what they are; elsewhere the public has almost no idea and does not know the stakes. This is an unhealthy situation. The future of the West, and therefore of the United States, depends on adopting the best possible solutions of problems of a greater order of magnitude than any we have previously dealt with. There can be no perfect solutions but there can be no assurance that we are getting the best

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The Bible, properly understood, can exert a tremendous power for good in your personal and family life. But to understand it, you should know something about those who wrote the Bible ... the way they thought, spoke and the characteristics of the language they used. By whom was the Bible translated... how can we know these translations are correct? What are the common sense rules to be followed in understanding the Bible? These and other important questions concerning the intelligent use of the Bible are answered in a pamphlet which we will send you in a plain wrapper—free on request. And nobody will call on you. Write TODAY for Pamphlet No. D-22.

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ones attainable without the constant examination that makes public opinion authoritative. It is not the Bureau's function to make decisions of policy. It has nevertheless made them in regard to the Colorado and, as Echo Park Dam shows, Congress will tend to act on its recommendations unless informed public opinion is brought to bear on them. Precisely because the Bureau's plans have not been subjected to public criticism, they must be.

THE Colorado River is not the Columbia. The Columbia will always have more water than use can be found for. Comparatively speaking, its flow is stable, its basin is coherent and unified, and plans for maximum efficient development are, so to speak, easily made. Such plans, in fact, exist and are in part the work of the Bureau of Reclamation. And here there has been constant publicity and criticism: the Bureau has had to bear the highly skeptical scrutiny of the utility companies and the Corps of Engineers. No serious flaw could have gone undetected very long.

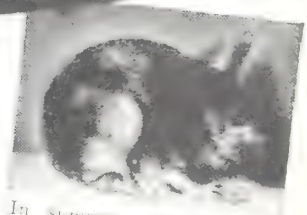
The Colorado flows about a tenth as much water as the Columbia. It is a desert river and flows through a desert, through the most arid portion of the country, and mostly in canyons appallingly deep, difficult of access, and a long way from agriculture, industry, and cities. All the states it flows through are desperately pressed for water, and to those that have the worst water deficit an interstate compact allots half its flow. Or rather half of an arbitrary and probably optimistic estimate of its mean annual flow. That the West must use as much of the Colorado as proves possible cannot be questioned. Nor can it be questioned that the federal government, which means the Bureau of Reclamation, will have to develop the Colorado. Neither the states nor private business can develop it; they are not interested in trying; if they did try, the result, because of the kind of river the Colorado is, would be anarchy. Failure to realize that only federal development is conceivable is a flaw in the otherwise brilliant articles that Mr. Raymond Moley has lately been publishing, articles which should notify the West that

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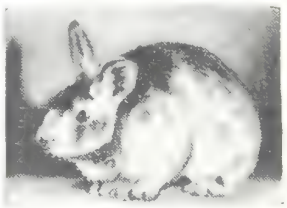


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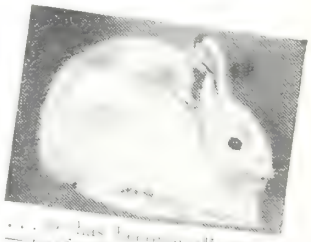
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or— Why we have beef the year round instead of just at roundup time



1. Tex and Buck were two steers which grew up on adjoining ranches. At roundup time (in late summer and fall, when the grass began to dry up) they left their home on the range to go to the city.



2. At the stockyards the steers were sized up by *two kinds* of buyers: (1) Meat packers, who estimated how much beef they could *get out* of them; (2) Cattle feeders, who estimated how much beef they could *put on* them.



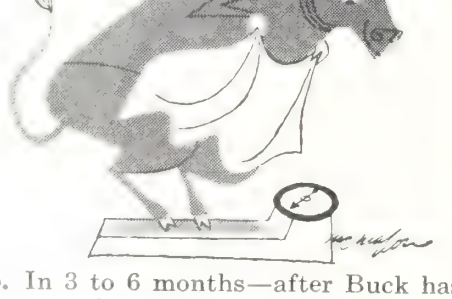
3. Tex, and others like him, was bought by a meat packer, and shortly thereafter contributed his share of fine pot roasts, stews, and hamburgers.



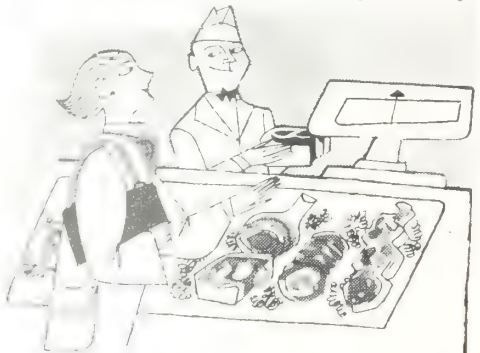
4. Buck, on the other hand, wasn't so well "finished" and was bought, along with some other steers, by a cattle feeder—a man who runs a "boarding house" for cattle.



5. Here Buck lives a life of ease—with nothing to do but eat. (Actually this is very useful work, because he is turning grains and grasses that people don't, or can't, eat into extra pounds of fine beef that they do want.)



6. In 3 to 6 months—after Buck has put on a lot of weight (200 to 450 lbs.) —he will return to the stockyards. He will arrive at the time of year when less beef is coming from the cowboy country.



7. Because farmers buy many cattle like "Buck" and add to their weight and quality, the supply of beef is evened out. If they didn't, we'd have much less beef in the winter, spring and early summer—and prices of all beef would be much higher between one year's roundup time and the next.

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THE EASY CHAIR

the long indifference of the East is ending.

But that the plans of the Bureau of Reclamation are the best that could be made *is* open to question. They have been changed often and, it would seem, capriciously. Some changes have been made because of what to an outsider has looked like expediency or political opportunity. No doubt we could have predicted the formal judgment by the Corps of Engineers that the entire Colorado River Storage Project is an unsatisfactory solution to the problem. But conceivably the Engineers are right. Congress and the public have no way of knowing, and won't have unless such an appraisal as I suggest is made.

Nor can there be any doubt that a large part of the cost of developing the Colorado will be borne by the government, the general taxpayer. This is not only a social and economic necessity; it is also proper. The West is the nation's storehouse of unused natural resources. An expanding Western economy is essential to national prosperity. Federal funds must play as basic a part in it as they did in transforming the South from "the nation's number one economic problem."

But if the ends for which the necessarily astronomical sum will be spent are a national concern so are the ways in which they are spent. What the West and the Bureau of Reclamation disregard is that the problems are not local but national, that the rest of the country is involved in them and will have a voice. What kinds of development of the Colorado? By what stages? How far in advance and how fast? These tremendous works modify human adjustments to the terms which nature has set for Western society.

It is the nation as a whole, not the West and the Bureau, which must determine which modifications are desirable—and, among these, which are more desirable than others which they will forever preclude.

Take, as representing one species of determination, the Central Arizona Project, which no one can now suppose will ever be built as planned. It would have committed us to spending one and a quarter



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billion dollars (or maybe twice as much) to maintain cultivation on some 150,000 acres of land that had only insecurely been brought under irrigation to begin with. The land itself could have paid *no* part of this sum; it could barely have paid the annual operating costs of the project. The capital investment was to be repaid by the sale of power—at a ratio to total costs justified by no existing public power project. The public would have been paying interest charges for upward of seventy years and to a total twice as great as the capital sum. The Bureau blithely planned the expenditure of such sums for such inconsiderable results. On what justification?

A different order of finality can be observed in the diversion of water from the Western Slope of Colorado to the Eastern Slope. The great untapped mineral resources of the state are in the western half, the present phenomenal increase in wealth and population on the other. There must come a point where the development of one section must be slowed down if the other is to go on developing, and another point where the development of one or the other must be halted for keeps. The Upper Colorado River Compact gives Colorado its share of the water to do with as it may choose, but the hard and inescapable fact is that the United States will moderate between the slopes. The Bureau claims that its plans take account of all possible future water uses on the Western Slope. But neither Colorado nor the United States can accept the claim untested.

THE enduring drama of the West is provided by its aridity; lack of water sets an absolute limitation to its development. There can be no changing that limitation, but this side of it the ratios and proportions are adjustable. Immediately ahead of us are decisions about the final, irreversible establishment of proportions. They are difficult decisions, they will be painful, and God help the United States if they are not realistic and in the outcome right.

Let's suppose that it is possible, granted willingness to pay the bill, to add 200,000 acres to the irrigated farmland of Utah. Would we be justified in reclaiming the full

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amount? Suppose a trial balance shows that reclaiming half that area would be economically sound but that the money for the other half could be best employed restoring the productivity of half a million acres in the South—and let Utah deal as it best can with the rest of its share of Colorado River water. What then? Clearly the problem is national and demands the utmost information procurable.

SUPPOSE it comes to choosing between a hundred thousand more Californians and the same number of Arizonans for the fabulous new industries of the Southwest. (One of the unsettled questions of the Colorado Compact may work out in just such terms.) No solution is possible except by the United States—none by either state, or by the West, or by the anarchy of chance or the heaviest battalions would be tolerable. But that means the government, Congress, an informed and educated public—and at least one of the questions which the public must answer is whether Californians or Arizonans are the better buy. There is only so much water in the Colorado River but, though there is more money than water, there is only so much money too.

From here on out we cannot afford to decide anything wrong. Up to now there was a margin that allowed for waste and made mistakes assimilable. But we have reached the order of magnitude that makes wrong decisions catastrophic. The mechanism of decision is political. This does not mean at all that the decisions can be partisan: it means that Congress will make them. Fortunately in matters such as this, Congress always knows a little more than the public at large, for the conflicting interests educate it; but it can never know much more and, without the public case, the education it gets from the interests can be unsound. This means that the people of the entire United States have got to learn a lot about the Colorado River, the great river of the American desert, and have got to learn it fast. One would have assumed that the most authoritative teacher was the Bureau of Reclamation. But its arithmetic is bad and we must have a board of review.

This Year!

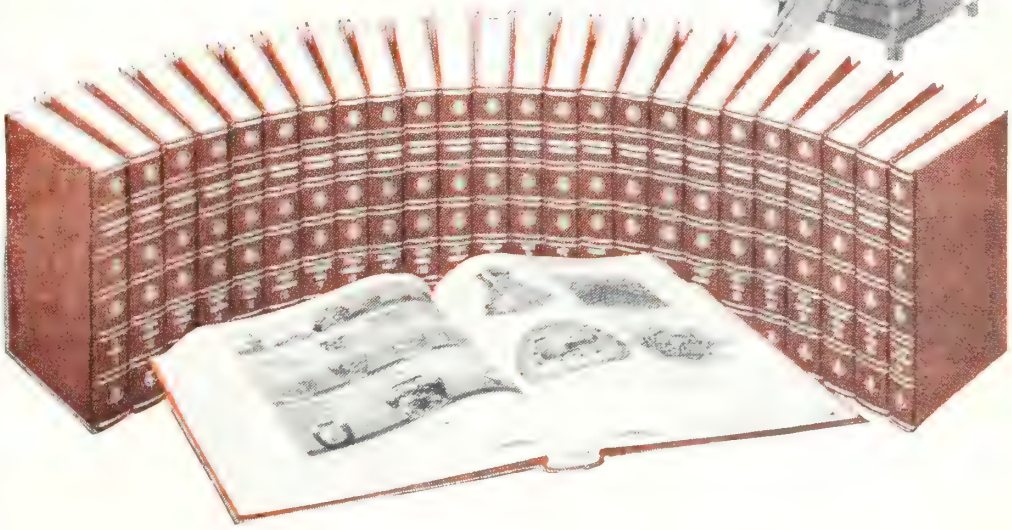
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Personal and Otherwise

The Forecast That Worked Too Well

ORDINARILY it is pleasant to see a prediction come true. But there is no pleasure whatever in noting one forecast that has worked out all too accurately.

Just a year ago, an article in *Harper's*—"The Coming Change in American Foreign Policy"—suggested that the alliance of free nations was about to come apart at the seams. Since then the splits and ravels have shown up even faster, and in more places, than anyone could have guessed; so that it is now doubtful whether the fabric can ever be repaired. As a consequence, this country now finds itself in a highly embarrassing and chilly situation—its policies in disarray, its leadership distrusted, its friends drawing away, its diplomatic defense threadbare, and its prestige sagging to the lowest point of the century.

A good many people—naturally, but somewhat unfairly—heap most of the blame on the Eisenhower Administration. For example, Howard K. Smith, the brilliant foreign affairs analyst of the Columbia Broadcasting System, recently suggested that the Republican party has become the victim of a set of myths it had laboriously created itself, in order to discredit its opponents.

"There is the myth," he said, "that half a dozen men in the State Department caused the Chinese Communist revolution—diplomats therefore are not to be trusted. There is the myth that areas of Europe were given to the Reds at the Yalta conference—therefore negotiation at a conference equals appeasement, and should not be permitted. . . . These myths are made the stuff of U. S. policy by intimidating, purging, and dishonoring officials who might utter an independent or questioning thought. Mr. Dulles, who is probably [illegible] a Secretary of State as [illegible] had, is not permitted . . . to [illegible] Nor is he trusted to create [illegible] policy but one of words [illegible]

[illegible] fashion, the Manchester [illegible] perhaps the most thought[illegible]ndly to us of all British newspapers—laments our failure of leadership in these words:

"The weakness of the Administration is sadly evident. The United States government now speaks, not with a united voice, but with many and divided voices. . . ."

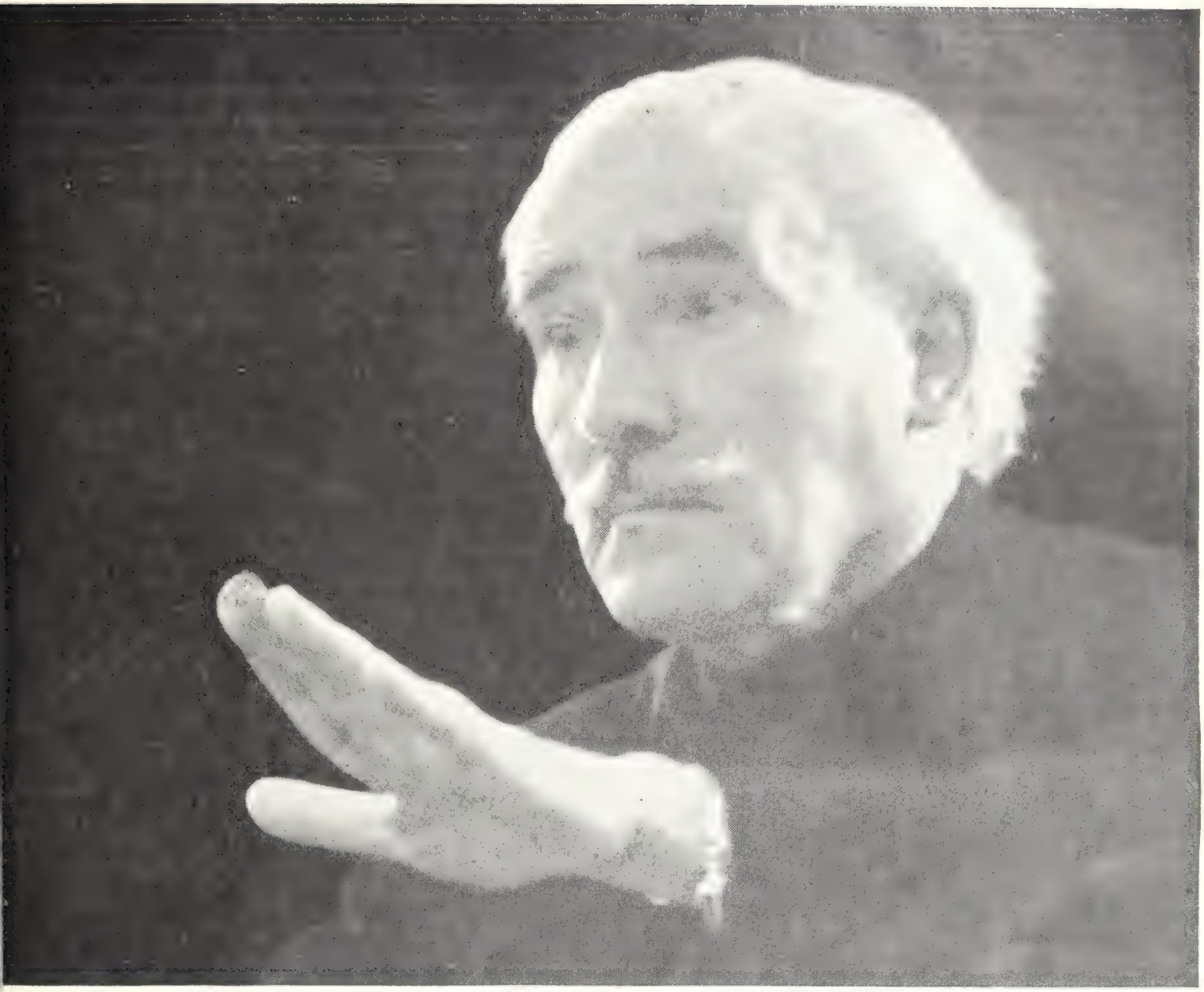
And Richard Rovere, writing in the *New Yorker,* reports that Washington has fallen "into a condition for which the only proper clinical term is paralysis." No coherent foreign policy is possible, he explains, because "in the delicate political balance that now prevails in this country," the Administration cannot—or at any rate thinks it cannot—rally a majority of Congress to support any positive course of action.

THERE is some truth in all of these jeremiads. But it isn't the whole truth. A good part of the responsibility for the collapse of American foreign policy must be laid on two other doorsteps: (1) the mental habits of the ordinary American citizen; and (2) the behavior of our allies.

Indeed, such a revered expert as George F. Kennan can argue that "the state of mind of many of our own people" is really "the most alarming component of our situation." In an address at Radcliffe College last June he remarked:

"The lack of flexibility in outlook, the stubborn complacency about ourselves and our society, the frequent compulsion to extremism, the persistent demand for absolute solutions, the unwillingness to accept the normal long-term hazards and inconvenience of great power—it is these things in the American character that seem to me to give added gravity to a situation which would in any case be grave enough . . . !"

During recent months these familiar and regrettable characteristics seem to have clotted together to create a new and dangerous mood throughout the country. Millions of individual Americans seem to be making for themselves an "agonizing reappraisal" of our role in the world. And it is by no means sure



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that all of them are using far-sighted judgment in the process.

For there is a growing feeling—or so it seems to this observer—that our allies have let us down. We have made a massive ten-year effort, at the cost of some forty billion sweat-earned dollars, to help Europe organize itself into some kind of viable community; but to many Americans the results look disappointingly meager. We have tried to knit together a global system of collective security—and now we suspect that we are left to carry more than our share of the load, and that our friends are prone to shrink back in moments of crisis.

Worse yet, we see our allies carrying on flirtations with Russian and Chinese Reds which make many Americans feel not only betrayed but ridiculous. We glimpse ourselves in the humiliating posture of a knight errant trying to defend a maiden who doesn't want to be defended.

THESE emotions surely are over-pessimistic. After all, the Marshall plan and NATO did save Europe from Soviet imperialism, even if they have not yet resulted in a European union. Our allies—in Malaya, Indochina, and elsewhere—are carrying more of the burden of the common defense than we sometimes realize. And the European flirtation with the Communist states is largely prompted by a desperate need for markets.

Nevertheless, the mood is there. It is a fact which Europeans would do well to take into account; and it has been caused, in some measure, by the reckless abuse which many Europeans delight in flinging at the United States. American-baiting seems to have become a favorite overseas sport; we get blamed for everything, from bad weather (caused by H-bomb tests) to overcrowded trains (swamped by American tourists). The Europeans have created their own set of myths, which arouse profound resentment in this country

in the legend, for example, that all our intellectuals are persecuted; that all our politicians are corrupt; that McCarthy is the real ruler of the country; that the Guatemalan revolution was launched to save a United Fruit Company investment; that the instability of our economy is a menace to the whole world; that a large body of opinion is lusting for war; that the Marshall Plan was a selfish scheme to dump American surpluses abroad; that materialism and uniformity are the earmarks of our culture.

FREQUENTLY these myths are contradictory. As ***F. George Steiner*** notes in "Our Castles in Spain" (p. 79), one school of critics views us as heretics, immoralists, and fomenters of an accursed liberalism; elsewhere—especially in France and Britain—we are attacked for our rigid Puritanism and supposedly arch-conservative temper. (Mr. Steiner is well equipped to analyze such European attitudes. He is an American born in Paris, who speaks three languages with equal fluency; he was educated at the University of Chicago, Harvard, and Oxford, where he was a Rhodes scholar; and is now working on the London *Economist*.)

Moreover, remarkably few European voices ever question these myths. The *Economist* and Manchester *Guardian* both have competent and fair-minded reporters in the United States; but the coverage of nearly all the remaining British and Continental press is shamefully lopsided and trivial. (Exceptions might be noted for the two weekly publications, the Paris *Express* and the London *Observer.)* And because now it is politically popular to criticize America, words of defense or explanation are rarely heard from the floor of any European parliament.

Such words as there are usually come from Sir Winston Churchill, the stoutest defender of the Western alliance still on the field. In spite of his years, he remains the undisputed champion among the parliamentarians—for reasons which ***Woodrow Wyatt*** examines in his article on page 38. Mr. Wyatt himself is a parliamentarian of considerable distinction. For one thing, he challenges Sir Winston to debate more frequently than any other back-bench member of the Opposition; for another, he is one of the few Labor MPs who have much first-hand knowledge of the United States. He traveled extensively through this country during the last Presidential campaign, and has written about

American problems with considerable understanding and sympathy.

Both of these Englishmen—and probably more of their colleagues than we suspect—fully realize that the life and liberty of all of us depend on the timely repair of the Western alliance; and in spite of all the mutual irritations, the conflicts of interest, and the damaging myths on both sides, they are doing what they can to stitch it back together. In this country, too, there are many people who understand that the rebuilding of the alliance is the most important job on the American agenda—and that it must somehow be accomplished despite the sour mood of the country, the disappointing behavior of our allies, the stream of ill-founded criticism from abroad, and (hardest of all) in the face of our own mistakes and weaknesses.

Perhaps it is too much to expect a bold lead from the Administration, until next November's election ends the political deadlock. Until then, the job must rest with the independent minds in Congress, the unofficial spokesmen, the multitude of private organizations and private citizens who can do so much to influence the temper of the nation. If they are willing to tackle it with dedication, the Free World may yet have a chance to survive.

Two Keys to Progress

An Australian professor happened to be serving as a guest teacher at the University of South Carolina at the time the Supreme Court handed down its historic decision against racial segregation in the public schools. He made a careful study of the reactions of white citizens throughout the state—and was surprised to find that virtually all of them divided sharply into three groups, on an age basis.

People over fifty years old, he discovered, almost invariably discussed the decision with foreboding, anger, and fear; they felt that the very underpinning of their world was crumbling. But those between fifty and twenty years old heard the news a good deal more calmly, and in many cases with guarded symptoms of relief. The Australian got the impression that many in this group had been troubled in their consciences for a long time, but had usually lacked the courage to speak out against segregation in the face of Southern tradition.

Both men and women of under twenty years, he reported, greeted the decision with approval, and frequently with outspoken enthusiasm. They felt that there would be little trouble in integrating the Negro and white school systems, "if the older generation will give the students a chance to work things out."

The conclusion that the overseas visitor drew from all this was that Thorstein Veblen probably was right when he remarked: "Progress largely depends on just two thing: fires and funerals."

An even more optimistic report on what is happening in Southern education comes from the opposite end of the region—***Arthur D. Morse's*** account on page 47 of the reception of Negro students into a Corpus Christi, Texas, college. Mr. Morse is a free-lance journalist who has written for many leading magazines, and who is widely respected for his studies of educational problems. In 1951 he won three national prizes, including the Sigma Delta Chi award for distinguished public-service journalism, for his "Who's Trying to Ruin Our Schools?" in *McCall's*.

It would be wrong, however, to assume that the battle for racial justice in our school systems is all over except for the mopping-up. In a number of Southern states the elderly politicians probably will carry on guerrilla delaying actions for several years. Moreover, in both North and South the more or less informal segregation of Negroes in their own residential areas may mean that unmixed schools will persist for a long time. The schools cannot be completely integrated until the whole pattern of home-ownership and tenant selection changes—and this in turn will require shifts in Federal Housing Administration rules, in the habits of real-estate men and lending institutions, and in the attitudes of hundreds of thousands of individual families. At bottom, the problem is spiritual rather than legislative—and the speed with which it is solved may prove to be a measure of the vitality of Christianity in America.



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PERSONAL & OTHERWISE

•••*Arthur Moore*, whose article about the businessmen on the Eisenhower team appears on page 27, is a veteran editor and writer now serving on the McGraw-Hill Publishing Company's Washington staff. He specializes in economic and political matters as they affect American business.

•••***Charles Einstein*** ("Covering the World Series," p. 33) learned his subject during the nine years that he covered the Series regularly for the International News Service. Now a free-lance writer, he has written stories, articles, and serials for a number of magazines. His first novel, *The Bloody Spur,* is being made into a motion picture.

•••"Snakes and Shillings" (p. 50) continues the story of ***Gerald M. Durrell's*** adventures collecting zoological specimens in the Cameroons of West Africa. The third and final installment will appear in October.

•••Several years ago ***Leonard Engel*** suggested to the editors of *Harper's* that shock was an exciting and important field of medical research. The result is "Shock: The Herald of Death" (page 57).

Since his last article in this magazine, Mr. Engel has won a George Polk Memorial Award, and is currently working on two books: a book on hormones, which he is writing, and an anthology of modern science, which he is editing.

•••***John D. Weaver's*** funny and poignant stories of the Shenandoah Valley are well known to readers of *Harper's.* Mr. Weaver, who has lived in many regions of the United States —from Washington, D. C., to California—and written stories and novels about the common people in them, turns in "A Soft Answer" (p. 64) to the Italian countryside. The new story is one result of an extended visit to Europe, where Mr. Weaver has been traveling with his family since last September.

•••The reader of ***Dan Wickenden's*** novels can hardly escape wondering, on reading Mr. Wickenden's "Doodling in Three Dimensions" (p. 73), just what point in his novel-in-progress Mr. Wickenden had reached when he began to build his first mobile. In any case, the article is a sterling illustration of the lengths to which writers will sometimes go to keep themselves from writing, and a form of sublimation which the psychoanalysts with whom ***Malcolm Cowley*** ("Psychoanalysts and Writers," p. 87) is concerned, do not seem to have taken into account. The Wickenden article is hereby recommended to the analysts for their further study.

Mr. Wickenden is the author of five novels, the most recent of which, *The Red Carpet,* was published by William Morrow in 1952.

Mr. Cowley's pointed dissection of some of the outstanding dissectors of writers and writing is part of his new book, *The Literary Situation,* which Viking will publish next month. *Harper's* has already published another section of the book, "A Tidy Room in Bedlam," in April 1953. It seems likely even from these samples that *The Literary Situation* may do for the mid-century generation of American writers what Mr. Cowley's earlier book, *Exile's Return,* did for the expatriate writers of the 1920s.

•••"Troubled, Frustrated—" (p. 45) is the last poem *Harper's* bought from the late ***Leonard Bacon,*** the Pulitzer-prize-winning American poet who died this past January. "Pater Familias," (p. 46) is one of *The Love Letters of* ***Phyllis McGinley*** which the Viking press will publish later this month. "To Eva Descending the Stair" (p. 63) is the second poem of ***Sylvia Plath's*** to appear in these pages. Miss Plath has just completed her junior year at Smith.

Diplomatic Crisis

IN SPITE of the purges and political battering, our Foreign Service still contains men of character. An Assistant Secretary of State likes to tell about the American envoy to a Middle Eastern country which is noted for its subtlety, corruption and talent for diplomatic intrigue. After he had been there about six months, conducting a peculiarly complex negotiation, the envoy suddenly fired off this cable to the State Department:

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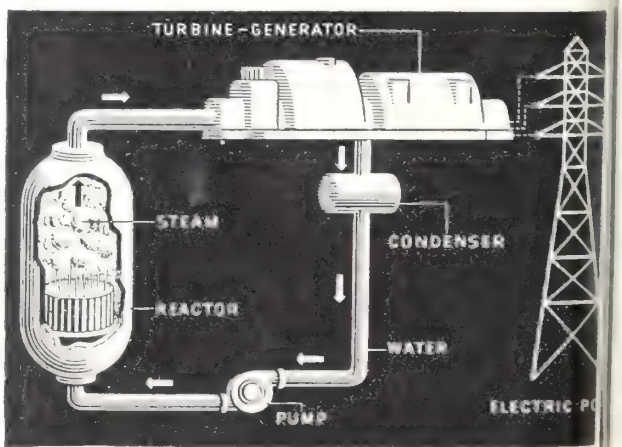
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Why the Businessmen Are Leaving Washington

Arthur Moore

The top talent from the business world is pulling out of the Eisenhower team—for five compelling reasons.

THERE's a story in Washington that Eisenhower offered one cabinet post to twenty-three businessmen before he found one who would accept. To have a long life, this story does not have to be true. It is starting the rounds all over again, with the original moral but a new twist.

Key men among Eisenhower's original appointees have been resigning over the past six to eight months. Others are merely waiting their turn. The time has come—as it must to all Presidents—to recruit replacements. This is turning out to be a painful process.

Hopes were high on Take-Over Day in January 1953, that Eisenhower was going to solve the ancient problem of Presidents—getting, and keeping, good men in government. Some of the most famous names in industry and finance had answered his call to deliver on the promises of the Great Crusade. Now—later by eighteen months, as I write, by some twenty major resignations, six Congressional investigations, and one beat up legislative program—things are different. Businessmen who thought they disliked government service because Democrats were in charge, have changed their minds. They don't like it under the Republicans, either.

They are leaving for many reasons. Some stem from the nature of government, and some from the nature of businessmen. Here are the ones which have been working most powerfully:

(1) They don't like politics, as a matter of course. In addition, they are dismayed—some are frankly frightened—by the vicious infighting of the past six months. They don't mean with Democrats. They mean with Republicans, mostly McCarthy.

(2) They are disappointed with what they can accomplish, particularly about cutting down the size and cost of government.

(3) They agreed to come for a limited time and demand to be released.

(4) They are pinched for money.

(5) They now and then disagree with basic policies of the Administration.

Before examining these reasons more closely, it should be made plain that Eisenhower is not the victim of a mass desertion. He has

hundred jobs out of twelve
s disposal. But most of the eight
ne party faithful. You couldn't drive

The typical Eisenhower businessman administrator is quite another article. He does not ask for a job. He has to be dragged to it, from big and successful undertakings of his own. On inauguration day, Eisenhower had only about twenty-five men of this caliber at his side. The total probably never reached a hundred, though if you include business lawyers this might be increased. There are more businessmen of the bona fide Eisenhower stamp in a single industrial city like Toledo than in the entire federal government.

Their importance does not lie in numbers. It lies in the fact that they established the tone of the entire Administration, and gave it a working philosophy. White House aides, stung by the mass desertion stories, like to point out that the resignations are few compared to the total of Presidential appointments. True enough—but they miss the vital point: Considering the relatively few typical Eisenhower businessmen involved, the number already gone is substantial. And the task of replacing them with men of like quality is a growing concern.

"*That Dirty Business*"

Occasionally you find businessmen who like politics—Arthur Summerfield and Douglas McKay, in the cabinet, for example. But these particular men are not industrial empire builders or financiers; they used to be automobile dealers and are therefore just a bit removed from the Eisenhower ideal. The typical Eisenhower businessman distrusts and dislikes politics by second nature; this includes what they have seen of politics the past few months.

For this, they do not hold Eisenhower personally responsible. They feel that he, too, is a victim of something distasteful which they all would shun if they could. Yet they are shocked and pained by what happened to three businessmen who took jobs in the Administration.

For example, Robert Ten Broeck Stevens, Secretary of the Army. Businessmen are of two minds about him. They are irritated because he made mistakes early in his quarrel with McCarthy. They resent the fact that Stevens—a member of their own circle—embroiled the Administration in a crisis with the Wisconsin Communist-hunter at all. They don't think that was smart, and few of them are good enough constitutionalists to believe it was necessary.

At the same time, many of them are irritated with the Administration for not quickly rescuing Stevens once the fighting started. They see him as a man matched out of his class. The security of a family textile business is not good training for an alley fight. They feel that, once the first blow had been struck, the Administration should have put a blackjack in Bob Stevens' hand—and showed him how to use it.

Both of these feelings boiled up when the Business Advisory Council of the Department of Commerce met at Hot Springs, Virginia, during Stevens' eleven-day ordeal on the witness stand. This group has long been a source of high-level manpower for government. From its ranks, the present Administration summoned Charles E. Wilson, Secretary of Defense; George Humphrey, Secretary of the Treasury; and Walter Williams, Under Secretary of Commerce. Stevens himself was once chairman of the council.

Sidney Weinberg, senior partner of Goldman Sachs and Company, New York investment house, put the case bluntly for those who felt Stevens had been mistreated by the Administration. He told Charles E. Egan of the *New York Times:* "Every member of this council considers the position into which Mr. Stevens has been put, as outrageous." And again: "This crucifixion of Bob offended everyone here."

Mr. Egan went on to describe the council members as "disappointed and angry men," who thought the Administration treated Stevens shabbily by not coming more strongly to his defense early in the quarrel. This was one side—and the side that was made public. But in private conversations, they said Stevens should never have gotten himself involved.

Two weeks later, Republican Prescott Bush, Senator from Connecticut—himself a businessman and often a spokesman for the business point of view—drew the obvious moral, as far as the Administration is concerned: "The experience [Stevens] has had will, in my judg-

ment, make it difficult for government to enlist for service men of talent, proven in the professions and business."

H. Struve Hensel's experience poses a different warning. One of the first things Eisenhower did after taking office was sign an order placing a new and powerful weapon in McCarthy's hands—access to individual income-tax returns. This was aimed at people suspected of victimizing the government under the Democrats. It flew back and hit Hensel—a Republican and a key Eisenhower appointee.

To the business mind, this affair had a nightmarish quality. Hensel seemed far from the McCarthy battlefront as an Assistant Secretary of Defense. Suddenly he was under the heaviest kind of fire—accused of having improperly profited from a ship supply company while a wartime naval procurement officer.

To give this charge some substance, McCarthy cited figures which obviously came from income-tax returns. He claimed that the Army's entire set of charges against himself and his staff was instigated by Hensel to try to block an investigation of Hensel's own affairs.

Hensel denied any wrong-doing, explicitly accused McCarthy of having uttered a "malicious lie," and challenged him to repeat the charges without Senatorial immunity. Use of income-tax information in this case shocked the businessmen who run the Treasury Department; they were quick to put the blame on what they dislike so heartily—"that dirty business, politics." To businessmen in general, it proved that in the kind of war McCarthy fights there are no noncombatants.

Politics—Without McCarthy

Guy T. O. Hollyday's dismissal from the Eisenhower team is an even more pointed lesson. Nobody is sure just why this mortgage banker and real-estate expert was fired as commissioner of the Federal Housing Administration. There were scandals, but nobody accused Hollyday of having any part in them. One theory is that he was sacrificed by the White House to take the headlines away from a Congressional committee, which the following day announced its own inquiry. Some housing authorities in Washington believe it was a case of the famous Eisenhower temper coming to a quick boil, accompanied by a demand that someone high-up be fired.

Hollyday was preparing to go to a cocktail party in Trenton, New Jersey, at 5:30 P.M. April 12, when the phone rang. It was someone in the White House—Sherman Adams, the President's chief of staff, by all accounts, though Hollyday has never verified this. He was told to put his resignation in the mail that night. When he got to the party an hour later, guests told him, "We just heard on the radio your resignation has been accepted at the White House." At that time, it had still not been written.

Directors of the Mortgage Bankers Association of America—a group Hollyday once headed as president—flared up with a temper display of their own a few days later. They adopted a resolution condemning the "unwise and unjust" treatment given Hollyday.

After staying in Washington long enough to tell inquiring Senators that he was dismissed without being asked to give his side of the story, Hollyday quietly went back to his home in Baltimore. There the Title Guarantee Company, which he had headed before resigning to join Eisenhower, promptly elected him chairman of the board. A company announcement went to some pains to point out that Hollyday had never resigned various positions of public trust, such as the chairmanship of the Council of Churches of Maryland-Delaware. His friends began planning a testimonial banquet, and businessmen all over the country were asked to make contributions to a "Guy Hollyday Fund" which would be used to further one of his personal interests, the eradication of slums.

The crusade was over for Guy Hollyday, but not his admiration for Dwight Eisenhower. He announced he would change his party registration from Democrat to Republican to show there were no hard feelings.

During the campaign, Eisenhower promised to enlist the best business brains in the country to trim down the size of government. For the kind of man he had in mind, the job—he said—would not be hard. They'd know how to effect what business likes to call "management economies"—savings based on efficient operation, rather than the chopping off of whole programs. Many who voted for Eisenhower dreamed of billions

trative genius alone. Some of earliest appointees shared this icy surrendered it after six months

No man came to Washington with higher hopes than Joseph E. Dodge, the man picked to be director of the budget. This Detroit banker became the leader and chief spokesman for the management economies school. They were going to re-make government with a sharp pencil. Dodge did make substantial savings. But he quit with the budget still in the red.

Dodge told what happened in an appearance before the Detroit Economics Club last October. He explained that government assistance to "special areas of interest" was written into the law and could not be sidetracked. He referred to "particular groups" and read figures indicating he might have had veterans and farmers in mind, among others. He cited the importance of what he called "negotiations with the public." This, presumably, was his way of acknowledging that political decisions—after all—are as firmly a part of the federal budget as dollar signs.

Moreover, there is always some waste in any big operation, public or private; students of administration have a rule of thumb that puts it at about 2 per cent, whether it is the federal government or General Motors. Really big reductions can only come from dropping products or services. The biggest economy during Dodge's regime came by reducing the projected size of the Army from twenty to seventeen divisions. When it came to going further, and saving money by eliminating special services to veterans or farmers, Dodge found Congress had already said: "Leave this alone." He summed up by confessing: "Management economies alone will not suffice."

A few months later, Dodge left Washington. His explanation to friends was that he was tired of government service. He had, indeed, spent something like ten of the preceding thirteen years in and out of government, most of this time as an occupation official in Germany and Japan. It was no secret that he wanted desperately to report a balanced budget for fiscal 1955—the one delivered to Congress for action last January. But he missed by almost three billion dollars.

Even more discouraging, the business downturn at home and Communist gains in southeast Asia threatened to cause even a bigger deficit. In this atmosphere, Dodge suddenly became so weary of government that he went back to Detroit and to his bank job.

The compromises and the half-measures which are typical of government come hard to Eisenhower's businessmen. Their confused lines of authority, their necessary dependence on hold-over career people, their inability to deal with Congressmen as they deal with fellow businessmen—all this becomes a frustrating burden. They realize now that they counted too heavily on the management economies idea. It's one of the reasons they are beginning to advise friends: "Stay away from Washington."

One-year Republicans

The businessman who left his own affairs for a limited time to take on a government job became familiar under the Democrats. But he was a minor source of manpower. Under the Republicans he plays a major role; at times, it seems, a dominant one. The "temporary assignment" is far and away the favorite public explanation for quitting. Often it is used to gloss over other, and more compelling reasons. Where it exists in its purest form—as it did in the case of Roger M. Kyes—it highlights one of the particular replacement problems faced by Eisenhower.

Kyes did not even move his family to Washington when he became Deputy Secretary of Defense. He left Detroit, where he was a rising General Motors vice president, with the announced intention of installing "business methods" in the Pentagon. That was to be all. He did change the Pentagon's table of organization, and he did it in the manner of a man who had no intention of staying around once the required number of heads had been knocked together. He is still young—forty-seven—with a fortune to make and the honors of supreme command in business still to be won. All this is typical of the one-year administrator: a man whose heart frankly lies elsewhere, whose chief purpose in life is to return to an interrupted career.

Donold B. Lourie mentioned a one-year agreement when he resigned as Under Secretary of State. So did Kenton R. Cravens, when he stepped out as RFC administrator. After

sixteen months, Ralph A. Tudor, Under Secretary of Interior, said he had overstayed, and resigned to go back to his engineering firm. Friends of C. D. Jackson, who quit as special cold war adviser, said he had never intended to remain.

In considerable measure, this attitude stems from the "clean up the mess" theme of the campaign. A quick, hard scrubbing-out of government sounded attractive, where sticking on the job, grubbing along day after day, did not. Now the grubbing days are here. Eisenhower finds himself deprived of a talking point which eighteen months ago worked wonders on reluctant businessmen.

By the standards of top businessmen, only a man born to inherited wealth—like Bob Stevens—or with a fortune already secure —like Charles E. Wilson—can afford to work for government indefinitely. What happens is that a businessman gives up his $100,000 salary, but not his life insurance program, his three country clubs, or even his charities. His standard of living—like anyone's—becomes a fairly rigid thing, to be lowered only at some pain.

Lourie typifies the money troubles of Eisenhower's businessmen. He gave up one of the country's top salaries as president of Quaker Oats to take his $17,500 job as Under Secretary of State. He and Mrs. Lourie rented a $500-a-month house in the Georgetown section, and entertained in the glossiest tradition of the State Department. From the beginning, though, Mrs. Lourie got along with one nine-to-six maid, five days a week. When they entertained, they hired extra help.

By the end of the first year, they had moved into an apartment, reduced household help to a cleaning woman once a week, and cut entertaining to the bare necessities. Mrs. Lourie was even making some of her own clothes by the time she confided to friends that they were going back to Chicago. She gave money as the big reason. But she also pointed out: "The presidency of Quaker Oats is not going to lie around forever." This sense of being on the sidelines while one's real career slips away, is severe these days.

Money troubles run down to the second and third echelons. Here salaries sometimes equal or exceed what officials had earned in private life. But travel, particularly for the State Department, has emptied their private bank accounts. One man figured the government allowance of $9 to $12 a day for expenses failed by some $300 each trip to meet his out-of-pocket costs. He made eight trips in a year —and had to borrow to pay income taxes. One State Department aide was allowed $200 for a four weeks' stay in Berlin; a corporation he had previously worked for allowed him that much for four days.

The Disinherited

By and large, Eisenhower's appointees turned out to be true heirs of his middle-of-the-road philosophy. As a result, resignations over policy—the classic reason for leaving high-level government jobs —have been notably few.

Eisenhower's risk, of course, was from the far right—from men who would insist on junking New Deal programs, instead of merely trimming or remodeling them. A few unyielding right-wing extremists did get into the Administration. They found themselves among the politically disinherited.

Craig Sheaffer resigned as Assistant Secretary of Commerce over policy. He wanted to fire Dr. Allen V. Astin as head of the Bureau of Standards. He was over-ruled. But his differences were deeper. Of all the original team of businessmen administrators, he was probably farthest to the right. He disagreed with the Administration across a wide front, from social security to foreign trade. He felt out of place, and said as much. So he went back to Iowa, and the Sheaffer Pen Company.

Clarence Manion, first chairman of the President's commission to study state-federal relations, was in the same category—except he didn't feel out of place. He felt perfectly at home, and started out to change the Administration's thinking where he thought it was wrong. He was finally fired by a telephone call from the White House. There were several contributing factors. He was making speeches in favor of the Bricker amendment long after Eisenhower had decided to fight it. He had been freely expressing conclusions on matters he was supposed to have under study. The commission he headed was making a slow —almost an imperceptible—start. His departure for South Bend freed the Administration of a consistently discordant voice.

Policy disputes of a different nature contributed to Secretary Ezra Taft Benson's troubles in the Agriculture Department. He has lost more top aides than any man in Washington—almost a complete staff in the second and third levels where policy is formulated. His fanatical devotion to lower price supports was a root cause, though a high pressure effort to Republicanize some of the department's field agencies probably contributed.

In general, however, there has been an impressive outward show of unity. Take the cabinet. The original eight millionaires and a plumber is intact except for the plumber—whose departure caused the millionaires no pain, and established no pattern. Martin P. Durkin went back to the plumbers' union because of a Taft-Hartley policy dispute. On every other issue, the top administrators have managed to close ranks. This does not mean they have agreed with all parts of the Eisenhower program. It does mean that they have been willing to subdue their own more violent convictions.

Wanted: Young Conservatives

How are the second-round appointments shaping up? There have been a few notable ones: Clarence Francis of General Foods to the President's staff; Meyer Kestnbaum of Hart Schaffner & Marx to head the state-federal commission. In other cases, qualified assistants have been moved up, such as Roland Hughes, formerly of the National City Bank, to be budget director.

But in general, what has been true through our political history will probably be true of Eisenhower. His strongest team will be the one he fielded opening day. An increasing number of retired businessmen will join up, assistants of doubtful capacity will be promoted, defeated governors and former members of Congress will be summoned from obscurity—the surest sign that the stream Eisenhower counted on is drying up.

In this erosion of talent, Eisenhower is at a particular disadvantage. He needs a reservoir of dedicated young Republicans anxious to implement a conservative philosophy by making a career of public service. Franklin Roosevelt had such a reservoir to serve his program. But in the current atmosphere, it is not fashionable to admit that one likes government service or would consider making it a career. It is something some of Eisenhower's closest advisers recognize, and worry about.

Where will they find their own young, conservative, Republican versions of men like Gordon Clapp? Even Eisenhower, though he did not re-appoint Clapp to his TVA post, joined in the general applause for his record in the public service. He joined TVA when he was twenty-seven, spent twenty-one years there, rose to be its chief administrative officer, and now has been hired by the city of New York. He is a government professional—not a businessman reluctantly performing an unwelcomed task for a few months. If there are any young Gordon Clapps starting in now with the first Republican Administration in twenty years, Eisenhower's personnel advisers would like to know where they are.

Reach for That Perfumed Water

The remarkable research made by M. Bouisson upon the danger of smoking has attracted the notice of the Academy of Science in Paris, and has been rewarded with high praise. Cancer in the mouth M. Bouisson declares to have grown so frequent from the use of tobacco that it now forms one of the most dreaded diseases in the hospitals; and at Montpelier, where M. Bouisson resides, the operation of its extraction forms the principal practice of the surgeons there.

In individuals of the humbler classes who smoke short pipes and tobacco of inferior quality, the disease is more frequent than with the rich who smoke cigars or long pipes. It becomes evident, therefore, that it is owing to the constant application of heat to the lips than to the inhaling nicotine, that the disease is generated. With the Orientals, who are to maintain the coolness of the mouthpiece by the transmission of moke through perfumed water, the disease is unknown.

—*Scientific American,* October 29, 1859.

It's a reporters' rite . . . something like the Feast of Bacchus blended with a political convention . . .



Covering the World Series

Charles Einstein

Drawings by Leo Hershfield

IT IS comforting in these troubled times to believe that the pen is still mightier than the sword—and no greater custodians of this conviction can be found than the baseball writers of the United States. Outside of a political convention, no week-long event in America can command the news space devoted to baseball's big show, the world series. And from the reporters' typewriters during the series, there flows an unbelievable plethora of fact and fancy—and an occasional wild surmise, such as the bulletin transmitted several years ago which asserted that the national anthem had been sung just before the game by Paddy Adler.

The baseball writer is permitted an editorial slanting of the news unmatched outside the *Daily Worker*. His writings have helped drive players to physical violence, managers to nervous breakdowns, and Happy Chandler to his old Kentucky home. During the world series, the writer eats six times a day, thrice on his paper's expense account and thrice more at the abundant free load set out in some swank hotel ballroom by the host team. With his fellows, he drinks enough free whisky to float the *Gripsholm*. He becomes an oracle in the grand style in predicting the outcome of the series—an art that flourishes despite a [illegible] writer named Warren Brown was asked his studied opinion as to the probable winner of that year's contest between the Cubs and the Tigers. He replied, after due deliberation, "Nature."

In that same series, the by-line of not only every writer there, but of practically every player as well, broke into print. This ghostly business was vividly pinpointed some years later by Eddie Waitkus, who at the time was playing first base for the Phillies in the world series against the Yankees. The Phillies having lost the first three games, Waitkus was asked what the trouble was.

"Nothing's wrong with me," he responded, "but my writer's in a hell of a slump."

In addition to ghosting for the players, the writers not infrequently spook for one another. Several years ago, one author was discovered under a table at a free load, unable to

iter to move. The task
regular column fell to two
ough wrote one page without
ng the other. John P. Carmichael of the Chicago *Daily News*, who tells the story, recalls that for some uncanny reason the two pages dovetailed beautifully. On another occasion, a number of writers took turns writing a daily column for a comatose comrade, who subsequently received a telegram from his editor congratulating him on his ability to change style and approach from day to day. Yet another writer had his telegraph operator compose his stories for him, then bawled him out for his lack of writing ability.



. . . under a table at a free load . . .

As ghost-writers, the literary experts covering the series must guard against any number of pitfalls. A player who has not specifically sold the rights to the use of his by-line may object when he finds it being used anyway. A typical finesse, much in vogue with two of the wire services, is to use the player's by-line with the appendage, "As Told to ——." If it is deemed necessary to get the player's consent at this is usually done by interviewing him clubhouse and then saying, "Is it all rite what you just said just the way changing a word?"

The ball player's reaction is only conjectural ago Ted Williams picked up a Boston paper and found a challenging baseball story smashed across the top of the front page. What interested him perhaps the most was the revelation that he had written it. He called up his business agent, Fred Corcoran, and asked if he had seen it. Corcoran said he had. "You know something?" Williams said proudly, "I couldn't have said it better myself."

One of the most amiable silent partners in a ghost team was Babe Ruth, who used to greet his writer in a hotel lobby with: "Hi! What did I say today?"

In 1949, the New York *World-Telegram* contracted with Joe DiMaggio to have a daily piece signed by DiMag throughout the closing days of the pennant race. Readers got the inside dope, thereby, from DiMaggio's own by-line in the *Telegram*. They got some more inside dope from the rival *Journal-American*, which disclosed that the head cold DiMag was talking about in his breezy columns was in actuality a hospital case of influenza.

Last year, there was the case of a star performer who was being ghosted by sports editor John Barrington. Talk was not this player's forte. After each game of the series, Barrington reported to the clubhouse, asked a score of questions, received one or two monosyllables in reply, and returned to the press box to put the necessary five hundred words into the idol's mouth. This went on until the final game of the series, a game in which an official scoring decision enraged Barrington's co-author. The player suddenly turned vociferous.

"Is this my column?" he demanded, after the game. Barrington nodded.

"My name go on it?" Barrington nodded.

"Well, put this in it," the player said. "The official scorer is a — —— ——— ————."

Barrington was taken aback, as much by the volume as by the nature of the language, and the player was quick to notice his hesitation. "No," the player said, "I guess you can't quite say it that way." He thought for a moment, and then a beatific smile crossed his face. "I tell you what. Just say instead that it was a rank injustice."

The millions of words that the writers first compose and then send to their papers during a world series are matched only by the millions of words that they first compose and then tear up. Some but not all of this effort is traceable to the lust for liter-

ary perfection. Events on the ball field have at times a paralyzing effect. It is conservatively estimated, for example, that 400,000 words wound up on the floor of the press box directly after Bobby Thomson hit the theatrical ninth-inning home run that brought the Giants their playoff pennant victory in 1951. The same home run caused Robert Cooke, the sports editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*, to write an entire column in Shakespearian verse. The only thing that kept the Thomson story out of the lead position on page one of the scholarly *New York Times* was the competing news that the Russians had exploded an atomic bomb.

Inspiration can come hard. A number of years ago, one writer stayed at his typewriter long after a world series game at St. Louis had ended, trying to shape the glorious words. Musingly, he inquired aloud, "Is that the sun going down in the west?"

"If it isn't," said Bill Slocum, who was sitting nearby, "you got one hell of a scoop."

On another occasion, a vagrant post-game breeze came along, wafted a piece of copy paper out of the press box, and then whimsically blew it right back into the hands of its author, Joe Trimble of the New York *Daily News*.

"Too bad, Joe," Bob Considine said. "God rejected it."

It is well that many baseball writers take pains with their work, for a fierce attention hangs upon their every word. Five years ago, when the Associated Press play-by-play account of a series game mentioned, in passing baseball parlance, that on one pitch Joe DiMaggio "broke his wrists," a Baltimore paper hit the streets with the flaming headline: DIMAGGIO BREAKS WRISTS.

The newsman's traditional impartiality has no status whatever among world series reporters. Stan Baumgartner, a Philadelphia writer, wore a Phillies baseball cap in the press box throughout the 1950 world series. And the Cleveland writers as a group nearly killed a man, out of love for their team. The incident occurred following the final regularly-scheduled game of 1948; the Indians and the Boston Red Sox had tied for first place, and the entire world was waiting to hear who would be the pitcher for Cleveland in the playoff game against Boston the following day. Accordingly, the writers gathered tensely in the clubhouse, waiting for the word from Lou Boudreau, the Indians' manager.

Boudreau, who has an occasional flair for the dramatic, waited until the silence was complete. Then he inquired casually, "Are there any questions?"

There was one from the back of the room: "Are you going to option Garcia to Baltimore?" The questioner was immediately jumped by half a dozen sobbing Cleveland writers.

It has been said that the New York Yankees were invented for the purpose of annoying the Cleveland writers. Involved in this is a bit of phraseology common to the Baseball Writers' Association of America, which restricts full memberships to writers in the major-league cities. Among themselves, they are known group-wise: the New York writers, the Chicago writers, the St. Louis writers, and so on. To each group, various attributes—many of them unprintable—are accorded. The Washington writers are the most provincial. The Pittsburgh writers travel in a pack. The Cleveland writers are the touchiest. The Cincinnati writers are perhaps exemplified by one of their number who last year refused point-blank to associate himself with a drive to change the name of the team from the Reds to the Redlegs. Covering a game for the United Press, he interrupted the account to insert this message: "We were known as the Reds long before the Communists were." Then he went back to the story of the game.



. . . a hell of a slump . . .

It is a caution to decide which city takes its baseball most seriously. Boston, which has more daily papers than any other city, sends two, three, and sometimes four men from each paper to cover every game. This intellectual overcrowding has resulted in fist fights between writers and players, repeated banning of newspapermen from the clubhouse, and a graphic style of reporting. When Casey Stengel, then managing the Boston Braves, had his leg broken by a taxicab, open regret was expressed by one Boston columnist, who wrote that it was too bad Stengel hadn't been killed.

Writers have on occasion not only brawled with players but with club officials and owners as well. Trying times with managers are common. A delegation of New York writers had to send a spokesman into private conference with Casey Stengel at one point last season in an effort to get Stengel to talk to them,



. . . a delegation to Casey Stengel . . .

something he had quit doing four days previously. Jack Onslow—best known for the day he went on the radio and said, "Hello, Jack Onslow, this is everybody speaking"—had repeated trouble with the Chicago writers when he managed the White Sox. Joe McCarthy and Billy Southworth, pennant-winning managers both, were encouraged by the press to breakdowns of health that forced them both out of the game.

The hindsight of the press during the world series is 20 20. Every close play, every significant managerial decision, is second-guessed to the point where Chuck Dressen, asked why he ordered the Dodgers to execute a certain play during the 1953 series, replied simply:

"What would they have said if I hadn't?"

Many managers would prefer to play the world series without any newspapermen there at all—something that was very nearly accomplished in the third game of the 1948 series, when the train bringing the teams from Boston to Cleveland pulled in some time ahead of the writers' train. The game was well under way while the hollering writers—their rail delay compounded by a monumental snafu in the distribution of press credentials for the Cleveland part of the series—beat hopelessly on the gates of the Municipal Stadium.

The writer's ingenuity in the matter of credentials is not often put to the test, although Henry McLemore is said to have covered one series at Detroit from a hovering blimp after being turned away from the stadium. Nowadays the expense of sending a writer to the world series is more than matched by what the host team puts out to receive him. The printed credentials pour out in a multitude of colors and shapes: one badge for the main press box, another for the roving reporter, a field pass, a clubhouse pass, a messenger's pass, a runner's pass, a photography pass, a radio pass, a television pass, a newsreel pass, and from time to time a technician's pass—enough to reduce to absurdity the life work of the late One-Eyed Connally. Since the onset of television, the writers frequently are outnumbered by the allied arts—TV, radio, and photography—but this does not necessarily mean that the total number of people covering the game will be greater. A balancing device was discovered two years ago by a New York writer, who covered a series game by television from a bar on East 72nd Street.

Not only gifted with hindsight, baseball writers are as a rule single-minded. On one occasion the International News Service sent a sports man, Pat Robinson, out to cover a general news conference for Herbert Hoover. Robinson had one question: "What about the time they booed you at Shibe Park?"

The Rites

Most writers arrive at the ball park for a series game about two hours before starting time. Typically they will park their typewriters in the press box and then go down on the field where the players

are practicing, generally so they can stand and discourse with other writers ("and thus," Red Smith has written, "grow great in wisdom").

The appearance of the rival managers calls for a cluster of writers in the dugouts. The ensuing banter is interrupted for lunch at a sumptuous spread set out by the host club in one of the rooms underneath the stands. After lunch it is time to go up to the press box, and it is at this point that the public-relations directors for the two teams take over.

All necessary information (exceeded approximately three-fold by unnecessary information) on the statistical records of the teams and players is brought up to date and passed out in mimeographed form before each game. During the game, anything of note is given to the press over the loud-speaker system. This includes any kind of record, and is typified by an instance in the all-star game, last year. One batsman flied out to right field. It was disclosed time had been called, so he got up to bat again and flied out again. "Attention, press," the loudspeaker blared. "That's the first time that ever happened in an all-star game."

Everything is done to make covering a world series game as painless as possible, but a few hazards are unavoidable. Some years back, for example, Lawton Carver, who since has given up sports writing to operate Camillo's restaurant in New York, dictated his play-by-play account to his Western Union man for five full innings before discovering that the telegrapher was stone deaf. But by and large all wants are cared for.

The Chatter

The management will, if requested, even provide clichés. These are indispensable. Few right-thinking baseball writers would care to use the word "pitcher" twice in the same paragraph, if twice in the same story. Hurler, twirler, slabsman, hill artist, bowler, thrower, deliveryman, toilsman, and boxman are used along with lefthander, righthander, portsider, starboardsider, southpaw, northpaw, wrongarm, and chucker (not to be confused with *chukker,* which may be substituted for the word "inning" along with frame, chapter, half, ups, try, stanza, part, session, period, shot, share, and bats (not to be confused with the verb *bats,* which may be substituted for the word "hits" along with smote, struck, delivered, rocketed, rifled, bingled, hung out, scorched, slammed, drilled, drove, wedged, parked, dropped, came up with, responded with, answered with, replied with, belts, shoots, whacks, nubs, and clubs (not to be confused with the noun *club*, which may be substituted for the word "team" along with aggregation, outfit, crew, nine, side, heroes, locals, visitors, aliens, trespassers, antagonists, opponents, worthies, and tigers (not to be confused with the Tigers, Bengals, Snarlers, Striped Cats, Jungle Cats, and Big Cats (not to be confused with Johnny Mize, the Big Cat; Harry Brecheen, the Cat; or for that matter, Larry Jansen, the Slender Oregonian Who Is Sportsdom's Father of The Year))))).

Among the distinguished reporters of the series are Dick Young, Red Smith, Lyall Smith, Tom Meany, Shirley Povich, Bob Con-



. . . brawling with players . . .

sidine, Roger Kahn, Howard Sigmand, John Drebinger, John Carmichael, and Frank Graham, to limit the partial accounting to active writers in various major-league cities. The ascendant virtue held in common by all of these men is that they know a bad piece when they write one, something which, also, they realize is possible.

Again, too, they know a good story when they see one. It was this ability that produced the greatest saying ever to come out of a world series . . . the quote from a dirty-faced kid, standing outside the courthouse as Shoeless Joe Jackson emerged following the infamous Black Sox scandal of 1919:

"Say it ain't so, Joe."

The fact that these famous words were invented by a baseball writer, and never actually uttered, may well be to the lasting credit of the kid, the writer, and to all baseball lovers everywhere.

greatest politician of them all fights, maneuvers, rows himself in the setting he loves best: the House of Commons. . . . By a Labor Member of Parliament who has been crossing swords with Sir Winston for nine years.

Churchill in his Element

Woodrow Wyatt

Sir Winston Churchill does not walk into the House. He appears in it suddenly from behind the Speaker's chair. He does not seem to have legs like other human beings: his face and body look all of a piece like some fabulous Humpty Dumpty. The moment this miraculous creature comes into sight the atmosphere changes tangibly. Visitors, if they are at the back of the Strangers gallery, stand up or, if they are at the side, thrust their heads over the railings to make sure of at least one glimpse. Members become sharper and more aware. Murmurs of "here comes the old man" pass along the benches. The huge, almost baby-like face is carefully examined for signs of entertainment, excitement, or tranquillity to come.

There is no concealment in that face: on the broad, white canvas an emotion is set for a moment, wiped off, then instantly replaced by another which may make the spectator wonder how its predecessor ever got there. There is the scowl, directed at everybody. There is the baleful, nearly malevolent, look sometimes concentrated on an individual Member to whom Sir Winston has taken a temporary dislike. There is the child's sulk when, perhaps, he thinks the Speaker, or the Opposition, has been unfair to him. There is the twinkling eye—a signal to the House that a Churchillian joke appreciated by its author is on the way. There is the large, full-sized smile which seems to divide Humpty Dumpty somewhere at the middle when he thinks he has made an opponent uncomfortable. There is the air of mock penitence. There is the convulsed, or laughing, face when the world, the Opposition, or a Parliamentary situation which has turned to the ridiculous, strikes him as grotesquely wonderful. There are the looks magnanimous, contemptuous, indifferent, very bored, mischievous, somber, despairing, arrogant. . . . Only one look is missing: the look apologetic.

He may not utter a word, yet as long as he sits on the bench—the great head moving round, the face animated or so lifeless that it has the quality of a bust worn by time—the changed temper of the atmosphere is sustained. Every gesture, every move of hand to ear has significance. When he gets up to go, something of the vitality of the House goes with him. It subsides like a reception after the champagne is finished.

This Humpty Dumpty has a magic which touches all—even those who, sincerely or affectedly, declare that they are indifferent to him, or detest him. From his opponents he evokes successively violent hatred, dislike, derision, friendliness, and love. From his supporters he calls out the two last emotions and adds to them bewilderment, frustration, misery, and enthusiasm. Like the shape in which it lives, the personality is round and full, embracing everything a human being can encompass.

Parliament comes first with Churchill. He has given more of himself to it than to anything else. His achievements as an author, an administrator, and a statesman—vast though they are—do not reach the level of his genius as a Parliamentarian.

Queen Victoria still reigned when Sir Winston first took his seat. He had been jerked into national prominence by his adventures in South Africa. He was familiar with battle and physically brave. But even he was intimidated by the House of Commons' serene and unswerving timelessness. At that time he could not speak without memorizing every word beforehand. That is an inconvenience in an institution where the course and mood of debate can alter so quickly that a previously prepared speech may become irrelevant.

The Brave Young Man

THE way Churchill approached his maiden speech was a sample of the future. He worked at it with an energy above mere industry. Today if he is to speak in the House he applies himself as hard as he did when he was twenty-six. In the worst moments of the war he continued to put the preparation of a Parliamentary speech in front of all his other duties.

This unremitting work is at the heart of his success as a speaker. He is not a natural speaker. But he knows what he is going to say so well that he does not read, but acts, his phrases: yet it is more than acting because he is the author and believes in his script. He may deliberately provoke an interruption, and the answer to it is often already written in his notes.

Now he is able to speak briefly, but uncomfortably, without preparation, and from long practice retorts and answers to questions come more quickly to his mind: in the Parliamentary sense, at least, his brain moves faster in old age than it did when he was young. But for years he floundered if he had to leave the script. As Lord Birkenhead once remarked he "devoted the best years of his life to the preparation of his impromptu speeches."

So it was with his maiden speech. He arrived to speak in a debate on the South African war with a number of different speeches ready to deliver. One of them, he hoped, might be suitable. As the moment grew closer, he despairingly tried to think of some opening sentence which would smooth the way into his speech and appear to have some connection with the speech then being delivered by the young Lloyd George whom he had to follow. Lloyd George had put on the order paper an amendment moderately critical of the government, but in the end he had decided not to move it.

Aid came to Churchill in his unhappiness from an old Parliamentarian, a Mr. Bowles, sitting nearby. Only someone who has had to make a speech in the House and is certain at the last moment that he cannot do it can fully understand Mr. Bowles' charity. He whispered: "You might say 'instead of making his violent speech without moving his moderate amendment, he had better have moved his moderate amendment without making his violent speech.'"

Churchill repeated the words as he stood for the first time in the House of Commons. The Commons is always pleased if it can help a new speaker through the agony of his first speech. There was a glad laugh and Mr. Churchill put the most appropriate of his prepared speeches into gear and drove away.

His speech, while not outstandingly brilliant, was not as colorless as most maiden speeches. The Conservative Government were for the ruthless prosecution of the war and for damnation to all Boers. "If I were a Boer," he said, "I hope I should be fighting in the field." He went on to demand that it should be made "easy and honorable for the Boers to surrender." The whole of his speech, which generously recognized the claims and feelings of the Boers, contradicted the trend of majority thinking. For an ambitious young man to go against his own party so early needed courage.

IF APPLICATION was the ground on which his Parliamentary career was built, courage was its foundation. Courage is the element which lifts a Member out of the ordinary. Many are brash, but few are brave. Courage is not contrariness, which is often akin to pleasure at shocking or being in a tiny minority. It is a man's deliberate refusal to shirk saying things he feels to be true, even though no one would comment on his failure to say them. It is something more than sincerity; a man can be sincere in everything he says and yet take care not to say anything which will disconcert his potential supporters.

No Parliamentarian can be of the first

age, and Churchill has al-
it. In the 1930s he could at
ve joined the Government if he
been willing to compromise with his views on the dangers of Nazism. He could have softened his criticisms of the government's feebleness in front of Hitler, he could have been less frank without in any way being untruthful—but he thought it was his duty to Parliament to speak as he did. Office was worth less to him than truth; and that, as human beings are as frail in politics as elsewhere, is remarkable.

Simply the ability to endure hours of preparatory drudgery and a courage large enough to impress the House are not sufficient to establish a dominating role in Parliament. Members individually are fallible in their estimates of one another. Collectively they rarely make a mistake. The combined judgment of the House of Commons on a man's character and abilities contains a high element of accuracy. No assembly can be more forgiving, more charitable, more shrewd, or fairer. It searches out all a man's qualities and weaknesses as they show up in good fortune and in bad, in the interplay of debates, and in the association of many years with his colleagues. It is the proof of Winston Churchill's stature as a Parliamentarian that he has passed through all the tests—and because of the huge volume of accumulated respect he has earned, he can now get away with breaches of tradition which would never be allowed to others.

The Shape of British Politics

THE British temperament is peculiarly suited to Parliamentary government and it has fashioned a chamber of exactly the right shape in which to exercise it. Churchill has understood that completely, as the memorandum he wrote as Prime Minister on the rebuilding of the blitzed House of Commons chamber shows.

> . . . its shape should be oblong and not semicircular. Here is a very potent factor in our political life. The semicircular assembly . . . appeals to political theorists, . . . provides every individual or every group . . . with a seat in the centre, adopting various shades of pink according as the . . . individual to move through those insensible gradations from Left to Right, but the act of crossing the Floor is one which requires serious consideration. I am well informed on this matter, for I have accomplished that difficult process, not only once, but twice. . . .
>
> . . . it should not be big enough to contain all its members at once without overcrowding, and there should be no question of every member having a separate seat reserved for him. The reason for this has long been a puzzle to uninstructed outsiders.
>
> . . . Yet it is not so difficult to understand if you look at it from a practical point of view. If the House is big enough to contain all its Members nine-tenths of its debates will be conducted in the depressing atmosphere of an almost empty or half-empty chamber. The essence of good House of Commons speaking is the conversational style, the facility for quick informal interruptions and interchanges. Harangues from a rostrum would be a bad substitute. . . . But the conversational style requires a fairly small space, and there should be on great occasions a sense of crowd and urgency.

In making formality informal and informality formal Churchill has excelled. When he speaks each member of the House feels that he is taking part in something important and cannot avoid being flattered by the immense pains which have been taken to impress him. Sometimes, because his speeches have been prepared in the expectation of the House being in a different mood, they misfire. His speeches on India and Burma in the postwar Parliament, for example, were quite disconnected from the main movement of ideas in the House, making him seem like a materialized ghost from a dead age posturing in front of perplexed and unhappy supporters.

Once, too, in the 1945 Parliament the Labor party deliberately disconcerted him by a conspiracy of silence. The voice grew quicker and sharper, the hand and the chin were thrust forward to provoke the anticipated interruption—which was to be smitten down at once by the previously polished retort—but no interruption came. Instead of angry shouts there was an atmosphere of stolid complacency. It was difficult even for the great composer to make the symphony

sound well with some of the loudest instruments silent when their harsh background was most needed.

Occasionally Churchill has had periods of indifference or even arrogance toward the House, which it resented. But these are only temporary patches of misunderstanding. Usually the touch is sure and with time it has matured so that it is hard to believe that there has ever been anything better in Parliamentary artistry than the handling of the House of Commons by Churchill in his seventies.

The Parliamentarian's Art

DURING the early months of the 1945 Parliament Churchill had a number of successes by provoking the interruptions he wanted from the great Labor majority—about half of whom were new to the House and easily tricked.

Hearing him then for the first time, I marveled at the cunning way he trapped us. In the General Election campaign he had made Harold Laski, then Chairman of the Labor party, into a national bogy man. He had tried to convince the country that the Cabinet of a Labor Government would for the first time in British history be responsible to some Politbureau-like outside body—Mr. Laski and the National Executive of the Labor party—and not to Parliament. After the election Laski, still ebullient, made a speech announcing that British policy in Greece was to be altered.

In the House Churchill dealt, in a style which was to become familiar, with the excited rows of Government supporters, still resentful of his broadcast suggestion that socialism in Britain would eventually lead to a police state. The more we grew indignant, the better he enjoyed himself.

> *Mr. Churchill:* What precisely is Mr. Laski's authority for all the statements he is making about our foreign policy? How far do his statements involve the agreement or responsibility of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs? We know that Mr. Laski is the Chairman of the Labor party Executive Committee.
>
> *Labor Members* (derisively): Gestapo.
>
> *Mr. Churchill:* Everybody has a right to describe their own party machine as they choose.
>
> This is a very important body. I have been told—I am willing to be contradicted and to learn—that it has the power to summon Ministers before it. Let us find out whether it is true or not. . . .
>
> I see that Mr. Laski said in Paris a few days ago that our policy in Greece was to be completely changed. What is the meaning of this? I thought we were agreed upon our policy towards Greece especially after Sir Walter Citrine's and the Trade Unions' report.

Here a babel of fury and shouts broke out from the Labor benches. Churchill was ready for the interruption because he had intended it. With great solemnity he stood squarely at the dispatch box, gazing almost sympathetically at the benches opposite:

> I would say to hon. Members not to speak disrespectfully of the report—

and here he sharpened the emphasis with heavy point on each word and with the utmost significance on the last three:

> or they may be brought up before that body.

The effect of this comical surprise was devastating on the crowded Labor benches which for the moment were transfixed with astonishment.

IF HIS speeches cannot avoid the use of many figures and technicalities, there are always breaks in them designed to restore the attention of the House to a high pitch should it have grown a little bored. In March 1953 he was obliged to make a complicated speech on defense policy. To relieve the gloom of the manpower statistics, there were at intervals of about ten minutes such passages as this:

> I must now warn the House that I am going to make an unusual departure. I am going to make a Latin quotation. It is one which I hope will not offend the detachment of the old school tie and will not baffle or be taken as a slight upon the new spelling brigade. Perhaps I ought to say the "new spelling squad," because it is an easier word. The quotation is *Arma virum-*

which, for the benefit of our friends, I may translate as the man I sing." That generally

a speech on the international situation in December 1950 was designed to annoy the opposition by the inclusion of a demand that during the difficulties caused by the Korean war the Labor government should drop the nationalization of steel. At times he had lost the sympathy of the House, as he probably knew he would. To regain it there was a passage which suddenly broke the partisan nature of his speech and lifted it to another level.

> When nations or individuals get strong they are often truculent and bullying, but when they are weak they become better mannered. But this is the reverse of what is healthy and wise. I have always been astonished, having seen the end of these two wars, how difficult it is to make people understand the Roman wisdom, "Spare the conquered and confront the proud." I think I will go so far as to say it in the original: *Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.* The modern practice has too often been, "Punish the defeated and grovel to the strong."

Since the war his speeches have in some respects improved on his wartime performances. Then he made orations, pointed very directly at the country and the world, in an atmosphere of party unanimity. They did not ignore the House, but they did not have to give it first place as the speeches since 1945, delivered among the unrepressed and bubbling informalities of party discord, have had to. In the last years all his Parliamentary experience and wiliness have been blended with his great gifts of elaborately contrived expression.

When Churchill is to follow a major spokesman from the other side, if it is a controversial debate, he frequently begins with a skillfully wrought reference to him. In these references there is sufficient humor slightly to neutralize the anger of the opposition, but enough venom to indicate that the performance will include a number of violent blows.

Using the Opposition

In May 1947, the Labor Government, during the course of the National Service Bill through the House, had been forced by a number of Labor dissidents to announce a reduction in the period of military service prescribed in the Bill from eighteen months to twelve months. The Conservatives, having once indicated their willingness to support the Government in their demand for the longer period, were indignant at this reversal. Mr. A. V. Alexander, the Labor Minister of Defense, after previously justifying the absolute necessity for longer service, was now obliged to give the reasons why the shorter period would do. When he had finished Churchill began:

> I have been looking around for something upon which to congratulate the right hon. Gentlemen. After some difficulty, I have found at least one point on which I can offer him my compliments, and that is the control of his facial expression, which enabled him to deliver the ridiculous and deplorable harangue to which we have listened, and yet keep an unsmiling face. Indeed, there were moments when I was not quite sure whether he was not taking his revenge on the forces which compelled him to his present course of action, by showing them how ridiculous their case was, and how absurd their position would be, when it was presented to the House of Commons.

Herbert Morrison has frequently provided the machinery by which Churchill levers himself into a speech or into forewarning the opposition that he is out to hurt. Early in the 1945 Parliament, when the dislike he had formed of Morrison in the War Cabinet was still on him, he said:

> I hope he is not going to lecture us today on bringing party matters and party feeling into discussions of large public issues. There is no man I can think of from whom such rebukes and admonitions come less well. I would not go so far as to describe him in the words used by the Minister of

* Sir Winston has always been amused by the fact that Winchester, probably the Public School with the highest academic record of all, has provided a number of distinguished Labor leaders such as Sir

> Health, Mr. Bevan, a year ago, when he was in an independent position, as 'a third-class Tammany boss'. . . . I thought it was very much to be deprecated using disparaging expressions about important institutions of friendly countries.

CHURCHILL enjoys a noisy House. The speaker who is the center of a disturbance has, if he remains cool, an advantage over his interrupters. He can wait until they subside and no further business can be done, if he keeps standing, until order returns. It is he who has the floor. He need not give way to any individual Member who wants to interrupt him, but he can make his own choice of a remark out of the confusion to which to make an effective reply.

Today Churchill is brilliant at quickly selecting the right target. During a debate about Allied Command appointments Mr. Shinwell interrupted him to observe, "All I say to him now is that the discussions about the Mediterranean and the discussions about the whole command have been taking place simultaneously."

To which Mr. Churchill promptly replied, "They may have been taking place simultaneously but one ended before the other. That sometimes happens in horse racing."

Churchill is not only unafraid of such scenes but welcomes them. He rises to the excitement and, if he is a little somber at the start, he is gay by the end. Sometimes he will stimulate an uproar to divert attention from the fact that he does not know the answer to some pointed question put to him by the opposition, or if he is for once making a bad case. A lively passage in the House is to Churchill an indication of vitality. He has several times remarked that politicians should not be too mealy-mouthed in what they say, and he has never hesitated to live according to his dictum. It was of Aneurin Bevan that he said early in the 1945 Parliament that he threatened to be as great a burden in peace as he had been "a squalid nuisance in time of war."

Perhaps his most remarkable abuse was directed at Ramsey MacDonald when MacDonald was Prime Minister of the 1929 Labor Government which stayed in office by permission of the Liberals. Frequently they let him down and the Government would either be defeated or have to withdraw some proposal or bill. Each time, however, that MacDonald was humiliated he behaved as though nothing had happened and as if it did not matter. Churchill, who despised him, said once in 1931:

> I spoke the other day, after he had been defeated in an important division, about his wonderful skill in falling without hurting himself. He falls, but up he comes again smiling, a little disheveled but still smiling. . . .
>
> I remember when I was a child being taken to the celebrated Barnum's Circus which contained an exhibition of freaks and monstrosities, but the exhibit on the program which I most desired to see was the one described as "The Boneless Wonder." My parents judged that the spectacle would be too revolting and demoralizing for my youthful eyes, and I have waited fifty years to see the Boneless Wonder sitting on the Treasury Bench.

NOR does Churchill in the least mind what is said to him. Once in 1947 I had the luck to follow him after he had made a speech deploring the grant of independence to Burma. I vigorously attacked him. Afterward I happened to see him out of the Chamber and he kindly said that I had made a very good debating speech. I said, as I was a very young Member, I hoped that he did not think I had been too rude to him, and he answered: "I ask for no quarter and I bear no malice."

He can be mean and almost petty, but never for long. Up comes the generous side of his nature suddenly to dispel the animosity which he himself has created. This virtue is in such abundance that it touches magnanimity without giving any impression of offensive patronage. In an assembly whose business is almost entirely based on the clashes of human beings, this is one of the main qualities which, added to his others, make him a great Parliamentarian.

Of the same quality is the dogged loyalty which he holds for his friends or for any member of his Government who is in trouble. Occasionally his personal loyalty may appear to conflict with the public interest; but that is such a human failing that it enhances and does not diminish his Parliamentary stature.

His comprehensive human being lacks no [illegible] avoids arousing every range of [illegible] of the House. I have seen [illegible] on his cheeks and they are never simulated. He in turn can make the tears move on one's own. To those who knew Stafford Cripps well and who followed the course of his last fluctuating illness, the poignancy of Churchill's tribute in the House of Commons was deeply affecting. After describing generously and accurately his merits he suddenly, in referring to Lady Cripps, lit the pathos of the final situation:

> Our hearts go out to the noble woman, his devoted wife, who through these long months of agony, *mocked by false dawns,* has been his greatest comfort on earth.

In my experience of eight and a half years it has seemed to me that Churchill can only be defeated decisively in two ways. One way to get under his armor is to suggest that he is either speaking against, or failing to uphold, some British interest. If he feels slightly guilty or unhappy about the matter this rarely fails—even if he can make a good show of rationalizing his conduct over the particular issue by justifying it in a wider context. The other way is to take advantage of the slowness with which his mind grasps a new point or complication in debate: curiously this has become more difficult and not easier with time—demonstrating that, despite his critics, he has not lost his mental vigor or grip on affairs.

The Advantage of Being a Monument

Churchill is the only man of our epoch to be declared an ancient monument in his own lifetime. All his life he has screwed the maximum advantage from any position. It is clear that he is very sensible of the political usefulness of the public's [illegible] veneration.

He does not ask for special treatment nor does he think it wrong of anyone to refuse to give it him. But if he can confound his enemy by canalizing on him public and Parliamentary indignation that a great statesman and national hero should be flouted in his last [illegible] of the state.

As a Parliamentarian too he has never scrupled to use any weapon which comes to hand. He may shrink from belaboring his opponents with some stick because it would be unwise to use it, but never because it would be unfair. If a debate is going hard against him, and he is in office, he does not, for example, have qualms about suddenly producing some forgotten document designed to discredit his opponents, although its production hardly accords with Parliamentary ethics. When denounced he will admit his fault with a happy smile and shrug his shoulders. He will swiftly move from consideration of great matters on the highest plane to some very disagreeable party maneuver which is accompanied by a look which says: "Well, we are all politicians, aren't we? Do not let us be over-nice."

To challenge Churchill in the House is excitingly enjoyable. At question time he will sometimes look at you with a slightly amused air, wielding his hearing aid, unusually shaped like a lollipop, as an additional Parliamentary artifice. If a point goes home there will be a sudden frown or perhaps quick indignation. If he thinks defeat is coming and he does not feel in the mood to try to avoid it, he will not listen at all to what you are saying, and he will get up with a reply which has almost nothing to do with the subject in hand—but as it is probably a prepared reply he will, by making the House laugh, appear to have won where he has really lost. If he is in a good humor and the question is not unfriendly, he may smile with great amiability as he rises slowly to answer and the accumulated charm of decades pours out into the Chamber.

If the attack is by speech, and not by question and answer, then there must be nothing half-hearted about it. To activate him there must be a series of hard knocks delivered without the slightest compunction. After he has been banged at for ten minutes or so, the colossus begins to stir. At some point anger may be forced up in him. Then you have got him. He may be stung into making some impromptu observation which, if he had time to think, he would have left unsaid or phrased differently. His defenses are down and for a brief glorious second he can be destroyed: to rise again a moment later as fresh and formidable as ever.

This wonderful ornament to Parliament, and to British democracy, contains in himself all the contradictory virtues and defects which make the full man. Where he is dishonest he is at the same time honest. Where he is unscrupulous he is still fair. Where he is vindictive he is nevertheless generous. Robust and extrovert, he is capable of introspective thought. Keenly awake he can slump into lethargy. The only other person I ever met to compare with him is someone whom he would feel to be utterly alien to him —Gandhi. Gandhi was a great man because he was not afraid of the elements in his own character. When a politician denies the evil in him he dams up a force inside him which will burst and destroy him or pervert him to second-rate usefulness. He must recognize to himself what he is and allow the bad and the good to move inside him. By knowing the bad and watching it he can channel it constructively.

Churchill and Gandhi have had the ability to get energy and fullness from their faults. In them, what might have been vice has turned to a mischievousness, adding charm and lovability. Both were amazingly arrogant in their youth and both mellowed into justified, but not overweening, assurance. A mercurial quickness in change of mood and attitude has been common to both.

After all the brain power, the industry, the hard-won oratorical gifts, the acute political judgment, the patriotism, the tremendous driving power are taken into account, superb greatness is only achieved if at the end a man still comes through to himself, remains himself, and is himself. Gandhi did it in India and Churchill has done it in Parliament.

Troubled, Frustrated—

LEONARD BACON

TROUBLED, frustrated, ill-behaved,
And by fantasy enslaved,
He has not braved what should be braved.

He has not dared what should be dared,
But cared—Who cares for what he cared?—
And later, like a fool despaired,

Though even in that dark he knew,
However false, he must grow true,
Still trusting what he trusted to.

He has more often than he ought
Trafficked in what he thought was thought,
Until by sharp experience taught

That it was but a hurricane,
Small, but enough to break a brain
Not well designed for stress and strain.

Try courage. From exposed conceit,
From bitterness at length complete,
Men learn the measure of the Sweet,

And from their deep excogitate
Height which they cannot estimate,
Remote, superb, inviolate.







Pater Familias

PHYLLIS McGINLEY

OF ALL the saints who have won their charter—
Holy man, hero, hermit, martyr,
Mystic, missioner, sage or wit—
Saint Thomas More is my favorite.
For he loved these bounties with might and main:
God and his house and his little wife, Jane,
And the four fair children his heart throve on,
Margaret, Elizabeth, Cecily, and John.

That More was a good man everybody knows.
He sang good verses and he wrote good prose,
Enjoyed a good caper and liked a good meal
And made a good Master of the Privy Seal.
A friend to Erasmus, Lily's friend,
He lived a good life and he had a good end
And left good counsel for them to con,
Margaret, Elizabeth, Cecily, and John.

Some saints are alien, hard to love,
Wild as an eagle, strange as a dove,
Too near to heaven for the mind to scan.
But Thomas More was a family man,
A husband, a courtier, a doer and a hoper,
Admired of his son-in-law, Mr. Roper,
Who punned in Latin like a Cambridge don
With Margaret, Elizabeth, Cecily, and John.

It was less old Henry than Anne Boleyn
Who haled him to the Tower and locked him in.
But even in the Tower he saw things brightly.
He spoke to his jailers most politely
And while the sorrowers turned their backs,
He rallied the headsman who held the axe,
Then blessed, with the blessing of Thomas More,
God and his garden and his children four.

And I fear they missed him when he was gone—
Margaret, Elizabeth, Cecily, and John.







In the heart of the Southwest, Negro and white students at a public junior college have carried out a quiet triumph in interracial harmony—and their elders are backing them up.

When Negroes Entered a Texas School

Arthur D. Morse

In September, 1952—one year and eight months before the Supreme Court decision barring segregated schools—seven Negroes entered the freshman class of a public junior college in Corpus Christi, Texas. At that time state law required separation of the races and white Corpus Christians interpreted the law rigidly. Negroes were segregated so totally that they were not admitted even to the balconies of the principal motion picture theaters. They were barred from hotels and restaurants, required to sit in the rear of busses, denied most opportunities for skilled employment, restricted to substandard housing and to all-Negro elementary and high schools. But in spite of law and tradition, the Board of Regents of Del Mar College had voted unanimously to admit qualified Negro students.

The Regents, like most Southerners, had been aware for some months that mounting legal and social pressures were making desegregation of the schools only a matter of time. When in June of 1952 the local chapter of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People—led by Dr. H. Boyd Hall—began testing Del Mar's admissions policy, the Regents were quick to appoint their own investigating committee. Within a month, they had unanimously adopted the committee's report, which found the makeshift Negro junior college a violation of the "separate but equal" principle and recommended the admission of qualified Negroes the following September. The job of making the decision into a workable reality fell upon the shoulders of E. L. Harvin, the president of the college.

The decision was greeted with apprehension by citizens of both races. A few were fearful that the result would be, in the words of Georgia's Governor Talmadge, "more confusion, disorder, riots, and bloodshed than anything since the War Between the States."

On the first day of the fall term, Amy Miller, who had graduated with honors from the Solomon M. Coles High School for Negroes, was so apprehensive about entering an unsegregated school that she persuaded her father, a truck driver, to accompany her. He sat beside her in the registration hall as she began to fill out a set of printed forms. After a moment, a white boy rose from a nearby table and walked toward them.

"Oh-oh," Amy remembers thinking. "Here it comes."

But the boy smiled hesitantly and said, "Excuse me, sir, but I'm having trouble figuring out what they want on these forms. I wonder if you'd mind helping me."

Mr. Miller said he'd be glad to try—and within a few minutes had cleared up the boy's confusion. Soon after, Amy sent her father home.

Their first days at Del Mar convinced the [illegible] that their fears were unjustified. They sat where they pleased in class; gossiped over sandwiches and cokes at the Vik-Inn, the campus jukebox joint; they used the same washrooms as everyone else. Although spectators at most Texas athletic events are segregated, the Negro freshmen cheered for their football team from the same stands as their classmates. Besides, everyone could see Maggie Williams tootling her clarinet as she paraded with the band.

Outstanding among the colored students was Lavernis Royal, a bright, quiet boy who had been president of the student council at the Negro high school. Like the others he had never attended classes with white students but had had experience with white instructors, for though a Baptist himself he'd been enrolled for a time in the Holy Cross School, where, as he says, "The white Sisters seemed as anxious to teach you as a colored instructor. Once a kid got up and asked whether one race was better than another and the Sister said God is the Creator of all and He doesn't distinguish between races. . . . That made us all feel good."

Lavernis' instinct for leadership won him the respect of his classmates at the college and early in the term he received the highest number of votes for election as one of the three freshmen representatives on the student council. He was a talented artist and further impressed the class and the college with his ability to design anything from school stationery to striking porcelain masks of Comedy and Tragedy for the walls of the college theater. Later in his career at Del Mar, he was chosen as the college's candidate for the title of "Mr. Future Teacher of Texas." He won the title in a state-wide competition including students from both senior and junior colleges in which he was the only Negro entrant.

Yet it would not be fair to give the young people all the credit. Prior to the decision, one of the Regents, V. G. Woolsey, an insurance executive and prominent Methodist, asked his two sons—both Del Mar graduates—whether they favored admitting Negroes to the college.

"They told me," he recalls, "that they do not want to carry over the prejudices of my generation into their lives. They favored the idea—emphatically." He went on to say, for himself, "We should not have a minority that is depressed, oppressed, and denied self-advancement. The only way to bring about brotherhood and good will in the world is to begin at home."

Another Regent and leading businessman, Morris Lichtenstein, saw the issue in its practical terms: "The more education we can get for the Mexican, Negro, and white people, the better community we'll have."

More important than such pronouncements, though, were the casual, day-to-day incidents which indicated a deep shift in Texas attitudes. Through a mixup, for example, Amy Miller, majoring in Education, was sent to a white elementary school for her day of classroom observation. Toward the end of one class, the white teacher was called from the room and asked Amy to take over. When the class ended, a parent who arrived to claim her youngster, noted the substitute teacher without visible surprise. Another girl, Ruby Adams, a Home Economics major, went with her class to visit one of Corpus Christi's most fashionable Ocean Drive homes. The hostess welcomed her with obvious sincerity, insisted that she sign the guest book, and asked her to stay to tea.

Desegregation extended to the vocational and evening classes of the college and soon the first Negro vocational nurses were proving that most patients are color-blind when they have an efficient nurse. Negroes enrolled in a variety of evening classes from welding to the psychology of selling and—though occupations covered by those subjects had usually been closed to colored Texans—many local employers made it known that they would hire *all* qualified men who completed the courses successfully.

Not all the problems were so simple. The ease and enthusiasm with which the colored students were accepted in most situations made for a growth in confidence which was occasionally sharply cut down. The white students, for instance, encouraged the Negroes to attend the Freshman welcome dance, so they made plans and joined in the general excitement.

Shortly before the dance, President Harvin summoned them and explained in

frank but friendly tones that though he was not going to forbid their attendance he hoped they would not come. He said he feared some white parents and visitors would resent their presence and added that he did not think they would allow a relatively unimportant dance to jeopardize a situation so satisfactory in its important aspects. The students accepted the suggestion calmly. As Alice James summed it up: "I wanted to go, but you prepare yourself for these things and you say to yourself if you don't go, you just don't go, that's all."

Later, Maggie Williams was advised not to go on the orchestra's three-day concert tour because President Harvin and the band director were concerned about possible embarrassments involved in travel arrangements. Again the students did not share the views of the faculty.

"I've talked to lots of kids about this traveling business," said a white girl, "There wouldn't be any real problems at all. We'd bring sandwiches on the auto trip and that would take care of our eating. If we wanted to stop at rest rooms on the way we'd go to Texaco stations because the colored kids don't have any trouble there and when we stayed overnight they could usually stay with friends or relatives if we went to hotels. Listen, they've been up against this silly business all their lives. They know how to handle it."

Some feel that the school administration created more tension in its attempts to avoid tension than would ever have come up spontaneously. They base their view on the relatively few public protests against the college's decision and on the white students' casual acceptance of their new classmates. Yet it is likely that President Harvin (who has built Del Mar from virtually nothing to one of the nation's finest community colleges and has been a pioneer in such developments as citizenship classes for aliens and rehabilitation courses for criminals on probation) was subjected to more behind-the-scenes pressures than a student or outsider could perceive. He, the Regents, and faculty of Del Mar unquestionably deserve credit for the comparatively small number of disturbing incidents.

It would be foolish to paint too bright a picture. No community can work miracles in two years—indeed, few Northern cities can claim complete desegregation now—but the situation in Corpus Christi today is a far cry from "confusion, disorder, riots, and bloodshed." Its experience suggests that with tact and humor and good faith other Southern communities may find this adjustment easier than they expect.

Who, Us? . . .

THE notion generally promulgated amongst us of the people of the United States is that they are a filibustering, rollicking race—filling their newspapers with whole columns of boasting falsehood—haunting tavern bars . . . eternally chewing tobacco . . . sacrificing their best statesmen and even the judges to party predilections—and forming at once a noisy, restless, anarchical, and aggressive community. . . .

To the British Commissioners appointed to attend the New York Industrial Exhibition . . . we are indebted for a very different description of the Americans. They are more industrious than we are; they work longer and more continuously; English artisans come away from the States because they find the work too much for them: and American factories are regulated with as much care as the best factories of England. The bulk of the people are sober, steady, methodical, and energetic.

Unless we direct all our energies to the work of self-improvement, the Americans will surpass us as much in ingenuity and skill, in intelligence and power, as they are certain to surpass us in numbers. . . .

—The *London Economist,* March 18, 1854.

Snakes and Shillings



Bernard Perlin

The King and His Beasts, Part II

Gerald Durrell

A FEW days after my arrival at the Fon's village, this good-natured old monarch assembled most of the people of his Kingdom of Bafut and made them a speech about my animal-collecting enterprise. It produced astonishing results.

The next afternoon I lay down for a couple of hours to catch up on some sleep. When I awoke, I decided that some tea would help to restore me to a more amiable frame of mind, and so I staggered off the bed and made my way to the door, intending to shout my instructions down to the kitchen from the veranda. I opened the door and then stopped dead, wondering if I was dreaming, for the whole veranda was literally covered with a weird assortment of sacks, palm-leaf baskets, and calabashes—all of which shook and quivered gently. Leaning up against the wall were four or five long bamboos to the ends of which were tied writhing and infuriated snakes. At the top of the steps squatted my native assistant, Jacob, scowling at me.

"Masa wake up?" he said mournfully, "why Masa [illegible]

"What's all this?" I asked, waving my hand at the collection of bags and baskets.

"Beef" said Jacob succinctly.

I examined the snakes' bonds to make sure they were secure.

"Which man done bring dis beef?" I asked, feeling rather stunned by the profusion of the arrivals.

"Dis men done bring um," said Jacob. I stepped over and saw that the seventy-five steps up to the villa, and a good deal of the road beyond, were jammed with a great variety of Bafutians of all ages and sexes. There must have been about a hundred and fifty of them, and they gazed up at me, unmoving and strangely quiet. As a rule, a small group of four or five Africans can make more noise than any other race on earth, yet this great crowd might have been composed of deaf mutes for all the sound it was making.

"What's the matter with them?" I asked Jacob.

"Sah?"

"Why dey no make noise, eh?"

"Ah!" said Jacob, light dawning, "I done tell um Masa 'e sleep."

This was the first of many examples I was to have of the courtesy and good manners of the Bafut people. For nearly two hours, I discovered, they had sat there in the hot sun, curbing their natural exuberance so that my

morning slumbers might not be disturbed.

"Why you no wake me before?" I said to Jacob. "You no savvay na bad ting for dis beef to wait, eh?"

"Yes, sah. Sorry, sah."

"All right, let's get on with it and see what they've brought."

I picked up the first basket and peered into it: it contained five mice with pale ginger fur, white tummies and long tails. I handed the basket to Jacob, who carried it to the top of the steps and held it aloft.

"Who done bring dis beef?" he shouted.

"I done bring um," called an old woman shrilly. She fought her way up on to the veranda, bargained with me breathlessly for five minutes, and then fought her way down the steps again, clutching her money.

The Escape

THE next item was a squirrel who created a considerable diversion. He was confined in a palm-leaf bag, and as soon as I opened it he shot out like a jack-in-the-box, bit my hand, and then galloped off across the veranda. Jacob gave chase, and as he drew near to it, the squirrel suddenly darted to one side and then ran down the steps, weaving his way skillfully through the dozens of black legs that stood there.

The panic he created was tremendous: those on the first step leaped into the air as he rushed at their feet, lost their balance, and fell backward against those on the next step. They, in turn, fell against the ones below them, who went down like grass before a scythe. In a matter of seconds, the steps were covered with a tangled mass of struggling bodies, with arms and legs sticking out at the oddest angles. I thought that the unfortunate squirrel would be crushed to death under this human avalanche—but to my surprise he appeared at the bottom of the steps apparently unhurt, flipped his tail a couple of times and set off down the road.

At the top of the steps, I was fuming impotently and struggling to push my way down through the tangle of Africans, for the squirrel was a rarity, and I was determined that he should not escape. Halfway down someone clutched my ankle and I sat down abruptly on top of a large body which, judging from the bits I could see, was female. I glanced desperately down at the road as I endeavored to regain my feet, and to my joy I saw a band of some twenty young men approaching. They saw the squirrel and stopped short, and the squirrel sat up and sniffed suspiciously.

"You!" I roared, "you dere for de road . . . catch dat beef."

The young men put down their bundles and advanced determinedly upon the squirrel, who took one look at them and then turned and fled. They set off in hot pursuit, each determined that he should be the one to recapture the rodent. The squirrel ran well, but he was no match for the long legs of his pursuers. They drew level with him in a tight bunch, their faces grim and set. Then, to my horror, they launched themselves at my precious specimen in a body, and for the second time the squirrel disappeared under a huge pile of struggling Africans. This time, I thought, the poor beast really *would* be crushed, but that squirrel seemed indestructible. When the heap in the road had sorted itself out a bit, one of the young men stood up, holding the chattering and panting squirrel by the scruff of its neck.

"Masa!" he called, beaming up at me, "I done catch um!"

I threw down a bag for him to put the animal in, and then it was passed up the steps to me. Hastily, I got the beast into a cage, so that I could examine him. He seemed all right, except that he was in an extremely bad temper. He was a Black-eared Squirrel, one of the most beautiful of the Cameroon squirrels.

Placed in a cage he flipped his dazzling tail at me once or twice, and then squatted down to the stern task of devouring a mango which I had put in there for him. I watched him fondly, thinking what a lucky escape he had had, and how pleased I was to have got him.

The Charge of the Vipers

I TURNED my attention back to the various containers that littered the veranda, and picked up a large calabash at random. As usual, its neck was stuffed with a tightly packed plug of green leaves; I removed these and peered into the depths, but the calabash was so capacious and so dark that I could not see what was inside. I carried it to the head of the steps and held it up.

[illegible] who done bring dis [illegible]

[illegible] shouted a man half-[illegible]

It was always a source of astonishment to [illegible] the Africans could distinguish their own calabashes out of hundreds of others. Except for a difference in size, I could never tell one from the other, but the Africans knew at a glance which was theirs.

"What beef 'e dere for inside?" I asked, negligently swinging the calabash by its cord.

"Snake, sah," said the man, and I hastily replaced the plug of green leaves.

"What kind of snake, my friend?"

"Na Gera, sah."

I consulted my list of local names and found this meant a Green-leaf Viper. These were common and beautiful snakes, about eighteen inches long, a startlingly bright grass green in color, with canary yellow bellies and broad diagonal white stripes along their sides. I carried the calabash over to empty the new arrival into the shallow, gauze-topped box in which I kept vipers.

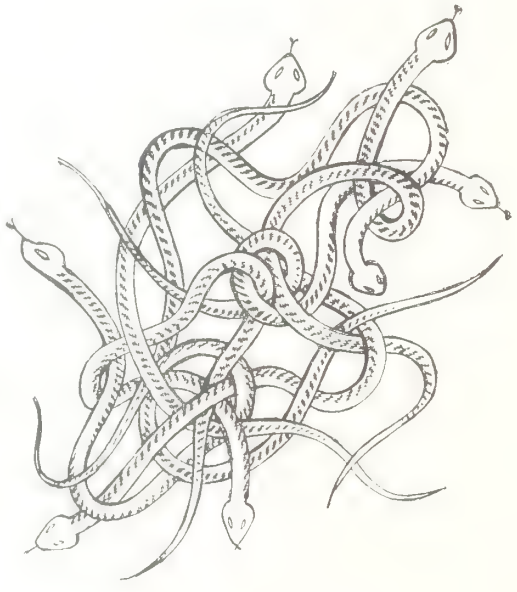
Now, emptying a snake from a calabash into a cage is one of the simplest of operations, providing you observe one or two rudimentary rules. First, make sure that any inmates of the cage are far away from the door. This I did. Secondly, make sure how many snakes you have in the calabash before starting to shake them out. This I omitted to do.

I opened the door of the cage, unplugged the mouth of the calabash, and began to shake gently. Jacob stood behind me, breathing heavily down [illegible] and behind him stood a solid wall of Africans, watching open-mouthed. I shook a bit harder with no result. I had never known a viper to cling with such tenacity to the interior of a receptacle. Becoming irritated, I gave the calabash a really vigorous shaking, and it promptly broke apart in two pieces.

An intricately tangled knot of Green Leaf Vipers—composed of about half a dozen large, vigorous, and angry snakes—fell out on to the cage with what can only be described as a sickening thud.

They were platted together in such a large and solid ball that instead of falling through the door and into the cage, they got jammed halfway, so that I could not slam the door on them. Then, with a fluid grace which I had no time to admire, they disentangled themselves and wriggled determinedly on to the floor. Here they spread out fanwise, with an almost military precision, and came toward us.

Jacob, and the Africans who had been jammed behind him, disappeared with the startling suddenness of a conjuring trick. I could hardly blame them, for none of them were wearing shoes. But I was not clad to gallivant with a tribe of vipers either, for I was wearing shorts and a pair of sandals. Leaving the snakes in sole charge of the veranda, I shot into my bedroom. Here I found a stick, and then went cautiously out again. The snakes had scattered widely, and so they were quite easy to corner, pin down with the stick, and then pick up. One by one I dropped them into the cage, and then shut and locked the door with a sigh of relief. The Africans reappeared, all chattering and laughing and clicking their fingers as they described to each other the great danger they had been in. I fixed the snake bringer sternly with a very cold eye indeed.



"You!" I said, "why you no tell me dere be plenty snake for inside dat calabash, eh?"

"Wah!" he said, looking surprised, "I done tell Massa dere be snake for inside."

"Snake, yes. *One* snake. You no tell me dere be six for inside."

"I done tell Masa dere be snake for inside," he said indignantly.

"I done ask you what beef you done bring," I explained patiently, "and you say, 'snake.'

You no say dere be six snake. How you tink I go savvay how many snake you bring, eh?"

"Stupid man" said Jacob, joining in the fray, "sometime dis snake bite Masa, and Masa go die. Den how you go do, eh?" I turned on Jacob.

"I noticed that you were conspicuous by your absence, my noble and heroic creature."

"Yes sah!" said Jacob, beaming.

Flooding the Animal Market

It was quite late that evening when the last hunter had been paid, and I was left with such a weird assortment of live creatures on my hands that it took me until three o'clock the following morning to cage them. Even so, there were five large rats left over, and no box from which to make a cage. I was forced to release them in my bedroom, where they spent the entire night trying to gnaw through the leg of the table for some obscure reason of their own.

The next morning, when I arose and cleaned out and fed my now considerable collection, I thought that probably nothing more would turn up that day. I was wrong. The Bafutians had thrown themselves wholeheartedly into the task of providing me with specimens, and by ten o'clock the roadway and the seventy-five steps were black with people. By lunchtime it was obvious that the supply of animals had far exceeded my store of wood and boxes to make cages for them, so I was forced to employ a team of small boys to tour Bafut, buying up any and every box or plank of wood they could find.

By four o'clock that evening both the staff and I were exhausted, and we had been bitten so many times in so many places by such a variety of creatures that any additional bites went almost unnoticed. The whole villa was overflowing with animals, and they squeaked and chirruped, rattled and bumped in their calabashes, baskets, and sacks while we worked furiously to make the cages for them. By midnight we were all so tired we could hardly keep awake, and there were still some ten cages to be made; a large pot of tea, heavily laced with whisky, gave us a sort of spurious enthusiasm for our task that carried us on, and at two-thirty the last nail was driven and the last animal placed in new quarters.

The next day was, if anything, slightly worse than the preceding one, for the Bafutians started to arrive before I had finished attending to the collection. There is nothing quite so nerve-racking as struggling to clean and feed several dozen creatures when twenty or thirty more have arrived in airless and insanitary containers and are crying out for attention. As I watched, out of the corner of my eye, the pile of calabashes and baskets growing on the veranda, I felt rather as Hercules must have felt when he got his first glimpse of the Augean stables.

When I had finished the work, before buying any fresh specimens, I made a speech to the assembled Bafutians from the top of the steps. I pointed out that in the last couple of days they had brought me a vast quantity of beef of all shapes, sizes, and descriptions. This proved that the Bafutians were by far the best hunters I had come across, and I was very grateful to them. However, I went on, as they would realize, there was a limit to the amount of beef I could purchase and house in any one day. So, I would be glad if they would stop hunting for three days. There was no sense, I pointed out, in my buying beef from them if it was going to die for lack of adequate housing; that was just simply a waste of money. The African is nothing if not a business man, and at this remark the nodding heads sent a ripple over the crowd, and a chorus of "Arrrrr!" arose. Having thus driven the point home, I purchased the animals they had brought, and once more set about the task of cage building.

The King Turns Hunter

At four o'clock the caging was under control, and I was having a break for a cup of tea. As I leaned on the veranda rail I saw the arched doorway in the red brick wall fly open, and the Fon appeared. He strode across the great courtyard with enormous strides, his robes fluttering and hissing as he moved. He was scowling and muttering to himself.

"Iseeya, my friend," I said politely as he reached me.

"My friend!" he said, enveloping my hand in his and peering earnestly into my face, "some man done tell me you no go buy beef again. Na so?"

"No be so," I said.

Good, good!" he said in a relieved voice; "sometime I fear you done get enough an' you go lef' dis place."

explained the reason for my three-day suspension of business.

Ah! I savvay," said the Fon, smiling at me affectionately. Then he peered anxiously round in a conspiratorial fashion.

"Ma friend," he said in a hoarse whisper, I done find beef for you. Na fine beef, na beef you never get."

"What kind of beef?" I asked curiously.

"Beef," said the Fon explicitly, "you go like *too much*. We go catch um now, eh?"

"You never catch um yet?"

"No, my friend, but I savvay which side dey de hide."

Eagerly he led me across the great courtyard, through a maze of narrow passages, until we reached a small hut.

"Wait here small time, my friend, I go come," he said, and then disappeared hurriedly into the hut's gloomy interior. I waited outside, wondering where he had gone to, and what kind of beef it was that he had discovered. He had an air of mystery about him which made the whole thing rather intriguing.

WHEN he eventually reappeared, for a moment I did not recognize him. He had removed his robes, his skull cap, and his sandals, and was now naked except for a small and spotlessly white loin cloth. In one hand he held a long and slender spear. His thin, muscular body gleamed with oil, and his feet were bare. He approached me, twirling his spear professionally, beaming with delight at my obvious surprise.

"You done get new hunter man," he said, chuckling.

"I tink dis hunter man be best for all," I said, grinning at him.

I savvay hunting fine," he said, nodding, "sometime my people tink I get ole too much for go bush. My friend, if some man get hunting for 'e eye, for 'e nose, an' for 'e blood, 'e *never* get ole too much for go bush, no be so?"

"You speak true, my friend," I said.

He led me out of the environs of his compound, along the road for perhaps half a mile, and then branched off through some maize fields. He walked at a great pace, twirling his spear and humming to himself, occasionally turning to grin at me with a mischievous delight illuminating his features. Presently, we left the fields, passed through a small thicket of mimbo palms—dark and mysterious and full of the rustling of the fronds—and then started to climb up the golden hillside.

When we reached the top, the Fon paused, stuck his spear into the ground, folded his arms, and surveyed the view. Presently, he sighed deeply, and, turning toward me, he smiled and swept his arms wide.

"Na my country dis," he said, "na foine, dis country."

I NODDED and we stood there in silence for a few minutes and looked at the view. Below us lay a mosaic of small fields, green and silver and fawn, broken up by small palm thickets and an occasional patch of rust red where the earth of a field had been newly hoed. This small area of cultivation was like a colored handkerchief laid on the earth and forgotten, surrounded on all sides by the great ocean of mountains. The Fon gazed slowly round, an expression on his face that was a mixture of affection and childlike pleasure. He sighed again, a sigh of satisfaction.

"Foine!" he murmured. Then he plucked his spear from the earth and led the way down into the next valley, humming tunefully to himself.

The valley was shallow and flat, thickly overgrown with a wood of small stunted trees, some only about ten feet high. A sleepy throbbing drone came from a thousand bees that hovered round the flowers. The Fon surveyed the trees for a moment, and then moved quietly through the grass to a better vantage point.

"Na for here we go see beef," he whispered, pointing at the trees, "we sit down an' wait small time."

He squatted down on his haunches and waited with a relaxed immobility; I squatted down beside him and found my attention equally divided between watching him and watching the trees. As the trees remained devoid of life, I concentrated on my companion. He sat there, clutching his spear upright in his large hands, and on his face was a look of eager expectancy, like that of a child at a pantomime before the curtain goes up. When he had appeared out of that dark little hut in Bafut, it seemed as though he had not

only left behind his robes and trappings of state, but also had shed that regal air which had seemed so much part of his character. Here, crouching in this quiet warm valley with his spear, he appeared to be just another hunter, his bright dark eyes fixed on the trees, waiting for the quarry he knew would come.

But, as I looked at him, I realized that he was not just another hunter; there was something different about him which I could not place. It came to me what it was: any ordinary hunter would have crouched there, patient, a trifle bored, for he would have done the same thing so many times before. But the Fon waited, his eyes gleaming, a half smile on his wide mouth, and I realized that he was thoroughly enjoying himself. I wondered how many times in the past he had become tired of his deferential councilors and his worshipping subjects, and felt his magnificent robes to be hot and cumbersome, and his pointed shoes cramping and hard. Then perhaps the urge had come to him to feel the soft red earth under his bare feet, and the wind on his naked body—and so he would steal off to his hut, put on the clothes of a hunter and stride away over the hills, pausing on the hill tops to admire the beautiful country over which he ruled.

The Coming of the Galagos

MY MEDITATIONS on the Fon's character were interrupted: he leaned forward and gripped my arm, pointing a long finger at the trees.

"Dey done come," he whispered, his face wreathed in smiles. I followed the pointing of his finger, and for a moment I could see nothing but a confused net of branches. Then something moved, and I saw the animal that we had been awaiting.

It came drifting through the tangled branches with all the gentle, airy grace of a piece of thistledown. When it got nearer, I discovered that it looked exactly like my idea of a leprechaun: it was clad in a little fur coat of greenish-gray, and it had a long slender furry tail. Its hands, which were pink, were large for its size, and its fingers tremendously long and attenuated. Its ears were large and the skin so fine that it was semi-transparent; these ears seemed to have a life of their own, for they twisted and turned independently,



sometimes crumpling and folding flat to the head as if they were a fan.

The face of the little creature was dominated by a pair of tremendous dark eyes that would have put any self-respecting owl to shame. Moreover, the creature could twist its head round and look over its back in much the same way that an owl does. It ran to the tip of a slender branch that scarcely dipped beneath its weight, and there it sat, clutching the bark with its long slender fingers, peering about with its great eyes, and chirruping dimly to itself. It was, I knew, a galago, but it looked much more like something out of a fairy tale.

It sat on the branch, twittering vaguely to itself, for about a minute; then an astonishing thing happened. Quite suddenly, the trees were full of galagos—of every age and size, ranging from babies little bigger than a walnut, to fully adult ones that could have fitted themselves quite comfortably into an ordinary drinking glass. They jumped from branch to branch, grasping the leaves and twigs with their large, thin hands, twittering softly to each other and gazing round them with the wide-eyed innocence of a troupe of cherubim.

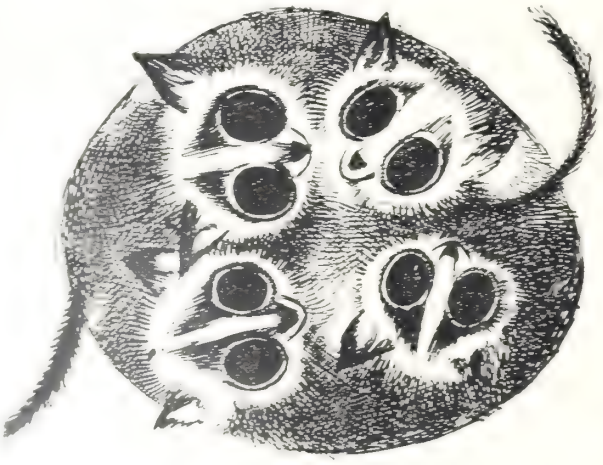
The babies, who seemed to be composed almost entirely of eyes, kept fairly close to their parents; occasionally, they would sit up on their hind legs and hold their tiny pink hands up, fingers spread wide, as though in horror at the depravity they were seeing in the world of leaves around them. One of these babies discovered, while I watched, that he was sitting on the same branch as a large and succulent locust. It was evening time, and the insect was drowsy and slow to realize

it could do anything, the [illegible] from the branch and [illegible] firmly round the middle.

[illegible] woke up abruptly and decided that something must be done. He was a large insect, almost as big as the baby galago; also he possessed a pair of long and muscular hind legs, and he started to kick out vigorously with them. It was a fascinating fight to watch: the galago clasped the locust desperately in his long fingers, and tried to bite it. Each time it tried to bite, the locust would give a terrific kick with its hind legs and knock its adversary off balance, so it would fall off the branch and hang beneath, suspended by its feet.

When this had happened several times, I decided that the galago must have adhesive soles. Even when hanging upside down and being kicked in the stomach by a large locust, the galago maintained its expression of wide-eyed innocence.

The end of the fight was unexpected: when they were hanging upside down, the locust gave an extra hefty kick, and the galago's feet lost their grip, so they fell through the leaves, clasped together. As they tumbled earthward, the galago loosened one hand from its grip round the locust's waist and grabbed a passing branch with the effortless ease of a trained acrobat. He hauled himself on to the branch and bit the locust's head off before the insect could recover sufficiently to continue the fight.



[illegible] the decapitated, but still kicking, body in one hand, the galago stuffed the insect's head into his mouth and chewed it with evident enjoyment. Then he sat, clasping the twitching body in one hand and contemplated it with his head on one side, [illegible] vent to shrill and excited screams of delight. When the corpse had ceased to move and the big hind legs had stiffened in death, the galago tore them off, one by one, and ate them. He looked ridiculously like a diminutive elderly gourmet, clasping in one hand the drumstick of some gigantic chicken.

Soon the valley was filled with shadow, and it became difficult to see the galagos among the leaves, though we could hear their soft chittering. We rose from our cramped positions, and made our way back up the hillside. At the top, the Fon paused and gazed down at the woods below, smiling delightedly.

"Dat beef!" he chuckled. "I like um too much. All time 'e make funny for me, an' I go laugh."

"Na fine beef," I said, "how you call um?"

"For Bafut," said the Fon, "we call um Shilling."

"You think sometimes my hunter men fit catch some?"

"Tomorrow you go have some," promised the Fon, but he would not tell me how they were to be captured, nor who was to do the capturing. We reached Bafut in the dusk, and when the Fon was respectably clothed once more he came and had a drink. As I said good night to him, I reminded him of his promise to get me some of the galagos.

"Yes, my friend, I no go forget," he said, "I go get you some Shilling."

Four days passed, and I began to think that either the Fon had forgotten, or else the creatures were proving more difficult to capture than he had imagined.

Then, on the fifth morning, my tea was brought in, and reposing on the tray was a small, highly colored raffia basket. I pulled off the lid and looked sleepily inside, and four pairs of enormous, liquid, innocent eyes peered up at me with expressions of gentle inquiry.

It was a basketful of Shillings from the Fon.

[Mr. Durrell's story of his exotic prisoners, his royal friend, and his unconventional hunters will be concluded in the next issue.]

It still has many mysteries—but recent discoveries in France and America have shown how it works . . . and how new methods of treatment may save countless lives.

Shock: The Herald of Death

Leonard Engel

Each year, approximately 1,500,000 people in the United States die. In some cases —say, when a bullet enters a vital part of the brain or when a really massive clot forms in the arteries of the heart—death is too quick for preliminaries. To most persons, however, it comes by stages. Nearly always, the next-to-last stage, the herald of the approaching end, is the state the physician calls shock.

To paraphrase a nineteenth-century surgeon, shock is an expression of sympathy by the body over injury to a member. The injury may be physical, as in an accident, or the result of an overwhelming infection or a disorder like diabetes. It may involve a limb or an organ or it may be generalized throughout the system. In any of these circumstances, shock may follow.

Shock itself has many different outward signs. The blood pressure usually falls sharply, but it may not. The hands and feet are generally cold and the face ashen, but they can be warm and well-colored. The pulse may be fast or slow, weak or bounding. But the constant—and lethal—feature of shock is the collapse of the circulation in the capillaries, the tiny blood vessels that nourish the body's tissues. If death was not inevitable before, it soon becomes so now. Deprived of oxygen, the tissues die, one by one. When a vital tissue dies, the individual dies with it.

During the past fifteen years, physiologists and medical investigators have been studying shock intensively. When they began, shock was usually thought of only in its most dramatic form—as the state of prostration that accompanies severe physical injury. Its intimate involvement in most deaths, whatever their apparent cause, was not fully realized; and its crucial characteristic—the collapse of capillary circulation—was hardly suspected.

A decade and a half of investigation has put shock into perspective as a stage in dying and a challenging medical problem. Profound mysteries remain, but important advances have been made through, among other surprising things, a major discovery in anatomy (a subject we thought we knew *all* about decades ago) and "artificial hibernation," a fantastic French procedure for treating shock. We are becoming increasingly able to avert or reverse shock and so save ever larger numbers of the injured and the ill from slipping into shock, and from shock into death.

A convenient way to approach what has been learned about shock and the process of dying is to turn back to the military hospitals of World War I. Shock had been familiar for centuries as a frequent and fatal sequel to battle wounds, especially wounds which bled extensively. Starting from this phenomenon, military surgeons began to test new methods of offsetting blood loss. One was blood transfusion, which had recently become practicable through Landsteiner's discovery of blood groups and the rules of blood matching. (Of course, during World War I transfusions were uncommon; techniques for

blood on a large scale were still far The other method was infu- acacia solution. Though subse- and objectionable in other respects ndoned, gum acacia solution did re- in the circulation long enough to help restore the blood volume to normal.

But to the surprise of the military surgeons, replacing lost blood did not always work. In many cases, even prompt administration of blood or gum acacia solution produced only a transient improvement; within a few hours, the patient slipped back into shock, and then was gone. Obviously there was more to shock than simple blood loss.

What could the rest of the story be? Walter B. Cannon, the great Harvard physiologist, made the inspired guess that a toxin of some sort was released within the body as a result of either the injury or the loss of blood; the toxic agent, he suggested, damaged the circulatory system and made transfusion useless.

Cannon was essentially right, but premature. It has since been found that "irreversible" shock does indeed involve a toxic factor or factors, whose identity and origin are still uncertain. But thirty-five years ago neither Cannon nor any other investigator was able to obtain convincing proof of the existence of such a toxin. Effective search for it required a more precise picture and clearer understanding of what happens in shock. And this, in turn, had to wait for a new generation of investigators with greater resources of knowledge and technique, and for the renewal of wide research on wound shock which accompanied the outbreak of a second world war.

The Remarkable Circulatory System

Among those who undertook research on shock during World War II were the eminent New York University physiologist, Dr. Robert Chambers (who has been working at the University of Oregon since retiring from NYU), and a young colleague, Dr. Benjamin W. Zweifach. Born in Turkey of American missionary parents and educated in Turkey, Canada, and Germany, Chambers marily a cell physiologist with a strong st in physical chemistry. Zweifach, a New Yorker by birth and a product of the public school system (including City College), had done research on the circulatory system. Chambers provided the physical chemist's habit of precise, quantitative research, Zweifach the special knowledge of the circulatory system, and both together creative imagination—exactly the right combination for their particular project.

The cold extremities and pale skin so often seen in shock first led the pair to this project: the investigation of the blood circulation through the arterioles (small arteries) and capillaries. Pallor suggested a marked reduction in the flow of blood in shock. But this phenomenon had never been examined critically; in fact, not much was then known of the mechanics of capillary circulation in either health or sickness.

Chambers and Zweifach discovered that arterioles and capillaries form a much more highly organized system and have a much more active role in the circulation of the blood than anyone had previously supposed. In a long and brilliant series of experiments, they showed that in health the arterioles help pump blood throughout the body by contracting rhythmically, and that they are at the center of a remarkable mechanism for defending the central circulation (the heart and the large arteries) against such mishaps as loss of blood—a mechanism which plays a key part in shock.

Blood flows out from the heart to the tissues through an ever-branching system of vessels. Arteries divide into arterioles. Arterioles branch into still smaller metarterioles; and the latter give rise to the capillaries. At the other end, capillaries join to form venules, venules join to form veins, and eventually, the veins unite to form the great veins that return blood to the heart.

The thrust of the heart carries the blood only as far as the arterioles. It is forced through the capillaries by rhythmic contractions of the arterioles and metarterioles, which—Chambers and Zweifach discovered—are provided with sheaths of muscle for this purpose.

In addition to their muscular coats, the metarterioles have muscular sphincters (likewise discovered by the NYU investigators) at the points where the metarterioles branch into capillaries. These precapillary sphincters work like a one-way valve to regulate the flow of

blood into the capillaries. When they are open, blood can enter the capillaries; when they are closed, blood flows directly back through the metarteriole to a venule. There is also a direct connection between arterioles and venules, through which blood flows when the precapillary sphincters are closed.

When it happens that blood is lost, as in a hemorrhaging wound, the arterioles and precapillary sphincters contract as the blood volume falls, in order to sustain the pressure in the central circulation. Blood is diverted from the capillaries and flows directly from arterioles to venules. The diminished flow of blood through the capillaries reduces the nourishment and oxygen supply and the cleansing of the tissues. This affects the arterial muscle, like all other tissue; and it loses its power to contract. Now, the precapillary sphincters are dilated, but so is the arteriolar sheath; the arterioles cannot force blood through the capillaries, and the flow through the tissues remains insufficient to sustain them.

Chambers and Zweifach worked out the inner anatomy and mechanics of capillary circulation, and the changes during shock, by studying an easily observed fold of tissue in the appendix of the rat. Later they demonstrated exactly similar arrangements in the capillary bed in a wide variety of other tissues and in other species, including man. Their experiments leave no doubt that collapse of capillary circulation, in the manner they describe, is a general phenomenon of shock; that many other tissues besides hands, feet, and skin (where it is obvious), are starved for blood as a result; and that this is the central and most dangerous occurrence in shock.

Shock Without Bleeding

Like most experimental investigators in this field, Chambers and Zweifach used bleeding to induce shock in animals and to represent wound shock in man. But it is a striking fact that the shock syndrome—especially the failure of the capillary circulation—may occur in other illnesses and injuries, including illnesses and injuries where there is little or no loss of blood.

Shock may follow internal hemorrhage (in which blood is just as much lost from the circulation as if it had spilled out from an external wound); severe burns (in which more plasma than whole blood is usually lost); and diabetic acidosis (in which the concentration of salts in the blood is changed). It also occurs in patients suffering severe infections like pneumonia or peritonitis, in persons buried under rubble in air raids (a form of shock given the special name of "crush syndrome" in wartime England), and in 10 to 15 per cent of heart attacks—all conditions in which no blood at all is lost. Shock may even occur in surgical patients who, through preoperative transfusions and careful management, emerge from their operations with more blood than they had before. All this makes abundantly clear that there is something involved in shock other than blood loss. But not until 1944 was there direct experimental proof of the generation of a blood-vessel toxin, of the kind Cannon had guessed at, in shock.

Again the successful experimenters were Chambers and Zweifach. Making use of an ingenious and highly sensitive procedure for detecting changes in the capillary system, they showed that small injections of blood from animals in shock produced in normal animals the blood-vessel changes characteristic of shock. Moreover, blood from animals in the terminal stages of shock was more potent in producing changes in the capillary system than blood from animals just entering shock. Plainly there must be a blood-borne substance or substances.

A host of investigators have tried to determine what these substances are and what their origin is. To date at least two distinct sets of factors which play a part in many cases of shock have been found. But no single factor that can be connected with all forms of shock has been uncovered. Perhaps no such factor exists.

The progressive failure of the capillary system in shock can be divided into two stages, the stage in which the arteriolar sheath and precapillary sphincters contract, and the stage in which they lose this power. In the first stage, the stimulus for contraction is doubtless nervous and comes through the autonomic nervous system—the division of the nervous system concerned with the regulation of "automatic" processes like breathing. The muscular coats of the arteries and arterioles are supplied with nerves from the sympathetic

[illegible] system—nerves which, when stimulated by the stress of an injury, discharge nor-epinephrine, a powerful blood-vessel constrictor. Zweifach and another well-known investigator, Dr. Ephraim Shorr of the Cornell Medical College, have also shown that under a variety of conditions which often produce shock another constrictor agent—they term it "vasoexcitor material" or VEM—is formed and released into the bloodstream by the kidney.

The real puzzle is the nature and origin of the toxic agents that bring about the second stage of shock—that is, abolish the power of the arteriolar muscle to contract and complete the disintegration of the capillary network. Working along one line, Shorr and Zweifach have secured evidence of the formation, during shock, of a blood-vessel dilator they call "vasodepressor material" or VDM. Working along another, other investigators, notably Dr. Jacob Fine and his associates at Harvard, find a source of blood-vessel toxins in intestinal bacteria—ordinarily harmless, but deadly if they get into the bloodstream, as they seem to do in shock.

The one point of agreement between the two groups of researchers is that the liver, at least in animals, plays an important role in spreading the blood-vessel toxins, whatever they are, throughout the circulation. During the first (constriction) stage of shock, the supply of oxygen to the liver, as to other organs and tissues, falls sharply, and the oxygen-starved liver, it seems, contributes in some way to the outpouring of blood-vessel toxins —it either generates them, or provides a favorable medium for bacteria that generate them, or fails to neutralize them as a normal liver does.

Modern Anti-Shock Measures

FINE and his associates and Shorr and Zweifach have both shown that dogs can withstand greater losses of blood for longer periods of time, without going into irreversible shock, if the liver is cut out of the circulation or if the liver is supplied with oxygenated blood from a donor dog. Man and dog are not the same, but the liver may participate in shock and the process of dying in man—on whom [illegible] experiments are difficult—in the same way as in the dog.

"Irreversible" shock is, of course, the kind of shock the physician is most interested in; he wants to reverse it. Until a few years ago, irreversible shock could be defined only pragmatically: it was shock that the physician could not overcome by treatment and that terminated in the death of the patient. The work of the past decade and a half, however, furnishes a more rational definition. Irreversible shock is shock severe and prolonged enough to have proceeded well into the second (dilation) stage of capillary failure. Up to that point, the patient, provided he is not mortally injured otherwise, can usually be saved. Beyond that point, it becomes increasingly difficult to bring him back.

WE ARE in a position now to see the essential nature of shock. It is the result of an inappropriate application of a vital defensive device in the anatomy. The ability of the arterioles to contract and confine the flow of blood to the central circulation is a necessary and remarkable protection for the central circulation against a variety of emergencies. But in too great or too prolonged an emergency—whatever its specific nature—the defense mechanism destroys the capillary circulation and brings about its own, and the body's, undoing.

Many other questions concerning shock still await answer. Fortunately, progress in dealing with it practically has not had to depend entirely on laboratory studies. Physicians and surgeons have also been attacking the problem with success in the sick room, the accident ward, and the operating theater.

Whenever a doctor works out a better method of treating a serious illness, or finds a way to shorten an operation, or learns how to handle a patient so as to subject him to less strain, he has devised a measure for lessening shock. Thus our present anti-shock armory encompasses much of modern medical practice. But three measures have been particularly valuable in combating shock specifically; transfusion, what the physician calls "maintenance of electrolyte balance," and antibiotics.

Although it isn't always successful, as the World War I surgeons found, timely transfusion works—and works well—in preventing or reversing most cases of shock. It even works with some patients who

have lost no blood—for example, patients in shock from pneumonia. As a matter of fact, the effectiveness of transfusion in shock has been the primary reason for the rapid extension, in the past two decades, of techniques and facilities for storing and handling blood, and for the wide interest in plasma and synthetic "plasma volume expanders" like dextran as emergency substitutes for blood.

In diseases like diabetes, shock is caused by changes in the concentration of salts, or electrolytes, in the blood. Recent experience has shown that these changes may also occur following an injury or during an operation. Thus doctors now give close attention to keeping or restoring the normal balance between the various electrolytes.

Finally, the use of antibiotics averts or abates many cases of shock. So far, no one has been able to confirm—in the human being—Fine's thesis that blood-vessel toxins from bacteria have a direct part in shock (except in shock following infections like pneumonia or meningitis). But it is known that individuals in shock have little resistance to infection, and infectious bacteria are always with us. So, antibiotics save lives. They even save lives in forms of shock not usually thought of as involving infection, including a peculiarly intractable form known as secondary shock, which appears two to five days after an injury. In Korea, American surgeons were able to reduce mortality in this form of shock from a grim 90 per cent to 50 per cent by a special program of treatment, including vigorous use of antibiotics.

Unfortunately, there is no way of accurately measuring the effectiveness of these anti-shock measures. For one thing, with each advance in combating shock, surgeons accept sicker, poorer-risk patients for operations. For another, shock is not a reportable cause of death. But over the years there has been a steady decline in postoperative mortality rates and in fatality rates from burns, accidents, and battle wounds, in all of which shock has always been a major factor.

THE purpose in treating shock is not to heal the patient, but to keep him alive long enough for him to be healed. Since shock is a response to injury, it is essential to treat the injury; this is the only way to *cure* the shock—as well as the only way to cure the patient. By itself, anti-shock treatment is purely temporary; in individuals whose vital organs are damaged beyond repair, anti-shock measures can only slightly prolong the end.

But within these limits, a need still exists for more certain and more effective anti-shock methods. To achieve them, investigators have recently set off in an exciting, new direction. Blood transfusions, antibiotics, and maintenance of electrolyte balance all fall in the category of "supportive therapy"—that is, they work by offsetting underlying factors which may predispose to or accelerate shock, rather than by a direct attack on the blood-vessel mechanisms involved. Today agents that operate directly on the blood-vessel mechanisms are beginning to emerge from the laboratory.

Enter Nor-Epinephrine

ONE is nor-epinephrine. Known since 1910 as a laboratory curiosity, nor-epinephrine was finally identified in 1946 as the substance discharged by sympathic nerves and was prepared synthetically in active form by a young chemist, Ben F. Tullar of the Winthrop-Sterling Research Institute, in 1948. It has turned out to be an extraordinarily powerful blood-vessel constrictor. A ten-millionth of an ounce a minute infused into the bloodstream is enough to restore and maintain the tone of blood vessels so weak and stretched that blood-pressure readings cannot be made.

Since blood-vessel constriction is the source of difficulty in the first stage of shock, nor-epinephrine cannot be used to prevent shock or in the early treatment of it. Sometimes it is also useless in late shock. But it has saved hundreds of lives where all other measures, including repeated blood transfusions, have failed. One example is in the operating room. Many patients owe their lives to swift infusion of nor-epinephrine at the desperate moment when the anesthesiologist announced, "I can't get a blood pressure reading—the patient is in shock." Another example is in cases of Waterhouse-Friderichsen syndrome, a fulminating meningitis accompanied by shock. Waterhouse-Friderichsen syndrome was once uniformly fatal within forty-eight hours. Today most cases survive. Antibiotics and sulfa drugs combat the germs; nor-epinephrine

...ses the shock. Nor-epinephrine is also ...ligence given yet found for ...overlook in coronary thrombosis.

...Lytic Cocktail"

ANOTHER even more promising new approach to the control of shock seeks to prevent it by blocking the constrictor stage and thus cutting off the chain of events leading to fatal capillary collapse. The principal instrument of this approach is a drug named chlorpromazine, a recent French discovery and one of the most astonishing drugs ever to come out of a laboratory.

Six years ago, a large French pharmaceutical house, Rhone-Poulenc Specia, with nice Gallic imagination, decided to make a virtue of necessity and take advantage of the notoriously troublesome capacity of antihistaminic drugs for making people sleepy. The firm undertook to search for an antihistamine with sufficient capacity for making people drowsy to serve as a non-barbiturate sedative.

The search turned up a weirdly paradoxical drug that may be the most important discovery since penicillin. Chlorpromazine promptly halts severe vomiting from whatever cause, yet is not particularly effective in mild vomiting or nausea—like non-severe "morning sickness" during pregnancy. It is a powerful sedative, but does not induce sleep. It abolishes conditioned reflexes in animals and performs a "chemical lobotomy" in man, so that psychiatric patients under its influence no longer mind their anxieties and delusions. And it seems to act on the autonomic nervous system in such a way as to block the constriction of blood vessels and the development of shock; it is one of the keys to "artificial hibernation," a startling procedure for preventing shock devised by a Paris surgeon, Dr. Henri ...

During the war, in moments snatched from duties aboard destroyers and in the Free French military hospital at Algiers, Laborit speculated on the possibility of inducing a state akin to hibernation as a means of preventing shock. The idea was not new; it had ...

In hibernation—which is not sleep, but a state of slowed metabolism, with body temperature, heart rate, and oxygen consumption greatly reduced—animals are extremely resistant to stresses that ordinarily produce shock. Attempts had often been made to duplicate these effects by chilling patients, but the procedure remained difficult and dangerous.

Back in Paris after the war, Laborit took another tack. He tried to accomplish "hibernation" with drugs. Three years ago, he found a combination that lowered body temperature, provided a remarkable simulation of hiberation in other ways, and also—according to Laborit—made it easy and safe to chill patients into a still deeper state. His drug combination included the synthetic narcotic demerol; chlorpromazine (sent to him for trial by Rhone-Poulenc); and phenergan, an earlier and somewhat similar but much less potent drug. This combination has been dubbed the "lytic cocktail" because, when injected, it "dissolves" the nervous system's regulatory mechanisms.

The Search for a Specific Antidote

THE results reported with Laborit's "lytic cocktail" are creating a world-wide medical sensation. In Paris, "artificial hibernation"—that is, the "cocktail" plus chilling—is credited with spectacular success in a long series of major operations on "impossible" patients, including premature infants born in a state of shock. In Indochina, French military surgeons have lowered the best World War II death rate from serious wounds by *one-third* by administering a modified form of the "lytic cocktail" on the battlefield and keeping the wounded in a "shock-proof," trance-like state throughout the two or three days required to get them back to base hospitals.

"If 10 per cent of Laborit's claims are true," says a distinguished American authority on shock, "he has made a remarkable discovery. And I think that considerably more than 10 per cent are true."

Some of Laborit's work has already been re-examined in other countries. The first result of this was the demonstration that the full "artificial hibernation" technique is difficult and tricky. "Artificial hibernation" may make it easier to bring the patient's body temperature well below normal; but, once there, the patient is in as dangerous a state as patients chilled by other procedures.

The second result was the discovery, by

British workers last year, that many of the effects of the "lytic cocktail" can be obtained with chlorpromazine alone. The third was the revelation that chlorpromazine acts in too many ways and has too many diverse effects for its action in any single medical condition, like shock, to be easily explained. It has been proved, however, that the extraordinary French drug does block sympathetic nerves and prevent contraction of the arteries and arterioles.

Four years ago, Shorr and Zweifach found that animals can be protected from irreversible shock by drugs with a precisely similar effect on sympathetic nerves. Unfortunately, the drugs Shorr and Zweifach used—Dibenamine and Dibenzyline—also drive down blood pressure sharply—too sharply for physicians to be eager to risk them for desperately sick patients. But Shorr and Zweifach's neat experiments show that chlorpromazine—which has a much less pronounced effect on blood pressure than Dibenamine or Dibenzyline—is on the right track.

Chlorpromazine is now being manufactured in the United States under license and is called Thorazine here. At the same time pharmaceutical houses are searching for other compounds with comparable properties. Somewhere hidden in these compounds is a specific antidote to shock. If it can be recognized and harnessed, medicine will at last possess the means to prevent the fatal sequence of events leading to collapse of the capillary system. Then the physician will no longer have to stand helplessly by while life is destroyed by a blood-vessel mechanism meant to preserve it.

To Eva Descending the Stair

SYLVIA PLATH

Clocks cry: stillness is a lie, my dear;
The wheels revolve, the universe keeps running.
Proud you halt upon the spiral stair.

The asteroids turn traitor in the air,
And planets plot with old elliptic cunning;
Clocks cry: stillness is a lie, my dear.

Red the unraveled rose sings in your hair:
Blood springs eternal if the heart be burning.
Proud you halt upon the spiral stair.

Cryptic stars wind up the atmosphere,
In solar schemes the tilted suns go turning;
Clocks cry: stillness is a lie, my dear.

Loud the immortal nightingales declare:
Love flames forever if the flesh be yearning.
Proud you halt upon the spiral stair.

Circling zodiac compels the year.
Intolerant beauty never will be learning.
Clocks cry: stillness is a lie, my dear.
Proud you halt upon the spiral stair.

A Soft Answer



A Story by John D. Weaver

Drawings by Jon Nielsen

ATTILIO was just tall enough to peer over the back of a full-grown goat when the foreigners first came to Voltrano. They wore short trousers, like small boys, and white helmets. They trudged up and down old Mailani's olive grove, driving stakes in the ground and connecting them with lengths of heavy twine.

They are a harmless people," Attilio's father said.

The foreigners hired the men of Voltrano to dig up the olive trees and haul them away. Although they had paid old Mailani for the trees, the foreigners neglected to have them cut up for firewood and sold. The women and older boys quickly took advantage of this oversight.

They are like children," Attilio's father said, and the people of Voltrano treated the foreigners with great courtesy and kindness, regarding them with something of the ancient awe accorded those touched by lunacy.

Vineyards and almond trees were uprooted; and stone walls, the work of many generations, were destroyed in a single day. The house of Amato, the ropemaker, was bought for three times its value, then leveled and carted away.

"We are being paid," Attilio's father said when the people began to mutter against such senseless destruction.

The clothesline of Attilio's village reflected the new prosperity. Pink silk underwear and bright cotton blouses floated alongside new work shirts and heavy wool socks and children's dresses of gaily colored prints. Sheets of the finest white muslin hung above the cobblestones like banners proclaiming a new era of cleanliness and comfort.

"It is the mercy of Providence," Attilio's father said, "that the foreign people, with all their vast wealth, are not given the wisdom to hold onto it."

A great one for mimicry, Attilio's father would imitate the daintiness of the foreigners in eating and their unnatural bathing habits. The foreigners washed themselves head to foot every day, scrubbing all the natural oil from their skin, and the Widow Donatti grew rich on the washing of their clothes. She bought a goat and the village was amused when the animal ate the cotton drawers belonging to the bespectacled foreigner everybody called The Professor. It would have been even more amusing, of course, if The Professor had been in them at the time.

The men of Voltrano forgot how to plow and the women, soft and scented with bottled creams and lotions, no longer bothered to gather olives, working all day on their hands and knees, their fingers raw and bleeding from the rocks. The men took to drinking northern wine from sealed bottles and the women spent more time brushing their hair, fiddle-faddling with lace and silk and colored beads. The children were fat and frisky, and people were often heard to laugh without reason.

The foreigners, for their part, were equally happy with the ruins of the ancient city which had lain for centuries beneath the vineyards and the olive and almond trees. They exclaimed with delight over each new bit of

bronze and broken pottery wrenched from the earth. They beamed at fragments of marble and colored stucco, mosaic designs, clay figures, and greenish coins. They sorted through huge blocks of stone, reconstructing a flight of steps, a column, the wall of a house, the stones of a narrow street. At the end of each day they seemed pleased. No one knew why.

"They are not like real people," Attilio's father said.

Attilio had just started working regularly with the men, drawing his wages every week and beginning to revise his outlook on girls, when the people of Voltrano awakened one morning to find the foreigners had vanished. They had packed hurriedly in the night and caught the late train out of Castelmore, taking all their belongings except the laundry hanging out of reach of the Widow Donatti's goat. They had left behind an envelope with money for two weeks' pay for each of the men.

"They'll come back," the people kept telling one another all day, but intuitively they knew they would never see the foreigners again.

That night the women stinted themselves on perfumed soap, treating it like a holiday thing, and the men sat in the village square, drinking and talking, as though wine and words might somehow fill the emptiness the foreigners had left.

"If they were running away with no thought of coming back, they wouldn't have left money for us," Attilio's father said.

Attilio was proud to be sitting in the square with the men that night, while the boys of the village played at soccer with a rubber ball no bigger than an orange. When it came his turn to buy wine, Attilio lit a cigarette and forced himself to walk slowly across the square, slouching, a man accustomed to standing treat. The rubber ball bounced in front of him. His every instinct was to block it with the side of his foot, feint, pick his opening, then send it scooting across the square for a goal, but, with great effort, he managed to ignore the ball. He blew smoke through his nose.

Angela Bruscoli drew the wine for him. She was a small, pert, bright-eyed girl who seemed always on the verge of laughter. In the dark passageway between the huge casks she stumbled. Attilio was there to catch her.

"It's funny how things work out sometimes," Attilio thought afterwards, marveling at the happy miracle of Angela's happening to stumble in the passageway she had walked so often and knew so well.

The next morning the village heard about the war. Some said the foreigners were fleeing from it, others said they were hurrying toward it, but whatever the truth of it was, from that day on, life in Voltrano was like being driven from a pleasant and sunny valley, sheltered from cold and hunger, onto a wretched hilltop exposed to bitter winds which whistled through cracked walls, where there were no wool blankets or warm clothing, little to drink and less to eat, and certainly no perfumed creams and lengths of red silk for sashes and bows.

"It was a cruel and wicked thing to do," the men said when they looked out at the fields of worthless walls and marble columns which the foreigners had left in place of fruitful vines and trees. The women were even more bitter. If it had not been for the weekly wages, they would never have got used to scents and silk, never miss them now.

"They will come back someday," Attilio's father kept saying, but the winter rains gave way to the brisk chill of spring and the hot, cloudless days of summer, when the sun cooked the clay gullies dug by the draining hills; and, when the rains came again, with still no sign of the foreigners, Attilio's father drew on his savings to relieve the distress around him.

"It's a loan, mind you," the people said, and insisted on pledging their property as security, although they had no hope of ever being able to redeem it.

The money, spent on bread and wool, was soon gone, and Attilio was sure his father would never see it again, nor would he.

"We do not live in the world alone," the old man said, and died believing he had done the right thing with his money. Being the kind of man he was he could have done nothing else.

"What can we do to help?" people asked, and Attilio thanked them and sent them away, but they kept coming to the door, each with a different story of some remembered kindness,

[illegible] flower in the [illegible] and brought to the [illegible] place.

[illegible] followed his father up the hill for the last time and stayed for a while after the others had gone. It was cool and quiet beneath the pine trees, and fragrant. A wind blew gently from the sea and the earth was soft to stand upon.

Old Mazzoni, the cobbler, came to the house that night with his son, a young man [illegible] Attilio. "We will never forget what he did for us," the old man said and his son nodded, and they drank a glass of wine together in eloquent silence.

Other families followed, the Guardellos, the DiNovas, the Lambrettis, and afterwards, stuffed in a bureau drawer, carelessly, with no particular importance attached to them, Attilio found the legal papers his father had exchanged for his life's savings. The papers gave him title to a sprawling infinity of empty shops, cube-shaped stone houses, and fields strewn with gray rocks which looked like sheep grazing.

The next evening when he walked out with Angela (the banns had been posted) Attilio asked her if they should leave Voltrano, as so many young people were doing. Angela said it was for him to decide, and in the end they stayed, hoping rather than believing that someday the foreigners would return and the village would prosper again.

"We will have plenty of work here," Attilio said when Angela's two brothers went north to look for factory jobs. It was talking against the wind.

The people who stayed in Voltrano were, [illegible] old couples, dutiful daughters, and young men linked to the village by an ailing parent or mired in sloth. The houses they lived in and the fields they planted belonged to Attilio, but it was an empty kind of ownership, the meaningless holding of legal documents.

"What are papers?" Attilio said in a voice [illegible] only something for lawyers [illegible]

From time to time old friends of his father would turn up at the door with wine or fruit, a turkey, a brace of quail, whatever came to hand as a token of rent which was neither paid nor expected. After a while everybody, even Attilio, forgot that a debt was involved in these occasional tributes of food and drink. It was done out of friendliness, and people went on living in the houses their families had occupied for generations with no thought as to who held the title papers.

Attilio, like his father, had a natural bent for mimicry, and on winter nights when it was too cold to walk the Corso and rest for a while beneath the fountain in the square, Attilio would stand in front of a neighbor's fire, a glass of wine in his hand, and bring to life some small moment from the past, taking off all the characters involved. The people would exclaim, "Yes, that was just the way he talked, just so, with his eyes squinted shut, like a turkey hen's."

Children who had never seen the foreigners would always beg for The Professor, and Attilio would start nervously fingering his left ear lobe, then mince about the room with short, slew-footed steps, stumbling over furniture, lifting an imaginary hat in apology. Another favorite was the Widow Donatti, long since dead. Attilio would recreate the Widow's pride of ownership in her goat, a notoriously untidy creature which the Widow used to lead down the Corso on a leash, as though it were a foreign poodle. Her nostrils had been miraculously deadened to its odor.

"Yes, yes, poor soul," the people would say, remembering. "It was the first thing she ever really owned."

As the years passed, Angela and Attilio, like all parents, dated everything by the children, the winter Carla was born, the time Peppino fell in the river. Certain holidays were remembered, a Christmas for its unusual dusting of snow, a particularly lush green Easter, and there were peak moments of memory, like the night the truck tumbled into the ditch north of town and spilled canned pork liver all over the road.

Sometimes at night, stumbling over the cold floors by candlelight, Angela would think of her sister's house in Castelmore, with its carpets and electric lights, and afterwards, lying awake in the darkness, she would wonder what her life with Attilio might have been if they had gone north like the others or perhaps to America.

"In another place there would be other troubles," she would tell herself, and with a

shrug she would pad quietly around the house, seeing if any of the children had kicked off their blankets in the night or awakened in thirst or apprehension.

Another war broke out and caught up the two oldest boys, Peppino and Rocco. They were gone for five winters, bleak winters in which Angela grubbed for food like a wild animal, living on nuts and fruit, boiled roots, an occasional rabbit. When the boys came home, she had only to look in their eyes to know they would never stay in Voltrano.

"I can't blame them," she thought, and, after kneeling for a while in the darkest corner of the church, she went home to roast a chicken so they wouldn't leave home hungry.

Then suddenly one afternoon, completely without warning, three men came roaring into Voltrano in a government car, trailing a great cloud of dust and chickens and children. The government men marched down the Corso, brusquely hiring young and old, who were put to work tidying the ruins of the ancient city, where birds had long been nesting on the marble columns and small animals lived in the huge holes the ancients had dug to store their grain. Honeysuckle was ripped from the brick walls. The narrow stone streets, grooved by chariot wheels, were weeded, and the mosaic floors cleaned and polished.

"Who is moving in?" the people asked, tongue in cheek, and the government men left without answering. It was the first time anyone from the government had ever come to give money instead of take it, so naturally the wages received were spent in the proper spirit.

"Big things are in the wind," Attilio said when he staggered home that night. Angela helped him into the house. "Don't ever forget that I'm the man who owns this town," he said, walking into a wall.

Attilio hardly had time to sober up when, abruptly, the foreigners came back. They came by special bus from Castelmore and, of course, they were not the same foreigners who had dug up old Mailani's olive grove. These foreigners, too soft for digging, came only to see the ruins of the ancient city. The men carried cameras in leather cases and the women walked the narrow streets with a look of pain and weariness, as though travel were some cruel punishment meted out to their middle-aged feet.

"They seem friendly," the people of Voltrano said, and set to work making things out of leather and linen and wool, selling them at prices which, a few months earlier, would have seemed beyond belief, and in summer, when the tourists came flooding into town like herring, the prices went still higher.



Tony Lambretti, the butcher's son, who had always been clever about fashioning things out of clay, began to make small figures and oil lamps like the ones in the government museum in Castelmore. They were sold furtively in remote corners of the ancient city, because by law all unearthed treasures of the past belonged to the state. It was astonishing how much the tourists would pay for something they thought had been stolen from the government.

"There's a streak of dishonesty in them," the people of Voltrano agreed, and felt considerably better about the prices they were getting for scarves and billfolds.

The clotheslines of the village again reflected the new prosperity, and thick soups

[illegible] whose meals had [illegible] stretched to the thinness of the [illegible] and on the soles of shoes. [illegible] in wool sweaters, and same women who only a few weeks ago would have welcomed a scrap of clean cotton cloth now complained of the quality of silk in the Corso shops. Men who had walked all their lives, with no thought of ever riding anything more powerful than a burro, began to shop around for a serviceable second-hand motorcycle.

THE Mazzoni family was typical. A cobbler, Mazzoni had scraped along for years on minor shoe and harness repairs for which he had been paid in food or, most often, promises. Now he employed two helpers, turning out leather sandals for the tourists. His three sons were working on the new excavations south of the ancient city and his oldest daughter was selling postcards and souvenirs on the Corso. His wife was doing embroidery work at home for one of the new tourist shops.

"One manages to get by somehow," Mazzoni would say if asked how things were going, and then he would complain about the price of bread, "A national scandal."

As his prosperity increased, Mazzoni, like his neighbors, began to worry more and more about Attilio, who held title to Mazzoni's shop, simply because Mazzoni's father had once borrowed a little money from Attilio's father, if that were really the case. Mazzoni hinted that his father's mind had failed toward the end of his life and, in all likelihood, Attilio's father had taken cruel advan[illegible]e of the old man's feebleness.

"His claims would never stand up in [illegible] people said, but no one wanted to risk his property in a legal test. Meanwhile, they stayed clear of Attilio who was preoccupied with other matters anyway. His father's town property had been leased for the new cinema, the tourist shops, and the two new restaurants, all of which amounted to a huge monthly income for Attilio; and he had also sold two hectares of otherwise worthless land for a new hotel.

Fear and envy of Attilio led to malice and slander. "The suits he puts on," people said if [illegible] and if he didn't, they said he was too stingy to spend his money. Behind his back they laughed at him for walking when he could well afford to ride, and when he finally bought a car, they shook their heads and said, "You see, always showing off." Children took to drawing obscene pictures of him on the walls of the village, as though he were running for public office.

"Please, you've got to do something," Angela kept insisting, and Attilio would mumble a vague promise, then hurry off. He was always bustling from one place to another these days with a bouncing walk, as though treading on sponges.

Outside of the title papers, which Attilio kept in a rosewood box, Angela had nothing to worry about except the grandchildren, and these worries were small and often groundless, colds and trifling cuts, croup, chickenpox, the usual thing.

Rocco and Peppino had come home the first winter, bringing their blonde northern wives and three more grandchildren. The two wives complained about the dullness of Voltrano. They slept all morning, read film magazines, and played the radio. Angela took care of the children.

"Why don't you hire a girl?" Attilio would plead when he found her bent over a washtub. He tried to make her understand they had money now, but Angela insisted she was in the habit of doing for herself.

"The way he makes the poor woman work," the people said, and when Attilio bought her a washing machine, they said, "Ah, he thinks he is an American."

ATTILIO begged Angela to take a bus to Castelmore and buy things for herself. He would drop a fistful of bills in her lap, then bounce out of the room. The money always ended up in Enrico's bottomless pockets or in Carla's waiting apron. Carla was married now, the mother of twin girls. Enrico was courting.

"There must be something you want for yourself," Attilio would complain when Carla turned up wearing the silver bracelet he had bought for Angela or the new winter coat. Angela said she was thankful the family was all together again, and in good health. She couldn't think of a thing she really needed or wanted.

"Except those papers," she said. "I wish you would burn them or give them back, any-

thing, just so long as you get rid of them."

Attilio said he would get around to the papers any day now. At the moment he was too busy with the building of a new house. It was laid out on a shelf in the hills, looking across the green valley floor toward the sea. Angela, preoccupied with the grandchildren, took little interest in the house, but every Sunday, to please Attilio, she walked up the hill with him to see what progress had been made.

"You will never be cold again," Attilio would say, patting a radiator, or, waving an arm around the huge kitchen. "Whatever you want to eat, all you will have to do is ask for it, and it will be brought to you, like in a hotel."

Angela would smile dutifully, but more than likely her mind would be on Rocco's youngest, who was teething, or Carla's twins, who were susceptible to spring colds. When she thought about the house at all, it was only to wonder what it was costing and to think how much good the money could have done in the old days.

"So now he is building himself a palace," the people said when they saw Attilio's house looming above them on the hill. It was impossible to walk anywhere in or around Voltrano without seeing the place and it reminded everybody of the legal papers which, by piracy and cunning, had fallen into Attilio's greedy hands. They writhed at frightful visions of extortion and eviction, and although no one ever faced the thought squarely, each of them was tormented by the subconscious fear of what he might do to Attilio if the situation were reversed.

FINALLY, when it was no longer bearable to live beneath the weight of such suspense, a delegation headed by Mazzoni, the cobbler, called on Attilio in his big new house. He seemed to be expecting them.

"I'll have some wine sent in," he said, and while they were waiting, he insisted on showing them through the house. They had heard stories of the luxury of the place, but even so they were not prepared for the bright paper on the walls, the thick wool carpets, the profusion of brass and copper ornaments, the walnut tables, the tile bathrooms, and the white kitchen with a push-button stove. It was like something in an American film.

"Most of the furniture hasn't come yet," Attilio said when they came back to the vast front room and took seats around the coffee table where three kinds of expensive northern wine had been set out with crystal glasses. The delegation was grateful for the wine. Their throats were dry.

"NOW then," Attilio said, when glasses had been clinked and the first draught of wine had dampened their parched throats, "what can I do for you?"

Mazzoni warmed his wineglass in the palm of his hand. "I can't help thinking of the old days," he said, and with a dry laugh asked Attilio if he remembered the Christmas Angela was sick and Mrs. Mazzoni brought her a bowl of turkey soup. Attilio said he remembered.

"What little I've ever had," Mazzoni said, "I've always shared with my friends."

"Your generosity is well known," Attilio said, with a straight face.

DiNova, the cabinet-maker, took his cue from Mazzoni. "Your family and my family," he said, putting his hands together, "they have always been close. If your father ever needed anything, my father was always there to help him."

"It's true," Attilio said, and, with a disturbing smile, added, "My father was just as eager to help yours."

Mazzoni interrupted, annoyed by DiNova's fumble. "We have gone through hard times together and now at last we are getting our heads above water, some of us more than others, of course, but we live among friends. We are not like the people in the great cities up north who would as soon cut a neighbor's throat as not."

Attilio smiled across the table. "You have certainly taken your time coming here, my friends."

"We were waiting for you to come to us," Mazzoni said.

"But why? The debt is yours, not mine."

The word "debt" fell like a heavy stone into the lake of silence which had drowned the room. Attilio began to peel silver foil from a cigar.

Lambretti, the butcher, a huge man, squirmed in a chair too small for him. He rubbed his thick, black-haired hands on his

[illegible] nipped off the end of his cigar, still [illegible] smiling. "Do you want to go to

Mazzoni took over quickly with a shrug and a laugh. "Old friends do not go to court."

I base the rents of my Corso shops on a percentage of the net income," Attilio said, dropping a still heavier stone into the sickly

Mazzoni glanced helplessly at the others, none of whom was carrying his share of the burden. As usual, he was expected to handle



everything. "As for myself, there is no profit in leather. Everybody knows that."

Taxes eat up what little I make," Lambretti said, and the other faces were equally long and pitiful to see. The DiNova family, it seemed, had forgotten the taste of veal and the Tremontes were reduced to what fish the [illegible] take from the river and a few

But we want to do what's fair," they all agreed, and Attilio asked them what they

Mazzoni [illegible] away from the others with a gesture of disgust and disavowal. "Unfortunately I am not as well fixed financially as the rest."

DiNova glowered at the cobbler. "Any man who has to buy shoes for four children has very little left these days," he said, and Lambretti, nettled by what he considered an extortionate bill for a few new cabinets, suggested that DiNova was in no position to argue about the price of anything.

Attilio walked with them to the door, shook hands all around, and told them he would be delighted to have them come back whenever they had something definite to discuss.

"He means to rob us, that's clear enough," the men muttered among themselves that night, and rather than let Attilio get any false notions they ordered their wives to hide the new rugs and to dress the children more simply, as befitted their humble station in life.

Mazzoni was up half the night working on his books. He kept one set for himself and another for the tax man, and now, because of Attilio's greed, he had to keep still a third set. Mazzoni rubbed his strained eyes, grumbling, "It only goes to show the impossible conditions a businessman has to operate under."

Next morning, when he walked down the Corso, Attilio was struck by the change which had come over the village during the night. The men were dressed in patched workclothes and the women were bare of ornamentation, even earrings. The children were in rags, their feet bare. "Ah, times are hard," Mrs. Tremonte said, and, as he walked on, Attilio noticed that all the bicycles and motorcycles had vanished from the village. He stopped Paolo Albanesi whose red motorcycle had become a familiar threat to sleep at night and safety by day.

"A motorcycle?" the young man said, shaking his head sadly. "Who can afford such things?"

"Money comes to town," Guardello said,

glancing out over his silver-gray olive trees, "but it doesn't know the way to my house."

Attilio walked slowly back up the hill, dropping wearily in his new black leather chair. He asked Angela to bring him the rosewood box. He shuffled the papers absently, remembering the cruel winter when the documents had been pressed on his father with loud cries of gratitude and affection.

"Give them back," Angela said. "We have plenty for ourselves."

"You know what they would say." Attilio mimicked the voice of Mazzoni, conveying all the guile and greed. "'This proves what I have contended all along, my friends. Attilio stole the papers and now, out of a great sense of guilt and shame, he gives them back.'"

Attilio patted the papers neatly together, like a deck of cards, and returned them to the box. It was true, as Angela said, they had no need of the money now, but it was also true that certain things had been said about him and, worse, about his father, things a man is not quick to forget or forgive. Although he had no wish to make a weapon of vengeance out of something which represented an act of kindness, still he had a human desire to get some satisfaction from the power the papers gave him.

"Some good should come from them," he thought, and began to see a way out of his dilemma.

That afternoon, when the shutters were being rolled up on the shops along the Corso, Attilio walked back into town, carrying the rosewood box under his arm. Mazzoni saw him coming in time to conceal his new radio beneath a burlap sack. "Perhaps you would like to see my books," he said, reaching under the counter.

Attilio stopped him with a friendly flourish of his free hand.

"They would open your eyes."

"Yes, I believe it."

Attilio accepted a glass of wine for which Mazzoni was quick to apologize. "A man of my means is forced to drink such swill." Attilio praised the wine, then settling back in a chair, staring thoughtfully into his glass, he said he was surprised that Mazzoni, with his keen head for business, had never invested his money. Mazzoni waited warily, trembling with the hope Attilio might be about to take him into some profitable new venture, perhaps to ease his conscience.

"Now take olives." Attilio said, and Mazzoni said there must be good money in olives, considering the outrageous price of oil.

Attilio wondered why Mazzoni didn't put some of his savings into an olive grove. He specifically mentioned the one across from the new hotel. "But it belongs to Guardello," Mazzoni said, and Attilio opened the rosewood box and took out a legal paper. He set a price on the olive grove which was less than half what the property was worth. It was also exactly the amount his father had lent Mazzoni's father.

"I think I might be able to raise the necessary capital," Mazzoni said, trying to control the shakiness of his voice. He scurried into the back room, and later, when the deal had been concluded, he coughed and said, "Now about the title to my little place here, not that it is worth much, you understand, but . . . ."

"Don't worry about it," Attilio said, and left the shop with Mazzoni's money in his pocket and one less document in the rosewood box.

At the Guardello house, after another neighborly glass of wine, Attilio got down to business. "There is money to be made in leather these days," he said, and Guardello said he was glad to hear it, because there was certainly no money in olives. Guardello, it developed, was short of capital, but once Attilio had mentioned his asking price on Mazzoni's shop, Guardello excused himself. He thought it was just barely possible he could raise the money.

"I've always wanted to invest in a good sound business," Guardello said when he returned, and Attilio opened the rosewood box and dealt out another paper.

From Guardello's house he went to the butcher shop to talk to Lambretti who was immediately interested in putting his capital, such as it was, to work for him. "The sacrifices this money represents," he said with a sigh, and bought Tremonte's vineyards for a fraction of their value. Tremonte, who insisted no farmer had a chance of making ends meet, put his money into Lambretti's butcher shop. "It is run by a robber," Tremonte said, "but it makes money."

[illegible] DiNova, the cabinet-maker, invested in Albanesi's large stoves, and Albanesi took [illegible] DiNova shop just off the Corso.

"What's the trouble?" Angela asked when Attilio came home that evening whistling and walking from side to side.

"Why should there be trouble between old friends?" Attilio said, and opened the rosewood box to show its emptiness. His pockets were filled with hoarded bills which came to the same total as the savings his father had spread over Voltrano years ago. There was no interest involved, other than anticipation.

After dinner that night Mazzoni sipped a small glass of French cognac, lit a cigar, and headed down the Corso toward the Guardello place. "We might as well come to terms now," he said to himself, working out his rightful share of Guardello's olive crop, then doubling it.

Guardello, at the same time, was heading toward Mazzoni's shop. "I want to be fair with the old swindler," he said to himself, assessing what he took to be a reasonable rental on the property.



They met in front of Lambretti's butcher shop. Lambretti had just thrown a five-pound pork roast at Tremonte who had retrieved it from the gutter and was about to throw it back. Both Mazzoni and Guardello stepped aside to clear the target. Lambretti's front window broke with a satisfying clatter.

"Bandit!" Tremonte shouted, and Lambretti began screaming for the police.

"I was just on my way over to your place," Mazzoni said, and Guardello, sniffing the French cognac, mentally raised the rent by 10 per cent.

Mazzoni suggested they sit down at one of Mario's new sidewalk tables and have a drink. They exchanged pleasantries, and passers-by, seeing them together, wondered which of them would pay the tab. When the drinks were brought, they clinked glasses and saluted each other.

DiNova, the cabinet-maker, suddenly came storming down the Corso, heading toward the church. Mazzoni and Guardello watched him march up the church steps to the wall where the banns had been posted for the marriage of DiNova's daughter to Paolo Albanesi. DiNova ripped the white card from the wall and tore it to shreds.

"Such a temper," Mazzoni said, and Guardello said it was a pity. "A man should have more control over himself." Then, with a slight cough, Guardello leaned across the table and said, "You will find me an easy man to do business with."

The police arrived in time to save most of Mario's new sidewalk tables.

Above the village, on a hillside lighted only by a careless scattering of stars and scented by a breeze drifting across plowed earth from the sea, Attilio stood with his arm around Angela, hoping his father might now be resting a little more comfortably beneath the green umbrella pines.

"Look how far we've come," Angela said, and turned back toward the house where she had her family all together now, and because they were secure against cold and want, so many of the things which had hurt her in the past could never hurt her again.

Attilio looked across the ruins of the dead city built by dead conquerors to the lights of Voltrano, where his life was rooted, where he had been reared by his father to believe that whatever happened to the people around him, for good or evil, could never be a matter of indifference. By tomorrow night, after he had arranged for the title papers to be traded, so that each man ended up with his own property, the old debt would be canceled and there should be a little more of his father's wisdom in the village, perhaps even a little more of his kindliness, and certainly a great deal more of his peace of mind.

Doodling . . .



in Three Dimensions

Dan Wickenden

Drawings by Herbert Danska

THE last length of doweling is gone, and I have put away the coils of wire, spools of thread, packets of colored paper, the paste pot and the cardboard, the needles and the scissors and the pliers. I have put them all away, firmly, because spring is here and there's a garden to take care of. The disease has run its course. I have stopped making mobiles.

But this, the second attack, was more severe and lasted longer than the first, and I wonder if the virus is really out of my system, or ever will be.

My wife used to work in an art gallery, and once upon a time I was a frequent prowler through the Museum of Modern Art, and for years on end we have both known a little about Alexander Calder. More recently we have noticed a gradual invasion of the country by imitation Calders. So many chaste contemporary living rooms, pictured in so many glossy magazines, contain a mobile. In pharmacies or hardware stores there are degenerate cardboard mobiles advertising headache remedies or washing machines. And you can't walk into a gift shop in our town, which is full of gift shops, without being hit in the eye by a mobile suspended somewhere above the genteel clutter. It somehow hadn't occurred to us, though, that just anybody could make a mobile.

And then, about eighteen months ago, we went to a party in Silvermine, and found that our hosts had made one. An arrangement of thick horizontal wires, barely visible suspending threads, and simple leaf shapes cut from sheet copper and copper mesh, it hung in a corner of the enormous living room, turning

[illegible] wires was hung from its [illegible] non-mechanical, non-[illegible] and delicate [illegible] seemed im-

But if Peggy and Ed could make a mobile, [illegible] Why not make [illegible]

I suspect most amateur mobile-makers be- [illegible] for Christmas.

Time, however, passed; the impulse lay [illegible] one raw December afternoon, while I was crossly reorganizing the tool shed, I found a coil of wire left over from the previous December's efforts at wreath-making; I found my long-nosed pliers; and I didn't know it, but I was lost.

Made entirely of wire, that first drab crea- [illegible] notably mobile, except that it fell apart at a touch. But it taught me a little about achieving the kind of balance that astonishes the eye, and it gave me some ideas, one of which propelled me next day into a stationer's, where I discovered that at least a few things don't change. The pleasant, heavy, rough-textured paper, in all the primary and secondary colors plus black, with which I used to express my soul in kindergarten, was still obtainable, twenty-five sheets for twenty-five cents. Probably it was cheaper in 1918.

With colored paper and wire and pliers, with scissors and paste and thread, I made our starry Christmas mobile. I condescend to its memory, now. It wasn't well-balanced and it wasn't much more animated than the first and it tended to get tangled up in itself; and little by little it too fell apart. But for some [illegible] hung it in one corner of our [illegible] white living-room, we couldn't stop [illegible] its mild gyrations. It even caught [illegible] occasional attention of our son, then [illegible] months.

And I went on making mobiles.

Surrealist Laundry

[illegible] the first attack was over, I had [illegible] more than half a dozen. One [illegible] one, which rose from a [illegible] to rest on the mantel; one [illegible] numbers [illegible] called the study.

This had really been intended as a dining-room and of all the five little rooms in the doll's house we were renting it was the littlest, measuring perhaps seven feet by eight. It was a thoroughfare between front hall and kitchen and it contained a good many things besides what you might expect to find in a study. It contained, for instance, our entire collection of phonograph records and a charming Victorian side chair; the home-made garden table, on which reposed the telephone and related paraphernalia; a sickly orange tree raised from seed; and a proliferating philodendron. Much of the time there was also the little boy's stroller, plus the litter of toys that get strewn about almost any household possessed of an infant. Not to mention the clothes dryer, which often wandered into the study, too, sometimes clad in tiny garments and sometimes naked as a jaybird.

And finally the mobiles, one and then two and then three and then four of them, hung in a line, like surrealist laundry, from a horizontal string stretched taut between the top of the kitchen door and the top of the window over the desk.

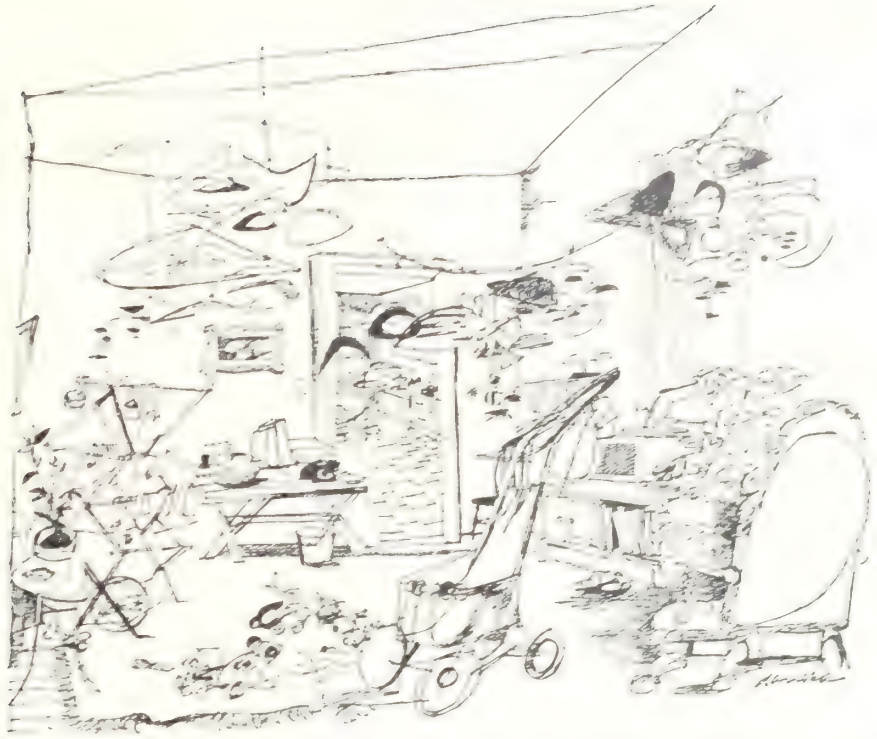
They got tangled up in themselves and one another. They struck us in the face when we lunged at the shelves for a record, or ran too fast to answer the telephone. They kept falling off the string, they became increasingly disheveled and dusty, and by degrees they too fell apart. And last October, when we moved into larger quarters, I gathered them all together and crammed them into the garbage can.

And that, I thought, was that.

But sometimes my wife referred to them wistfully. And the stairwell in the new house cried out (we felt) for a mobile. And would Christmas seem complete without a starry mobile in the living room?

When the weather turned cold and the ground froze hard and there wasn't much more I could do in the garden, I bought some new wire and another packet of colored paper and another pot of paste and some doweling and . . . That was six months ago and only the advent of spring has brought a halt to the ensuing madness.

The first mobiles of the Second Period —in moments of ungoverned reverie I've taken the whole business seriously—had



It contained a good many things besides what you might expect.

all the defects of those I'd thrown away. They were free improvisations, haphazardly arrived at, precariously hitched together. And I was still cheating: when the finished product didn't quite balance, I would rectify matters by surreptitiously adding, here and there, a small brass paper clip.

But I had stumbled on some tricks of the trade. Unless, like Calder, you have an engineering background and plan your mobile ahead of time, down to the last mathematical nicety—as I assume Calder must—you don't begin at the top and work down. You begin at the bottom and work up, balancing things bit by bit, as you go—a dodge which makes it much easier to achieve the final, over-all balance. And if maximum mobility is your aim, you must not (as I had been doing, because it was quickest and because it facilitated last-minute readjustments) suspend one element from another with hooked wire, which prohibits a complete revolution: you must use thread. And with sufficient patience and care, you can construct your mobile so that even in its wildest gyrations one part will never bump into, became entangled with, another. And there's no excuse but self-doubt for making a mobile that falls apart at a breath or a touch. Audacity is the word, as it is for Sir Winston when he paints a picture: you attach the separate pieces boldly to one another, with square knots tied firmly, held permanently in place with bits of masking tape or that kindred product called Mystic Tape, which comes like the paper in assorted colors.

Even so, if you proceed at random, without a clearly-conceived preliminary plan, you run into trouble. For instance, the third or fourth mobile of the Second Period had become, by the time I worked my way up to the top, so monstrous that it couldn't be hung anywhere in our low-ceilinged house without reaching all the way to the floor. I had to give it to my sister and brother-in-law, whose house has what the real-estate trade calls a studio living-room.

DISSATISFACTION assailed me after the Second Christmas Mobile was finished, and hung from our living-room ceiling. Oh, it has been admired, and it has its charms: a certain festive and debonair quality and a way of glittering when the light strikes it, because some of the stars are the gummed metallic-paper variety that can also, after all these years, be bought at a stationer's. But it is too nearly rococo, possibly a trifle vulgar: and because, through a period of weeks, I kept restlessly adding to it another element and then another, its total effect is disorganized and somewhat confusing.

So I took another step forward. I found

[illegible] mobile ahead
[illegible] instead of proceeding piecemeal,
[illegible] the separate parts one by one and
[illegible] them together as I went along, I
[illegible] making all of them first; and then I
would assemble the final structure in a single,
nerve-racking, exciting process—though I
still proceeded from bottom to top. My designs and color combinations became more austere. I abandoned stars, I abandoned shapes too obviously based on birds and fish, trees and flowers, in favor of what my artist friends call free forms. And instead of using these as mere ornaments, counterweights hung on a basic structure of wire or cardboard or wooden rods or all three, I tried to make them an integral part of the design as a whole. I had (I told myself) become more sophisticated.

Aunt Lydia's Carpet Thread

And so? And so, by now, our house is full of mobiles. Mobile was one of the first words the little boy picked up, and his quite new sister has already gazed with some interest at the Christmas mobile, which we haven't yet removed from the living-room. There is a mobile in the stairwell and a mobile in the upper hall and a mobile in the master bedroom. One mobile or another always hangs in the bedroom I now use as a study, and there are five more up in the attic, and I have given several away, with decreasing diffidence.

I even gave one to our friends Walter and Jessie, when they moved into their new house up the road—a pure and lovely contemporary house, designed by George Nakashima. I was a little diffident about that, not just because the house and much of its furniture had been designed by Nakashima, but because Walter is an artist and regards Alexander Calder with a blend of awe and worship. In a way, Walter would like to make mobiles himself, he once told me, but in a way he couldn't bear to: it would be sacrilege. After the second martini, though, he confessed that he *had* once designed a mobile, a commercial mobile, to publicize a soap powder; and he still felt unclean.

But that mobile of mine (Late Second Period: Cardboard, Paper, and Aunt Lydia's Carpet Thread) still hangs in the pure and lovely Nakashima living room, its shapes slowly warping, its colors fading, but turning gently in every breath of air, composing and recomposing themselves into patterns that are never quite the same.

It is there that much of the fascination lies, of course.

Our friend Ailsa, who is a decorator, sat in our living-room one afternoon and looked dreamily at the Second Christmas Mobile.



Something therapeutic about watching . . .

"There's something therapeutic about watching," she finally remarked. "Maybe they ought to hang mobiles over hospital beds."

When I gave an especially large one to our friends Alan and Frank, who have ripped the gingerbread out of their Grover Cleveland house and furnished the lofty rooms with pleasantly severe objects in blond wood and black iron—when Frank had hung that mobile, and put the ladder away, and gazed for a while, he said: "It's one of the majestic ones, isn't it?"

Therapeutic, majestic . . . I was flattered.

I RECALL a condescending account, in a rather stuffy English weekly, of a Calder show in London. Frivolous, the critic said, frivolous was the word for Calder's art—for the mobiles and the stabiles and the wire sculpture and all the rest of it. You can't express profound emotion in such ways, with such materials, said the critic. True, I suppose. But does it signify? I can't agree that art is necessarily solemn and profound, or that we must all turn solemn in the presence of art. Maybe the greatest art shocks, stuns, purges; but another kind of art, perfectly valid in its way, is just to delight us, is just for fun.

After I had given the mobile to Jessie and Walter, Walter lent me James Johnson Sweeney's book on Calder, published in connection with the great Calder show at the Museum of Modern Art in 1943. Sweeney's book is also a trifle solemn, although it contains such words as gaiety, wit, humor, ingenuity—and although there can have been nothing solemn, in intent or effect, about the Calder Circus out of which the mobiles ultimately developed.

The book recalled my own bemused and fascinated ramble through that 1943 Calder exhibit. It reminded me that the first mobiles, devised in 1929, moved mechanically, in a controlled and limited pattern—you turned a crank or there was a small motor—and it wasn't until 1932 that Calder hit upon the notion of wind mobiles. It reminded me, too, how impressed I'd been, on a fairly recent visit to the Modern Museum, by the Calder mobile called "Lobster Trap and Fish Tail" that hangs in the great stairwell.

Having by then made a few little, bad little, bungled little mobiles myself, I began to perceive how really good Calder was.

And now I pay him almost as much respect as Walter does. But the stabiles and the other unmoving abstractions are a kind of art I'd just as soon leave as take. The mechanically-powered mobiles, possibly because I lack mechanical aptitude and interest, don't really appeal to me. And I think I disapprove of the gigantic mobiles designed for outdoors: a mobile *al fresco,* competing with grass and flowers and trees, with birds and insects and drifting clouds, looks to my nature-besotted eye no more though maybe no less beautiful than the striding steel towers that support a power line.

I must not embroil myself in a dissertation on abstract art, about which I know nothing. Still, I can't resist suggesting that the introduction into abstract art of motion and sometimes of sound (for certain Calder mobiles are so constructed that one element, swinging against another, may produce a chime or a clang) was perhaps exactly what abstract art needed. It gave such art, at any rate, a new kind of life and a much stronger appeal for the naïve layman.

Even so, it has taken a couple of decades for mobiles to move out of their inventor's studio, out of the art galleries and the collections of a coterie, into the gift shops, the living-rooms, the pharmacies and hardware stores of a nation. One can even—you must have seen the advertisements—buy mobile-making kits, just as one can buy kits for painting pictures by filling in numbered spaces with numbered colors. It is a fairly safe guess that at this very instant, thousands of amateurs are happily making mobiles, all over the United States.

The Child Inside

MUCH of what has happened since inspiration first struck Calder may be deplorable; but there's no denying the fascination. Children like mobiles, as children have a way of liking serious paintings that may disconcert their conservative elders. And this may be a clue. A child goes on living inside all of us, and child and artist are closely akin though not identical, and all art is in some of its aspects a form of play, and all of us need to play sometimes. The mobiles I've made are play pure and simple, doodling in

[illegible] reflections. But making them has been, [illegible] the most satisfying form [illegible] therapeutic . . . If there's a mild therapy [illegible] a mobile, there's a stronger [illegible] in making one. There was, for instance, one night when the little boy, on the whole remarkably healthy, came down with the croup. As such things generally seem to, this happened on a Sunday, when all the pharmacies were closed, and the only vaporizer we could borrow was a small one that had to be refilled every hour. So from nine that night to four the next morning, when the terrifying symptoms of croup diminished, I sat in the study between visits to David's room, working on the mobile that Frank later called majestic. The undying kindergartner came to the surface and was soothed and satisfied by the snipping of shapes from brightly-colored paper, by the tonic smell of library paste.

There is also this: the process of making even an amateur mobile is like the creative process in general. You conceive, you gestate, you set to work on the separate parts. And then you assemble, testing and experimenting, revising and discarding, rejoicing and despairing along the way. Nothing ever works out quite as you expected, but excitement mounts. The mobile begins to come alive from the moment one element is attached to another; and, as it grows, its vitality increases —it swings and jerks in the testing hand that holds it up, quivers with eagerness to be on its own with the wandering currents of air. And when you have finished and perfected and hung it, it has stopped being a part of you. Now it is independent, an entity, purely itself, and must be left to its own and the wind's devices.

Because it has a will as well as a life of its own, it goes on doing things you couldn't possibly have foreseen. (Does Calder know, ahead of time, every conceivable position into [illegible] mobile can drift, every conceivable pattern it can cut from the empty air? Sweeney doesn't exactly say; he suggests not. But in a mobile consisting of a number of freely-turning parts, the possibilities must be nearly if not quite infinite.) Its unexpectedness is part of its charm. It becomes a personality, it has its moods. In a house like ours, old and drafty, a mobile never reaches absolute stasis; but it has its languid spells, when only the smallest parts indulge in the tiniest motions, or when its motions in general are so slow as to be almost imperceptible. And, then, on a sudden unseen impulse, the whole thing swings into the complex saraband or fugue for which it was destined, forming and reforming new and surprising patterns, fresh relationships of shape and color and motion and space, to one another and to whatever shadows may be cast on wall or ceiling.

Majestic or delicate, frivolous or austere, any well-constructed mobile is almost bound to have a floating quality, and this arouses a satisfying empathy. (My own designs, falling into a rut, have tended to emphasize horizontality.) There is, too, a basic rightness: for in achieving perfect balance, however haphazardly, you have had imposed on yourself and your mobile a universal discipline. You have had to come to terms with the force of gravity, by way of physical laws you may, like me, not clearly understand.

No. The virus isn't out of my system, and I shall make another mobile someday. I'd like to make one that the little boy, in an impassioned moment, couldn't rip to bits. I'd like to try balsa wood, I'd like to try metal, I'd like to try working in materials which would be, if not more enduring than brass, at least more enduring than colored paper, which fades, and cardboard, which warps, and wire, which will bend in time from the delicate weight it has to bear.

Meanwhile there's a great big garden that will keep me on the run all summer long.

But I think Alexander Calder must be a happy man.

American men and money are about to pour into the most enigmatic country in Europe . . . they will find a divided Church, a deep suspicion of the American Way of Life, and some unexpected booby traps.

Our Castles in Spain

F. George Steiner

The Romans called it Trajana, and the Moors Tarayana, and in 1481 the Holy Inquisition established a tribunal in one of its towers. Today it is Triana, a tangled suburb of Seville across the yellow Guadalquivir. In one of its chapels there is a statue of our Lady of Sorrows, and this Virgin, stiff in her jewels and velvet, is the queen of Seville. She has guarded the city against the Moors and the invading armies of Napoleon and the riotous cruelty of the Civil War.

The night before Easter Sunday, the Virgin of Triana is carried on men's shoulders over the long bridge to the Cathedral of Seville. The men shuffle forward, step by naked step, for six or seven hours under their enormous burden of wood and gold. They move in stifling darkness, for the float is surrounded by silken curtains. A man walks in front guiding them with his voice. They stop now and again and rest on their torn knees, and they reach their hands out from beneath the curtains asking for water or a smoke.

For six nights in Holy Week, floats representing the torments of Christ and the dolors of the Virgin are borne on men's backs through Seville, from their chapels to the Cathedral and back again. Each one is surrounded by figures in pointed hoods, carrying candles and banners. At certain intervals, the processions stop and from a window or balcony a poet sings a *saeta* in lament for Christ or the Lady of Sorrows. These *saetas* are shrill and inhumanly quavering, like the cry of a sea bird; an echo from the Moorish past.

Then the trumpets and cymbals blare and the procession starts again toward the Cathedral. Like so many Spanish churches, this Cathedral is built on the ruins of a mosque. The hooded penitents wind through clouds of incense and past the tomb of Columbus. All week long the parochial associations of the city, the *Hermandades,* perform their proud exercise of humility, and in the final hours, before the dawn of Easter Sunday, the whole city is out in the narrow streets, or on the walls of the orange gardens.

Then the Virgin comes from Triana, moving over a sea of faces. The *Semana Santa* is at its climax. The tall men march past, their feet cut and unsteady and the candles dying. Behind them come the brass bands and the *Guarda Civil,* with their black three-cornered hats and submachine guns. Because Seville is lamenting the passion of Christ, they carry the submachine guns reversed and tie a loop of black crepe around their barrels.

Then it is Easter Sunday and the city is asleep under its bells. But already in the cool hours of the morning you can hear the bulls in their pens. On the afternoon of Easter Sunday the *corrida* starts, and the chapel doors have not yet been closed before the first bull charges into the ring. The people squint the sleep out of their eyes and crowd to the top rows of the arena. Up there one can see the whole of Seville, and beyond the city walls the land stretches brown and dark green where the olives grow. If the air is clear, one can also see the distant snow line of the Sierra Nevada,

You do not find Spain here, for there is no Spain. This land is vastly more complicated than any set of individual impressions, and more complicated than its great artists—from Cervantes to Lorca—have made out. It is still the most genuinely unexplored end of Europe. One cannot honestly pretend to master its baffling contradictions or penetrate the graceful, wary silence of its people. But one can and must try to define some of the forces which today shape its character—and which confront the American contractor and the American soldier as they arrive at Columbus' point of departure.

The Church Militant

Let us return to the last night of Holy Week, for we can find there one of the essentials of the Spanish pattern—the Church militant and triumphant. Spanish Catholicism is not the subtle, festive Catholicism of the Vatican. It is casual about violence, implacable about dogma. It is the Catholicism of the flagellant rather than the theologian. At one end of the gilt ladder stand St. Theresa and St. John of the Cross and their cloying intimacies with God—at the other end are the brute joy in martyrdom, the scarlet gashes on the sculptured Christ, and the art of Ribera.

Inside the Cathedral of Seville on Easter Sunday, we will see Cardinal Segura y Saenz with his large hard eyes, thundering from his baroque pulpit. He may thunder against the shortening of women's dresses, or the sinful idea of mixed bathing beaches, or a proposed school reform. In any case, he will speak of hell with terrifying conviction. To his parishioners, hell is a near place, burning the soles of their sandals in the noon hour. And it is full of heretics, above all of Protestants, writhing in an eternity of pain. To Cardinal Segura this is not a metaphor, but a physical certainty, and he would a thousand times rather see Spain recede into a sleeping-sickness of poverty and isolation, than receive help from Protestants. That is the center of his creed and it has shaped the policies of an im- Spanish Catholicism.

Cardinal Segura has been trying for years to uproot ballroom dancing, which "plunges the soul into the sin of obscenity and will prove to be the beginning of eternal damnation." He has been fighting with the same energy against the new Madrid–Washington entente. To him and his followers it signifies an alliance with Luther and Satan. And in the "Segura Catholics" originate the sustained efforts to keep American personnel out of Spain altogether, or to limit Americans to their bases behind a silk curtain which no good Catholic must pass. Cardinal Segura and powerful aristocratic elements in the laity see a direct blessing in Spain's backwardness. To them their complex, unchanging land of churches and bad roads is nearer to Christ for being farther from General Motors.

The political upshot is plain: an important and fanatical party in Spanish life has been opposing with all its power Franco's efforts to awaken the country and turn it westward once more. This means, in fact, that the textbook alliance between Spanish fascism and the Catholic hierarchy simply does not hold for many Spaniards. This is an exceedingly important fact, usually ignored by outside observers. In the south of Spain fascism has no more stubborn and wily opponent than the archdiocese of Seville.

On the surface, this enmity takes the form of an exchange of discourtesies between Church and State. When Franco visited Seville in April 1953, Cardinal Segura withdrew to a convent on the outskirts. In return, General Saenz de Buruaga, commander of the district, and Alonso Orti, the civil governor, are trying to undermine the Cardinal's authority among the people. Fundamentally, the consequences are far more serious.

In Spain as in Italy, the south presents the most spectacular economic problem. It was an opulent region in Roman and even in Moorish times, but today hundreds of square miles lie parched and rock-strewn. Like Mussolini, Franco would like to leave gardens where he found deserts. Building schools, hospitals, and straight roads is part of the creed of fascism, and the south of Spain cries for the kind of dynamics that drained the great marshes around Rome and got those famous trains to run on time. The region has a real potential—as the fertile patches between Jerez and Ronda, irrigated by the Guadalcacin, plainly demonstrate—but it needs engineers and teachers and doctors.

But all of these stand for "modernism," one of the most insidious of heresies. They bring with them false enlightenment and new sins, and they must be fought. Time and again local priests have kept their people from accepting outside help or co-operating in state-sponsored endeavors. Cardinal Segura suspects Franco of being, fundamentally, anti-clerical; hence he looks to a restoration of the monarchy.

The prospect of strong American influence, of fresh blood in Spain's old stiff veins terrifies Segura and his faction in the Church. They recognize in Franco's restoration of a Spanish synagogue and in his willingness to admit Protestant chaplains for American troops on Spanish soil the first symptoms of a dangerous heresy—which they are resisting with all their power.

But this is only half of Spanish Catholicism. Cardinal Segura's neighbor to the southeast, Monsignor Herrera, Bishop of Malaga, is also his greatest foe. Monsignor Herrera stands for the liberal wing of the Church and is active in the north. It was his statement, in a suburb of the steel-producing city of Bilbao, that it was urgent "to take thought today for the redemption of the proletariat," which helped to launch the great Bilbao strike of December 2 to 11, 1953. Monsignor Herrera has long been preaching the need for the Church to ally itself with the workers against the blind antiquated egotism of the industrialists. He has come out for modern schooling and a program of social justice along Catholic but liberal lines. Many of the younger clergy, particularly in Navarre and Catalonia, are listening to his energetic message. The grounds on which Monsignor Herrera opposes Franco and the Falange are diametrically opposite to Cardinal Segura's. He sees in the Falange the allies of big business and the instrument of the kind of social inequity which is driving the people away from their traditional beliefs. Although the Bishop of Malaga probably welcomes the potential economic advantages in the Madrid–Washington pact, he cannot regard the support which American liberalism is bringing to Spanish fascism without mixed feelings.

So far Franco has adroitly played off the two wings of the Spanish Church against each other. At times he will echo Cardinal Segura's fear of innovation and foreign seduction; at times he will come out for social progress. The fact that the Vatican decorated him, last year, with one of its noblest orders suggests that Pope Pius XII approves of the Caudillo's policy of equilibrium. It parallels the Pope's own tendency to balance off the reactionary against the progressive parties in his Church—the German Jesuits against the French Dominicans.

Sometimes, however, the two wings of the Spanish Church unite to oppose Franco on a major issue. The primate, Cardinal Pla y Deniel, and the powerful and brilliant Church magazine *Ecclesia* have long fought government censorship and the lack of effective contact between the state and the poorer classes of the population. The motives of men like the Reverend Jesus Iribarren, editor of *Ecclesia*, are a complex mixture of zeal for the Church, a desire for social equity, and the fear that the major spiritual force in Spain is being kept from the people.

If, therefore, American thinking about Spain's future begins to favor a gradual evolution toward constitutional monarchy, it can find in the Church a powerful but suspicious ally. American senior personnel in Spain are growing increasingly aware of the clergy's role in determining the mood of the country. If Americans are not to become a new pawn in Franco's delicate game of counterweights, they will have to win the Church's trust and neutrality. This will require a kind of tact and insight which we have not displayed in—for example—Italy.

The Vanguard Against Communism

If we leave the Cathedral on Easter Sunday and go to the bull-ring, we will find it full of soldiers. They have taken the black mourning-bands off their guns and are sprawling around the arena in their odd hats and gaiters and frayed tunics. Even in isolated mountain villages we will find a multitude of soldiers sitting on the sun-drenched square, patching up their heavy shoes. The Spanish army is very large and very ragged—if one excepts certain elite units and the Caudillo's favorite Moroccan troops. It is large because conscription is necessary to avoid unemployment. Like all armies that have sprung out of a civil war, it is ill at ease about its glorious

and angular, and the landscape angularly. It does, nevertheless, have one flaming conviction: that it was the vanguard in the fight against world communism. To the Spanish Army the Alcazar and the battle for Madrid were the first round in the struggle between Christian civilization and Marxism. Consequently, Spanish officers, from General Franco on down, cherish the theory that the free world owes them a debt of gratitude which America is finally prepared to pay. When Franco sent his Blue Division to fight for Hitler in southern Russia, he was carrying out the logic of the Civil War.

THE Blue Division fared rather badly, and this illuminates the main problem about Spanish troops. Individually, the Spaniard is a cruel, enduring, and extremely intelligent fighter. But force him into a unit and his taste for anarchy and satire will get the upper hand. (After all, we owe to the Spanish the word *guerrilla*.) The idea of certain long-range planners in the Pentagon that the Spanish Army will one day replace the unwilling French as a supporting force in Western Europe is just plain silly. But the Russians—some of whose military commissars first drew blood in Spain—are very much aware that no one has ever garrisoned Spain successfully. In that sense, the idea of bases behind the Pyrenees has much to recommend it.

The Army has not been altogether happy with some of Franco's policies. He has shrewdly differentiated his own role from that of the general-become-dictator. True, he stresses his military qualifications and remains the commander of the armed forces in both outward uniform and actual power. But he has allowed himself to be deified by the Party and by a considerable segment of the population, and this has created a vital distance between himself and the other generals who fought with him. During the last war, moreover, Franco stubbornly and wisely outmaneuvered the younger officers who strained at the leash to join in Hitler's promenade through Europe or to attack Gibraltar from the rear. They have not entirely forgiven him his foresight or his continued insistence on peace and neutrality.

To the Army, the Madrid–Washington agreements are a tremendous boost. They mean that Spanish soldiers will have weapons whose ferocity is commensurate with national pride; that the old carbines and German rifles can be put away. It is true that certain old-guard officers look on America with contempt and would prefer a new military pact with Germany, but in general the military is delighted at the thought of a link between the Pentagon and the soldier yawning at the flies in Mérida or Teruel.

By June 30, 1954, Spain had received $141 million from the United States in direct military aid, and a major part of this sum is expected to go into the mechanization of Franco's divisions and the development of heavy artillery and radar. It also means a new lease on life for the embryonic Spanish air force, whose chief of staff, Major General Lorgoria, has been in this country to discuss the possible manufacture of Spanish jet fighters. At Badajoz, near the Portuguese frontier, there is already a jet training school with U. S. instructors, and some fifty Spanish pilots are being trained in the United States.

The Spanish Navy—a service drowsing in ancient glory—will profit too from American aid. Plans are under way to enlarge and modernize the military harbors at Cartagena, Cadiz, and Palma de Mallorca. From a purely military point of view, the acquisition of new and more sheltered bases for our Mediterranean fleet is probably the major gain of the Madrid–Washington arrangement.

The Army knows perfectly well that the *rapprochement* with America is Franco's personal achievement, the fruit of his endless tenacity at the bargain counter. Though there are monarchist undercurrents among certain officer cliques, it seems evident that the Army is backing the Caudillo with less equivocation than the Church and less caprice than the Party.

The Power of the Party

THE whole question of the Falange and its place in Spanish life has been the subject of more impassioned nonsense than any other aspect of contemporary Spain. The reason is simple: the Civil War is still a shining memory in the heart of Western liberalism—that finest hour before distinctions became blurred and it turned out that red flags do not always flutter for liberation and the brotherhood of man. The intellectual and the liberal

have forgiven Spain its return to peace—but they have not forgiven the Falange, the first fascist party to take to the battlefields. Old loyalties still burn, and you can find visitors to Spain who return with tales of a total police state, burgeoning with political prisons and secret agents at the next table. On the other side, there are those who find Spain freer than before and profoundly satisfied that the Caudillo has maintained peace and order after the long chaos.

No individual outside observer can shed much light here. It is obvious that Spain exists under surveillance and censorship. The buildings in Madrid where the outward acts of democracy took place stand shut. Travel twenty miles in the interior, even in the loneliest stretch, and you will come on a pair of armed guards by the side of the road, like shepherds tending an invisible flock. There is no organized political opposition; there are still political prisoners and sporadic acts of judicial tyranny (like the recent proceedings against Anarchists and Basque nationalists).

At the same time, people in cafés talk openly and pungently about the regime. There is no question that most Spaniards see the absolute necessity for strong leadership, take pride in Franco's return to something of a world position, and look on Western democratic processes as alien and even hostile to the national temper. Anyone who talks lyrically about the "enslavement of Spain" should bear two things in mind: (1) Spain has never had a strong parliamentary tradition on a national (as opposed to a local) scale; (2) political warfare in Spain has a savagery and finality an outsider may not see.

Had the Loyalists won, not a fascist might be left to talk about it. The atrocities on both sides were ferocious, and it is to Franco's credit that—for what may be purely selfish ends—he has tried to keep vengeance in bounds and sought to heal old wounds. Speak to an ex-Loyalist in Barcelona (a notoriously free and unafraid city) rather than to one in Mexico or the lobbies of UNESCO, and you will find that he would rather have the present regime continue in peace than take the risk of another civil war. This does not stem from cowardice or apathy, but from the conviction that Spain needs guidance and order if it is to wake from its long sleep of slow decay.

Behind the present reigning calm, and even behind part of the Caudillo's popularity, lies the hope that he is leading Spain toward a restoration of the monarchy. Sources close to Franco suggest that he has already chosen the Infante Juan Carlos, the elder son of Don Juan, over whose education he has kept close guard. Many who could not countenance an indefinite continuation of dictatorship are willing to let Franco build the bridge back to the crown. People who feel this way—and they are increasingly numerous among the middle and professional classes—are ambiguous about America's arrival on the Spanish scene. On the one hand they see in the end of Spain's isolation a symptom of Franco's gradual approach to a constitutional and more liberal solution. On the other, they fear that American pressures may encourage those who will try to establish a republic after Franco. They suspect that this would not be a republic, but a return to Falange rule under a puppet President or a hand-picked *Junta*.

In this pattern of gradual change, the Falange is the greatest danger. The Party has long felt that Franco has been ungrateful to it and played it off against the Church and the Army. It can make a genuine claim that there are men in its ranks who are eager to advance social justice and improve the lot of the people. But like all successful dictators in a one-party state, the Caudillo has seen to it that all good things appear to come from him and not his Party. It is, of course, true that members of the Falange enjoy numerous privileges and that Franco regularly declares in the columns of *Arriba* that the Falange is the heart of the nation. But there is little evidence that the Falange would acquiesce calmly to a return to monarchy, or that it will not try to pick a successor to Franco from its own ranks.

The Falange is the most rabidly nationalist element in the power balance. It has cheered Franco's diplomatic offensives against French Morocco and Gibraltar. It has watched with approval the Middle East and Far East tours of Franco's foreign minister, Señor Artaio. The Falange sees Spain as the champion of Islamic nationalism in North Africa, the elder statesman in the world fight against communism, the mother-country for Latin America, and the ally of the new Germany. A few years ago these claims would

[illegible] Today, alas, they [illegible] the Pentagon [illegible] State Department or Congress speaks [illegible] out of the French mess' or [illegible] the expectations of Spanish nationalism, and its perennial arrogance, increase. It is difficult for the Falange to believe that Senator McCarran and the pro-Spanish lobby do not, as yet, represent [illegible] United States.

But although the Falange approves of the Madrid–Washington pact in so far as it represents a major Spanish diplomatic victory, it does not regard with any pleasure the arrival of American personnel or liberal ideas. The Falange riots of October 29, 1953 were the result of clever underground propaganda to the effect that Franco had "capitulated" to American pressures and given certain assurances about Spain's political future. Franco's subsequent diplomatic offensive against the United Kingdom and his increased demands on the United States can best be understood as an effort to conciliate his Party.

The Falange poses a complex problem for the future. It will have to be watched closely lest it exercise too marked an influence on the aging Caudillo once America has poured funds and resources into Spain. The Falange would like to use America's stake in the country as a point of blackmail with regard to French Morocco or "Wilsonian self-determination" for Gibraltar. It is a sad irony that American money and skills may help strengthen a fascist party as ludicrous and sinister as its favorite slogan, *Viva la Muerte!*

Church, Army, and Falange are the three horses on whose backs Franco performs his astounding ride around the ring of Spanish politics. In his somersaults he lands now on one, now on the other. His formula for power and security is to keep all three abreast. The Madrid–Washington pact is the latest in a series of fiery hoops through which [illegible] has tried to jump. In what way this jump will affect the team's stride or its rider's equilibrium remains to be seen, but there is no doubt that American investment, diplomacy, and military strength are being involved in a [illegible]

Moreover, although the priest, the soldier, and the Party official stand for the most important organized forces in Spanish life, they do not represent the people as a whole. Between them and the population at large—in its tumbled villages and isolated farms—there is a barrier of apathy which neither exhortation nor propaganda have succeeded in bridging. The people are the dark, inflexible core of Spain, its obsessive problem, and its only real potential. The final question, therefore, is whether or not American aid and influence can get through to the people—the Spanish state being a Leviathan with a tiny head and a vast under-belly.

The Spanish People

Ask an outsider what he takes to be the main truth about Spanish life, ask any traveler what, above all else, he expects to find in Spain—and both will tell you about Spain's poverty. This poverty is less spectacular than it is in, say, certain regions of Italy, but it is deeper, and it has bitten its way into the land. In part, it is disguised by the people themselves. The Spaniard has a quality of silence and bearing, a natural grace of gesture, and an inward discipline which shame lesser men. Stop your car in some tiny hamlet on the plain of Calatrava; the children will come begging and their elders will stare at you out of their hard, quizzical masks. Then one of them will move toward you and ask you to drink out of his wineskin with that ancient condescension which made the word "Spaniard" synonymous with "proud" in the galleries of the Escorial or on the high poops of the Armada.

There is also the fact that many of the people prefer their brooding leisure to the kind of hard work that might improve their lot. As one poet said, Spain is a land in which angels' footprints are often seen on the ground, and even its humblest people have a curious sense of unreality about things of this world. That, of course, is precisely why Spain has so many saints and bullfighters.

Grant all that—grant that a Spaniard moves more gracefully on an empty stomach than other men, and that there has been some real progress in the last years—you are still faced with the overwhelming fact that Spain is abjectly poor and underdeveloped.

The main reasons for Spain's poverty are the century-long deterioration of the land, the

lack of a full-scale industrial revolution, the ravages of the Civil War, and, above all, the climate. Spain exists, in fact, by the special grace of God and rain.

The drought of 1953, for example, profoundly impaired the national economy. It reduced the olive-oil yield (the mainstay of Spanish agriculture) from an average of 550,000 tons down to 280,000. The wheat crop declined by some 25 per cent, and Franco was forced to import seventy million dollars' worth of foreign wheat to stave off a major crisis. The drought lasted into December, and went over vast stretches of land like a torch. Then in February there came an intense cold wave which seriously damaged the citrus orchards (a main source of export).

As though climate alone were not enough to bear, techniques of crop rotation, irrigation, and defense against frost are unknown in many areas. And often government planning runs contrary to reality; reservoirs have been built at great cost in areas where it hardly rains more than one year out of four.

The Economic Booby Trap

IT IS exceedingly difficult to convey an accurate picture of Spanish wage scales because minimum needs are different from those in other countries and food prices are often low. The most striking fact, perhaps, is that raw material prices in 1953 were seven times those of 1937, whereas wages have only risen two and a half times in the same period. Let us take a few samples: minimum wages in the metal industries are 16.10 pesetas a day; a physician in the social health program earns some 300 pesetas a month; a construction worker receives some 120 pesetas a week; in Old Castile and Andalusia, the farm worker averages some 11 pesetas per working day and is not paid when there is no work for him. Put against these figures the fact that meat averages 30 to 35 pesetas a kilogram, and you have a rough idea of how tight the situation is.

The government—particularly its Minister of Labor, Señor Jose Antonio Giron—is keenly aware of the situation. But so far, the greed of Spain's industrialists and the recurrent economic morass into which the country periodically flounders have canceled out wage increases by rising prices. The whole economy has substituted inflation for development. That brings us to the major question—how will American aid affect the living standards of the Spanish people?

ON THE face of it, things look promising. Spain has been allocated $85 million in "defense support aid," and a supplementary agreement provides for the use of 3.5 billion pesetas in counterpart funds with which to finance the construction and road work associated with American bases. Work is about to start on air-base construction worth $60 million at Torrejon (near Madrid), at El Copero (near Seville), at Morón (also near Seville), and at Saragossa. Some $19 million has been allocated for the development of naval bases, and there are ambitious plans for a pipeline to link the air bases with one another and with Cartagena, site of the important Escombras Refinery.

Spanish authorities further hope that American investors will follow in the wake of defense funds and participate in Spain's industrial future. Laws have been passed calculated to attract foreign capital, and efforts are being made to silence bad memories—such as those associated with the mistreatment of foreign investment in Barcelona Traction. The Banco Central of Madrid has sent its clients a cheerful and complex account of the "infrastructure" of American military and civilian personnel, telling them whom to see about obtaining contracts and funds.

But when one looks below the surface, the whole picture is disturbing. The credits opened by the Madrid–Washington pact have been used very slowly. Many of the Spanish industrialists competing for contracts turned out to be in no position to execute them: raw materials often existed only on paper. German firms immediately offered to take on subcontracts for the American bases and to accept part payment in American food surpluses originally intended for Spain. Despite evidence that this food may be resold to the Soviet Zone of Germany, Senators McCarran and Welker have come out in favor of this plan.

There is also a more fundamental difficulty about the whole idea of American aid. Spain is in so unhealthy a state that the intake of unearned dollars in large quantities will merely bring more inflation. Already the release of the 3.5 billion pesetas in counterpart

[illegible] is meant an increase in fiduciary circulation [illegible] normally 5 per cent of [illegible] budget. In such areas as construction and rents, the very prospect of American arrival on the scene has caused sharp spurts in prices and artificial scarcities.

Furthermore—and this is the heart of the matter—there is little reason to believe that a solution of these economic problems at the governmental and contracting level will bring direct benefits to the Spanish people. Spain is a classical example of a country to which American aid brings inflation and wealth for the wealthy. The forces of production are too weak to ensure that benefits at the top get through to the bottom. The material and labor which American demands will draw from one sector of the Spanish economy will make other sectors still poorer. Spain does not need air bases; it desperately needs factories, schools, hospitals, roads, and agricultural equipment.

THE average Spaniard is a shrewd and suspicious observer. In many cases, he has already convinced himself that American aid will be of no use to him. So he has sat in his movie house and watched a savage little satire on the effects of the Marshall Plan on a Spanish village—or he has dropped in at the local Falange to hear America denounced as "a bloodsucker."

That is the tragedy of the present situation. America genuinely wants to see to it that help reaches those who need it most, but it cannot interfere with the government and the industrialists on whose support we rely in the Cold War.

These are unpleasant truths, but they have to be faced. In France, Italy, and Greece there was the danger that the lower classes would look to Moscow if their wretched lot was not improved. In Spain this danger does not exist simply because the Spaniard is inherently an anarchist. But he is also a master of hatred and obstruction, and American aid may reap a harvest of enemies.

THERE is one more vital fact that must be kept in mind: the Washington–Madrid *rapprochement* was a deep shock to liberals and socialists throughout the world. It has given Communist propaganda a new and formidable weapon in its campaign to prove that the United States supports fascism from Formosa to Madrid. It has convinced many honest individuals and political leaders in England and France that the forces of neutralism and liberalism must combine against a new "axis"—a Bonn–Madrid–Washington right-wing lineup.

The only way we can turn this line of propaganda against communism is by proving that we are entering Spanish affairs with a real desire to help the population, not to strengthen the Falange. This means that American public opinion and diplomacy (rather than a few extremist Senators) will have to influence Franco toward social reform and a saner economic system. Yet—and that is where the tightrope act comes in—this influence will have to be exercised without arousing the bristling pride and anti-foreign instincts of the Spaniard.

Time and again in Europe and Asia our finest intentions and generosity have turned the very people we wanted to help against us. This has happened wherever we have dealt with rotten regimes and archaic economic institutions instead of gambling on the people. Time is getting stingy; we cannot afford to make an enemy of the Spanish people.

These are some of the perplexities and concerns which should accompany the Don Quixote of American aid and advice as he rides toward his castles in Spain.

An outstanding critic and writer turns the tables on the analysts who are endlessly explaining what literature really means and why writers really write.

Psychoanalysts and Writers

Malcolm Cowley

With a mixture of wonder and what the Freudians call resistance, or a negative transference, I have been reading some recent psychoanalytical reports on books and writers. Many of the reports are subtle and stimulating, but others, for all their abstruse language, are essentially as simple-minded as the scribbles on the wall of a schoolhouse toilet. Of course this is a post-postgraduate school and most of the students wear Phi Beta Kappa keys, but some of them, emotionally speaking, are still eleven years old. They can't write very good English, but they have heard about the puzzling world of books and they want to reduce it to a series of notions that can be understood by the eleven-year-old mind. If they are old-fashioned Freudians, they tell us that the author was a little boy who wanted to strangle his father and sleep with his mother. If they are new-fashioned Freudians, they say that he never reached this Oedipal stage of libido development, but was only a baby howling in rage because his mother wouldn't give him her breast.

Freud himself loved books and wrote about them with critical understanding. On several occasions he advised his disciples not to make generalities about the artistic process. "Psychoanalysis," he said, "can do nothing toward elucidating the nature of the artistic gift, nor can it explain the means by which the artist works." Here I am concerned only with those disciples who, refusing to follow his advice, have been writing about authors much as Lombroso used to write about the criminally insane. Among them is Martin Grotjahn, M.D., who gives us a psychoanalytical reading of *Alice in Wonderland:* it is "a highly recessive daydream" that reveals the "schizoid personality" of the author, as well as his "compulsive character traits, his often paranoid behavior . . . and his childhood experience as the son of a minister and the oldest of eleven siblings." Alice herself is a castrated phallus—like most little girls in popular art, so Dr. Grotjahn says—and her adventures "represent a trip back into mother's womb."

William H. Desmonde, Ph.D., explains the story of Jack and the Beanstalk as "an incestuous masturbation fantasy or dream, of a regressive nature. The miraculous stalk growing from the beans is the erect phallus, and the little old lady with the fairy wand is the phallic mother image. . . . Pursued by the menacing ogre for his thefts, Jack castrates himself; the beanstalk shrivels at the first touch of the hatchet, and the threatening father image disappears."

Both these doctors, one of medicine, the other of philosophy, write for a quarterly magazine unknown to the general public, but read with attention by analysts and social workers; it is called the *American Imago.* Many of the articles it prints are useful explorations of new fields and others, I regret to say, are silly. Among the sillier contributions is one by Arthur Wormhoudt, Ph.D., of St. Cloud, Minnesota, Teachers' College, who

...sts that high-school teachers of English ... students a psychoanalytical ... of *Ivanhoe*. To make the in... tation easier, Dr. Wormhoudt explains ... book presents vivid examples of oral and anal eroticism, homosexuality, and both the Oedipus complexes, positive and negative. He holds that the destruction of Torquilstone Castle, set afire by the discarded Saxon mis... of Rebecca, from de Bœuf, "enables Scott to express most forcefully the climactic experience of feminine orgasm." The students will be edified.

In another essay Dr. Wormhoudt explains Keats' "Ode on a Grecian Urn." The poem, he says, is an example of regression to the oral level of sexuality and the urn itself is "the counterpart (mouth or cup) of the Muse-mother from whose fountain-breast the poet derives the unconscious identification of words—milk. In his conflict with the talking breast the poet raises an aggressive defense: It is not true that I am dependent on mother's breast for sounds—liquid, I can supply myself. The compulsive flow of words in poetic inspiration is the result of this unconscious mechanism."

For the basic theory on which Dr. Wormhoudt's insights are based, a footnote refers the reader to a book by Edwin Bergler, M.D., who is another frequent contributor to the *American Imago*. That sent me back to Dr. Bergler's book, which I had read somewhat impatiently when it first appeared in 1950. On second reading it impressed me as a real Muse-mother and fountain-breast of inspired nonsense.

Writing and Other Neuroses

To state his dogma briefly and as fairly as I can: Dr. Bergler believes that writing is the symptom of an illness that goes back to the earliest stage of post-natal life. At that stage the infant regards himself as an all-powerful monarch, but soon his omnipotence is threatened: he feels hungry and the mother keeps him waiting for breast or bottle. Reduced to helpless rage, the tiny monarch fancies that the mother "intends to *starve, devour, poison, choke, chop to pieces, drain, castrate* the child. . . . That 'septet of baby fears' becomes deeply embedded in the child's unconscious." He tries to revenge himself on the mother by acts of aggression, but finds that they lead to punishment. Thereupon the normal child diverts his aggressive impulses into games and make-believe. The future neurotic persists in his aggressive acts, is punished time and again, and finally learns to enjoy punishment—even to provoke it, so that he can luxuriate in a sense of guilt. He becomes an "orally regressed psychic masochist," like Keats and Lewis Carroll and the anonymous author of Jack and the Beanstalk.

Such is the mechanism that—according to Dr. Bergler—underlies writing, alcoholism, and homosexuality. Since all are types of oral regression, "there is nothing remarkable in the fact that they are frequently found in combination, or that the combination of writing and alcoholism is even more frequently observed. It must be stressed, however," the doctor adds judiciously, "that the triad is *not* typical of all writers." What is typical of them all—besides their masochistic attachment to the mother as "that giant ogre of the nursery"—is the depth of their regression and inner guilt. As an adult every writer is "a perpetual defendant indicted before the tribunal of unconscious conscience. To counteract that indictment," Dr. Bergler says, "an alibi is instituted—the artistic creation. The inner alibi goes like this: 'I am not masochistically attached to Mother; Mother does not even exist.' Thus, in the process of productivity, the writer acts *both* roles: that of the 'giving' mother and [that of] the 'recipient' child: he gives himself, out of himself, beautiful ideas and words, thereby establishing autarchy."

"The idea that the writer is objective, and the highest representative of the time or of the culture in which he lives is, politely speaking, ridiculous." Elsewhere Dr. Bergler, speaking less politely, accuses every writer without exception of being a masochist, a sadist, a peeping Tom, an exhibitionist, a narcissist, an "injustice collector," and "a *depressed* person . . . constantly haunted by fears of unproductivity." The masochistic impulse lies deepest in his character, but it is concealed by sadistic acts that serve as "a pseudo-aggressive alibi—hence the chronic rebellion of the writer and his chronic attack on institutions, mores, prejudices."

And so with another pair of symptoms:

"The writer is an exquisite voyeur (imagination), who transposes the voyeuristic tendency into exhibitionism as a defense: by writing, he exhibits before the reader." "Being himself a neurotic, [he] is as competent to describe love as a blind man is to describe colors." "Writers concern themselves in their work exclusively with abnormal human reactions. Normality is not a subject dealt with in poetry of any kind."

"How about normal writers?" Dr. Bergler asks, and then dismisses the question. "The *epitheton ornans* 'normal' does not suit the writer; it corresponds to a *contradictio in adjecto*. It is as if one were to say: Hot snow, humanitarian Nazi, fragrant putrefaction. I have never encountered a normal writer, either in my office, or in private life, or in studying the life history of writers. I doubt if anyone has met such a phenomenon as a 'normal' writer. Normal people just don't feel impelled to write."

Dr. Bergler feels impelled to write and has published ten books, in some of which he plays the part of literary critic. By his own principles he would stand convicted of various abnormalities, including masochism, sadism, voyeurism, exhibitionism, narcissism, and a deep regression to the oral level of sexuality. He wants us to understand, however, that his principles don't apply to the exceptional race of psychoanalysts, whose knowledge exempts them from human faults.

"In twenty years of psychoanalytic practice," the doctor says, "I have seen a great deal of neurotics, *intra* and *extra muros*. The most depressed, pitiful, and sordid lot has been that of writers." His statement would hardly apply to the many working writers I know. Sometimes they are more depressed than "normal" persons—whoever those may be—but at other times they are more than normally elated. They laugh more than the business people I also know. They like to have parties at which they eat well, with lots of wine at dinner, talk excitedly about persons and places, flirt and flatter, and late in the evening they like to dance—if they are under fifty; sometimes the older ones dance too, but often they merely talk. Young and old they are usually good talkers, which means they are also good listeners; they get attention because they give attention. Not many of them show symptoms of having the serious malady that has come to be known, I don't know why, as the literary temperament.

Perhaps it is time for one of the working writers to emulate Bergler and Wormhoudt and others of the type by trying to answer the very old question, how writers get that way. Perhaps, in the course of the discussion, the tables might be turned. Perhaps the writer might offer some critical or even clinical remarks on the many analysts who, without revealing any trace of literary feeling or verbal competence, insist on writing books and papers in which they tell us what literature really means.

How They Get That Way

I don't know how it is that writers first come to develop the word-mindedness that is the essential mark of their profession. Perhaps Dr. Bergler is partly right and it is really some event in earliest infancy that sets them on the path they will follow through life. The question is hard to discuss in practical terms, because not one of us remembers back to the time when he did or didn't regard his mother as the giant ogre of the nursery. I can remember being punished, and pretty often, but it doesn't seem to me that I derived any conscious or unconscious pleasure from the punishment. On the contrary, I tried very hard to avoid it, sometimes by telling lies—if I didn't think they'd be found out—and sometimes even by being a good boy. There were three remembered circumstances or stages in my boyhood and early adolescence that made me think of becoming a writer when I grew up. Since the same stages can be found in the life of almost every other writer who has tried to set down his memories, they might—it is always possible—have more to do with his choice of profession than any trauma in early infancy.

First, I started reading when I was six and kept it up for the next ten years. My mother used to say that she might as well have lost her son, because he never talked to her any more and she hardly ever saw his face, it was always in a book. I don't think I got much out of my early reading, except a miscellaneous lot of historical and geographical items that somehow stuck in my head. I read in a daze and sometimes didn't remember the

[illegible] But the [illegible] and [illegible] new words, [illegible] inner conversation that had already [illegible] when I was six and that still continues [illegible] I want to believe that all writers were great readers before they started to write. The boy or girl whose nose is always in a book is likely to think about writing books of his own.

Second, I wasn't adjusted to any group and had no playmates most of the time. When I wasn't reading I often told stories to myself, as lonely boys are accustomed to do. The stories, though told in Pittsburgh, were usually concerned with three young Scottish Highlanders, Donald, Dugald, and Duncan, whose names I had found in a book of fairy tales. Donald, the leader, was an honest, brave, resourceful lad, but when I was ten years old I began to get bored with him and introduced another character named Allison, who was brilliant and reckless and always getting into trouble. I didn't know at the time that Alison, written with one "l," was usually a girl's name. My fictional character was named for my best and almost my only friend, Allison Crawford, whom I had met outside the East Liberty branch of the Carnegie Library.

He was two years older than I, a sandy-haired boy with a high, thin bridge to his nose that gave him a look of quizzical contempt. I thought, and still think, that I had never met anyone so brilliant or so far beyond his years.

[illegible] some stories that are still remembered by his high-school class-[illegible] He also began to visit the red-light district that flourished on Second Avenue, chiefly because he thought it was the reckless thing to do. At sixteen he contracted gonorrhea, which was never cured. At seventeen he got into a street fight with an amateur boxing champion. He was kicked in the bladder, complications set in, and he died a few months later. At twelve and thirteen, when I knew him best, he already seemed to [illegible] with him an intimation, almost a halo, of early death. The stories I told myself about Allison usually ended with his being killed by traitorous Southrons, after he had recklessly saved the lives of Donald, Dugald, and Duncan, who would never forget their friend. After I had followed the real Allison to high school, I wrote a story about the fictional Allison that was admired by my English teacher and was read aloud to the class—but that marked the beginning of a third stage in the future writer's career.

Before discussing it I should say that loneliness at some period in childhood or adolescence is an experience of all the writers who, as Dr. Bergler would say, I have met *intra et extra muros*. Their isolation hasn't always been physical. Sometimes the future writer is part of an affectionate family group, but still he has a feeling—whether or not it is justified—that he is neglected by his brothers and sisters, disregarded by his schoolmates, left standing pitifully alone. There may be any one of a hundred or a thousand different reasons for the feeling. One boy is persecuted for looking effeminate—"Yah, sissy!"—and another for being poor and not dressing like other boys. Still another is an alien, the only Jew in his class, a Negro in a white neighborhood, or a Yankee in the South. Often the future writer has a physical defect that may be ugliness, shortsightedness, a disfiguring birthmark, or a club foot like Philip's in Somerset Maugham's *Of Human Bondage*. The novelist explained later that he had given Philip a club foot because it seemed to be the psychological equivalent of his own boyhood stutter.

The isolation might also be caused by a domestic tragedy. When a famous poet was eleven years old and living happily in Savannah, his father went mad, killed his wife, and committed suicide. The children were separated and the future poet was sent north to live with his aunts in New Bedford, where, having no playmates at first, he read and dreamed. A still more famous author, Nathaniel Hawthorne, suffered an injury to his foot that kept him confined to the house for two of his boyhood years; they were the years in which he acquired his taste for solitude.

At Harvard I knew a young man who was handsome, tall, came of a good family, belonged to several clubs, and wrote poetry. I told him that he reminded me of the riddle: What animal has soft fur, sharp claws, catches mice, and barks? Of course the animal was a

cat. When you asked why it barked, you were told that no riddle should be too easy. My friend's poems were like the cat's bark—or so it seemed until he explained that he had injured his heart as a boy. Kept alone in his room he had read a great deal and had begun writing poems to keep himself company.

All these are examples of wounded people, although the wounds are of various orders, physical and emotional. Sometimes the future writers recovered from their wounds and became well liked and well adjusted to their world without losing the desire to write. Maladjustment and unhappiness at one level may be a precondition of adjustment at a higher level, as teachers often forget when they try to make every child fit into the group. In any case the wound itself was usually less important for the future writers than was the temporary isolation to which it led.

The isolation gave them time to read, tempted them to conduct imaginary conversations with imaginary playmates, and also helped to create the sense of perspective that writers have to possess. Forced to live somewhat apart from their classmates—and later from their business associates—they could look at them as if from a distance and might even learn to move about almost invisibly—"in the fourth dimension," as Kipling said that he did in his Indian days. Finally—since they fancied that other boys and girls looked down on them—they tried to assert their personal worth by the best available means: by telling others, or by writing down and trying to publish, stories like those they had already told themselves.

That begins a third stage in the future writer's career, the crucial stage at which his work is received with a measure of social approval. People sometimes ask why all the boys and girls who are passionate readers, who spend much time alone and fall into the habit of telling themselves stories, don't try to become writers. One answer is that not all of them have enough talent. But how do they learn, in terms of practical experience, whether or not the talent is there?

Quite simply they show something they have written to a teacher or to their classmates and find whether it is approved. Perhaps their compositions are read aloud in class and the class listens, or even laughs at the jokes. Perhaps they are seized by the itch for publication and hand-letter or typewrite or mimeograph a school newspaper that is passed from one student to another; if there are favorable comments, the future writer hears them.

Perhaps the school paper already exists and he contributes jingles or stories. He is told that a girl he has always admired, but has been afraid to approach, was impressed by one of the stories and said it was "positively brilliant." That is strong wine for a high-school boy, especially for one who has always fancied that he was disregarded or even despised by his classmates. A football or basketball player might take the praise for granted, but it intoxicates the boy who has been a lonely reader. Dreaming of victories he determines to go on writing—or, if there are no victories and nobody likes his work, he wonders whether he mightn't win success and social approval in some other profession.

I am simplifying a process that continues through school and college, and sometimes for years after. In the end one might say that the writer has been nominated by his teachers and classmates and elected by a body of readers; his choice of a profession has been socially confirmed. I have never met a young writer of promise who wasn't eager to have his work printed and praised. "Exhibitionism!" Dr. Bergler has told us, but his remark is another example of a bad habit to which many other psychoanalysts are addicted, I mean the habit of explaining all types of social behavior in terms of sexual aberrations. An exhibitionist, in the primary sense of the word, is a man or a woman—but usually a man—who gets a sexual thrill from indecently exposing himself. A young writer exposes his mind, sometimes indecently, but his desire to be read and praised is completely normal, in this world where all of us are hungry for social approval.

All of us, artists and salesmen, executives, mechanics, and day laborers, are engaged in a competition for social status, and the competition is perhaps fiercer in high school than it is in later life. The status of future writers isn't exalted. In a big-city high school there are always the athletic crowd and the social crowd. Usually there is also the literary crowd,

...ranks below the other two and is some-
... [illegible] ...but still
... [illegible] ...a little
... [illegible] ...them some-
...ve above the undifferentiated mass of students.

There are times when the skills of the [illegible] writers are needed by the others. School news must be gathered and written down, a class oration must be delivered, and graduation exercises wouldn't seem complete without a class song or a class poem. Very early the future writers acquire the habit of being read, and soon the reader has become an essential part of their writing. Some of them will afterward create the image of an ideal audience: they will write for the approval of Goethe and Tolstoy, or of Yeats and Rilke; but they will also count on having readers among the living. If they lose the sense of having those readers, of being socially useful and approved, they will often find that they can't write any more, no matter how hard they try. Some of them may go to a Freudian analyst to have their professional status reaffirmed.

The Giant Ogre of the Nursery

DR. BERGLER, who specializes in curing writer's block, would tell them that they "want to be masochistically refused"—if he wrote English he would say that they wanted to enjoy the masochistic pleasure of being refused—"by the pre-Oedipal mother, that giant ogre of the nursery." In offering this explanation—which he says applies to writers "with amazing monotony"—he would be illustrating still another weakness of many psychoanalytical theorists, including not a few contributors to the *American Imago*. They want to find a pre-verbal pattern for every verbal expression and a pre-social pattern for every form of social behavior. Moreover, they try to trace the pattern back from the crib to the bassinette and thence to the womb. One pictures them dripping with amniotic fluid as they tell us, scientifically, just how it feels to be a happy foetus. Often they describe the birth trauma as if they had just undergone that shattering experience; they tell us, scientifically, that it is the cause of all our psychological ills.

Dr. Bergler is a little less radical than some of his colleagues. He is willing to grant the infant a few weeks of life in the outer world—say eight or ten—before it begins to exhibit that primal pattern of neurosis for which the doctor has been seeking. Once found, however, the pattern proves to be so broadly inclusive that it explains, scientifically, both alcoholism and homosexuality, as well as the behavior of every writer from Shakespeare to Mickey Spillane. It even explains the difference in talent between them, for Dr. Bergler would tell us that Shakespeare's unconscious ego was able to wrest a greater degree of compromise from his inner conscience, or superego: the compromise was *Hamlet*.

IN ADDITION to the unscientific dogmatism of such a theory, and its complete lack of literary feeling, it also reveals a serious logical weakness. Logically the first form assumed by any psychological condition isn't the same as its cause and isn't the same as the condition existing today. We might take for example the baby's reaction to its mother. Although we don't know how the baby feels, we might reasonably assume that the mother (or the nurse at the hospital, who is never mentioned in psychoanalytic literature) is its first experience of what might be called "otherness." That is, the mother appears as something outside the baby, immensely more powerful than the baby, capable of granting or withholding benefits, and essential to the baby's nourishment.

Later this conception of otherness, or motherness, would be extended to the father, by a process of analogy that is deeper than logic. Still later it would be extended to many other persons and institutions, or natural conditions, so that it would seem quite reasonable for us to speak of mother earth, mother nature, alma mater, the mother tongue, and the mother country. At last it would be society at large that occupied the mother's place and assumed her functions; here again it was something outside the adult, immensely more powerful than the adult, and capable of granting or withholding benefits. The nourishing milk of society would take the form of personal income, or simply of money.

Many psychoanalytic formulations make better sense if we change two simple words

in them: if we read "money" when the analyst says "milk" and "society" when he says "mother." "You suffer from a feeling of insecurity," the analyst may tell his patient (or subtly lead the patient to conclude for himself), "because your mother took her breast away; she weaned you too soon." Analysts usually talk about breasts, even though most of their patients were bottle babies.

Perhaps, if the patient is a writer, his real reason for feeling insecure is that his last book didn't sell, and a manuscript was returned by the *Saturday Evening Post*, and he doesn't know where the money's coming from.

Writers have other worries too, like everyone else in this imperfect world, but they are engaged in a financially hazardous profession that makes them think a little more about money than most Americans are forced to do. I know a distinguished writer named, it doesn't matter, but let's call him George Ollendorf, who suffered a quite serious breakdown at the age of forty. He was undergoing the forty-year-old crisis that appears in the life of so many writers, not to mention other citizens; they fear that their lives are settling into a monotonous pattern and they don't know whether it can ever be broken. In my friend's case the pattern was a mixture of fame and poverty; he had a family to maintain, a position to support, and very little income.

"I worried all the time and couldn't work," George said. "My friends found me some very good doctors and therapists, but I don't think that any of them helped me in the least. Then Betty inherited a good deal of money, enough to keep us going for a long time. I felt better right away and I've been working ever since."

The Lady and the Pirate

I HAD not then, and I have not to this day, got over the wonder and disgust caused by the tone in which so serious and unworldly a vocation as that of authorship is spoken of; and of all the broad instances of such coarseness that I met with, this New York application affords the very grossest. Mr. Harper, the head of the redoubtable piratical publishing house in New York, said to me in his own shop, "Come, now! tell me what you will take for your book!"—"What book?"—"O! you know you will write a book about this country. Let me advise you."—"But I don't know that I shall write one."—"O! but I can tell you how easily you may do it. So far as you have gone, you must have picked up a few incidents. Well! then you might Trollopize a bit, and so make a readable book. I would give you something handsome for it. Come! What will you take?"



—From Harriet Martineau's *Autobiography*, London, 1877, commenting on her contact with American publishers on her American trip, 1834–36.

After Hours



Little Boy Brummel

This summer seems to have been the season for hyper-activity in the clothing field, especially for men. As usual, the forces for reform were readily defeated. For the second season in a row, the New York *Daily News* came out fiercely for city wear of the Bermuda-length, or British, shorts—surely the only topic on which the *News* can be found in a pro-Empire posture. Yet, if anything, there seemed to be fewer shorts on the streets at midday than last year and they looked, if anything, less comfortable. In the name of freedom, the stylish had put on a more formal collar, tie, and jacket than ever and long, woolly socks—thus freeing to the breezes no more than a pair of bony knees.

This fashion has almost achieved the unique distinction of being old-hat without ever having been adopted. In its place, for pure shock effect, the male making a gesture of rebellion has been replaced by the female doing the same in her matador (or is it toreador?) trousers, an innovation I'd not [illegible] and non-masculine as it is. None have appeared yet on the menfolk, but since *Mademoiselle* advertises "India pants" for both sexes it can't be for lack of opportunity.

In short, a time of turmoil and indeterminate sexual identity. The men's shoe trade announced lines of "casual" lavender and gold footwear for the fall. "The college crowd," reported the *Wall Street Journal,* "is said to be dyeing the traditional whites pink." Several weeks back I saw a man with so stringy a string bow tie that I was emboldened to invent an "Edwardian" fad for myself and wear a pleated shirt to the office; the men were unimpressed but the women all wanted to know where I'd bought it. Somewhere here there was a thin line between style-leadership and making yourself ridiculous, but not even the U. S. Army—which capitulated to the general sartorial hysteria by adopting a new shade of green uniform—had discovered it. "An Army-wide survey," said the *New York Times,* "showed that 92 per cent of enlisted men wanted a change from olive drab . . ." It was not true, as earlier reported, that the shift would waste two billion dollars' worth of old uniforms; the correct figure was a measly nine and a half million.

Forces which move through the national scene so powerfully and so invisibly are very difficult to assess. Where does the impetus come from? Who gives the cues? Which leads will be followed and which disregarded? Obviously it is not a matter of common sense, or we would long since have had shorts for summer in New York and an end to this backing-and-filling. Each year there are improvements and each year they replace last year's—yet we seem not to advance. Some sort of lid is being held down on a boiling mixture of adventurous impulses, so that they reveal themselves only in spurts of ineffectual steam. Each new miracle-garment seeks nothing so much as to look like the one it is intended to replace. The massed talent of the synthetic-fiber industry is turned loose on the problem of making summer suits that are increasingly light-weight, increasingly washable, and increasingly crease-resistant—but not a buttonhole is moved a fraction of an inch. Truly, you might be tempted to think, we are a stolid people.

And yet I am increasingly convinced that this effect is not the result of judgmatical inertia but of its opposite; we are far too permeable to styles, too quickly swayed by fashions, to be able to accept them more than a little at a time. We are conservative in self-defense, for a craze can cross America before you decide whether or not to accept it. Formerly it was an appealing statistic of the lady's garment trade that *x* number of weeks elapsed between the appearance of a dress in the Paris salons and its reappearance, at a fraction of the cost, on Seventh Avenue. But now, for men, that gap has been narrowing toward the instantaneous—until, last year, we were finally confronted with a new style appearing virtually at the same moment at both the high and low levels of fashion: the tasseled black moccasin. It had every cachet except exclusiveness.

This undermining of snobbery's vested privacy, of course, has been going on for some time. "When I was at Harvard in the late twenties," a friend was saying recently, "you didn't wear gray flannels and a tweed jacket unless you knew you were entitled to; now apparently the uniform has been downgraded." For myself, I have long been concerned about the necktie situation, which is approaching chaos. The old-line stores have progressively been losing their ability to stock an acceptable selection of ties, with the result —to give away a priceless secret of skilled consumership—that one of the few reliable sources now left is Bloomingdale's. Unfortunately, however, Bloomingdale's insists on selling ties to all comers, many of whom are not the type person you might want to sit down and drink a *pousse café* with—well, you can imagine the possibilities for confusion. Take the gray flannel suit with, say, pink shirt and black knit tie. It started in the colleges, swept through the account executives, was taken over by press agents, and is now *de rigueur* for self-respecting juvenile delinquents. Where do we go from here?

Style moves with devastating vigor its wonders to perform. No hovel is safe from it, to paraphrase Mr. Whistler, no Prince may depend on it. It is no more controllable in Moscow than here, to judge by the outraged editorials in *Pravda,* for some gifted Russian seems to have invented the zoot suit. And our cousins the British, in return for giving us the long shorts, are now suffering some of the consequences of "Americanization." Recently their upper classes were frustrated to discover how quickly a mode could be compromised. They took up the fashion for the "Edwardian"—long, flaring jackets with turn-back cuffs and tapered trousers—only to have it enthusiastically adopted by the clerks and office boys of the dance-hall set and ruined for Etonians. Welcome to the twentieth century, gentlemen; we have been trying to deal with this problem for decades and have learned to respect it.

We have learned, for one thing, the perils of competitive dress—at least, I know I have. It is a dangerous thing in this country to try to outsmart someone by guessing what he will wear and going him one better. Once, when I had occasion in Washington to interview a cabinet officer of conservative manner, I made this mistake for the last time. I dug out my darkest suit, shirt with modest cufflinks and detachable collar, regimental tie, black shoes —the works. But I knew the moment I came in the door that I had been outplayed in dressmanship and might better not have bothered. He looked exactly the same, with one exception. Round collar.

Now is it a simple matter of styles moving downward: those that move upward, though less numerous, often seem more pervasive and permanent. Witness the majestic onslaught of khaki and blue denim. But what puzzles me is the survival of male fashion leadership, though by all accounts it should be impossible, on the part of minority groups like college students and advertising executives. The latter are particularly perplexing, since their dominance is far greater than their mere influence on ads would lead you to expect. The city's second largest industry, the idea business, is under the stylistic sway of the radio and television networks, which are led in turn by the advertising business. "We talk like them," said a cost accountant from NBC-TV, "we act like them, and we dress like them."

I asked him why this was so, since the "boys from the agencies" were by no means the richest or most powerful. "That isn't it," he said. "I think it's because we regard them as our superiors in zeal."

That is the closest I can come to the secret, and the opportunity for American emancipation. With enough self-confidence, all things are possible—and the American attitude is still best described by the story of the man who went into the Army with the new pair of brown shoes. He had just bought them and wanted to wear them out. Appearing with them on, for his first reveille, he was questioned by his sergeant: "Whassa matter wid ya shoes?" When he explained the situation, the sergeant was unimpressed. "I suppose ya gotta top hat ta home, too?"

As a matter of fact, the new soldier said, he

"Den why aren't ya wearing da hat?" asked the sergeant.

"With brown shoes?" the recruit replied.

American Landscape V

"A TWO-MOTOR plane," the pilot said to me, "only gives you a sense of false security in country like this. You want a plane that will glide. You want a plane that lands slow."

Forty or fifty miles to our right the snow on the caps of the Rockies was dead white against a sky the color of slate, accented by an occasional finger of lightning.

The plane dropped sharply in a down draft.

"How far did we fall?" I asked.

"Couple of hundred feet, I guess," the pilot said. "Sometimes you drop a couple of thousand."

Directly below us was a domed mountain with the trunks of fir trees strewn on it like matches thrown casually on an anthill, the helter-skelter left by a forest fire.

"It's a lot smoother than I thought it would be with this much weather in the mountains," he said. It was the first time the plane had dropped at all. "We'll have to take the grand tour today to get around the storms."

THE matchstick mountain moved back and we flew into a valley ringed by hills and cut by dirt roads and streams. It was green silver and green gold where the sun was on it but it was mottled by irregular pools of cloud shadow whose banks changed shape as they moved and we moved.

"I've seen the weather close in in five minutes around here," the pilot said. "You want to be able to get down in a hurry. You can do it with a ship like this. You just want to put it down near a farmhouse so you can get a cup of coffee while you wait for it to clear."

The plane was a single-motor, four-seater Cessna. "This is the best plane for mountain work like this," the pilot said, and then in a minute he added, "I'd rather fly in these mountains than anywhere in the world."

If he felt that way about it, I had no reason to disagree with him. He liked his plane; the game of hide-and-seek with the weather; he knew and enjoyed the mountains and had enormous respect for them and the tricks they could play. I felt a lot safer with the mountains sliding away several thousand feet below me than I had when I had driven over them a couple of days before. There were, anyway, no sharp curves, no yawning chasms, no slippery sandy surfaces in the sky. There was, of course, straight down, but then there's always straight down.

Everyone, I decided, should be rich enough to order up a plane for a jaunt like mine, or at least everybody ought to have somebody else, as I did, to pay for such a ride. I was in Aspen, Colorado, in June at a conference of designers that took place in today's equivalent of a Chatauqua tent. It is an annual affair



at which there is serious discussion of the responsibility of business for the art of the designer. Mr. Walter Paepcke, the chairman of the Container Corporation of America, is the founder and guiding spirit of this lofty occasion where, as one of my colleagues said, paraphrasing Longfellow on the subject of "Maidenhood," there gathers a group of people

> . . . standing with reluctant feet
> Where culture and big business meet.

Culture and big business had got me to Aspen and they had also assumed the responsibility for getting me away from there. When I asked how I was going to get to Denver to catch a plane back to New York I was told that I could either take a taxi (205 miles) or a plane. "Just call up The Little Percent," I was advised.

The Little Percent, I discovered, is the name of the taxi company in Aspen (little percent of what, I don't know), and when I found that I'd have to get up at 5:30 A.M. to get to Denver by car I decided I'd ask about a plane, which I found didn't cost very much more than a car.

"Be at Aspen airport at 11:00," the lady who runs The Little Percent said to me in a good Vassar tone of voice. "The plane will come for you at 11:30."

I was there, but I wasn't sure the Aspen airport was. It was a meadow with yellow and black markers on it and a small clapboard building with the words Aspen Airport painted on its roof along with a tremendous aspen leaf. I stuck my head in the door, which was unlocked. The building consisted of an empty room with an old motor of some sort sitting in the middle of the floor. There was nobody around and no telephone. I went out and sat on my suitcase and started to write a bread-and-butter letter. At eleven twenty-nine I heard the hum of an airplane motor and at exactly eleven thirty the little Cessna put down in the meadow, taxied over near where I was sitting and the pilot got out.

"You Mr. Harper?" he asked. I said I was. He picked up my suitcase and stowed it behind the seat. We taxied to the end of the meadow.

"Here we go," said the pilot.

And we went.

Patter Familias

A PIECE of counsel in the answering of questions by the young has been passed on to me by Elizabeth Enright, who has now and again been a contributor to *Harper's*. Recently her six-year-old son, the youngest of three, demanded one of those answers that have to be given in a hurry if they are to be given at all.

"Mummy," he said, "why are you my mother?"

"Well, I guess, because I bore you," she replied.

After a pause came the response she should have foreseen. "Oh no, Mummy, you don't bore me. And I don't think you bore Nicky either.

—*Mr. Harper*



The New Books

by

Gilbert Highet

Sound and Fury

On August 2, 1954, exactly forty years after the British declaration of war on imperial Germany, William Faulkner published a strange book about the first world war. He had been working at it for nine years, and thinking about it for much longer than that. It is called ***A Fable*** (though it is not a fable, but something quite different) and published at $4.75 by Random House. All Faulkner's books are peculiar; most of them are shocking; many of them are both difficult to understand and incredible when understood. This is one of the most peculiar, shocking, difficult, and incredible of all.

If *A Fable* had been sent to me as an anonymous book for review, and if it had not borne the unmistakable marks—marks? no: stigmata—of Faulkner's prose style, I should have said that it had been conceived and written about 1925 (possibly as a long narrative poem) by a young man who had fought in the first war and had become an extreme psychoneurotic as a result of his experiences. It would scarcely have seemed possible that it was the work of a sane man who had lived through both world wars, still less that it was a major novel by a winner of the Nobel Prize. But it is, and we must therefore take it seriously. This will be difficult. Faulkner does not understand Europe as he understands the American South; and, if his conception of the real world and actual history is usually fantastic enough, then his fantasy is sometimes like the nightmares of a maniac.

Here is a summary of the main plot of *A Fable*. Basically, it is a description of a dramatic event which is supposed to have occurred in the last year of the 1914-1918 war, interpreted both as a conflict between father and son, and as a moral and social crisis, and as a parallel to the mission, betrayal, crucifixion, and resurrection of Jesus of Nazareth.

In May 1918, the Allied armies were under the supreme command of a French marshal. In fact, the generalissimo was Marshal Foch, but in this book he is never named and is not closely identified with Foch except in rank. Call him Q. (Faulkner represents him as emphatically old in 1918, but Q was then sixty-two, five years over Faulkner's present age.)

Q, born in 1856, was the heir of many different kinds of human power and dignity: enormous wealth, through his godfather, an international munitions-manufacturer; political influence, through his uncle, a cabinet minister; social distinction, through his aristocratic mother and aunt; intellectual brilliance, through graduating from St. Cyr with the highest marks ever made at the Academy; and moral austerity, through refusing a staff post and choosing a frontier station far away in the Sahara, where he remained for six years or more. (The time-sequence is confused at this point.) In 1885 Q was promoted to lieutenant-colonel, retired from the army, and entered a Buddhist monastery in Tibet.

After spending an undefined period in this retreat, Q emerged again, and visited a small remote Slavic country in central Europe—perhaps Serbia. There he seduced and deserted a married woman, who left her home and died, giving birth to a son in a stable on Christmas Eve. Before abandoning her, Q had passed her a purse full of money. With this money, one of her daughters (called Marthe or Magda) brought up the boy and also looked after an idiot sister called Marya. Eventually she made her way to the French colony of Lebanon and thence to France, where she married a French farmer. Q's illegitimate son, whose surname was either Brzonyi or Brzewski, became a French citizen and served his time in the army. When the war started, he re-enlisted, fighting with such

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[illegible] the Médaille Militaire. In [illegible] married a prostitute, partly to revenge [illegible] on his aristocratic father. Meanwhile [illegible] the father, had re-entered the army too and had risen to the highest positions of command.

None of this is related directly in *A Fable*. Following his usual technique, Faulkner assumes that it has happened, and then refers to it as it passes through the minds or is discussed in the conversation of his characters. Hence the gaps; hence the occasional inconsistencies; hence also any mistakes I may have made in retelling the story. (If there are such, I regret them.)

To proceed. By 1917, Brzewski, now thirty-two, and a corporal in the French army, was the leader of a small group of soldiers who circulated through the Allied lines preaching peace, love, and an immediate cessation of hostilities. He had already executed several notable, though not miraculous, acts of kindness in the midst of the universal effort of murder. In May 1918, at his instigation, an entire French regiment mutinied, refusing to leave their trenches and charge when ordered to attack. The contagion seemed to be spreading. The war stopped, in a "false armistice." Corporal Brzewski and his twelve followers were put under strict arrest; the regiment was disarmed and removed to a prison camp. But the war had ceased on both sides—or (as Faulkner puts it) "remanded." A German general therefore flew into the Allied lines, visited Q, the French generalissimo, together with the ranking British and American generals, and agreed that if any other units on either side refused battle they should be massacred by their own artillery. Shortly after this a British battalion left its trenches unarmed and approached the German lines. They were met by unarmed Germans. Before they could fraternize, the barrage fell, and obliterated them all. One of the corporal's twelve followers had betrayed the plan. The war resumed, to continue until the real armistice came, six months and many human lives later.

Corporal Brzewski was examined by a group of Allied officers. A British colonel said he knew him as a British soldier called Boggan, whom he had seen killed at Mons in 1914. An American captain identified him as a U. S. soldier whom he had buried at sea in 1917. However, he was now alive and under arrest. His father, Marshal Q, took him out of prison and tempted him with promises of life and power, but failed to persuade him to disappear or retract. A priest who visited him also tempted him, failed, and committed suicide. On a Friday morning Brzewski was executed by a Negro firing-squad between two thieves (introduced rather hastily in the preceding chapter). His sister took his corpse to her farm for burial, but it was caught in the renewed bombardment, and vanished.

Later, after the war ended, a disreputable squad of French soldiers was sent to Verdun to pick out an unidentifiable corpse for burial under the Arc de Triomphe. They sold the corpse they got, in order to buy brandy, and then bought another on the way home. It proved to be that of Corporal Brzewski: so that the Christlike figure who almost stopped the war became the Unknown Soldier of France.

His father, Marshal Q, died in 1925, full of years and honors. During the funeral, the old man's coffin was insulted by a crippled English veteran, who threw Brzewski's Médaille Militaire at the cortege, with a brief bitter denunciation of patriotism and all its seductive slogans. And so, in a scream of rage and the roar of an infuriated mob venting their fury on a pitiable human wreck, ends this astonishing book.

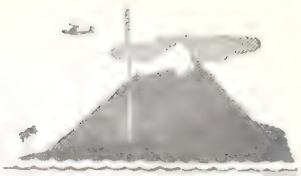
The Language

Naturally this is not all. Faulkner seldom writes a novel without interweaving several different and sometimes apparently unrelated stories. So Brzewski's influence is shown not only in the main story of a mass movement, but in the doubt and final despair of a young British officer who wants to be a gallant airman like Bishop or Guynemer and kills himself when he feels the pressure of a different ideal; and also in the history of a British infantry officer who surrenders his rank for idealistic reasons, follows Brzewski's example, is caught in the barrage with which the war resumes, and is nearly lynched by the mob at Q's funeral. The principle of evil is represented not only by Q, but by a bitter French general like Nivelle, and by a sinister British soldier who runs a kind of private life-insurance scheme throughout his battalion and is anxious for the killing to continue.

This little monster (we are told in a long flashback) had been a miraculously successful horse-handler. During the two years before the war he had had a strange career in America, where he stole a champion racehorse, cured it of a broken leg, and won races with it throughout the central and western States, always one jump ahead of the police, finally shooting the horse and disappearing.

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see a prison corridor described as

> intact, immune, empty of any life or sound save that of their boots, the whitewashed stone sweating in furious immobility beneath the whole concentrated weight of history, stratum upon stratum of dead tradition impounded by the *Hôtel* above them—monarchy revolution empire and republic, duke farmer-general and sans culotte, levee tribunal and guillotine, liberty fraternity equality and death and the people the People always to endure and prevail. . . .

THIS is part of Faulkner's genius. What his people say and do is so intense and violent that it must be commented upon in a style of equal intensity. Also, he means us to read slowly and meditate carefully upon what we read: those richly convoluted sentences are not an affectation; they are one of his methods of dominating his readers, *compelling* them (if they read him at all) to listen with the inward ear, to feel, and to remember. Furthermore, Faulkner is a tragic writer. Therefore he understands that there can be no tragedy without some beauty of proportion and expression. Princes and poets and some saints may speak in eloquent phrases when they suffer tragically. Faulkner prefers to write of the agonies of simple people: accordingly, it is he who elevates his stories to tragic dignity by the richness and majesty of his words. Many of his phrases are grand and powerful; some are beautiful; their rhythm often seems to penetrate far below the level of intellect and reach the very soul.

Yet his rhetoric is often spoiled by his own ignorance or carelessness. He uses the American-English language like an inspired but clumsy schoolboy. It is a sad pity that his advisers or his publishers cannot get him to use a good dictionary, or, failing that, clean up some of his grosser mistakes before sending his manuscript to the printer. He does not really know the meaning of some words he uses in this book and in his other novels; often he malforms words by constructing them on false models (like Harding's abortion, *normalcy* for *normality);* and he will throw so many images together that the effect is confused and absurd.

So his fine and individual style is marred by blunders like the "mud's foul *menopause";* "Frer argot *immolated* into the inter tional salons"; "hierarchate" hierarchic; "abolishment" for abo tion; "any *minuscule* of dang (minuscule is an adjective, not noun, except in the typographi sense); "his heroic *derring*" (a vag memory of Spenser's fake archai "derring-do"); "expedite" for expe tious; "*pander* his lusts" (for panc to); and "simian-like" ("simia means apish, and the "–like" quite needless). In the short passa quoted above, is it clear even a second reading exactly what Fau ner means by "impounded"? affectations of learning are so times distressing too: a man fr the French Midi is not a *Midi* but a *Méridional,* and the plu of *paterfamilias,* if anyone wants use it, is not *paterfamiliae,* heav forbid. In passages of quiet descr tion these gaffes would not mat so much, but when they mar a so ing burst of eloquence, their eff is disastrous. It is as though heard Macbeth saying that all gre Neptune's ocean would not wa the blood clean from his hand, a then going on, "No, this my ha will rather the multitudinous se incarnation."

The Symbols

TURN now to the plot of *A Fab* Does it seem credible as a sto of the first world war? Some of horrors we can accept: an arr commander might well order artillery to destroy a unit which w about to desert, leaving a gap in line and exposing all his forces capture or death. But others, thou imaginative, are unbelievable. Fau ner himself—to judge by the evasi writing of that particular chapte can scarcely swallow the idea that 1918 the French, British, and Ame can commanders made a deal wi the Germans to prevent a spontan ous cease-fire by shelling their ov troops: he cannot make the Germa emissary convincing, and he kno that Pershing and Haig, at lea would have been incapable of su an infamy. Again, is it possible believe that the French called f three American volunteers to ent

French military prison and shoot French general? Or that they ould have sent no officers, nothing it an "awkward squad" of drunken ivate soldiers under a deskbound rgeant, to choose the body of their nknown Soldier? Or are these and nilar incidents merely melodrama- distortions, intended by Faulkner ot to represent historical truth, but ther to symbolize certain feelings himself holds about the war?

he Characters

ONSIDER the characters. Q is not the real Marshal Foch: viously. But he is not only un- al, he is impossible. No human ing who ever lived, not even apoleon or Caesar, ever possessed ch a combination of brilliant in- lligence and vast wealth and istocratic distinction and moral sterity and unchallengeable power. is not a man. He is a symbol, or ther a mass of symbols. In creating Faulkner has reverted to his own dolescence. He has manufactured father-image who contains every- ing a young man resists and spects in his superiors—authority, isdom, self-control, and cruelty mbined with gentleness. With his enomenal gifts and his mythical reer, Q is not a man like Luden- orff or Smuts: he belongs to the me dream world as those other ther-images, the giants and wizards the fairy tale.

As for the son, he is a failure oth as a symbol and as a person. he publishers have filled the book ith Christian crosses, in case any ader should miss the parallel be- veen Brzewski and Jesus; but the arallel is superficial at best. Faulk- er gives us no coherent account Brzewski's growth and develop- ent, and never makes him say ything truly impressive: the con- ersation at the Last Supper is com- onplace and even coarse. For many nturies ambitious authors have ttempted without success to con- eive a Christ-figure which should ossess the amazing intensity and ndividuality of the historical Jesus; ut Faulkner's failure in this work more emphatic because his cor- oral is inferior to some of his own eations. Brzewski scarcely pos- sses the dignity of Lucas Beau- champ, the tormented Negro of *Intruder in the Dust,* or the spiritual [illegible] Joe Christmas of *Light in August.*

No, we cannot believe *A Fable.* But we can scarcely forget it. It is not a fable, but a fantasy. It is what happens in a nightmare. It is not war: it is what ordinary soldiers have so often felt about war: *They* are forcing us to die. *We* want to live, *They* are the system, *We* are human, *They* love war, *We* wish for peace with our brothers, *They* are the old men murdering *Us,* the young. The same feeling appears in books about World War I, like Remarque's *All Quiet* and the autobiographies of Robert Graves and Siegfried Sassoon. Yet the fantasy is acceptable only to those who think exclusively of the 1914-1918 war. It can hardly mean much to those who saw the Germans occupying and brutalizing half the countries in Europe and murdering helpless prisoners with a methodical thoroughness which did not disguise their zest—still less to those who faced the Japanese or Chinese, either as their opponents or as their captives. Brotherhood between enemies appeared feasible in 1918. In later wars it has become less and less possible, and the best we can hope for at present is the uneasy truce which holds among jungle animals during a flood or a fire.

Incredible and limited as it is, *A Fable* is an eloquent and moving book, which says something worthy about an important subject. What it says is closer to poetry than to prose, closer to ideal than to fact: if the hearts of human beings could meet, wars and hatreds would cease. This is the main theme of Jules Romains' *Men of Good Will,* and, interestingly enough, it is the issue on which that fine novel also parts company with hard fact and sober description. *A Fable* might have been a wonderful poem. Instead, it is a dream narrative in which tender melancholy, woolly thinking, and tragic nobility combine with bitter realism to make a vision both cruel and kind.

IN RECENT years there have been several good critical studies of Faulkner's work. Irving Howe's *William Faulkner* (Random House,

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IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

Some came in the holds of slave ships, dreading the future, while others stood on the decks of dingy steamers, dreaming of the promised land—but by the turn of the century we were becoming a people, made up of many races and cultures, yet slowly taking on a character of our own. Here is our story—Irish, Negro, Italian, Jew, Mexican, Japanese—from the optimistic days when the St. Louis fair symbolized the growing industrial might of America, to Communism, McCarthyism, and the Bomb.

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$3) is the closest analysis of the novels themselves. W. V. O'Connor's ***The Tangled Fire of William Faulkner*** (University of Minnesota Press, $4) gives many valuable personal data; and Ward Miner's ***The World of William Faulkner*** (Duke University Press, $3.50) contains interesting comparisons between Faulkner's imaginary Yoknapatawpha and the real Lafayette County where he lives and writes.

After reading *A Fable*, one naturally turns to Faulkner's own biography to see what kind of war experience he had; and one is astonished to learn that (according to O'Connor) he was a cadet in the Canadian Royal Flying Corps but was not commissioned until the war was over and was never in combat. (Nevertheless, when he returned to Mississippi, he "sometimes wandered about barefoot, sporting an overseas cap, wide army trousers, and a monocle.") When one visits Mississippi nowadays, one is told stories that confirm this general impression. His neighbors seem to consider him distinguished, brilliant, unique, but extremely and hopelessly eccentric: they imply that he can write eloquently, but cannot see the world as it really is.

Thus Faulkner is a paradox. Often he writes realistically; but he thinks like a fantasist or a poet. For him, a normal existence, a happy home, an orderly career, are insults to the spiritual powers of man and woman; a life which is not intense, neither "dumb and suffering" nor "calm and furious," is unthinkable; he will not describe it and he will not accept it as a standard. The mistake is to expect him to be a realistic novelist, describing what other people can see and measure: "the South as it is" (or even "as it was"), "the Negro problem," "the rise of materialism." He does not wish his readers to study conditions and learn facts. He wishes them to understand his own special view of human life: mankind defeated by its own weaknesses and passions, yet sometimes victorious through endurance and gallantry. He is not to be compared with documentary writers such as Zola and Lewis and Bennett, but rather with those storytellers and playwrights who work as the mind of a sleeper works—taking a group of facts from waking life and then remolding them into an impossible and yet coherent dream. Such was Dostoevski; such was Strindberg; such were the American visionaries, Melville and Poe.

With this article I take my leave of *Harper's Magazine*. I shall soon be assuming other duties, incompatible with my status as a reviewer. Still, it is with reluctance and regret that I break the connection which began in September 1952. The work has been hard, but extremely interesting. The chief difficulty of course was that of choosing out of the hundreds of books which came in month by month, those which were ambitious or original enough to be worth reviewing. Several good ones were missed altogether—for instance, Leon Uris' *Battle Cry*, Bruce Catton's *A Stillness at Appomattox*, and the stories of Par Lagerkvist. Many valuable philosophical, historical, and aesthetic works were selected and read but then were buried under the flow of later books, as so much good nonfiction often is. Some books which charmed me personally seemed too specialized to recommend to the general reader: Eleanor Clark's witty and learned discourses on *Rome and a Villa*, Vincent Cronin's eloquent appreciation of Sicilian history and art, *The Golden Honeycomb*, and Gilbert Ryle's astute philosophical analysis of *Dilemmas*. Some fine books, such as Will Durant's *The Renaissance*, I had neither the time nor the learning to criticize. But I did try to discuss as many different kinds of books as possible, and I hope I succeeded.

Looking back over these two years it seems to me that the weakest of all the books published were the historical romances: like so many of Hollywood's historical films, they were often packed with ludicrous misrepresentations of fact and disgusting errors of taste. Just above them (but not far) came the autobiographical novels, usually both pompous and shapeless. Realistic novels continued to grow coarser in expression and incident. There were several during this period which (as Swinburne put it) raked among the sewage for the choicest bits of filth.

have never been able to enjoy that ort of thing; and I could not accus om myself to reading words and hrases, in a serious novel, which I hould strongly resent hearing poken aloud even on the lips of a runken tramp. Of the poetry it ould be kinder not to speak. On he other hand, American historical riting outside fiction appears to me o be growing better year by year: ne could very well form a fine ibrary with little more than the ooks of history published since the nd of the second war. A number of ompetent aesthetic writers have merged in recent years; but so far ve have few philosophers to succeed ames and Santayana.

The most interesting general rends I have observed are three: irst, the steady improvement in cience-fiction, or rather fantasy-fic ion; second, the increased number f novels dealing with distant lands eldom or never treated in fiction; nd third, the popularity of books lescribing the conquest of danger: xploration books, books of incredi ble seafaring like *Kon-Tiki*, books bout diving in deep waters and limbing high mountains, books of esistance to and escape from the Germans and Japanese and Russians, books about lonely people surviving in a hopeless wilderness. As long as we respect and enjoy such books, we cannot be called either hysterical or soft.

Let me conclude by thanking all those readers who have been kind enough to write and express their interest in my reviews, and by assuring the editors that I have felt it both a pleasure and an honor to be associated with *Harper's Magazine*, which I believe to be one of the stabilizing forces in American intellectual life, today as throughout the past hundred years.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

FICTION

The Iron Maiden, by Edwin Lanham.

This book is advertised as the story of what happens when a "dynamic, glamorous, and ruthless woman marries the young owner of a large metropolitan daily, and takes command." Actually the major part of the book consists of flashbacks about the lives of several members of the staff before she takes over. The pictures of life in the newspaper office before the presses start rolling each night, of the interrelation of the various members of the staff—especially of their relations with the star girl-reporter—of their individual hopes and fears, are all admirably and sympathetically drawn—though one is sometimes confused about where the flashbacks end and the present begins. The story is full of credible romance and narrative excitement and one reads with mounting interest to the very end. The end itself I could not believe. Too many people step out of character too arbitrarily and without sufficient preparation in the reader's mind—or at least this reader's. To be sure no character can be expected to be all black or all white but one has to know which side one's sympathies should be on. Instead one feels a little betrayed at the end; a little let down about the human race. But a fascinating story worth reading even to be let down. By the author of *Another Ophelia* and *Thunder in the Earth.* Harcourt, Brace, $3.95.

From this point on, each book of fiction and one of non-fiction has at least one death by violence. If this be the relaxation demanded for the summer, make the most of it.

The Time of the Fire, by Marc Brandel.

The story of the brutal murders of three women (based most surely on John Bartlow Martin's "Butcher's Dozen"?) and how they infected a whole town with fear and suspicion. The first sentence reads: "It was the town barber who found the first body." I defy anyone to leave it after that. Well sustained suspense, well written melodrama by the author of *Rain Before Seven.*

Random House, $3

The Green Place, by Keith Jennison.

A tight little story about a young man who spends a day in the city park trying to decide whether to take a job that involves the firing of another man. His girl says take the



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A PROVINCIAL IN PARIS

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LEOPARDI

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By Iris Origo

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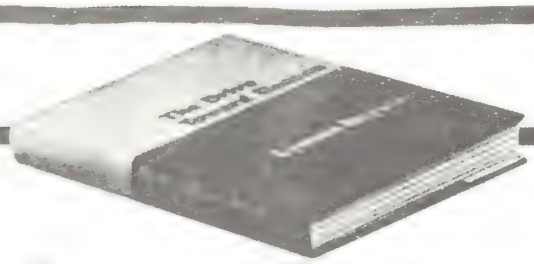
Adlai E. Stevenson

CALL TO GREATNESS

This new book by the spokesman for millions of Americans is the only writing he has done since the conclusion of his thirty-nation world tour. It takes inventory of the problems and perils that America faces today and sets forth the heartening evidence of our ability to survive and to compete with totalitarianism.

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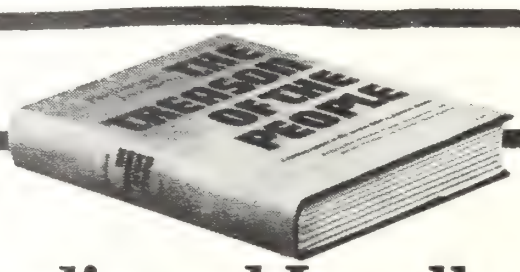
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or lose her. It is full of nice
ing and amusing dialogue in
e of very violent episodes, includ-
a murder—much too much vio-
e in too short a time to make the
on really convincing. The hero
ides what he will do, but the
ler does not quite see the logic
his conversion.

Funk & Wagnalls, $3

e Dream and the Desert, by Uys
ge.
book of eight tense and exciting
t stories by a South African. His
English short story, "Death of a
u" (in this collection), was pub-
ed in this magazine four years

Houghton, Mifflin, $3

NON-FICTION

Roosevelt Family of Sagamore
, by Hermann Hagedorn.
informal but dignified and de-
tful story of the life in the large
ily of Theodore Roosevelt (there
e six children). Mr. Hagedorn
written or edited nine books on
and knows and feels for his sub-
probably as deeply as anyone
ide the family. Fortunately he is
only an admirer but a poet so
while the book is full of affec-
and insight the moments of
tion are sharp and intense and
r slip over into sentimentality.
e are the remarkable energy and
e, as unsparing in games with the
lren as in war and politics. Here
days in the White House, the
ish of Quentin's death (not defi-
ly reported for two or three
), his great affection for his
dchildren, his extraordinary ca-
ty for voluminous family cor-
ondence in the midst of the
demanding life. At the time of
leath someone wrote: "It was as
military band had stopped play-
One has something of the same
of sudden silence after finish-
this book. August selection of
Book-of-the-Month Club.

Macmillan, $5

lurder in Paradise, by Richard
man.
n Bartlow Martin, already men-
ed in this column, has made such
rt of crime reporting that like
rt it seems easy and has many
ators. This re-creation of the brutal murder of Marian Baker in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, on January 20, 1950, and the trial of the confessed murderer, Edward Gibbs, is in the style of Mr. Martin but somehow lacks his directness and simplicity. It is overdetailed, the background (religious, respectable Lancaster) is overplayed. It shows, as Mr. Martin's *Why Did They Kill?* showed, the terrifying hairline between sanity and insanity and how the "normal" world fights the findings of psychiatry. The final chapter, the funeral of the murderer, is perhaps the most frightening of all. It is an earnest book and a tragically absorbing one, but one can't help feeling that the author not only makes his point but wallows in it.

Rinehart, $3

FORECAST

American Biography

Last month we listed books which are coming in the fall dealing with the American past. Apparently our self-examination carries over into biography. On September 8, Lippincott is publishing *Howells and the Age of Realism,* by ***Everett Carter,*** which the publishers say is a reappraisal "running counter to the new criticism." In September, too, Bobbs-Merrill will launch two more biographies in its "Makers of American Tradition" series, *John Dewey,* by ***Irwin Edman,*** and *John Marshall,* by ***Henry Steele Commager;*** Rinehart is publishing *They Called Him Stonewall: A Life of Lt. General T. J. Jackson,* by ***Burke Davis;*** Macmillan announces *Annie Oakley of the Wild West,* by ***Walter Havighurst;*** and Morrow has a book called *From Gun to Gavel: The Courtroom Recollections of James Mathers of Oklahoma,* by ***Marshall Houts,*** coming September 29. There is an unusual diversity in modern American autobiography, too, for fall: *Many a Good Crusade,* by ***Virginia C. Gildersleeve*** (Macmillan); *R.S.V.P.: Elsa Maxwell's Own Story* (Little, Brown); *My Several Worlds: A Personal Record,* by ***Pearl Buck*** (John Day); *The White Gate,* by ***Mary Ellen Chase*** (Macmillan); and yes, ***Louis Armstrong's*** autobiography, called ***Satchmo,*** of course (Prentice-Hall).

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By JAMES T. FISHER, M.D. and LOWELL S. HAWLEY

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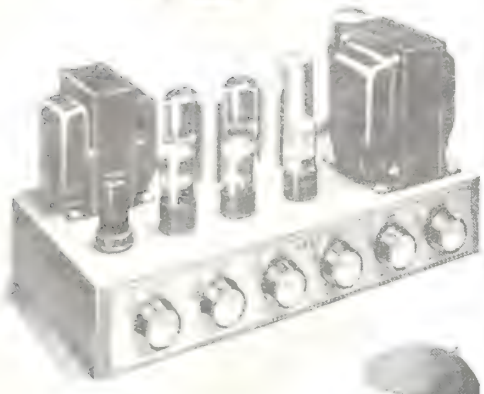
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THE NEW RECORDINGS

Hi-fi Phonograph vs. "System" Equipment

Edward Tatnall Canby

It has been a year since High Fidelity broke loose from a seven-year incubation to become a national pastime—and a year, too, since the large makers of standard machines, belatedly recognizing the appeal of the "hi-fi" designation, launched the present floods of home "high fidelity" phonographs.

Today all phonograph equipment —large or small, cheap or dear, one-piece or in separately acquired "components"—is indiscriminately labeled high fidelity. The confusion among the many who have heard about "hi-fi" for the first time is indescribable. It is, however, primarily linguistic. But with everything and anything now in the "hi-fi" category, how can we judge real values in terms of our own individual interests?

The fact is that in spite of clear improvements in the standard phonograph, which has become newly "hi-fi," the basic situation is not greatly changed. There are still two different types of home equipment, the one-piece, mass-produced retail phonograph and the separate-unit "system" (the original hi-fi) assembled from individual components — amplifiers, changers, speakers—out of various specialized manufacturers, bought at net through radio-audio parts stores and "sound salons." It is only in the fringe area between these two, formerly distinct and separate, that significant changes are now occurring.

(1) The one-piece phonograph will always outsell all others not only because of much wider advertising and distribution but because it is admirably tailored to fit the American mentality. It looks good (to most of us), carries prestige in its name, takes little space, and any dub can turn it on and off. Tonal deficiencies are easily overlooked (especially by those who know their music) in view of these advantages—*in the absence of direct competition.*

It was that competition, from ominously increasing numbers of "hi-fi systems," that promoted the invasion of "high fidelity" by the big makers.

The new big-company models are the old ones drastically brought up to date. They sound a lot better. They bring you the highs, where the old ones didn't, and distortion is reasonably low; they use much improved pickups, wide-range ceramics or occasionally the excellent GE mag-netic; and their amplifiers are vastly improved. Many an older phonograph, brand new, produced as much as 50 per cent harsh harmonic distortion at full volume. The reputable new equivalent, at a guess, aver-

Worth Looking Into . . .

Rubinstein Plays Brahms (Late piano works from opp. 76, 79, 117, 118, 119). RCA Victor LM 1787.

Rubinstein can be a fine musician —and is here. No banging; the piano beautifully recorded.

Brahms: Clarinet Sonatas, op. 120, #1 and #2. L. Wlach, J. Demus. Westm. WL 5236.

Beautifully resonant recordings, the piano mellow and alive, the clarinet subdued.

Debussy: Three Sonatas. Fournier, Doyen, Janigro, Wanausek, Weiss, Jellinek. Westm. WL 5207.

Similar full-blown recording of the strange last three works of Debussy, sonatas for violin, cello, and one for flute, harp, and viola.

Schubert Lieder Recital. Eliz. Schwarzkopf; Edwin Fischer. Angel 35022.

For Lotte Lehmann fans: Schwarzkopf is her successor. A superb recital, with fine pianism.

Weill: Threepenny Opera. Theatre de Lys production (N. Y.), with Lotte Lenya. M-G-M E3121.

Vivid period-piece from the twenties, in English. The music as such isn't great but as a show it is superb. Banjos, blatty trombones, blues.

ages 5 per cent. Good. (But the cheapest separate hi-fi amplifiers do as well, the better ones rate as low as a tenth of one per cent!)

Inevitably, the small phonograph's greatest weakness is still in the speaker system, in spite of the much-acclaimed and very ingenious trick acoustical enclosures, the "3-D" multiple small speakers. (An excellent idea, by the way.) Now, instead of no bass at all—the musical ear has always been able to fill it in—we have a juke-box boom, astonishing from such small machines. Fine for much listening. But even so, not a one of these small built-in speaker arrangements can compare for good bass with the simplest of separate (and larger) speaker systems as universally used in the "component" type of hi-fi.

Finally, remember that most one-piece phonographs still sell at a high retail mark-up. That may mean a shrinkage in your buying dollar that offsets the economy of mass production.

(2) Meanwhile, separate-unit, net-price hi-fi is booming. The values it offers, for a bit of inconvenience and some daring among the uninitiate, are as great as ever. It still is true that dollar for dollar the sound from this type of equipment is incontestably superior to anything you will find in the one-piece, ready-made field, except in the bottom price categories.

Below $100 mass production still wins.

Explorations

Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach: Piano Concerto in D; Trio for Flute, Violin and Piano. Helen Schnabel, pf., C. Wanausek, fl., W. Schneiderhan, vl., Vienna Philharmonia, F. Ch. Adler. SPA-37.

C. P. E. Bach: Concerto for Orch. in D (arr. Steinberg). Haydn: Symphony #85. M-G-M Chamb. Orch., Solomon. M-G-M 3109.

One of the pleasures of widening experience, exploring the LP catalogue, is in getting to know the music of that odd in-between period of a few short years that lies between the Bach-Handel-Vivaldi era and that of Mozart and Haydn. We seldom heard any of its music before LP and in truth it was not a time of giants. But our more realistic feeling of today—that music worth hearing comes from plenty of lesser men than the lords of musical creation—allows us to appreciate to the full the strength of expression that made the Bach sons leaders in their day.

Our first reaction to this "in-between" music is one of astonishment—that such polished and stylistically sure music-making can so oddly combine the traits of the earlier and later periods, to us so sharply unlike. Mozart-style concertos for harpsichord, symphonies with figured bass, trios, as here, that seem a cross between a Handel trio-sonata with harpsichord continuo and a Mozart or early Beethoven trio for equal instruments—a paradox of styles that, of course, is not really paradoxical at all; music doesn't jump from period to period, as our music classes suggest, but progresses in continuous change.

Once this novel "mixture" is heard in its own terms (ranging from the Bach to the Mozart style), the individuals themselves begin to appear—and no composer has a more appealing personality than Bach's reticent but gifted older son, Emanuel, the most influential musician of his time. His style is nearer his father's than the effervescent art of the younger Christian Bach, but Emanuel's music has a personal, poetic, thoughtful expression, wholly unlike J. S. Bach. His poignant use of brief, telling phrases, of emotionally colored harmonies, his love of the miniature, and his predilection for the keyboard, especially the tiny clavichord, relates him to Chopin. But like Haydn of the same period, he covers his expression with an outward lightness and a sparseness of means that are at first misleading, until the sense penetrates. Then we can understand his greatness.

The SPA record is a splendid addition to the Emanuel Bach repertory. Helen Schnabel plays with fine *rapport*, gracefully but seriously, to bring out the best in Emanuel, and so do the others: only what I gather is a worked-out figured bass in the trio seems out of style in spots, though unobtrusively. Excellent recording.

The Izler Solomon recording of the Concerto is another story, an over-florid arrangement *à la Stokowsky*, with fussy playing of the romantic sort to match. But the slow movement of this piece is one of the great moments in all music; its strangely tortured dissonance, expressed in the most reserved two-part counterpoint, is unique and its power comes through here in spite of the Wagnerian treatment by the players. It's worth the whole disc to hear it. The Haydn on the reverse is routine and mechanical.



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Mozart: Quartets, K. 80, 155, 156, 157. Barchet Quartet. Vox PL 8510.
Mozart: Early Symphonies. (Numbers 1-25). Netherlands Philh., Ackermann. Six LPs (numbers not in order). Concert Hall 1165/6, 1177/8, 1193/4.

This wealth of music is an interesting reflection, indirectly, of the period referred to above, between Mozart and Bach; for it was the work of that period, of course, that first influenced young Mozart himself.

The first quartet, K. 80, was composed when Mozart was fourteen, in an odd moment of leisure during one of his child-virtuoso trips to Italy; the other three are from two years later. K. 80 is, surprisingly enough, rather amateurish even if we allow for the fact that the string quartet was a new conception at the time. Its Italianate turns and cadences, of the Pergolesi and Sammartini sort, are oddly un-Mozart. But the next three are remarkable improvements —even with genius, practice makes perfect. Already these are fully formed quartets, lacking only in significant things to say. A fine study for anyone who wants to hear how Mozart "got that way"; the great quartets will sound the greater for it.

The same thing is true of the array of twenty-five symphonies, complete, that make up the superb series that Concert Hall has been issuing periodically for some time. The first of these, not yet even symphonies but nearer the Italian *sinfonia* (from opera), are arrangements of other men's work, study pieces; the last is the familiar "Little G Minor," the earliest of the big works that extend to number 41. Study or no, you will find astonishingly beautiful music in this series if you take each work for itself without laboring the comparison with the late symphonies. A most sympathetic and musical performance makes the difference between a mere historical treatise and living music.

Poulenc: Sextette. Hindemith: Quintet (Kleine Kammermusik, op. 24, 2). Fine Arts Wind Players, Leona Lurie, pf. Capitol P8258.

A NICE pairing of two well-matched pieces for winds: the Poulenc an amusing but somewhat erratic example of that composer's nose-thumbing anti-Romanticism with moments of plain banality as well as many of real expression under the snazzy surface; the early Hindemith (1922), from the composer's own most snazzy period, concise and utterly sure, full of melody both humorous and serious, in spite of the acid dissonance. Sharply etched playing, a [illegible] on the rigid side but admirably pre[illegible] with dry, close-up acoustics.

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THE NEW RECORDINGS

'irgil Thomson: Four Saints in Three ıcts. Solos, chorus, orch. conducted by Thomson. RCA Victor LCT 1139.

A REISSUE "must," from the 78-rpm recording of a few years back. here isn't anything like the peculiar 'irgil Thomson Gertrude Stein operatic combination; for the gibbering, hythmic, ultra-suggestive Stein texts are stonishingly suited to music's peculiarly epetitive expression. Set to the disrmingly simple Thomson music, they ıake a sense that escapes the mere eye -they are words to be heard, not read. The all-Negro cast, many from the origıal 1934 performance, is equally a natural." But don't try to listen to this s background music! It demands (and ewards) your most direct attention. ecording good, for its pre-LP character.

ırias Sung and Acted. Albanese, Bjoering, Merrill, Warren; Deborah Kerr, oseph Cotten, Dennis King. RCA 'ictor Orch., Cellini. RCA Victor LM 801.

RCA Victor has done considerable experimenting lately in the search or new ways to cut the old operatic ›ies. This idea has interesting sideffects not intended by the company, 'd guess. The plan is to have each aria from familiar operatic literature) acted"—that is, read—by a well known tage actor, then sung by a similarly nown opera singer. The intention is o get over the sense of the words hich, the company feels, are too often ost.

The results are curious. One discovers mmediately that opera, as we have alays suspected, it is a very delicate soufflé ndeed, and an opera libretto is as ighly specialized as any script for a it musical. The stuff just doesn't read" at all; it was meant to be sung.

The well-meaning attempts to do poken justice to these opera texts ıerely emphasize their preposterousıess—as literature or poetry. I can't magine anybody except the inveterate oap-opera addict taking them seriously, s here recited. But don't be fooled by his; in their proper sung form, these ame sentiments go over beautifully. That, of course, is the strange power of the long-drawn-out and subtle exression that is operatic music. One annot *say* these things in so many vords—at least not in these words, so hort. But one can sing them at length nd build an emotional force that ould take whole scenes to do with mere vords minus music.

The performances are musically adeuate but routine on this record. The ctors studiously apply modern stagetyle recitation to material manifestly of period interest and wholly unsuited to it. Thus even the excerpt from "La Dame aux Camelias" ("Camille"), an original stage play from which "La Traviata" is adapted, fails to come off; the delicate Romantic atmosphere is not set, the spoken mood is false. There is no medium that requires a more exacting sense of style than the stage—opera *or* play.

Bach: St. Matthew Passion. Soloists. Toronto Mendelssohn Choir, Sir E. MacMillan. RCA Victor Bluebird LBC 6101 (3).

THIS Canadian Bach combines a certain British feeling for the beauties of choral singing with a quite conservative and traditional approach to the music which purists may not entirely like.

Large chorus, large orchestra, one of those tricked-up pianos in place of the harpsichord. But the treatment is wholly musical, never harsh or indifferent or brassy, and though the evangelist is over-dramatic and the chorus "bounces" its fast passages, there are many lovely moments and a refreshing absence of conductorial "stunts." Lois Marshall, the soprano, is particularly fine. At the lower Bluebird price, a good buy.

Artur Schnabel: Piano Concerto (1901). Helen Schnabel; Vienna Philharmonia, F. Ch. Adler. SPA-55.

Kreisler: Quartet in E Mi. Paganini: Quartet in E. Stuyvesant Quartet. Philharmonia PH 107.

IN EARLIER times composers were automatically performers and vice versa. It was not until the mid-nineteenth century that the performer who couldn't compose became standard. Here are some interesting items for the curious-minded.

It's a shame that SPA didn't give us some of Schnabel's later and dissonant work while they were at it. This youthful concerto is a neo-Romantic monstrosity that need not have been revived.

Both Kreisler and Paganini had superb musical ears, ample sense of harmony and melody; what they lacked was enough experience in the craft of composition on a large scale. The demands of performing, in both men, made composition a hopelessly lop sided affair.

A nice record to have even so, since the familiar styles of both men, the saccharine harmonics of Kreisler, and the brilliant and good-humored shallowness of Paganini, come through. The Quartets, of course, are terrible as such. Interesting just the same.



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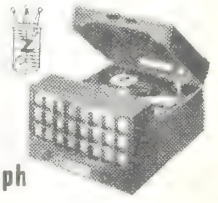
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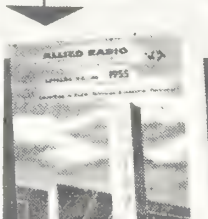
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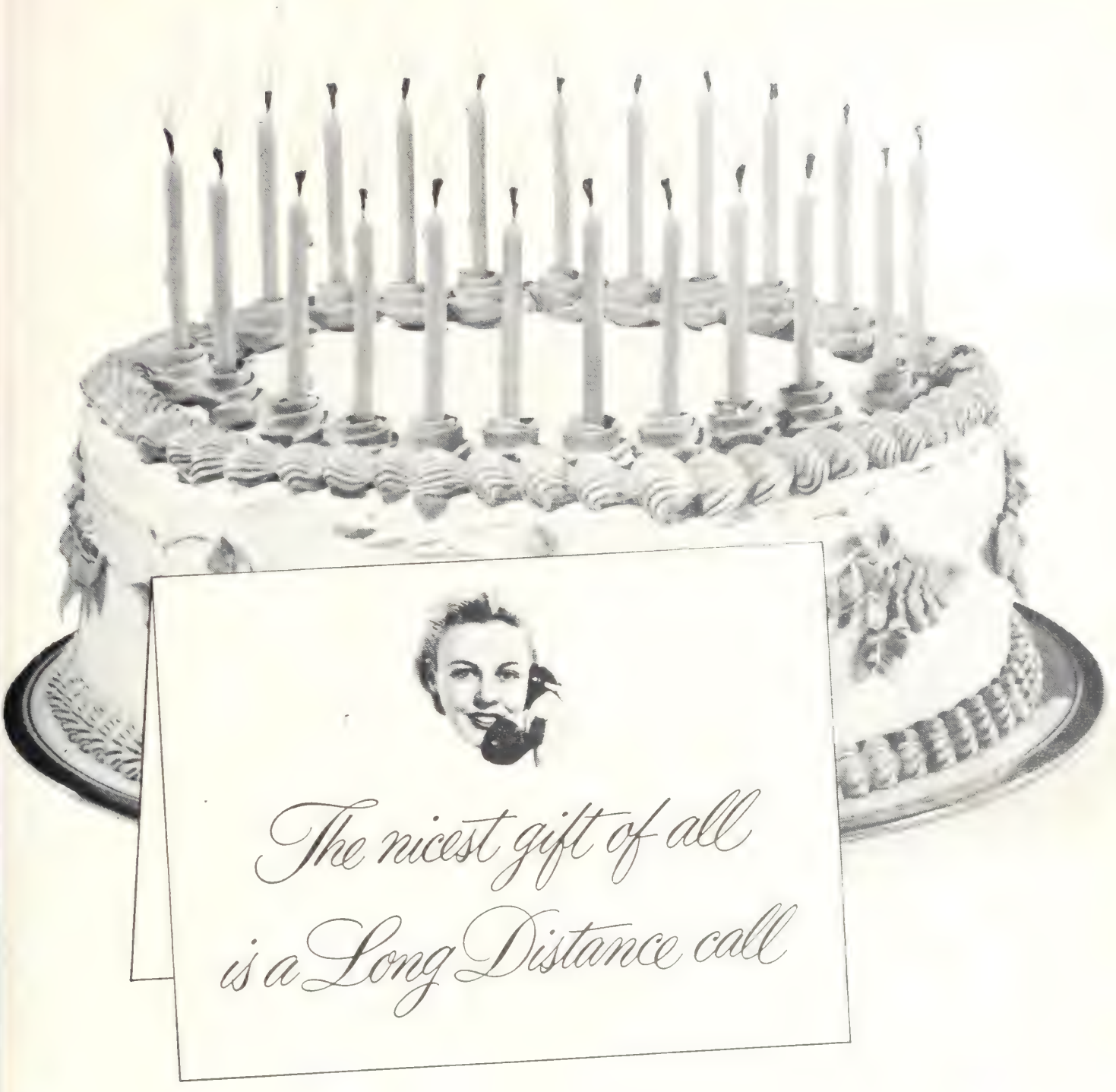


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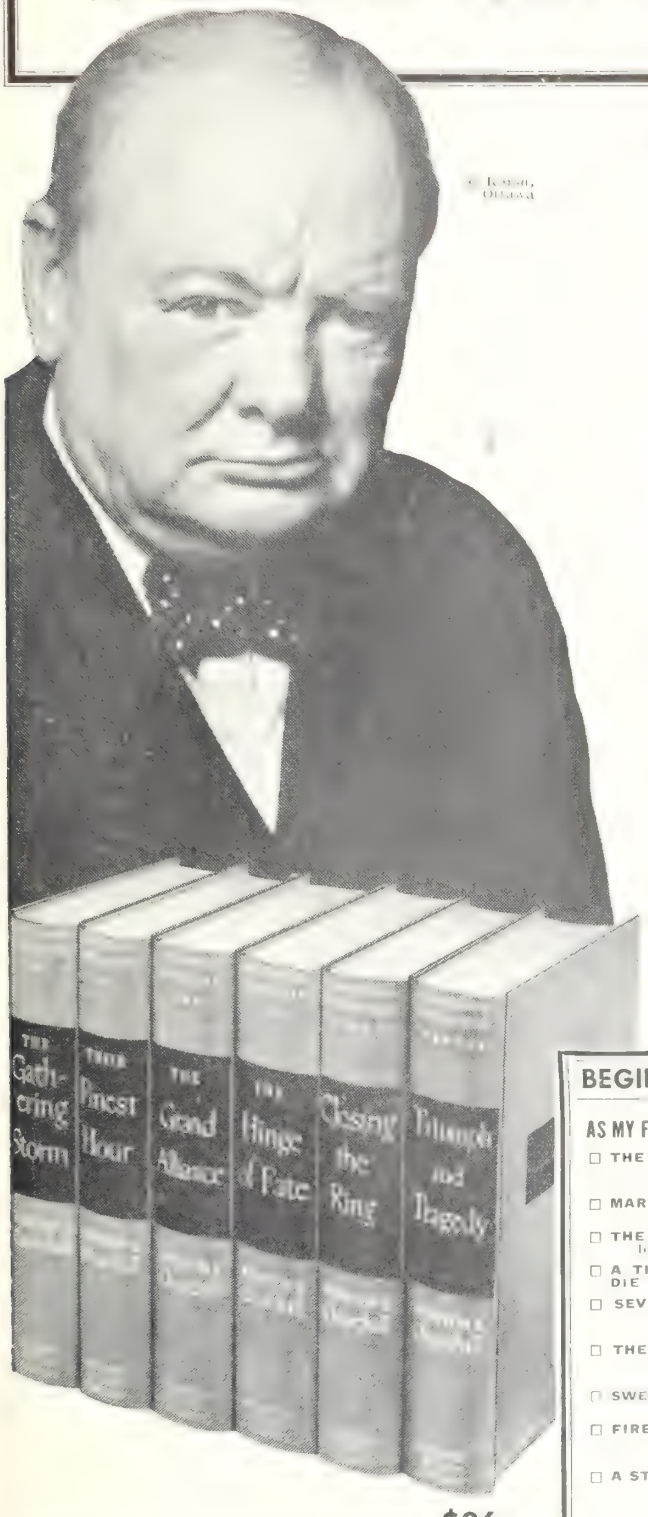
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LETTERS

Old Faithful—

To the Editors:

I have read with a formidable interest your article on "The Plane That Won't Wear Out" by Messrs. Waldo and Guth [August]. For just under a year I served with the only transport squadron stationed in Korea—a squadron naturally equipped with the faithful "gooney bird." Our C-47 aircraft were required to do everything except dig ditches, which, incidentally, they sometimes did, and fly inverted, which they sometimes tried to do. They carried anything and everything, from five thousand pounds of fish to twenty litter patients, and they landed anywhere, even on beaches and short (under 2,000 feet) strips well behind the Communist lines.

Nowhere in Korea, however, was the C-47 used as it was by Greek pilots during the war with Communism in Greece. Members of the 13th Royal Hellenic Flight, Royal Hellenic Air Force, who served with my unit in Korea, related with pride the feats of their C-47 type airplanes which, fitted out with bomb racks and machine guns, were used as fighter-bombers, and, judging from the outcome of that conflict, used effectively.

Perhaps with jet pods replacing the present reciprocating engines, the DC-3 is really the plane of the future!

GUSTAVE H. SHUBERT
1st Lt. USAF
Bedford, Mass.

Collector Delaney—

To the Editors:

I came across an old issue of your magazine, June 1953, and an interesting article by John Strohmeyer entitled "The Case of Tax Collector Delaney." In the year that has elapsed what has happened to

BERNARD J. GARDNER
Park Forest, Ill.

To the Editors:

My reply to Mr. Gardner is as follows:

At the time the *Harper's* piece appeared, Delaney was waiting to go on re-trial. However, late that month, the former collector and his attorney, C. Keefe Hurley, made a surprise appearance in the Boston Federal District Court to plead guilty. Hurley said in court that the "wide advertising of 'The Case of Tax Collector Delaney' in *Harper's*" promised no let-up in what he called unfavorable publicity against his client.

Delaney was sentenced by Federal Judge Charles E. Wyzanski Jr. to a year and a day and fined $5,000. He was committed to the Federal Correctional Institution at Danbury, Conn., and after two of his pleas for parole were denied, Delaney was released on April 25, 1954, after serving eight months of his sentence.

I do not know what Mr. Delaney is doing at the present time. However, one condition of his sentence was that he is forever barred from holding federal office again.

JOHN STROHMEYER
Providence, R. I.

Enjoying Math—

To the Editors:

"Math's a Pleasure" [August] was a pleasure to read as a real contribution toward clearer understanding of a proper attitude toward mathematics. However, Professor Salvadori, in speaking as one whose profession primarily uses rather than creates mathematics, fails to clarify matters on two counts.

Depending on his definition of "practical," the statement, "It is worth noting that almost nothing new in mathematics was deduced until there was practical use for it," is not subscribed to by mathematicians.

Professor E. T. Bell of the California Institute of Technology, in

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[illegible] practical applications. . .

The second point . . . is with re- [illegible] to be: "You can, and the answer is [illegible] versation with the teacher should [illegible]

"What do you mean by saying that ten divided by two is five?"

I mean that five times two is ten."

"That's right. Division is defined in terms of multiplication. Now translate into multiplication the problem, ten divided by zero is x."

"That must mean that zero times x is ten."

"And what value of x satisfies this statement?"

"There is no number x for which zero times x is ten. Zero times any number is zero."

"So you see it is necessary in mathematics to say that division by zero is undefined or impossible." . . .

[illegible] Head
Dept. of Mathematics & Astronomy
Franklin & Marshall College
Lancaster, Pa.

To the Editors:

. . . Dr. Salvadori tells of the students who couldn't calculate the result of mixing a quart of vanilla ice cream with two-thirds of a quart of chocolate. It happens that those who couldn't give the answer were right. Neither can anyone else. Quarts of ice cream differ and when you stir them together strange things happen, the [illegible] which produce unpre- [illegible] unlike things, [illegible]

Our economists and social scientists are the worst offenders when it comes to solemnly adding dissimilar things to provide "indices" of this or that. . . . But when the Public Health Service apes their methods, it is far more serious. It adds decayed, missing, and filled teeth to give a wholly meaningless something called a "DFM rate," and on the basis of this and other inane mental gyrations, puts a poisonous medicine in our public water supplies. . . .

Mathematics can be a useful tool, and it can be fun. But, far more important, it has become necessary as self-protection. Without a well-developed sense of simple mathematical relationships, we are increasingly at the mercy of those who manipulate numbers to their advantage. . . .

F. B. Exner, M.D.
Seattle, Wash.

To the Editors:

Would you please inform Mr. Salvadori that math may be a pleasure, but teaching it at $3,600 at a Vermont engineering college would be a dismal experience.

That was a prospect I faced last summer until a vacancy occurred in another college with fewer buildings and higher salaries.

As long as colleges pay mathematics teachers a stupid $3,600, the resulting mediocre instruction will continue to produce the high "flunk-out rate" reported in Mario G. Salvadori's article.

Martin Stewart
Glens Falls, N. Y.

Senate Races—

To the Editors:

In the otherwise excellent article, "The Fight for the Senate" [August], W. S. White missed one very crucial and not at all certain Senatorial race—that in California, between Senator Thomas H. Kuchel and Representative Sam W. Yorty.

Ordinarily the Republican Mr. Kuchel would have no trouble disposing of the Democratic Mr. Yorty, but there is a great difference this [illegible]. Instead of the old cross-filing in our primaries, for the first time [illegible] 1912 the party affiliation of [illegible]ch candidate was printed on the ballot beside his name. . . . As a result, for the first time in forty years the Democrats nominated a full slate of candidates. . . .

The election returns in our primaries indicated that California . . . has a very good chance of going Democratic in November. . . .

The California Republicans are divided three ways: the Warren faction, who followed Earl Warren's liberal views; the Nixon faction, who straddle the fence and try to love everybody; and the Knight-Knowland group who can be compared to the McCarthy–Velde–Clardy style of Republican nationally. Kuchel rode all three horses in the primary, but the saddle gets more slippery every day. . . . Mr. White might at least have mentioned California, second-largest state in the Union, in his list of "doubtful" Republican strongholds.

Thomas J. Cummins
Gardena, Calif.

To the Editors:

We thought William S. White's article extremely interesting, but were puzzled by lack of mention of the situation here: Senator Johnson (Dem.) is relinquishing a seat which is currently being fought for by one Republican and two Democrats. . . .

Mrs. Arthur Ballantine, Jr.
Durango, Col.

Fashion Note—

To the Editors:

As a footnote to Mr. Harper's acid comments on men's fashions [September], I thought you might be interested to know it is almost impossible to buy a black cummerbund in New York.

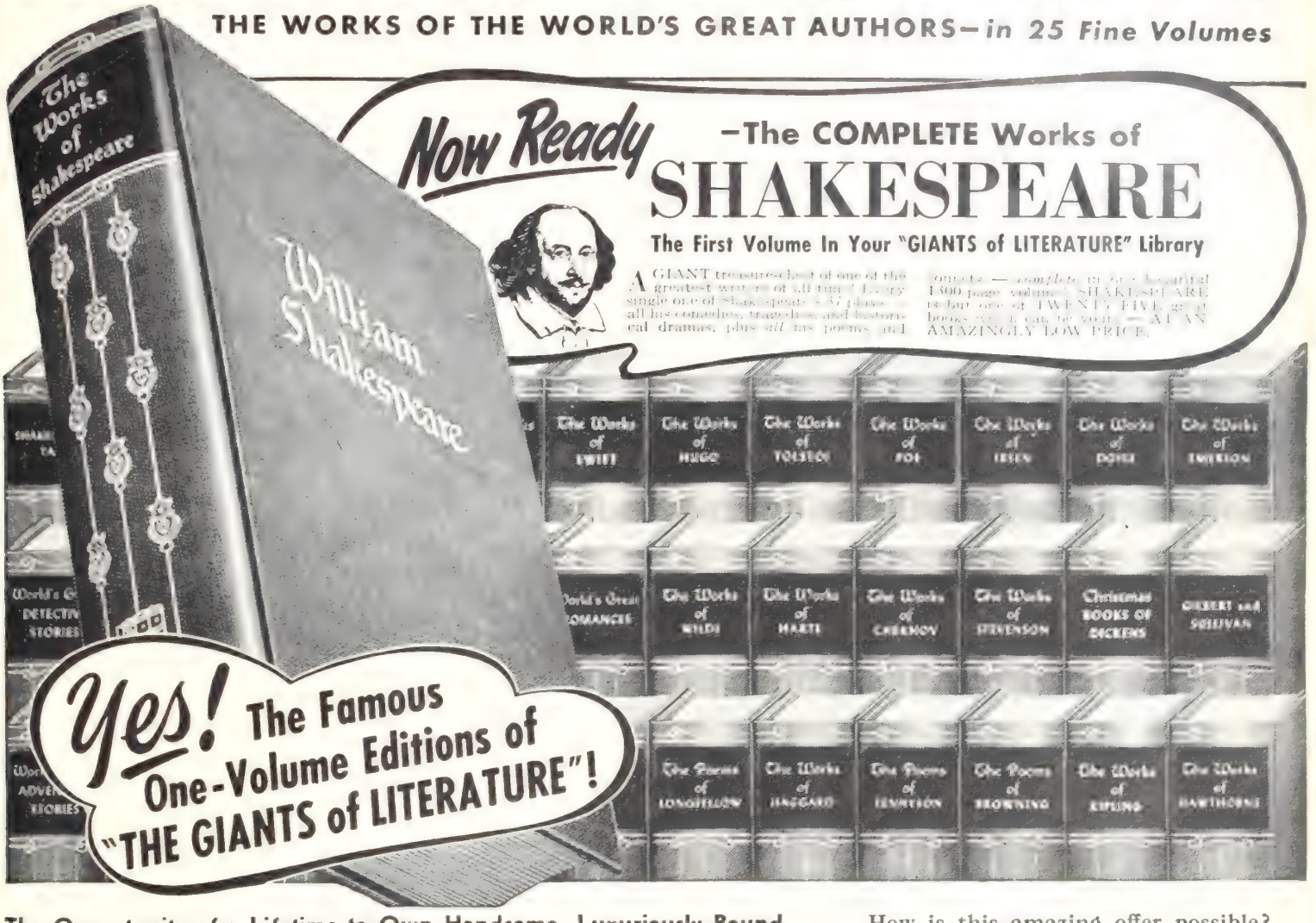
When I tried recently, the clerks all tried to sell me snappy little items in Scotch plaid, maroon, leopard fur, and (as a final concession to conservatism) midnight blue. One salesman thought he *might* be able to find a black cummerbund in some forgotten recess—but he was sure it would be too big for me.

"For years," he explained, "we haven't had any call for that sort of thing except from fat, elderly gentlemen."

Edward Bruff
New York, N. Y.

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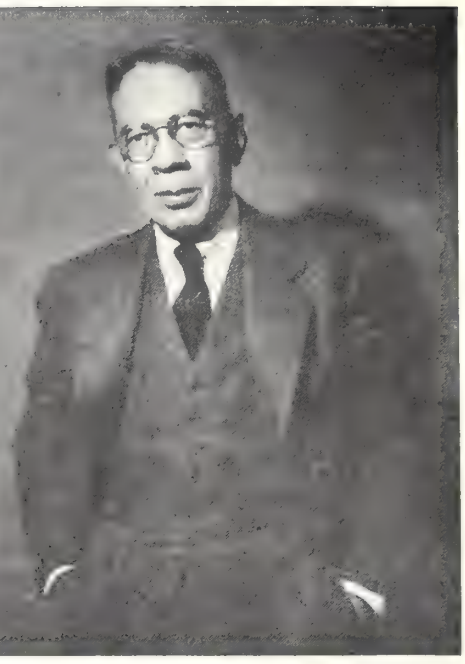
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The Easy Chair

by

Bernard DeVoto



Culture at Two Bits

WHEN a top-echelon publisher finds that he hasn't got anything pressing to do, which on the average is three days a week, he bats out an article on the paper-bound book. This is what we used to call the two-bit popular reprint; but nowadays it sometimes isn't, at least wasn't, popular; frequently it is an original; and it may sell for as much as a dollar-seventy-five. Occasionally the publisher's article is steeped in bile and indigo but usually it describes the publishing business the way an FBI release issued just before an appropriations hearing describes J. Edgar Hoover. It says that publishers who sell books for two bits or a dollar-seventy-five are so noble and altruistic that we ought to take our shoes off before entering their presence. It leads to a finding that they have produced such a cultural revolution as you wouldn't believe possible, and damned if I do,

The latest of these violets by a mossy stone is a piece by Mr. Kurt Enoch in the *Library Quarterly* for July. I confine myself here to the [illegible] cultural revolution" which Mr. Enoch hopes is well advanced, "bringing books to millions at low cost without in the process sacrificing the tough independence and diversity of thought or the rich variety that books have always had." (I wish I'd written that.) The altruistic publishers are demonstrating that "in a maturing America we are learning to achieve in matters of mind and the arts, as we have already achieved in the economic area, the general distribution of goods that are [*sic*] a vital factor in the dynamic expansion of a free society." That gets Mr. Hoover, at the age of nine, his 103d merit badge for having, cap pistol in hand, surrounded and captured the James brothers. Frank and Jesse, not William and Henry.

Unquestionably Mr. Enoch has got his loop round some part of a cultural revolution, but I'm glad he noted that there are some holes in the system and that some problems remain to be solved. It is true that the altruistic publishers have distributed a lot of good, pretty good, and fairly good books far more widely than they would otherwise have been distributed. A couple of years back a translation of the *Odyssey* which the indomitable Mentor still keeps on the stands had sold 600,000 copies, which I suppose exceeds the total sale of all previous editions since July 4, 1776. Mr. Enoch needs ten pages to list "famous [watch the topspin on that adjective] authors and important books" that his heroes have given us at two bits and upward. The list includes such improbables as St. Augustine, George Santayana, Alfred North Whitehead, and Thorstein Veblen. It shows that, if you are quick on your feet, you can get or could have got Machiavelli, Joseph Jastrow, Benvenuto Cellini, Crane Brinton, Aaron Copland, George Kennan, and much more substantial stuff at the corner newsstand. The United States has become a country where you can pick up Freud with a pack of cigarettes or James Joyce with a dozen eggs. Where an impecunious student can acquire almost as good books, almost as cheaply and easily, as I did several generations back when Everyman's Library sold in hard covers for thirty-five cents.

It does not bother me in the least that these books are occasional items floating on a vast flood of tripe and trash. Moreover, the cultural revolutionaries served us all when they got into trouble

over one variety of tripe. As I reported here, a Select Committee of the House of Representatives heard alarming reports about books that were said to be erotic, and for two bits at that. Mostly the Gathings Committee didn't read the books that alarmed them but only looked at some covers and read some blurbs. The covers showed next year's Miss America hurrying out of her brassiere or sliding out of her nightshirt, and the blurb said "She LONGED to be raped! Read Longfellow's *Evangeline*, a torrid story of unnatural lusts that omits no details."

Then some hired assistants read some of the books Miss America was selling and the Committee learned that nowadays fiction isn't what it was in Gene Stratton Porter's time. It recommended that the First Amendment be repealed, at least in respect to anything under three dollars, and a lot of police chiefs, vigilance committees of moral scoutmasters, and local purity leaguers decided that we couldn't wait for repeal. Cheesecake movies, stripteasers, female impersonators who swished, and smut-purveyors with locally invested capital were okay, but a newsdealer who sold a book which printed the fact that there are two sexes was corrupting our children. The series of confiscations, suppressions, and obscenity prosecutions that followed threatened not only the cultural revolution and the publishers' profits but freedom of the press as well.

It turned out to be a good thing. The Publishers Council and the American Library Association swung into action. Local groups who assumed that their sons knew there were girls in the world organized a counteroffensive. And as a result we are better off than we were before the Gathings Committee announced that ten years ago there weren't any dirty books. Police chiefs have been taught the fear of God or at least of prosecution for false arrest, and the purity leaguers have gone back to denouncing the immoral dancing at high-school proms. This is a net gain for freedom of publication: therefore rejoice. And on the way to it Mr. Enoch's cultural revolution has revised its advertising matter. On the new covers Miss America is only beginning to reach for the hooks of her brassiere, the blurb is no more excited than the announcement of next week's double feature, and both serious fiction (when you can get it) and erotic tripe (if it is erotic) now sell at the supermarket undisturbed. Which is as it ought to be. Anyone who can read the erotic tripe certainly ought to read it, for his sake and ours too, in the interest of public sanitation.

And that goes too for the other trash and bilge which make possible the cultural revolution Mr. Enoch is unveiling. Tripe always has been the basis of the publishing business, and in the two-bit book it is performing the functions of all popular literature in all ages. At worst it is preventing boredom, assisting digestion and peristalsis, feeding people's appetite for day-dreams, giving the imagination something to work on, and taking readers out of a momentarily unsatisfactory life into a momentarily more enjoyable one. At best, or so the theory of revolution holds, it is plowing, harrowing, and seeding the soil. From the point of view of the literary thinker, the kind of literary taste we call popular can move in only one direction; it can only improve. And right here the altruistic publishers perceive an opportunity. They offer the admirer of Mickey Spillane a dazzling gamble, the chance that he might enjoy a literate book. At two bits how can he lose?

But don't blow the ram's-horn trumpet just yet. Mr. Enoch concedes that the people who will make the gamble are to be numbered only in the hundreds of thousands, not the millions that his fellow revolutionaries have talked about. But he sidesteps the additional fact that the revolution doesn't set up the gamble often enough to count very much. If the admirer of Mickey Spillane is going to blow a quarter to find out what this guy Sinclair Lewis is like, then one of the guy's novels has got to be on the cigar counter when the adventurous mood comes over him. And if another of the "contradictory audiences" Mr. Enoch talks about, those of us who have already read Lewis, are to get for two bits the diversity and rich variety of books which he also talks about, then diversity and variety have got to be on sale. My point is that mostly they aren't. His ten-page list of famous authors and good books is so impressive that you want to cheer. But mostly it is a list of books that once were on sale in a few places for a few weeks at a time. Cheer the industry if you like but don't go looking for most of those books.

Take me, a natural set-up for paper-bound books. I buy several hundred a year. I travel thousands of miles by plane and train every year and spend upward of sixty nights in hotel rooms. In years when I tour the United States by car you can double the mileage and make it 150 nights. In order to write this piece I have interrupted a headlong three-weeks tour of the Rocky Mountains, stopping off in a town which has sixty thousand inhabitants. Yesterday afternoon I walked several miles and went into every dime store, supermarket, and cigar stand I could find, looking for products of the cultural revolution which I hadn't read. I did not find one.

In such places the usual display is a single rack, or half-rack, filled with the lowest com-

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mon denominator of the pulp trade. According to the theory of revolution, a couple of readable books should be seeded with the others, and the seeker goes through the rack volume by volume looking for them. They aren't there.

One night last week in a smaller town I found two places which had at least three hundred titles on display. (Maybe we will come to judging towns by this criterion.) By making a personal inventory of both, and doubtless soiling a lot of stock in an effort to assure myself that no pretty good book was hidden behind a turkey, I finally found a couple that I wanted to read. This is better than par but the lover of pulp would have been safe from seduction by good reading.

A better test is the really comprehensive display, such as those at the Chicago Union Station, Willow Run Airport (a depressing place to find yourself), and Brentano's in New York. It looks promising but it turns out to be only a fairly pleasant way of killing time between planes. There are hundreds of books but all except a minute fraction of them are the same old clichés. Even if the proprietor maintains an out-of-print shelf—there are such saints—it may take an hour and a half to find half a dozen books I haven't read and at the moment want to read. At any store in the United States that sells books in hard covers I can find half a dozen in five minutes. And I don't mean books I missed when they came out some years ago and have been hoping to read. The cultural revolution had a big chance here [illegible].

The problem of the eager but frustrated buyer has a lot of aspects. I will accept responsibility for only one, that of possessing the two bits or the dollar-seventy-five; all the others are the publishers' responsibility. All praise to Mentor: it keeps its good books in print and on sale. At nearly any place that sells Erle Stanley Gardner, I can dissect the atom or review my anthropology. But if I happen not to be [illegible]ions about the structure of the [illegible]iverse when beginning a four-[illegible]plane hop or an overnight [illegible]n ride, I am out of luck. [illegible]heirs of the cultural revolution. Even at the corner drug half a dozen good novelists and a dozen fairly good ones may be on sale, but what if you have recently reread all of Mr. Faulkner and tend to confuse Erskine Caldwell with Chic Sale? You remember having seen displayed at various places a couple of dozen novels you wanted to read but you can't find them now. The cigar store set didn't buy them up in two months and that was the end of that—they won't be reprinted. As for a couple of hundred novels which you would like to see in these racks, the editorial slide rule or the editorial hunch long ago ruled them out of consideration.

The cultural revolution has succeeded so gloriously that you can get twenty-five illiterate hunks of tripe anywhere that you can get a bottle of Coca-Cola. Mammary-gland costume pieces, thingumies about the IBM men from Mars, whodunits that make Mickey Spillane seem subtle and fastidious, and interchangeable Westerns in Basic Pidgin—truckloads of these reach every bus stop in the country every Monday morning. But only at long intervals and only for a few weeks at a time, a pretty good novel.

The diversity and rich variety which Mr. Enoch talks about, that is, do not extend to fiction. The publishers hold by sure-fire big names like Hemingway, sure-fire best sellers like Samuel Shellabarger and Anya Seton, and stuff so god-awful that before reading it you wouldn't believe it possible. Those three varieties are their bread and butter and the first two are almost all of their cultural revolution. If you see an A. B. Guthrie in the rack, or a Jessamyn West, or a J. D. Salinger, grab it now, for by Hallowe'en it will be only an item in Mr. Enoch's ten-page list of triumph.

Nobody can ask the publishers to fill the supermarkets with novels they will lose money on. But nobody need keep his face straight when they talk about the cultural revolution, either. The grateful public is not exposed to it often enough, long enough, or at enough soda fountains to get infected.

Mr. Enoch says that in non-fic-

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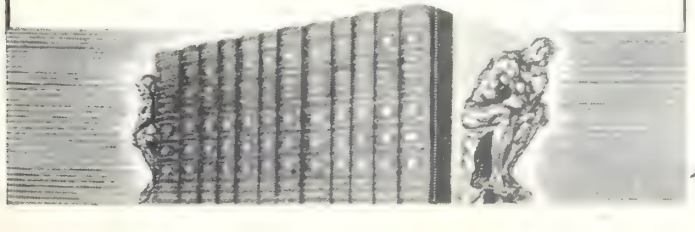
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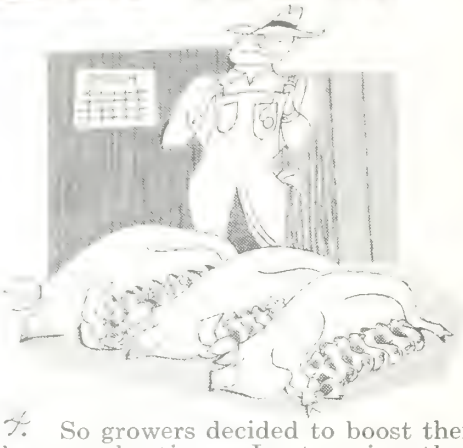
1. It takes corn to make pork. But the last time there was a bumper pig crop, hog prices came way down while corn prices stayed up. As a result, many farmers decided that it wouldn't pay to turn as much corn into pork the next year, and pork production dropped 20%.



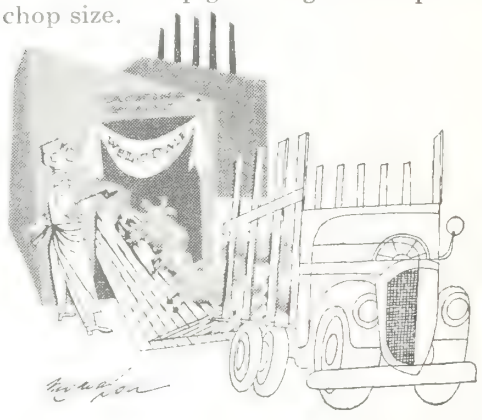
2. Then last winter, when pork supplies were low (we'd eaten ourselves nearly out of it), demand stayed high. So prices started going up—up—up!



3. But the higher prices showed, though, that people wanted—and were able to buy—a lot more pork than they'd been getting.



4. So growers decided to boost their hog production. Last spring they started 56 million pigs eating their way to market. (6½ million more than the year before.) Meanwhile, pork got even more scarce because it takes about 6 months for a piglet to grow to pork-chop size.



5. These spring-crop porkers started coming to market early this fall. They'll keep coming, in plentiful numbers, for the next few months. By the time they're all brought to market, another pig crop, *started* this fall, will be ready to sell.



6. When we start getting more of any kind of meat than there has been, and demand remains about the same, prices just naturally come down. That's happening now on pork. And when consumers help themselves to the values that go with these larger seasonal supplies, we help to give livestock men the assurances *they need* to grow meat *we'll need* later on.

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tion the lack of sure-fire stuff is pushing the publishers to make daring experiments. I don't run into them. For quite a while you could get Mr. Gunther's *Inside U.S.A.* but of a hundred other books in that richly various field I could name offhand, none has shown up. It gratifies one to find *The Oregon Trail* on the newsstand, but if that, then why not fifty other notable bits of Americana, why not at least a few of them?

If Mentor has not lost its shirt publishing Mr. Padover and Pocket Books has come safely through the risk of Nevins and Commager, then why not some more history? If Rachel Carson, why not a dozen other gifted nature writers? What about the travel, personal journalism, biography, and autobiography that have sold by the hundred thousand?

When I ask publishers these questions I am told that we'd get 237,000 return if we published such and such a book. Or that it is eighty-three pages too long. Or that we got horribly stuck with similar stuff once. Or, more flatly and winningly, that it isn't up our street. All this may well be true but it puts the cultural revolution in a considerably different light. The revolution will proceed on the accustomed lines, sure-fire stuff and half a million copies—leavening the populace by way of test samples, graphs, trial balances, and where does Hollywood stand? That, I repeat, is perfectly all right with me, but I get fed up with the way the publishers take bows for it and ask us to genuflect on the way out.

And maybe another explanation, or part of one, should be tried for size. I understand that the editors of reprint houses are paid $1,250 per day, with time and a half for overtime. They appear to me to have been promoted from the shipping room or the advertising desk, and I wonder if they earn their pay. Their feeling for cliché is infallible and they can read a sales chart at a glance, but is that enough? To the outsider it seems possible that a well-rounded, representative, and comprehensive list could be built up for two-bit books as readily as for six-

dollar books. Maybe it would last for only a few months at a time but it would be stimulating while it lasted. Both the impecunious reader and the seeker after something he missed five years ago would be well served. It would require experienced editors of literate books, people who have read something besides sales charts and like something besides clichés. Let's cut editors to $625 a day and see what results we get.

Look at the paper-bound anthologies. One out of five is pretty good, the sound, standard job you can get any college instructor to do. Most of the rest are hack jobs by obviously unqualified persons; they infuriate informed readers and they practice fraud on the readers whom, so the theory holds, the altruistic publisher is trying to lure into risking two bits on some literature. Does the sales chart say that well-edited anthologies must not be risked?

Or look at the originals. Again, Mentor has provided us with some excellent ones, and so, at a very greatly reduced frequency, have several other houses. But these are all non-fiction and about as common as an eclipse. And when you turn to fiction there is nothing to do but throw in your hand. I have a tough and persisting mind but I have yet to find one that I could finish. What Gold Medal has proved is that we didn't know how lousy novels could be.

ADDRESSING a convocation of advertising executives, I once formulated DeVoto's Law of the Degradation of Consumers' Goods. Making goods for use degenerates into making goods for sale and ends up as making goods for replacement. I do not see why the law need hold for the cultural revolution. The first twenty years of radio, a business for whose artistic excellence I have no undue respect, produced millions of lovers of good music, whereas there had been only a few hundred thousand before. True, the commercials paid the freight. But the tripe can pay the freight with the paper-bound book. Or if it can't, then I suggest that the tripe-merchants stop talking about their cultural service to a dynamically expanding free society.



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3. Entries must not exceed 100 words. An individual may submit one entry only.

4. All entries become the property of the RCA Victor Record Division of the Radio Corporation of America. Winners will be announced in the January issue.

5. There are to be three judges, one of whom will be Edward Tatnall Canby, editor of "The New Recordings." Their decisions will be considered final. In case of tie, duplicate prize will be awarded.

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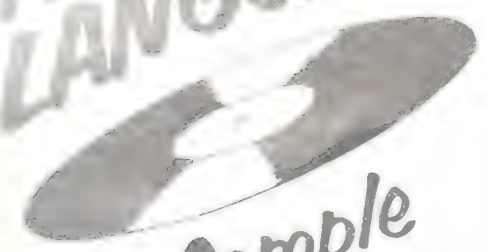
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The Insecurity Risk

For all the heavy demands that society makes on the scientist, there are two types of talent he is not asked to possess: the poetic and the political. These call upon a refined sensitivity to the human variables which the scientist presumably scorns and require a tolerance of the unpredictable which is not supposed to sit well with the materialistic faith. It is the exceptional scientist who is steeped in poetry, whose own reactions have a markedly literary cast, and who can write with distinction. When the same man has also administered vast enterprises, has sampled power and responsibility, and has immersed himself in politics to the full he is then what other scientists would call an anomaly. Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer of the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton is all this and more besides.

Currently Dr. Oppenheimer is the focal point of a vast debate conducted by the scientific community and reflected in recent testimony before the House Committee on Government Operations, over the relationship of scientists to their chief employer: the Department of Defense. As the most highly placed person to be sacrificed to security, he has posed anew the question of how "secrets" are to be concealed from a man who thought many of them up. To the scientist who is imaginative, Dr. Oppenheimer symbolizes a tragic perplexity.

For the scientist is all-too-painfully aware that his own capacity for inventive discovery cannot be commanded; it must be willingly, if not enthusiastically, given. He knows—or the examples of wartime German physics and postwar Russian biology vividly remind him—that what is best for both science and the government may not be what government at the moment thinks it needs. And he must now consider, if he previously had not, the possibility that due respect both for his profession and his patriotism might require [illegible] shun government-sponsored [illegible]search. At least one prominent American scientist, having reached this conclusion long before Dr. Oppenheimer's troubles began, did not find them so surprising. "Since the middle of the last war," writes Dr. Norbert Wiener in the *Nation*, "the scientist has assumed the new form of the 'Megabuck' scientist, who is not interested in any project in which the investment is less than a million dollars. . . . Any such scientist, participating in what has become a moving crap game, must expect to get slugged occasionally."

There are therefore numerous ironies in Dr. Oppenheimer's plight, among them his own paradoxical part in causing it. Not only does he typify the scientist's dilemma vis-à-vis the state, but he did as much as most men to make it inevitable; during the war it was conspicuously Oppenheimer who fought for scientific accommodation to the military requirements and afterward for security regulations of the most stringent kind. Yet he is apparently not being punished for these acts, but for peripheral conflicts of personality—as ***Joseph and Stewart Alsop*** argue in this month's leading article (p. 25)—and for trivial incidents out of his immature past. To a man of Oppenheimer's tragic sense, it must be particularly baffling to have constructed one fate and suffered another, to be both spectator of and participant in his own drama, yet to be sophisticated enough to realize that no man can fill both roles. "We cannot in any sense," he said in his BBC lectures last year, "be both the observers and actors in any specific instance, or we shall fail properly to be either one or the other."

But if this was Dr. Oppenheimer's flaw—to be too aware of his own life as a work of the imagination—then it was also his strength. The Gray Committee Hearings (Government Printing Office, $2.75, and worth every cent of it) reveal him as a man of the most arduous and embarrassing candor about himself. It is possible, in fact, that this complete transparency of thought and emotion is what originally elevated him

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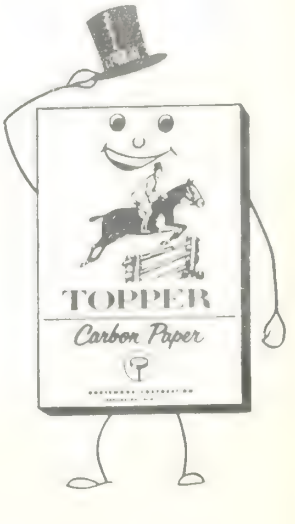
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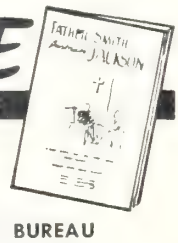
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from a private person to a symbol; a hollow-cheeked countenance was logical equipment for the representative we empowered to stare into the face of the unknown. His extraordinary words in 1947—"In some sort of crude sense which no vulgarity, no humor, no overstatement can quite extinguish, the physicists have known sin; and this is a knowledge which they cannot lose"—were credentials as persuasive as his technical abilities and accomplishments. They set him apart even then from the alternately bellicose and terrified fanatics whose chief claim to responsibility was superior nervousness. Whatever else he may have been, Dr. Oppenheimer was not an *insecurity* risk—a statement one hesitates to make of his accusers.

So much the greater was his courage, as the Alsop brothers pertinently observe, in taking on powerful foes while aware of his own vulnerable complexity. Surely there are easier ways of wagering one's honor against zero, but this was the moment at which Robert Oppenheimer completed his progress from political indifference to the permanent commitment of public service. Where others had easily assumed—as Dr. Wiener did in remarking on "Megabuck" scientists—that the immediate charges were so absurd they would inevitably backfire, Oppenheimer never *treated* them as absurd. When asked what he thought not long ago of the comment that he resembled a figure caught in the web of a Greek tragedy, he cryptically replied: "In some dramas, a sense of the drama comes from the chorus."

So now the chorus has come onstage, to lament the sacrifice of such a figure. Even allowing for the elements of rudimentary national disgrace, which the Alsops eloquently evoke, the case of Dr. Oppenheimer may ultimately have more disturbing consequences still. It is the strongest argument yet for the retreat of science and scientists back to the laboratory, where the aggravating problems of human authority and suffering can be shut out and nothing admitted that is not neutral and sterile of emotion. Now the "pure" technicians who are as comfortable in their worldly innocence today as Oppenheimer was in the

P & O

...can reasonably ask what good ...l him to be otherwise, and ...r contend, on the evidence, ...e had no more business med... in politics than in Sanskrit ... And this would not be a ...rary setback but a crushing ... for the purposes Robert Op... imer has stood for. "After all," ... Murray Kempton in the New ...*Post*, "C. E. Wilson has all but ...ve don't need Oppenheimer: ... Albert Einstein has all but ...d that the 'intellectual' should ... from society in these times. ...nheimer feels that the intel... is like the rest of us, and that, ...ver his trials, he should stay ...s. It is our loss if he loses that ...ent."

...eph and Stewart Alsop are the ... authors of the newspaper ...m "Matter of Fact," which ...ated in the New York *Herald ...ne* eight years ago and is now ...ated by some two hundred ...s. Both saw active service in ...d War II—Joseph as an Air ... officer with General Chennault ...hina, Stewart with the OSS in ...e. Before the war Joseph (in ...oration with Robert Kintner) ... a column called "Capitol ...le" and three books: *The 168 ...* (1938), *Men Around the Presi...* (1939), and *American White ...* (1940). Stewart is the author ...*b Rosa* (1946).

...ey now work together as a ... with Washington as their base ...erations, and supplement their ... stint with frequent articles for ...*aturday Evening Post*.

The Atomic Energy Commission has been offered the opportunity to comment on the Alsop brothers article in the forthcoming issue of Harper's.

...ers of Crow

...s August 13, the *New York Times* printed a news item ...the top of page 1 with the fol...ng two-column headline:

U. S. Economy at Its Best
Eisenhower Report States

...below was another story with a ...olumn head reading:

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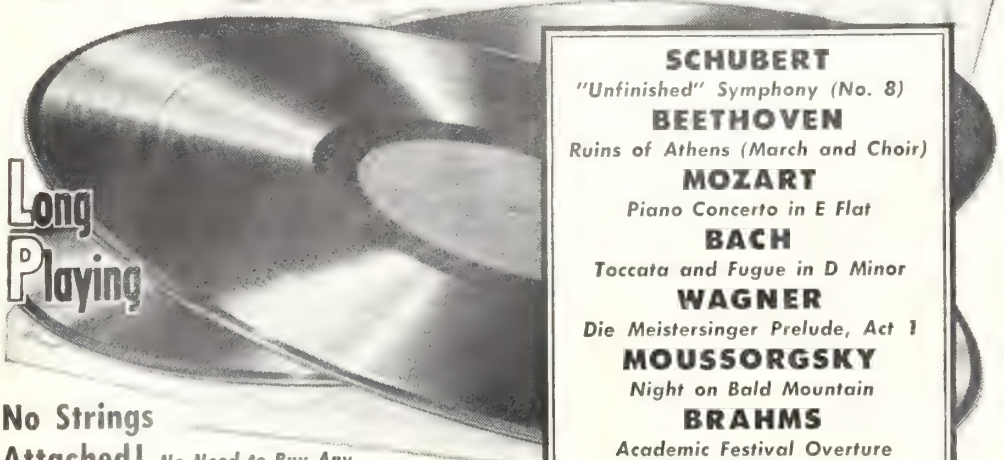
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The irony of this arrangement could hardly have been unintentional, and it certainly was not lost on readers who lived in South Bend, Indiana, or who had seen Donald M. Schwartz's article in the June *Harper's*, "South Bend: City in Recession."

For several months now the "Prophets of Gloom and Doom" (to use President Eisenhower's phrase for his Democratic opponents) and the "Happiness Boys" (to use the phrase of former A F of L newscaster Frank Edwards for the Republican economic optimists) have been exchanging verbal blows and offering each other dishes of crow. Yet the American public has given little convincing evidence so far as to whether it takes seriously either side's charges and claims. For all the forecasters can tell, the common man regards both the Prophets of Gloom and Doom and the Happiness Boys as shadow-boxers. And when that minority who go to the polls make known their preference next month, it will still take a seer to interpret how they felt about the issue of national prosperity.

In the realm of economic sophistication, one spectacularly educational experience for the American people was the stock market boom and bust of 1929. But it is now a quarter of a century in the past, and its significance has been blurred. In fact, the events of the month of October 1929 have taken on some of the glamour that has invested the entire 1920s. So much so that ***John Kenneth Galbraith's*** play-by-play account of "The Great Wall Street Crash" (p. 71) contains an element of irony almost more comical than tragic.

Mr. Galbraith uses the trained economist's eye in discerning the plot of those tremendous days. He is professor of economics at Harvard, the author of a number of books on specialized economic problems, and a former government official and former editor of *Fortune*. His book on American Capitalism, published two years ago, has been widely read and discussed and he is at work now on a book about the Great Crash.

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off" season— ***Martin Flavin*** and ife got a great deal of advice going to England in Decem- Mr. Flavin's critique of those els and his independent reac- which appear on page 16, re the urbane experience of one has lived abroad many years gone around the world more nce. A successful businessman playwright, Mr. Flavin is also thor of several novels, includ- *urney in the Dark*, and a book Africa, *Black and White*.

• ***arol Lynn Gilmer,*** a native homan, an associate editor of *Reader's Digest*, and a devoted r of many years standing of ouri's One-Family Newspaper" 2), was graduated from the l School of Journalism of western University where, she ves, "I learned all the rules of paper editing which the Lamar *crat* breaks so successfully." In she was co-originator and co- with her husband, David Yel- of the radio program, "The Club."

• ne of Ireland's foremost story- s, ***Frank O'Connor,*** contributes Ladies of the House" (p. 58). O'Connor's first published work book of short stories, but he so written novels, poems, trans- s, and studies of the Irish Rev- n and of Turgenev. Born in Mr. O'Connor began his pro- nal life as a librarian and lin- and he was for a period a or of the Abbey Theatre. This ummer he taught at the Har- Summer School. His new book, *Stories*, will be published this h by Knopf.

• n "The Fon and the Golden p. 65), ***Gerald M. Durrell*** winds s account of an animal collect- ur of duty in the remote grass- and rain-forests of the African roons. This expedition is one eral undertaken by the young h zoologist and will be reported ll in his book, *The Bafut es*, to be published by the g Press later this month.

• ***ucretia Coles,*** author of "Mov- Day" (p. 80), is book critic for os Angeles *Daily News*.



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•••The two writers who put the finger on "The Real Menace of TV" (p. 81) are a pair of New York mothers. ***Jane Whitbread*** has a lawyer husband and four children; ***Vivian Cadden*** has a business husband and three. At Vassar some years ago the two collaborated on "Chat" for the *Miscellany News.* Having met again on the sidewalks of New York, they revived the team and twenty-four hours later were at work. Their articles on the home, the family, and health have appeared in *Redbook*, the women's magazines, *This Week*, and now *Harper's.* They have also produced a book entitled *The Intelligent Man's Guide to Women.*

•••Italian Communists—including the top man, Palmiro Togliatti—cooperated cheerfully in supplying ***Luigi Barzini, Jr.*** with the material on which he based his sobering article on page 84. Togliatti boasted: "Whatever you'll write will help us in the end." But when Mr. Barzini's series of twelve articles on the Communists came out in *Corriere della Sera,* Togliatti was unpleasantly surprised and answered Barzini in a public speech in Rome.

Mr. Barzini, one of Italy's leading journalists, author of "The Real Mafia" *(Harper's,* June issue), lives in his farmhouse on the outskirts of Rome.

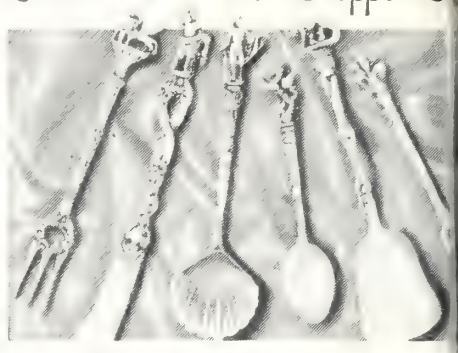
•••In a period of not quite twenty years, ***C. Hartley Grattan*** has contributed some fifty-four articles to *Harper's,* on a variety of economic and cultural subjects. This month his analysis of "James T. Farrell: Moralist" (p. 93) reflects his personal knowledge of the man and his works as well as his own independence and detachment of intellect.

Mr. Grattan, who received the honorary degree of doctor of letters last year at Clark University, is the author of several books, including *The Three Jameses* (a study of the writing family), *Introducing Australia,* and *Preface to Chaos.*

The New Books

AT THE end of his column in the August issue Gilbert Highet wrote his valedictory message to *Harper's* readers. He had completed

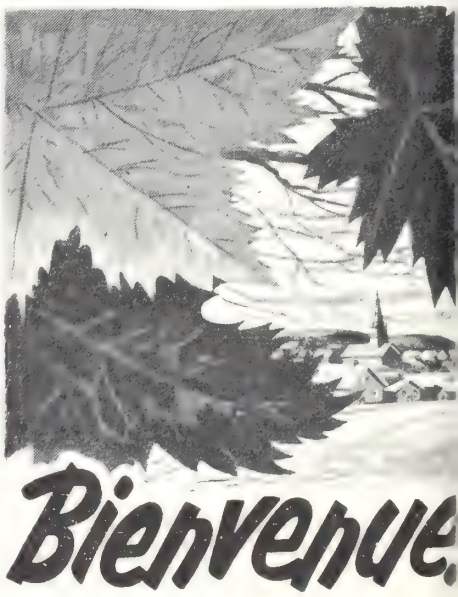
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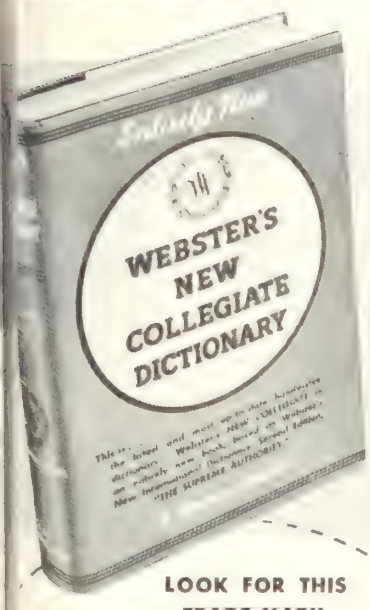
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y Gang *by Stacy V. Jones*

at I Saw in Red China
by a Catholic Missionary

rnea: The Last Romantic War
by Cecil Woodham-Smith

Death of Lady Mondegreen
by Sylvia Wright

just two years as chief book critic, years during which he constantly struck sparks of excitement by his unorthodox comments on books and ideas. We are very sorry to see him go, and we wish him well in his new post as judge for the Book of the Month Club.

In the few months before announcing a new regular reviewer, *Harper's* will present several guests who will take over the critic's job month by month. This month ***Paul Pickrel,*** managing editor of the *Yale Review* and author of a novel called *The Moving Stairs,* surveys the New Books (p. 100). Next month we shall have ***Randall Jarrell,*** poet, critic, and author of *Pictures from an Institution.*

Pass the Brioches, *Pappy!*

ONE of our editors, returning from a combined business-and-pleasure drive into southern Michigan, reports that all along the road the food situation has vastly changed from four or five years ago—a much wider availability of ethnic specialty dishes like chicken *paprikash; pizzerias* scattered through Ohio like poppy-seeds; and even signs saying: "Recommended by *Gourmet* Magazine." He said he might have ignored the whole thing except for two incidents which occurred on his return, the first when he went out to buy some Italian cheese and was careless enough to look at the label. It read: "Vermont Maid Fine Quality Pasteurized *Mozzarella.*"

The second took place at a press luncheon given by Cavanagh's restaurant. Later in August the management was to hold a celebration for American regional cooking by serving dishes four days in a row from four famous establishments: Durgin Park (Boston), the Drake Room (Chicago), Arnaud's (New Orleans), and Chasen's (Los Angeles). The press were given a preview of, among other traditional items, Chasen's "Salad Lorenzo," which our colleague reports to have been a pear covered with a kind of garlicky chili sauce. He further claims that a man across the table from his stared at it morosely and said, "If I'd known they were going to serve this, I wouldn't have had it for breakfast."



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Richard Wright

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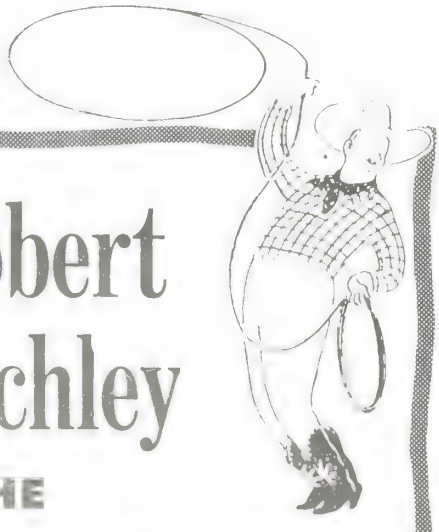


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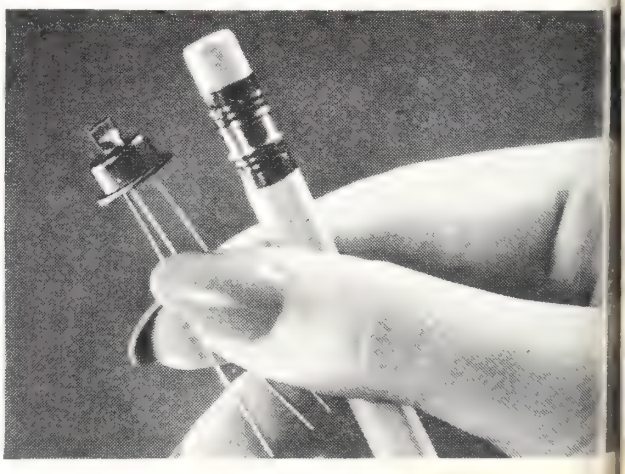
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Harper's MAGAZINE

We Accuse!

Joseph and Stewart Alsop

Many Americans—some of them private citizens, some in high office, and some whose official responsibility it was—have pronounced judgment on Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer's fitness to have access to the scientific secrets on which the national security so largely depends. Many accusations were leveled against Dr. Oppenheimer in the course of this debate, and the formal findings of the Atomic Energy Commission against him were lengthily published. Among those who did not accept these findings, however, were the widely read and respected journalists, Joseph and Stewart Alsop, who here in turn accuse the accusers. Their conclusions are presented, not merely to answer charge with countercharge, but to round out the record on the critically important issues which the Oppenheimer Case has raised but by no means resolved.

—The Editors

I. Rise and Fall

THE title of this report is borrowed from Emile Zola, whose *J'Accuse* marked the turning point in the case of Captain Dreyfus. It is a proud title, for it is still the symbol of one of our era's rare triumphs of the liberal spirit over organized injustice. It is a title, indeed, that one must be presumptuous to borrow; and we only dare to do so because we too accuse.

We accuse the Atomic Energy Commission in particular, and the American government in general, of a shocking miscarriage of justice in the case of Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer.

We accuse Oppenheimer's chief judge, the chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, Admiral Lewis Strauss, and certain of Oppenheimer's accusers, of venting the bitterness of old disputes through the security system of this country.

And we accuse the security system itself, as being subject to this kind of ugliness, and as inherently repugnant in its present standards and procedures to every high tradition of the American past.

These are grave accusations, which must be factually supported. As to whether they are justified, the reader must decide. And so, without further ado, let us begin the re-trial by calling the defendant to the bar: for the first requirement for an understanding of the Oppenheimer case is an understanding of Oppenheimer himself.

J. Robert Oppenheimer was born in New York City in 1904, into a prosperous, cultivated, and liberal Jewish family. The father, an immigrant from Germany, was a successful businessman and a discriminating collector of modern pictures. The whole household was imbued with the rabbinical respect for the things of the mind, and with

Characteristically, Oppenheimer's education began at the Ethical Culture School—where else would such a family send a promising son? It continued at Harvard, where Oppenheimer first showed promise as a physicist and graduated in 1925; and at Lord Rutherford's great laboratory in Cambridge and at Göttingen, where he took his doctorate in 1927. There were two more years of preparatory study, largely abroad. And then, in the spring of 1929, young Oppenheimer came back to America, to accept a double teaching assignment at the California Institute of Technology at Pasadena and the University of California at Berkeley.

It is curious, and in the light of subsequent events it is highly ironical, that this return of an utterly obscure twenty-five-year-old teacher should have proved a significant event in the American story. Yet such it was.

THE truth is that in a quite surprising degree, Oppenheimer was the bringer of a revelation. Long before his graduation from Harvard, he had descried from afar the revolution in thought that is the New Physics. But in this he was exceptional; even in 1929, when he came home for good, the American universities had only begun to grasp the cosmos-shaking advances of physical knowledge that had been achieved in Europe.

At Berkeley, Oppenheimer started with one graduate student; but around this slender, intense young man, all but hieratic in his dedication to his mystery, there rapidly grew up "the largest school in the country, of graduate and post-doctoral study in theoretical physics." He was the center, and each year, when his teaching term at Berkeley ended, many of his students followed him to Pasadena to be with him while he fulfilled his contract with Caltech. If the vast majority of American physicists today quite genuinely venerate Robert Oppenheimer, it is because he trained so many of them, and because the rest rightly regard him as the man who took the lead in naturalizing the New Physics in this country.

In those first years of great accomplishment, Oppenheimer was almost ludicrously—and perhaps somewhat self-consciously—remote from the mundane realities of the American scene. He took no newspaper. He owned no radio. The tumultuous political events of the early 1930s simply escaped his notice. For distraction he learned Sanskrit, because he wanted to read the *Bhagavad-Gita* in the original. For the rest, he lived his life in the rarefied upper air of abstract physical speculation.

THUS he was dangerously innocent—he had no better standards of practical political judgment than a visiting Martian—when the world around him at last began to attract his attention.

Partly he came down from his mountaintop because of his long and unhappy engagement to Jean Tatlock, the daughter of a fellow professor. Partly his interest in politics was stimulated by Hitler's persecution of the Jews in Germany, where he still had relatives whom he helped later to escape. Partly, too, he was caught up in the wave of emotion about the Spanish Civil War which then engulfed so many intellectuals. The Communist party was brilliantly exploiting both the Falange and the Nazis, to attract great numbers of men like Oppenheimer. Jean Tatlock was one of the generous but troubled spirits who were always joining and leaving the Communist party in those deceptive years of the united front. Not very surprisingly therefore, Oppenheimer became an active fellow-traveler.

He joined front organizations. He attended meetings. Since he had a private fortune, he contributed fairly regularly to the party's Spanish war and Spanish relief funds; and, since this was the fashion for the larger fellow-traveling contributors, he made these contributions through party officials. In short, he freely indulged in the brand of political folly that was then a common highbrow reaction to the menace of Nazism and Fascism. One thing, however, Robert Oppenheimer never did. Despite his fashionable folly, despite the easy emotionalism that was his first response to politics, Oppenheimer never took the final step of joining the Communist party.

By 1939, his fellow-traveling enthusiasm had cooled off markedly, although he continued to contribute through party channels to Spanish relief. In wartime, he

eschewed politics altogether. Finally, at the end of the war, the true meaning of the Soviet-Communist system came home to him with great force, and rather earlier than to many other leading Americans—Dwight D. Eisenhower, for example, was still talking eupeptically about how easy it was to "get on with Zhukov" as late as 1947.

After his awakening, the follies of Oppenheimer's past were utterly left behind. Former President Conant of Harvard, General Frederick Osborn, and many others who worked with him closely have testified as to the "hard-headedness" and strongly "anti-Soviet" character of Oppenheimer's political attitude throughout the postwar years. As time passed, indeed, Oppenheimer became the only truly eminent American outside the armed services—so far as these reporters are aware—who was willing to discuss dispassionately the idea of preventive war to save the world from Communist tyranny. On this point, too, there is rather shocked testimony, from the present chairman of the General Advisory Committee of the Atomic Commission, Dr. I. I. Rabi.

As is indicated by the gradual transition from modish breast-beating to cool, hard independence of thought, Oppenheimer's early follies were simply a disastrous phase in the difficult process of learning his way about in the everyday world. In this same process, his marriage in 1940 was also a stage, and a much happier one.

The story of Katherine Puening Oppenheimer is sad, but with a good ending. She was a pretty, serious, very young girl from a solid, prosperous, conservative family, when she rather improbably encountered Joe Dallet in 1935. Dallet was a romantic, born for a crusade, who had the half-pathetic, half-ironical misfortune to enlist under the Communist banner. She fell violently in love with Dallet; she left her family and joined the party to marry him. A little later, she proved her greater wisdom by rebelling against the party's dreary discipline, and this broke up the marriage. Yet she did not cease to love Dallet, and she had just gone to Paris to meet him again when the news reached her that he had been killed in action on the Spanish front. After that desperate moment, she half blindly blundered into another marriage. Yet she was still a very unhappy woman when she and Oppenheimer met in 1939.

Their feeling for one another was strong and irresistible. Yet he had to part with Jean Tatlock, who still loved him and made a tragic last request to see him before her death in 1943. She also had to part with her husband, and thus the Oppenheimers' marriage automatically stimulated much unkindness in the small Berkeley community. One of those who were not unkind was Haakon Chevalier, a clever, superficial teacher of romance languages, who also belonged to the West Coast group of Communist and fellow-traveling intellectuals. And this was to be important, because Oppenheimer, who is fiercely protective of his wife, was warmly grateful for Chevalier's kindness in a bad time.

Such are the main facts it is needful to know about Robert Oppenheimer, in the period before History chose him as the principal actor in a larger drama. He was not a member of the Einstein-Fermi-Szilard group of refugee physicists who first opened the eyes of the American government to the possibilities of the atom. But he joined the work soon after it began, and his value was recognized at once.

In the spring of 1942, only a few months after Pearl Harbor, Dr. Arthur Holly Compton asked Oppenheimer to recruit and lead a special scientific task force. Enrico Fermi had not yet achieved his great triumph, the famous first sustained nuclear chain reaction in the University of Chicago squash court. But Oppenheimer and his task force—which included Hans Bethe, Edward Teller, and others of like caliber—were nonetheless told to begin designing a workable atomic bomb.

Their astonishing progress led on, within a few months, to the decision to establish the great Los Alamos Laboratory. Oppenheimer had directed the work at Berkeley. He had even suggested the Los Alamos site to the new commander of the Manhattan District project, Lieutenant General Leslie R. Groves. But a question still remained, whether Oppenheimer should be chosen director of Los Alamos.

As soon as he joined the war effort, Robert Oppenheimer had filled out the usual personnel questionnaire, revealing the gen-

[illegible] political past. By now the [illegible] memberships in front organizations, the fellow traveling, the contributions, were all [illegible] the appropriate authorities. So were his Communist personal associations, including the former party memberships of Katherine Oppenheimer and also of Frank and of his wife Jackie—for Frank Oppenheimer, an unhappy caricature of his brilliant elder brother, had joined the party in 1936. But General Groves had already come to know Oppenheimer rather well. He had no doubts whatever, and he still has none, about Oppenheimer's loyalty. He regarded Oppenheimer's appointment to head Los Alamos as a "calculated risk," which it was essential to take. Why this was essential has been simply explained by John J. McCloy, who represented Secretary of War Stimson in this decision. "Oppenheimer," McCloy has said, "was the only American physicist fully qualified for the job; there were plenty of refugees, of course, but everyone agreed Oppenheimer was the only American who was up to it in every way."

To complete this facet of the story, it must also be noted that Oppenheimer was by no means taken on trust after his appointment at Los Alamos. Throughout 1943, Colonel John Lansdale—a successful, conservative Cleveland lawyer who served as Los Alamos security officer—repeatedly questioned Oppenheimer, at great length and in very great detail, about all his fellow-traveling activities and Communist connections. In addition, Oppenheimer was closely watched at all times; and he was also interviewed by Colonel Boris Pash, the Manhattan District security officer at Berkeley. Colonel Pash, who saw Oppenheimer only once, always remained suspicious of him. But the able and tough-minded Colonel Lansdale had the primary responsibility. He did almost all the work on Oppenheimer and got to know Oppenheimer very intimately. And Lansdale gradually came to have an abiding faith in Oppenheimer's loyalty and discretion.

It is somehow sordid that this essentially insignificant aspect of the epic of Los Alamos should now have to be recalled. How Oppenheimer tirelessly gathered a great new scientific team, while the new laboratory buildings were rising on the sun-drenched mesa; how Los Alamos expanded until, at the end, Oppenheimer was the admired leader of 8,000 people, including 4,000 scientists and technicians; how the work proceeded relentlessly, past obstacle after obstacle, until the final blinding triumph that altered the whole shape of our world—these are the points it would be more fitting to dwell upon. The end came in the bareness of the desert at Alamogordo, when Trinity—the first of the absolute weapons—was tested with brilliant and terrible success.

From that moment, to Hiroshima, to the Medal of Merit and a high position in the councils of the American government, Robert Oppenheimer's journey was rapid and ineluctable. The bomb whose glare illuminated a new world also gave the once-obscure brotherhood of physicists a strange new standing in America. They acquired something of the position in our society of the Mathematician-Astronomer-Priests of the ancient Mayas, who were at once feared and revered as the knowers of the mystery of the seasons and the helpers of the sun and stars in their life-giving courses. Oppenheimer, the maker of the bomb, became the unofficial high priest.

In the next years, his primary public position was the chairmanship of the General Advisory Committee of the AEC; and in 1947 he also found his private niche as director of the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton. But with all his other duties, he was constantly called upon to serve in the more general capacity of chief scientist to the American government, working on many Presidential assignments, always asked to give counsel on the big political-military-scientific problems, often consulted, indeed, as though his pronouncements had an oracular value. And although he left the General Advisory Committee in 1952, his work for the government continued, and his standing before the country remained undiminished.

Such was Oppenheimer, such were his remarkable record and great position, when President Eisenhower named a new chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission. Lewis Lichtenstein Strauss—a promoter, investment banker, and civilian-in-wartime Admiral, who had previously served as one of Truman's first AEC commissioners—moved into the AEC chairmanship on July 3,

953. Just four days later came the first warnng signal. On July 7, as Strauss proudly anounced in his first press release on the)ppenheimer case, the new chairman initiated the steps" that were to end with a ieavy-handed squad of AEC security officers lescending on Princeton to remove the lassified documents which Oppenheimer had lways been allowed to store in a specially uarded facility in his office.

Not long thereafter, events began to move vith unwonted swiftness. At the beginning)f November, a former member of the staff)f the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy, William Liscum Borden, vrote the FBI what can only be called a *ettre de cachet* attacking Oppenheimer's oyalty.

The letter was a mishmash of the stale acts and unsupported conclusions. Accordng to Borden, Strauss was not privy to the vriting of this letter. In any case, under the stablished procedures, the *lettre de cachet* set he whole ponderous security machinery in notion; and Strauss leaped into the driver's eat to make the wheels turn faster.

It was Strauss who went to the President without consulting his colleagues, and came back with the dramatically phrased rder putting a "blank wall" between Oppenheimer and all classified data. It was Strauss who directed the preparation of the harshest possible statement of charges; Strauss who called the still unsuspecting Oppenheimer to Washington to notify him that his AEC clearance was suspended; Strauss who hastened on the trial of the case. It was Strauss or his underling, AEC General Manager K. D. Nichols, who forbade the hearings to be held in New York, thus effectively preventing the distinguished but no longer young John W. Davis from appearing as Oppenheimer's counsel. And it was Strauss who decided that the AEC counsel should be Roger Robb, a man best known as the lawyer for Senator Joseph R. McCarthy's chief journalistic incense-swinger, Fulton Lewis, Jr.

In April of this year, the long hearings began before a special board composed of the Chancellor of North Carolina University and former Secretary of the Army, Gordon Gray; the former head of the Sperry Gyroscope Company, Thomas A. Morgan; and the well-known chemist, Dr. Ward Evans, of Loyola University.

In late May came the Gray board findings. Gordon Gray and Thomas Morgan decided that Oppenheimer was a security risk; but almost in the same breath they pronounced him devotedly loyal, unusually discreet, and a public servant whose contribution could never be repaid. In his dissent, Dr. Ward Evans sternly remarked that the Gray-Morgan finding would be a "black mark on the escutcheon" of the country. The nation argued the issue, and the case then went to the AEC.

Finally, late in June, came the Atomic Energy Commission's majority opinion, again declaring Oppenheimer a security risk. It was written—in brutal language, contrasting sharply with the reflective, regretful tone of Gordon Gray—by Admiral Lewis Strauss. It represents a curious evolution. For the Gray Board had firmly dismissed the bulk of the AEC's original charges against Oppenheimer, which had to do with his prewar associations. Gray and Morgan had then found Oppenheimer guilty primarily on one issue, that his lack of enthusiasm delayed the hydrogen bomb project. But now Strauss, in his turn, firmly dismissed this Gray-Morgan finding, stating that Oppenheimer's views about the H-bomb had not even been considered by the AEC, because he had a right to take any view he chose. By this process of elimination, all the serious charges against Oppenheimer were successively refuted or dropped, until none remained except those contained in the final opinion by Lewis Strauss. Hence this Strauss opinion is the test—the sole test—of the Oppenheimer case.

What then was the purport of this historic opinion? Strauss conspicuously failed to challenge the favorable Gray-Morgan finding, that Oppenheimer was wholly loyal and wholly discreet. Strauss mentioned dangerous associations, but this was strictly subsidiary. In bitter words, Strauss took his stand squarely on the ground that Oppenheimer suffered from "substantial defects of character." Oppenheimer was guilty, said Strauss, of persistent "falsehood, evasion, and misrepresentation"; but as proof of these vices Strauss offered only six "examples."

sufficient to convict Oppenheimer of character defects so grave as to jeopardize national security? Three of the Strauss "examples" can be grouped together and discussed together, for they are all matters with a common background. They are as follows:

First, in the course of a long interrogation in 1943, Colonel Lansdale once asked Oppenheimer a single question: "Do you know Rudy Lambert?" Oppenheimer replied with a short counter-question: "Do you know what he looks like?" That was all; and, as will be seen, it is by no means sure there was even this much. But in the Gray board hearings, it developed that Oppenheimer had indeed known Lambert, a minor Communist official; had lunched with him once or twice; and thus knew what he looked like.

Second, again in 1943, Oppenheimer told Colonel Lansdale he had heard that Joseph Weinberg, a younger physicist at Berkeley whom he did not know well, was a member of the Communist party. Lansdale did not ask Oppenheimer about Weinberg. Oppenheimer volunteered the information. Then, seven years later, in 1950, an FBI agent questioned Oppenheimer about Weinberg. On this occasion Oppenheimer said that he thought he had first learned of Weinberg's Communist affiliations when they became public knowledge, which was after 1943.

Third, again in 1943, Oppenheimer told Colonel Lansdale he had also heard that another Berkeley physicist, Giovanni Rossi Lomanitz, was a Communist. Shortly after this, Lomanitz was drafted in order to remove him from Berkeley. The head of the Berkeley laboratory, Dr. Ernest O. Lawrence, raised a great row about losing Lomanitz. Partly at Lawrence's request, Oppenheimer spoke to Lansdale about getting Lomanitz reassigned to work at Berkeley, as one of those special risks the Manhattan District made it a policy to take in special cases. Later he wrote Lansdale, renewing the same suggestion, but adding that he "was not in a position to endorse this request in an absolute way," since he did not know the full facts about Lomanitz. Finally, after eleven years had passed, Oppenheimer was asked a surprise question at the Gray board hearing: Would he have recommended Lomanitz's re-assignment to Berkeley if he had known Lomanitz was a Communist? And he answered this question in the negative.

The first thing to note about these matters, which are solemnly presented by Admiral Strauss as final proof of habitual untruth, is the simple immensity of their context. Three incorrect answers are torn, as it were, from a vast hodgepodge of innumerable questions put to Oppenheimer by many different people—Pash, Lansdale, Groves, several FBI agents, Congressional committees, the Gray Board—and innumerable questions put, moreover, in all sorts of different conditions and at different time intervals over a period of eleven years. Only a miracle witness could have avoided minor mistakes and contradictions in these circumstances; and Oppenheimer was far from being a miracle witness about small points.

And by any reasonable standard, the three mistakes about Lambert, Weinberg, and Lomanitz were all extremely minor. In the case of the Lomanitz letter, Oppenheimer was asked to recall the forgotten background of a letter written eleven years before, and asked in a way that invited a wrong reply. In the Weinberg case, he fell into what is surely the commonest of all human errors, which is confusing the time when you have learned a long-known fact in a past already remote. As for the Lambert case, there may be no case at all, for the transcript of the Lansdale-Oppenheimer interview in 1943 is badly garbled. And if the transcript is correct, it is surely not stretching things too far to suppose that just once in all these unending interrogations, Oppenheimer was tired or muddled or inattentive, and thus gave a misleading reply to just one short question, casually put and never asked again.

One might be unwilling to make this sympathetic stretch, of course, if the record showed that Oppenheimer had any important motive for being evasive about Lambert, or changing the date of his knowledge of Weinberg's Communism, or misrepresenting the background of his letter about Lomanitz. But the record shows no trace of an important motive, and no attempt to establish any motive. Lomanitz, Weinberg, and Lambert were all men who played no serious role in Oppenheimer's life. While Oppenheimer

made mistakes about these men who meant little to him, he was exceedingly accurate – and at sore cost to his own feelings about other persons who meant a great deal to him. Surely an intelligent man does not tell the bleak, uncomfortable truth about what is important, and then, just for fun and games, tell lies about what is unimportant. With no showing of motive, in short, these things are trifles. Yet they are one-half of Admiral Strauss's proof of Oppenheimer's habitual untruth.

The fourth of the Admiral's examples, the so-called Peters letter, is really too silly to be worth discussing in detail. Before a Congressional committee, Oppenheimer testified somewhat intemperately about the political past of a German refugee physicist, Bernard Peters; and then, when the news leaked and Peters' job was endangered, he wrote a letter that went rather far in truing up. Admiral Strauss also went rather far to true up, in his recent Congressional testimony about his faithfulness in consulting all his commission colleagues. The motive of one was disinterested; of the other, interested. The conduct of both was human and natural under the circumstances.

Example five is also a letter; it is also silly; and it is only worth discussing in detail because of the light it throws on the climate and procedures of the Oppenheimer case.

Very briefly, there was one member absent from the historic meeting of the General Advisory Committee of the AEC, in October 1949, that unanimously recommended against an all-out program to produce the hydrogen bomb. The University of California physicist, Dr. Glenn T. Seaborg, had gone to Sweden two weeks earlier. Before leaving, he wrote Oppenheimer a long, rambling, inconclusive letter that Dr. Seaborg himself described as "having more questions than answers." Yet it contained the sentence: "Although I deplore the prospect of our country putting a tremendous effort into [the H-bomb program], I must confess that I have been unable to come to the conclusion that we should not."

Dr. Seaborg added that he doubted his letter would be helpful, that he was ready to be shown he was wrong, but that the arguments would have to be convincing. He did not ask that his letter be shown to the other members of the General Advisory Committee; and Oppenheimer probably did not interrupt the GAC's tense deliberations with Dr. Seaborg's triplication of negatives, although the GAC members are not clear on this point.

The October meeting was a long, solemn, and heart-searching discussion of one of the truly terrible scientific-strategic Rubicons of our time. In the end, James B. Conant; Enrico Fermi; Cyril Smith; President Eisenhower's personal scientific adviser, Dr. Lee DuBridge; the present chief scientific adviser to Admiral Strauss, Dr. Rabi; and the GAC's two businessmen members, Hartley Rowe and Oliver Buckley, all joined Oppenheimer in opposing a great, immediate effort to make the H-bomb, on both moral and technical grounds. Rabi and Fermi went further than the others, declaring the H-bomb "should never be made" in this country under any circumstances.

Some time after this meeting, Dr. Seaborg returned from Sweden, and was of course told what had happened. He then attended the next GAC meeting in December, long before President Truman's final decision on the H-bomb. At this meeting, when the great issue was again discussed at length, Dr. Seaborg raised no objection to the decision of his colleagues. He offered no criticism or argument. Presumably because he was still of two minds about it, he simply said that he would prefer not to express his views. A couple of months later, before the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy, Oppenheimer testified that "there was surprising unanimity" in the GAC on the H-bomb issue, but added that Dr. Seaborg "had not expressed his views."

To understand how a mountain was made of this molehill, you must understand the most curious feature of the Gray board hearings. The Gray board permitted the AEC counsel to act, and Roger Robb enthusiastically acted, as an ambitious prosecutor with none of the inconvenient restraints that the courts impose on the prosecution. The Seaborg letter was scooped up by the AEC security officers when they took over Oppenheimer's classified files. Robb had the letter. Since Oppenheimer was deprived of the usual protections of a defendant in an adversary proceeding, Oppenheimer did not

testimony as to the GAC's surprising unanimity and Dr. Seaborg's failure to express his views. He induced Oppenheimer to point out that Seaborg was in Sweden during the October GAC meeting, and led him into saying there had been no communication with Seaborg. And then he produced Seaborg's forgotten triplication of negatives like a rabbit out of a hat. Had not Seaborg in fact expressed his views? Was this not a communication? Was there not concealment? So the questioning went.

Of course the letter was indecisive and, indeed, quite meaningless in view of the position that Seaborg took later on. Of course it was natural for Oppenheimer to forget such a letter in the intense and complex debate on the H-Bomb. Of course it was natural for Oppenheimer to remember only the key point, that Dr. Seaborg had in fact refrained from expressing his views when he had the best possible opportunity to do so. All the same, the Seaborg letter was paraded among Admiral Strauss's examples.

II. The Oppenheimer Haters

In the Oppenheimer case layer after layer of false appearances, of chaff dressed up to look like corn, of petty matters artificially inflated into serious matters, must be painstakingly got rid of before what is really serious can be reached. And even what is really serious has usually, in one way or another, been given a false appearance. There is no better illustration of these rules than the sixth famous "example" which Admiral Lewis Strauss used to prove Robert Oppenheimer's "substantial defects of character."

Among the six, this is the only example that is worthy of serious consideration. Even so, the story can be briefly told.

Shortly before Oppenheimer's final move to Los Alamos to take over the great laboratory, he and his wife received a visit at their Berkeley house from the man who had been kind to Katherine Oppenheimer in the bad time, Haakon Chevalier. When he and Oppenheimer were alone together in the kitchen, Chevalier said that George Eltenton, a West coast Communist, had "spoken to him about the possibility of transmitting technical information to the Soviet scientists." Oppenheimer replied sharply that "this sounded very wrong to him," and the matter ended there for the time being.

There were two reasons for this temporary ending. First, the modern concept of "security" was still very strange and unfamiliar in America that early in the war; and Oppenheimer at first convinced himself that he had fulfilled his obligations to "security" when he so firmly rejected Chevalier's feeler. Second, Oppenheimer did not wish to implicate his friend, since he felt indebted to him and since he believed Chevalier was acting as a mere unwitting tool for Eltenton.

Maybe Chevalier was an active Communist. Oppenheimer did not think so. In the atmosphere of those days, after all, it was rather easy to persuade a woolly-minded teacher of romance languages that it was not only right and moral to communicate technical data to the hard-pressed scientists of our gallant Soviet ally, but also that this was a fine way of frustrating the "anti-Soviet" reactionaries everyone was warming against. 1943 was the year, remember, when *Time* Magazine was criticizing the choice of Charles E. Bohlen to accompany Cordell Hull on his mission to Moscow, on the ground that Bohlen was full of stuffy prejudices against the noble Russians.

That summer at Los Alamos, however, Colonel Lansdale happened to tell Oppenheimer that the security people were worried about the activities at Berkeley of the Federation of Architects, Engineers, Chemists, and Technicians. Oppenheimer recalled that Eltenton was an officer of this left-wing union. He remembered the Chevalier incident. Under Colonel Lansdale's tutelage, he had learned a good deal about the need for security precautions. He thought the whole problem over, and when he went to Berkeley a little later, he warned the security officers there that Eltenton would bear watching. He knew, he said, that Eltenton had tried to obtain secret information.

It is not clear whether Oppenheimer was taken unawares by the next move, or whether he had decided in advance to tell a lie to shield Chevalier. At any rate, when the chief security officer, Colonel

Boris Pash, immediately asked Oppenheimer for details. Oppenheimer answered with an idiotic "cock and bull story" about how three persons, all unnamed, had been approached by Eltenton, and about microfilm, the Soviet consulate, and God knows what else. There, once again, the matter ended for the time being; for when Oppenheimer was pressed for names, he refused to give them, merely saying that Eltenton's overtures had been rebuffed.

A couple of months later, General Groves at length told Oppenheimer that he would have to order him to name names; and at this point Oppenheimer told how the approach to him had been made by Chevalier. Neither Colonel Lansdale nor General Groves seems to have been particularly shocked by Oppenheimer's behavior in this matter, and both rather made light of it before the Gray board. They did not of course seek to excuse or palliate either the delay in giving the warning about Eltenton, or the subsequent cock and bull story to protect Chevalier. But Lansdale strongly emphasized that Oppenheimer had taken the initiative to give the warning about Eltenton, going to Pash of his own volition. This, he said, was the significant point.

Of the cock-and-bull story, Groves remarked that Oppenheimer merely showed the "typical American schoolboy attitude that there is something wicked about telling on a friend." He added that he "felt [he] had gotten what [he] needed out of" Oppenheimer's final confession. And he summed up pretty effectively: "I do know this: that [Oppenheimer] was doing what he thought was essential, which was to disclose to me the dangers of this particular attempt of a potential spy to enter the project."

This is the whole of the famous Chevalier incident, together with the opinions on it of the two men who had the best reasons to be upset about it and were closest to it at the time.

It had a minor sequel, in that Oppenheimer did not absolutely break off relations with Chevalier. He still believes that Chevalier ignorantly let himself be used by Eltenton; and there was still the old sense of gratitude. Last year, when the Oppenheimers were in Paris, the Chevaliers learned of their visit from Professor Niels Bohr. They wrote asking to see the Oppenheimers. Chevalier was then working for UNESCO, which had raised the question of his clearance. He did not know whether to resume his French citizenship to keep his job, or to brave the thing out as an American; and he wanted to talk to Oppenheimer about it. The two couples lunched together one day, and the next day paid a call together on Chevalier's friend, André Malraux, hardly a left-wing association.

The best comment on this encounter was made by George F. Kennan, when Gordon Gray sought an admission that it was improper for Oppenheimer to see a former friend with Chevalier's background. "I don't like to think," said Kennan, "that people in a senior capacity in government should not be permitted or conceded maturity of judgment to know when they can see such a person or when they can't. If they come to you, sometimes I think it is impossible for you to turn them away abruptly or in a cruel way, simply because you are afraid of association with them, so long as what they are asking of you is nothing that affects your governmental work. I myself say it is a personal view on the part of Christian charity to try to be at least as decent as you can to them."

Such are the facts. It remains to be explained how these rather simple facts have been blown up, before the American public, almost to the proportions of a nightmare. The explanation is that AEC counsel Robb used the old prosecutor's trick of forcing Oppenheimer to admit, over and over again, that he had lied in his original cock and bull story to Colonel Pash. What was really a single made-up story was worked, like a mine, to produce thirteen admissions of lying. Robb's trick evidently gave Admiral Strauss just what he wanted, as one can see from the account he gives of the Chevalier incident in his AEC opinion:

> Dr. Oppenheimer has now admitted under oath that while in charge of the Los Alamos Laboratory and working on the most secret weapons development for the government, he told Colonel Pash a fabrication of lies. Colonel Pash . . . was charged with the duty of protecting the atomic-weapons project against spies. Dr. Oppenheimer told Colonel Pash in circumstantial detail of an attempt by a Soviet agent to

[illegible] about the [illegible]. This was the [illegible] Chevalier incident. In the hearing [illegible], Dr. Oppenheimer [illegible] that the story he told Colonel Pash was a "whole tissue and fabrication of lies."

There are several things to be said about that remarkable paragraph, of which the first is that it amounts to as big and ugly an untruth as Oppenheimer ever told Colonel Pash. "This" was emphatically not "the Haakon Chevalier incident." It was only a part of the Chevalier incident, and by no means the major part. The major part was Oppenheimer's voluntary decision to give the warning about Eltenton. That was the heart of the matter, according to both Lansdale and Groves. Strauss left out the heart of the matter. He omitted every other explanatory and extenuating fact. He rejected the testimony of the two real experts on this Chevalier incident, Groves and Lansdale. And so he achieved no mere caricature of the truth, but a gross and flagrant distortion.

There is an ancient rule of Roman law that *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi*, in combination, are tantamount to a conscious lie and may be so treated by the judge on the bench. There is no known rule that covers the judge himself indulging, wholesale, in the suppression of what is relevant and true, and the suggestion of what is irrelevant and false.

One would like to pause to analyze at some length the other instances of these practices, which are liberally studded throughout Admiral Strauss's opinion. His accounts of all the other five "examples" are also biased in language, and the central, explanatory facts—showing why Oppenheimer acted as he did and putting his actions in sensible proportion—are omitted without exception.

After giving his examples, furthermore, Admiral Strauss permitted himself a bold hint that the secret and unpublished part of the record contained many other facts damaging to Oppenheimer. "The catalog does not end with these six examples," he wrote. "The work of Military Intelligence, the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and the Atomic Energy Commission—all, at one time or another, have felt the effect of his falsehoods, evasions, and misrepresentations." This statement is nailed as just not true, in the powerful dissenting opinion of AEC Commissioner Henry C. Smyth, who saw and studied every document that Strauss saw and studied.

Here, then, was an American citizen of great eminence and public usefulness, who had been lengthily tried and found to be unquestionably discreet and unquestionably loyal. And by such methods and on such evidence as we have shown, this man was publicly disgraced before his country and the world.

Yet even the peculiarities of the evidence and the curiosities of its presentation do not bring us to the end of the strange story of this Strauss opinion that condemned Robert Oppenheimer as a security risk. One must also remember that Oppenheimer's security clearance had come before the AEC once before. And here we find what Admiral Strauss would probably call a "pattern," made up of three interrelated sets of facts, and pointing to a decidedly unappetizing conclusion.

First, there is the story of the clearance itself. When the FBI summary came to the AEC in the winter of 1947, preliminary clearance of Oppenheimer was voted promptly, but the commission was sufficiently concerned to defer final clearance. J. Edgar Hoover was consulted and raised a special warning flag about the Chevalier incident, saying that it was the "only thing he didn't like." Besides the summary, the FBI's full investigative file on Oppenheimer was also sent to the AEC and made available to the commissioners. This file not only gave the essential facts of the Chevalier incident; it also included an explicit admission by Oppenheimer—made to the FBI in 1946 and comparable in all but wording to the admission he made to the Gray board—that the first story he told Colonel Pash was pure fabrication. Yet in August 1947, after considering the matter four months, the AEC unanimously voted to give Oppenheimer full and final clearance.

Second, the fullness and finality of this 1947 clearance was hidden from Oppenheimer and his lawyers for a period of several months after the case against Oppenheimer was started. The AEC, which means Strauss, at first made available a strikingly incomplete record, making it seem that the 1947 clear-

ance was casually voted without any opportunity to consider the derogatory data. Oppenheimer's counsel before the Gray board, Lloyd Garrison, had to press very hard to get the whole story from the AEC. The full record was only produced toward the end of the hearings. On the face of the evidence, in short, there was at least a strong reluctance to reveal the truth about the 1947 AEC clearance, if not a positive effort to conceal it.

Third, this reluctance to reveal or this effort to conceal, whichever it may have been, assumes a most disturbing significance in view of the central fact about the subsequent opinion handed down by Lewis Strauss. In the Strauss opinion, the Chevalier story is everything. It provides the only proof cited by Strauss of Oppenheimer's "persistent and willful disregard of the obligations of security." It provides the only proof cited by Strauss of Oppenheimer's "continuing associations with Communists" in the postwar period. Above all, if it had not been for this Chevalier incident, in which Oppenheimer undoubtedly acted very wrongly, Strauss's other five "examples" would have been laughed out of court. The prosecutor's trick that provided the invaluable phrase—"a whole tissue and fabrication of lies"—alone gave a persuasive color of sinister importance to the other small stuff.

Now one of the AEC Commissioners in 1947—and a most active commissioner, who was regarded, so the testimony shows, as the AEC's expert on security—was none other than Lewis L. Strauss. As we have seen, everything significant in the Chevalier story—except, of course, the sad little Paris luncheon last year—was included in the full FBI file that went to the AEC. In that file, there was even the same sort of flat admission of lying to Colonel Pash that Oppenheimer also made before the Gray board. Furthermore, Lewis Strauss studied that file in 1947; for at least one member of the AEC staff clearly remembers being called in by Strauss that spring, to discuss the file and its derogatory data. Hence there can be no doubt that in 1947 Strauss knew all the basic facts of the Chevalier incident, which was to become the be-all and end-all of his bitter 1954 opinion condemning Robert Oppenheimer as a security risk. But in August 1947, Lewis Strauss voted with the other Atomic Energy Commissioners to grant Robert Oppenheimer full and final security clearance for the most confidential scientific post in the American government, the chairmanship of the AEC's General Advisory Committee. And in October 1947, in his capacity as a member of the Institute board, Strauss also nominated Oppenheimer to the directorship of the Institute for Advanced Study.

There is a glaring contrast here between the Strauss of 1947 and the Strauss of 1954, which is made all the more glaring by the apparent attempt to prevent the contrast from becoming too obvious. There is a puzzle in this contrast, and not a very pretty puzzle either. The solution must be sought—it can only be sought—in the character of Admiral Strauss himself.

Lewis Strauss—he pronounces it "Straws"—is a short, natty, energetic, ambitious, and intelligent man. From rather poor beginnings, he has made a handsome fortune for himself as a Kuhn Loeb partner and as a financial adviser to the Rockefellers. But he is no mere money-getter. He genuinely cares about the public service. He usefully served the late James V. Forrestal in wartime. And again, in his first term at the AEC, he was sometimes petty and wrong-headed; but he was also a valuable official, right about the hydrogen bomb when many others were wrong, and right too in pressing for the adoption of the long-range detection system that warns us of Soviet atomic and thermonuclear explosions.

Yet there is in Strauss something which gives him a desperate need to condescend, to be always agreed with, to be endlessly approved and admired, to dominate and play the great man. With his chiefs, like Forrestal and Eisenhower, he is all pliability. But from equals and subordinates, he likes no argument. One of his fellow commissioners has said of him, "If you disagree with Lewis about anything, he assumes you're just a fool at first. But if you go on disagreeing with him, he concludes you must be a traitor."

With such a man as Strauss, Oppenheimer was fated from the first to get on badly. He is by no means a man without fault. He has impossibly high intellectual standards. He

with more than a trace of ...ectual snobbery and sometimes with ...ed scorn for those who fall short. He has a good deal of the arrogance of the brightest boy in class; he is not patient with obtuseness, and his tongue can be very cutting. All these faults of Oppenheimer's were bound to exaggerate and indeed to inflame the faults of Strauss. And the very sign and seal of their early good relations, Oppenheimer's election to the Princeton Institute directorship, was a natural source of friction. For Strauss thought he had placed Oppenheimer under an obligation. Oppenheimer thought he had been given a job because he was worthy of it. And ...rose between the two men the difficulties between the sponsor and the sponsored that are sadly familiar in all academic communities, as well as in the larger world.

With fair certainty, one can identify the crystallizing incident in the trouble between Oppenheimer and Strauss. It was a disagreement over the export of radioactive isotopes to our allies. In his first term at the AEC, Strauss, who knows little of physics and has a mania for official secrecy, always opposed the export of isotopes except for medical purposes. The AEC voted Strauss down, but that did not stop him. And in 1949, Strauss charged before the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy that American atomic secrets were being endangered by the export of certain isotopes to Norway.

In the ensuing ruckus, Oppenheimer was called by the Joint Committee to give his opinion, which he did with far too overpowering brilliance. He made mincemeat of Strauss's scientifically uninformed thesis. He pointed out that anything—the knowledge that two and two makes four—may play a part in atomic weaponry. "You can use a shovel for atomic energy," he said, "—in fact, you do. You can use a beer bottle for atomic energy—in fact you do." Then, not content with making Strauss look an ignoramus, Oppenheimer went on to make him seem small-minded. "The positive arguments for making [isotopes] available," he said, "lie in fostering science; they lie in making cordial relations with the scientists and technical people of Western Europe . . . They lie in doing the decent thing."

The AEC Counsel of that period, Joseph Volpe, recalls watching Strauss's face darken with fury during this testimony; and he remembers an exchange with Oppenheimer at the close. "Joe," said Oppenheimer, "how did I do?" Looking at Strauss still suffering from his humiliation, Volpe answered, "Robert, you did much too well for your own good." The memory of Volpe is confirmed by the behavior of Strauss, for whom the isotopes remain, to this day, a major King Charles's head. When he became AEC Chairman five years after the defeat in the hearing, Strauss solemnly exhumed this dead-as-mutton issue, and discoursed on it at great length and with tedious self-justification at no less than four commission meetings.

There were other, later disputes to deepen the trouble between Strauss and Oppenheimer—about the Hydrogen Bomb, about the closeness of our partnership with Britain and Canada, and about Senator Hickenlooper's famous and nonsensical charge of "incredible mismanagement" at the AEC, which Strauss had encouraged in his backstairs way. In the end, the trouble clearly became very deep and dark indeed.

As often happens, however, a good face was put upon this trouble for a long time. Not too long before the Oppenheimer case began, Strauss even put his name to a generally desired motion raising Oppenheimer's salary from the Princeton Institute. Quite possibly, the action against Oppenheimer that Strauss initiated as soon as he became AEC Chairman was not then really intended to lead to anything; for there was a delay of several months between the initiation and fruition. Very probably, the precipitating factor was a series of moves against Oppenheimer by Senator McCarthy, indicating an imminent investigation, which left Strauss the choice between forestalling McCarthy or appearing before the Grand Inquisitor as Oppenheimer's sponsor.

At any rate, what really matters is the central fact. It is impossible to avoid the conclusion that this petty, tangled, tragic business of the old friction and disagreement between Strauss and Oppenheimer contains one of the essential clues to the Oppenheimer case.

It is not surprising, then, that Commissioner Henry Smyth's dissent grimly emphasized the role of "powerful personal

enemies" in the attack on Robert Oppenheimer. Yet it would be *simpliste*, and it would leave vital questions unanswered, to close our inquiry at this point. The part of Strauss has been shown, and his opinion has been analyzed. But how about the other AEC commissioners, all of whom except Smyth voted not to clear Oppenheimer? And how about Gordon Gray and Thomas Morgan, who also voted against clearance, although for reasons quite different from those given by Strauss?

It is not good enough to say that Dr. Ward Evans and Commissioner Smyth devastatingly answer the majority opinions of the Gray board and the AEC. It is not good enough to say, either, that Strauss and Robb staged a prosecution in the guise of a fact-finding proceeding, and that this device was remarkably successful. It is not even good enough to blame the result on the *Zeitgeist*, as was done by the great physicist Leo Szilard in the best of all comments on the Gray-Morgan finding. Szilard, who is no friend of Oppenheimer's, said simply: "Unfortunately for all of us, [Gray and Morgan] are as good men as they come, and if they are affected by the general insanity which is more and more creeping up on us, who can be counted on to be immune?"

THE truth is that Strauss, Robb, and the *Zeitgeist* had important collaborators. No high, confidential official of his time was more careful than Robert Oppenheimer about discussing problems of policy outside the government councils; but in council, as his duty required, he freely spoke his mind and obstinately followed his conscience on many controversial matters over a long period of years. He spoke his mind, moreover, with no amiable willingness to suffer fools gladly. In several quarters, he thus built up a massive accumulation of enmity and suspicion, aroused institutional sensibilities and personal jealousy and dislike. The record of the Gray board hearings reeks like a compost heap with the emotions engendered by old policy disputes. And it shows, alas, that in modern America Lewis Strauss is by no means alone in equating disagreement with disloyalty.

In the somewhat bedragged parade of Oppenheimer-haters whom Prosecutor Robb led to the stand, the former chief of the Air War College, Major General Roscoe C. Wilson, will serve to typify—for he almost *is*—an aroused institution. General Wilson was called because he once "felt compelled to go to the Director of Intelligence to express my concern over what I felt was a pattern of action . . . not helpful to national defense." He solemnly testified that he was first alerted by Oppenheimer's "interest in what I call the internationalizing of atomic energy"—an interest that was shared, to be sure, by all the leaders of the American government and a few others too, such as Bernard M. Baruch. Then there were other things in this pattern that worried General Wilson. There was, for instance, Oppenheimer's insistence that it was technically premature to try to build nuclear-powered aircraft. "I don't challenge his technical judgment," remarked the General plaintively, "but at the same time he felt less strongly opposed to nuclear-powered ships."

THE Air Force General who saw a security risk in the suggestion that a ship can take a nuclear reactor more conveniently than an airplane has his perfect companion piece in the Air Force Chief Scientist, David Tressel Griggs, who decided Oppenheimer was either "confused or pro-Russian" because Oppenheimer actively urged a serious air defense of America's cities and industries against Soviet atomic attack.

The issues that Griggs and Oppenheimer quarreled over must be examined later. It is enough to say here that the Griggs testimony is a morass of the kind of inaccuracies that go with petty bureaucratic talebearing, and that Griggs unblushingly confessed the origin of his opinions. There had been "pretty strong controversies," he said, and he added complacently that "when you get involved in a hot controversy, it is awfully hard not to question the motives of the people who oppose you." This he appeared to consider as common Christian, or at least common bureaucratic, practice.

At the same time, Griggs seems to have some dim inkling that, just possibly, differences of view on highly arguable policy issues ought not always to lead to security proceedings. After repeatedly attacking Oppenheimer's loyalty because of past disagree-

[illegible] finished with a grandiose flourish: [illegible] ever comes to the day when we can't agree and disagree violently on public and national policy, then of course I feel it will be a calamity for our democracy. I think perhaps I have said enough."

He had indeed, and so we may leave Griggs as the most interesting and complex, the most distinguished, and the most demanding of sympathetic understanding among all these Oppenheimer haters.

DR. EDWARD TELLER, author of the "brilliant invention" that made the hydrogen bomb possible, is one of the great scientists of our time. This strange genius (in himself the final argument for a security system that allows for the exceptional and the eccentric) is a man all light and dark, gentleness and anger, serene high thought and furious personal feeling. With Oppenheimer he has had a most curious relationship, official yet somehow intense and tragic, which can be traced through the pages of the Gray board record.

Its beginnings at Los Alamos are revealed in the testimony of the respected Dr. Hans Bethe. Bethe told the Gray board that "no enterprise quite as hard" as the job done at Los Alamos "had ever been attempted before"; and that the "success was due mostly to [Oppenheimer's] leadership." Oppenheimer, said Bethe, was the "man who really understood everything and was recognized [by the other scientists] as superior in judgment . . . and knowledge to us all." But as usually happens in any large community with an admired leader, there were a few, a very few, who sharply rejected Oppenheimer's leadership. One of these was Edward Teller, who served under Bethe in the important Los Alamos Theoretical Division.

Said Bethe: "I relied . . . I hoped to rely very heavily on [Teller] to help our work . . . . It turned out he did not want to co-operate. He did not want to work on . . . the line of research that everybody else had agreed to as the fruitful line. . . . So that in the end there was no choice but to relieve him of work in the general line of development of Los Alamos, and to permit him to pursue his own ideas entirely unrelated to World War II."

Teller's own testimony shows a great deal more. There is Teller in wartime, fixed in his "own ideas" (which already concerned thermonuclear weapons) and objecting sharply to Oppenheimer's wartime policies. There is Teller, just postwar, bitterly disappointed because thermonuclear development was not already being pushed on the scale of another Manhattan District. There is Teller blaming Oppenheimer for this decision, which was made by many people and on the highest level of government. And there is Teller again blaming Oppenheimer for the postwar slump at Los Alamos, at a time when Oppenheimer was infuriating the rest of the scientific community by backing the May-Johnson bill, with its prolongation of military control, because he thought this was the only way to hold Los Alamos together.

Then there is Teller hurrying to Washington after JOE I, the code name for the first Soviet atomic test, to press for an immediate H-bomb program on the largest scale. And there is Teller infuriated by the adverse recommendation of the AEC General Advisory Committee, and once more blaming Oppenheimer alone for this unanimous action of one of the most high-powered boards ever assembled.

FINALLY, there is the last and the somehow conclusive episode, for which one must return to the testimony of Bethe. President Truman had announced his decision to build the H-bomb at all costs. As the leading expert and grand advocate of the ultimate weapon, Teller immediately became the key man in the project at Los Alamos. But Teller regarded the great laboratory as Enemy Ground, no doubt because he thought of it as Oppenheimer Territory. He complained to the Air Force authorities—and the ears of David Griggs were eagerly receptive—that his work was being hampered and sabotaged. He demanded a second laboratory, a duplicate of Los Alamos, in which to do his job. Bethe, who was by now working under Teller, had to go to Washington to explain that Teller was talking nonsense. And nonsense it proved to be; for Teller's "brilliant invention" only indicated the right approach, while the Los Alamos staff triumphantly did the immense job of designing and building the H-bomb.

Great power of intellect, an obsessive concentration on a single object, above all an

obsessive conviction that one man and one man only stood in the way of attaining that object—these are the qualities that stand out in the Teller story. Before the Gray board, Teller pictured Oppenheimer as a sort of mass-Svengali, somehow commanding the sheeplike obedience of scores of equally distinguished, extremely opinionated, and incorrigibly individualistic leaders of American science, and always swaying the majority of American physicists to oppose and obstruct Teller. Yet Teller also told the Gray board that he believed Oppenheimer was "loyal to the United States." And when Gordon Gray asked him whether "it would endanger the common defense and security to grant clearance to Dr. Oppenheimer," Teller replied with a fine display of intellectual precision.

"I believe," he said, ". . . that Dr. Oppenheimer's character is such that he would not knowingly and willingly do anything that is designed to endanger the safety of this country. To the extent, therefore, that your question is directed towards intent, I would say I do not see any reason to deny clearance. If it is a question of wisdom and judgment, as demonstrated by actions since 1945, then I would say it would be wiser not to grant clearance. I must say that I am myself a little bit confused on this issue, particularly as it refers to a person of Oppenheimer's prestige and influence."

III. What Is Security?

Edward Teller's final statement to the Gray board deserves to be closely analyzed. First, he said that Robert Oppenheimer would not "knowingly" take any action contrary to this country's interests. Second, however, he questioned Oppenheimer's "judgment," implying that Oppenheimer's advice on great issues of national policy had been injudicious and unhelpful. In other words, Dr. Teller said that Oppenheimer was not a security risk under any sane definition of the term. But Teller also told the Gray board that he would not grant security clearance to Oppenheimer, simply because Oppenheimer's judgment had differed from Teller's judgment.

Whether Oppenheimer was right, or Teller was right, in these matters on which they differed, does not affect the question that Teller raised. It is a very simple question When you do not like a man's advice on policy, do you simply strike him off your list of advisers, or do you drag him before a security board and hold him a security risk—which really means, if it any longer means anything at all, that his advice was evilly motivated?

This question is crucial, for Oppenheimer's loyalty and discretion were held proven and there was no hint of blackmailability, or anything of that sort. Instead, behind every accusation except that of the Berkeley intelligence officer, Colonel Pash, there was always the same background of what Griggs called "hot" controversy.

Speaking for the majority of the Atomic Energy Commission, Admiral Strauss formally declared that "Dr. Oppenheimer was, of course, entitled to his opinion." He thereby denied that Oppenheimer was being held a security risk because of the hot controversies of the past. But on the face of the record this Strauss declaration-denial was both misleading and hypocritical.

The one important new item in the original AEC charges against Oppenheimer, drawn up under Strauss's own direction, related to Oppenheimer's opinions about the H-bomb. Oppenheimer was in fact tried for these and other policy opinions before the Gray board, at such length that at least half the record is an inquiry into his opinions. The Gray board, in its most important finding, held him guilty on his opinions. And it is abundantly clear that if it had not been for his opinions there would have been no Oppenheimer case. For Lewis Strauss, Roger Robb and the *Zeitgeist*, all working together, still needed the allies who had been recruited and the climate that had been engendered by Oppenheimer's forthrightness on great issues of national policy.

One is tempted to avoid looking into this matter of Oppenheimer's policy advice, since it has no relevance at all to the question of his loyalty or disloyalty, security or insecurity, unless a wrong motive can be shown. There was no such showing, as the Gray board acknowledged; yet the matter of Oppenheimer's policy advice cannot be avoided, because it is relevant to the Oppenheimer case as a demonstration of how

[illegible] works.
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[illegible] his govern-
[illegible] rounded by getting him into trou-
[illegible] involved, since
all three in part at least grew out of Oppenheimer's concept of the right American world strategy. And of these pieces of advice, the [illegible] most people think was wrong, the advice about the hydrogen bomb.

THE stage for that advice, its backdrop as it were, was the Truman Louis Johnson disarmament program of 1949-50. "Defense economy" had left the country with no serious defense except air-atomic striking power. The Strategic Air Command itself was in far from satisfactory shape at that time, and our world strategy squarely depended on the effects—to a quite large degree, on the psychological effects—of our atomic monopoly. And in September 1949 the Soviets broke that monopoly by successfully testing their first atomic bomb.

The news of JOE I caused natural and widespread consternation. Edward Teller, Dr. Ernest Lawrence, and Lawrence's sidekick, Dr. L. W. Alvarez, enplaned from the West coast to urge an immediate, all-out effort to top the Soviet A-bomb with an American H-bomb. Commissioner Strauss, the Air Force and the other services, the Joint Congressional Committee, were all rapidly mobilized. In this agitated climate, AEC Chairman David Lilienthal asked for the views of his General Advisory Committee. And toward the end of October the grandees of the GAC assembled, with Oppenheimer in the chair; and after the most prayerful discussion they recommended against the "crash" program Teller was urging.

It must have taken considerable moral courage to make that recommendation. And it was by no means so eccentric as most people suppose, for the objections to the H-bomb crash program were very strong indeed.

First, there were the moral objections. Anyone who thinks it was immoral to feel moral objections to the H-bomb must either know very little about the absolute weapons or be sadly in need of training as a human being. Beyond that, these need not be discussed.

Second, there were extremely important technical objections. At that period, our atomic stockpile was not yet adequate. As then conceived by Teller and everyone else, the H-bomb would have consumed an enormous quantity of fissionable raw stuff, with much less return in total explosive power than could be got from an equivalent investment in more A-bombs. It was not at all clear whether many A-bombs should be sacrificed to get one H-bomb. It was not at all clear, either, whether the kind of H-bomb that was being discussed could ever be built at all; and in the end it never *was* built. In 1950, Dr. Teller's "brilliant invention" changed the whole picture, opening the way to the large, economy-sized H-bomb with a lithium-hydride core. And we have Teller's own testimony that when he first announced his "invention," Oppenheimer warmly congratulated him and declared that he would have felt quite differently in the 1949 H-bomb debate if this altogether different weapon had been the subject.

THIRD, there was also a strategic objection to the H-bomb, felt particularly strongly by Oppenheimer and Conant, and clearly expressed in the unhappy letter that Oppenheimer wrote Conant before the fateful GAC meeting. Here is the relevant passage:

> What concerns me is really not the technical problem. I am not sure the miserable thing [*i.e.* the H-bomb] will work, nor that it can be gotten to a target except by oxcart. It seems likely to me even further to worsen the *unbalance of our present war plans. What does worry me is that this thing appears to have caught the imagination, both of the Congressional and the military people, as the answer to the problem posed by* [*the Soviet atomic test*]. It would be folly to oppose the exploration of this weapon. We have always known it had to be done; and it does have to be done, although it appears to be singularly proof against any form of experimental approach. *But that we become committed to it as the way to save the country and save the peace, appears to me full of dangers.*

Behind these passages we have italicized was Oppenheimer's conviction that an unthinking and unqualified dependence on a stock of absolute weapons, as a sole defense of this country, had now become infinitely perilous.

This magical theory of defense was already enthroned at the Pentagon, it must be remembered, in the obstreperous person of Secretary Johnson. The common reaction to Joe I—"Well, the Soviets have the A-bomb but we'll just get the H-bomb, and then everything will still be all right"—seemed so wrong to Oppenheimer that he perhaps overreacted against it. This over-reaction can also be observed in the testimony of Dr. Conant, who told the Gray board that he had feared an American H-bomb because he expected it to breed groundless complacency, and so to cause all the many needs of a balanced defense to be scamped or neglected.

Events have proved the wisdom of Oppenheimer's and Conant's fear of the magical theory of defense by nothing but absolute weapons. Nonetheless, Oppenheimer now acknowledges that the GAC recommendation of 1949 was mistaken, both because the way to prevent groundless complacency is to fight it head on; and because the GAC did not answer the two simple questions asked by President Truman, when he was first told of the H-bomb debate by Admiral Sidney Souers. "Can the Russians make this thing?" Truman inquired. "And if so, how can we help making it?"

It should be noted, however, that in 1949-50 the anti-H-bomb recommendation of the General Advisory Committee caused hardly more than a temporary ripple. Conant, Fermi, Smith, DuBridge, Rabi, Rowe, Buckley, and Oppenheimer presented a solid front together. In those happier days, no one was foolish enough to suppose that the unanimous verdict of such a group could be unpatriotic in purpose. Except for Edward Teller, no one was foolish enough to suppose, either, that all the members of a group of this caliber could be swayed against their better judgments by the mesmeric influence of Svengali-Oppenheimer. President Truman rejected the General Advisory Committee recommendation. The H-bomb program was launched. And the position taken by the GAC was generally forgotten, until later and quite different advice given by Oppenheimer caused certain powerful persons to look for sticks to beat him with.

The next act of our drama of opinion occurred after an interval of two years, in 1951. This time the backdrop was the bloody ground fighting in Korea, the inadequacy of our tactical air effort over the Korean battlefields, and the vast convulsive Western struggle to rearm, centering around NATO, that Korea had set in motion. For all these reasons Project Vista was started by the Pentagon. Under the leadership of Drs. DuBridge and Charles Lauritsen, Vista was to study the tactical use of atomic bombs and related problems.

In the GAC, Oppenheimer had taken the lead in pressing tactical A-bomb development. When the Vista scientists had assembled their data, he was called in as a consultant; and at the request of DuBridge and Lauritsen, he drafted the fifth chapter of the Vista report, setting forth its conclusions and recommendations. In two important ways, this chapter Oppenheimer drafted was a significant turning point. It outlined what is now the approved American doctrine for tactical use of atomic weapons. And, while still in draft form, it was taken to Paris by Oppenheimer, to be shown to General Dwight D. Eisenhower, who then welcomed the Vista conclusions with intense enthusiasm and made them the basis of a radical revision of his Western European defense plans.

Unfortunately, however, there was one thing in Oppenheimer's Vista draft that made it as unwelcome to the Air Force Staff as it had been welcome to Eisenhower and his staff at SHAPE. Oppenheimer, who was well aware we were entering the era of atomic plenty, proposed that the Joint Chiefs of Staff make a new division of our atomic stockpile, allocating part to reserve, part for tactical use, and part to the Strategic Air Command.

The Air Generals, no great believers in atomic plenty, had been fighting tooth and claw for five years to keep the entire atomic stockpile as the Strategic Air Command's monopoly asset. Compared to SAC, the Air Generals cared very little indeed about tactical air, which was one of the reasons for the difficulties in Korea. Now Oppenheimer was suggesting that the Joint Chiefs change the rules, and allocate some of SAC's hard-won bombs to tactical uses. This automatically reduced most of the leaders of the Air

[illegible] fury."

[illegible] came the drama of opinion's third [illegible] in 1952. This time the back-drop was the increasingly alarming intelligence about the [illegible] the Soviet atomic stockpile, about the rising power of the Soviet Strategic Air Army, about the first long-range reconnaissance flights over this hemisphere. And, besides this immediate backdrop, there was also some earlier background.

In 1950, Joe I had started a battle in the National Security Council. The majority had insisted that the new Soviet atomic bomb made continental air defense an urgent matter. The Air Generals, who cared even less about air defense than about tactical air, had pooh-poohed the whole idea. But over the angry opposition of the Air Force, the National Security Council had issued a directive giving the air defense of this continent the highest defense priority. In reluctant obedience to this directive, Project Lincoln had been established at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, to study the air defense problem. Since then, as the intelligence indicated, the problem had grown urgent. And now, in the summer of 1952, Lincoln had collected its data; it had made certain brilliant technological break-throughs; and a large number of the country's leading scientists were gathering to act as consultants of a special Summer Study Group, which would organize the Lincoln results in a coherent plan.

Even before the Lincoln Summer Study Group began its work, the Air Staff was on the *qui vive*. We have the testimony of Dr. Jerrold Zacharias, a leading member of Project Lincoln, that Air Force Chief Scientist Griggs attempted to "sabotage" the effort at the very start. Griggs was repelled, however. Oppenheimer, Dr. Rabi, Dr. Lauritsen, and many others gathered as planned. And in the end, the Summer Study Group produced a powerful report which is now proving to have been another great turning point in national defense planning. This report made two main points:

(1) That the Soviets would soon have the air-atomic capability of destroying the United States.

(2) That owing to the recent technological break-throughs, an effective American air defense could now be constructed, although at very great cost.

You would have supposed the Air Force would have welcomed the report. Instead the Air Force authorities first sought to prevent the Lincoln results from being communicated to the rest of the government. Then, when the results were nonetheless communicated and air defense became a serious issue, the word went out from the Air Staff that the Lincoln program was nothing but a plan for "another Maginot line," and an impractical, long-hair plan at that. This crude propaganda was further combined with a mounting personal attack on Oppenheimer, portrayed as the devil of the Summer Study Group.

There was talk of a sinister cabal called ZORC (standing for Zacharias, Oppenheimer, Rabi and—illogically—Charles, from the first name of Lauritsen) that was darkly plotting against the security of the United States. A *Fortune* article full of snide hints about Oppenheimer's motives was directly inspired by the Office of the Chief of Air Staff. And the issue of Oppenheimer's loyalty was officially raised in government councils.

To the ordinary American citizen, who is not familiar with Big Bomber Generals and Battleship Admirals, these goings-on may appear downright fantastic. Yet they are described without exaggeration, as these reporters, who lived through all these episodes, can testify from first-hand knowledge. And, if you consider all the factors, the fantasy is not so extreme as it may appear.

In brief, the Big Bomber Generals, the champions of strategic air power, have always dominated the American Air Force. For human reasons, Big Bomber Generals are possessed by the same passionate feeling for their own special weapons, even at the expense of all other air weapons, that was also the mark of the Battleship Admirals who fought the carriers so long and so bitterly. Moreover, the Big Bomber Generals were and are more justified than the Battleship Admirals. Since

*David Griggs' testimony indicates that there were other things unfavorable to the Strategic Air Command in this Oppenheimer draft of the Vista report's fifth chapter. But, after the Gray Board hearings ended, the original draft was found by Oppenheimer; and it provided documentary proof that Griggs' memory was at fault in this matter.

the end of the last war, strategic air power has been our only form of offensive power against the major enemy; and it has been absolutely vital to have an adequate and efficient Strategic Air Command.

The fight for an adequate Strategic Air Command has been long and hard, and it has been especially envenomed whenever appropriations were in question. Zealots who must endlessly fight for their beliefs humanly tend to lose their sense of proportion —to feel that the object of their zeal is all that matters, and that all else is nothing. Hence the leaders of the air staff saw one thing, and one thing only, in the LINCOLN Program for American Air Defense. They saw that it would make heavy demands for funds. They further feared, and perhaps reasonably feared, that the economizing politicians might partly subtract the funds for air defense from the appropriations of the Strategic Air Command. And that danger (which the LINCOLN scientists had not considered) was enough to persuade the air staff that the LINCOLN air defense plan was nothing less than a sinister, insidious, indirect attack on strategic air power.

All these points emerge very clearly in the Gray board hearings, if you read the testimony of David Griggs and then subtract the many errors of fact shown up in it by the testimony of Rabi, Zacharias, and others. Of course LINCOLN was not a plot against SAC, any more than VISTA was a plot against SAC. Of course the Summer Study Group's idea was the one Dr. Rabi neatly expressed when he was asked whether a belief in air defense necessarily proved hostility to strategic air power: "But there are the two arms," said the mild Rabi patiently. "There is the punching arm, and there is the guard. You have to have *both*."

Oppenheimer said the same thing even better, when he remarked that he had "never seen a first-class prize fighter with a complete glass jaw." The fact that this country dare not continue with a complete glass jaw is now being officially recognized—belatedly, and with insufficient urgency—by the Eisenhower Administration. The Summer Study Group's recommendations are now being acted upon, but after two precious years have been wasted.

But surely it is no longer necessary to labor the point, in the new era of the Soviet hydrogen bomb, that Oppenheimer and the scientists were right in urging a serious American air defense. The opposition to the air defense idea, which incidentally defied national policy as laid down in the Security Council directive of 1950, was the blind, angry reaction of a military bureaucracy both set in its ways and easily irritated by military proposals of civilian origin. The question remains why Oppenheimer was chosen, among so many others, as the particular target of this irritation. The answer comes in two parts.

On the one hand, the political follies of Oppenheimer's prewar years made him vulnerable, as he was well aware —for one of the things that stand out in this story is Oppenheimer's cool courage in challenging the greatest power groups of the government with this knowledge of his own vulnerability always in his mind. And because Oppenheimer was vulnerable, the temptation to try to smear his past politics over onto his present advice could hardly be resisted by the little men who were upset by that advice. On the other hand, the Air Force zealots quite rightly smelled, if they did not quite understand, the difference between Oppenheimer's strategic concept and their own. They still believed that America could be satisfactorily and uniquely defended by strategic air power and atomic weapons. They had a lot of support for that belief—and still have, for that matter; the present Secretary of Defense has clearly adopted this theory to suit his budgetary convenience.

After the Soviet atomic bomb, on the other hand, Oppenheimer had enough sense to realize that the "grand deterrent" or "massive retaliation" theory of American strategy had become pure nonsense. He did not oppose strategic air power. He certainly wanted to avoid a war of absolute destruction with the absolute weapons if that were possible, but he also worried about whether we had enough strategic air power and whether SAC was modern enough. Furthermore, he could foresee that mere "massive retaliation" would become very cold comfort, when the thing to be retaliated against was the total destruction of these United States. He could foresee the weakening of will, the paralysis of policy that total peril would inevitably beget, and indeed has already partly begotten

in Britain and Western Europe. And he could foresee that in time of total peril, there would be an increasing reluctance to respond to local challenges, such as those in Korea and Indochina; and his correctness on this point has been proven too.

For all these reasons, Oppenheimer pleaded for a more balanced defense system; and he made his plea before the march of events rendered his reasons comprehensible to most people. So the zealots' attack on him was organized, and the ground was prepared for the Oppenheimer case. On this aspect of the case the final word was said by Dr. Vannevar Bush, in a superb explosion of indignation to the Gray board.

The Grand Old Man of American science told the board, point blank, that the AEC's statement of charges ought to be sent back for re-drafting, because it included the charge that Oppenheimer had opposed the hydrogen bomb. This, he said, was "quite capable of being interpreted as placing a man on trial because he held opinions, and had the temerity to express them."

"If this country ever gets . . . that near to the Russian system," Bush continued, "we are certainly not in any condition to attempt to lead the free world. . . . We have been slipping backward in our maintenance of the Bill of Rights. . . . I think . . . no board should ever sit on a question in this country of whether a man [served] his country or not because he expressed strong opinions. If you want to try that case, you can try me."

In those brave words, Dr. Bush was indicting the whole American security system. His single indictment was enough to damn, yet the record of the Oppenheimer case contains half a dozen other points which Dr. Bush might have attacked with equal justice.

CONSIDER, first, the organization of the case. As Gordon Gray repeatedly asserted, it was supposed to be a fact-finding proceeding. In procedures it was nonetheless a prosecution, and in organization it shows the very opposite of a serious desire to find out the facts.

The proof of that is simple. All the witnesses called by the AEC were hostile to Oppenheimer in one way or another. Prosecutor Robb was content to marshall his parade of Oppenheimer-haters. It was Lloyd Garrison who called to the stand Conant and Fermi, DuBridge, Bacher, Bush, Bethe, John J. McCloy, George F. Kennan, Zacharias, Rowe, Lauritsen, Lilienthal, John von Neumann, Gordon Dean, and even General Groves and Colonel Lansdale.

In the air defense case, for instance, did Robb really prefer Griggs' wildly distorted version of the facts to the solid and detailed evidence of Zacharias, Rabi, and Lauritsen? And if so, what kind of fact-finding was this?

AGAIN, consider the way this case was managed. As has been shown already, one set of charges was originally specified by the AEC; Gray and Morgan convicted Oppenheimer on quite another set of charges; and Strauss in turn rejected the main Gray-Morgan finding and held Oppenheimer a security risk on still a third set of charges never mentioned until then. The peculiarity of this process is made all the more glaring by the obvious fact that sustaining Gray and Morgan would have been fatal to Strauss. For most of the other great American physicists had fully shared Oppenheimer's lack of enthusiasm for the H-Bomb, and thus the AEC could not dare to accept this lack of enthusiasm as proof of risk to security.

If these are the methods—if the guardians of our security may continuously make up new charges as old ones are refuted or found inexpedient—when or where can the defendant-citizen hope to find solid ground?

Then too, consider the presentation of the case, and particularly the strange episode of the last-minute publication of the transcript of the Gray board hearings. During the hearings, Chairman Gray strongly warned every witness that all that passed was strictly confidential, and would never see the light of day. But the public reception of the Gray-Morgan opinion was puzzled, cold, and unfriendly. As it came time for Strauss to hand down his own condemnation of Oppenheimer, the climate was decidedly unfavorable. At this juncture, despite all that Gray had said, the transcript was hurriedly printed by order of Admiral Strauss. It was handed to the press—all 992 pages of it—eighteen hours before the deadline set for publication. By a most singular coincidence, Prosecutor Robb's star client, the McCarthy incense-swinger, Fulton Lewis, Jr., broke the deadline immediately to tell

his radio audience about all the ugliest stuff that the transcript contained. No one has explained how Lewis so rapidly located these gamy morsels. Other reporters, at any rate, had the utmost difficulty in finding their way through the massive document. So most of them followed Lewis, headlining precisely the charges of disloyalty that Gray, Morgan, and even Strauss had held to be utterly unfounded. And thus the stage was admirably, if somewhat artificially, set for the Strauss opinion, which followed hard on the heels of these misleading headlines.

Nor is this all. A main buttress of Prosecutor Robb's case was the group of Air Force documents in which the zealots spewed out their suspicions of Oppenheimer. These documents were communicated to the Gray board before the hearings began. These documents were never communicated to Oppenheimer on the grounds that they were highly classified, and thus Oppenheimer and his counsel were required from start to finish to answer accusations which were never fully known or forthrightly made. But since the hearings ended, Admiral Strauss has made the attempt he so strangely did not make during the hearings to have at least one of these documents declassified, and it is a fair bet that as the inwardness of the Oppenheimer case begins to be more widely understood, these same documents that were always hidden from Oppenheimer will be spread before the general public to start a counter-fire.

If these things are permitted, why may not the American government blacken the name of any honest citizen it chooses? After all, we are officially encouraged, nowadays, to write poison-pen letters about one another in security's sacred name. The security files bulge with them. What could be easier than to daub the ugliest dirt on the most innocent man by fishing the appropriate nastiness out of the files and giving it solemn and official publication?

Finally, consider with the utmost care, consider as an American citizen who may some day be called to answer as Oppenheimer was called, the standards of security that this case establishes. Look, for these standards, to the opinion of Gordon Gray and Thomas Morgan. Look, and look well, at these things Gray and Morgan said about this man whom they then held a "security risk":

> We find no evidence of disloyalty. Indeed, we have before us much responsible and positive evidence of the loyalty and love of country of [Robert] Oppenheimer]. . . .
>
> Dr. Oppenheimer served his country because it sought him. The impact of his influence was felt immediately and increased progressively as his services were used. The nation owes [such scientists], we believe, a great debt of gratitude for loyal and magnificent service. This is particularly true with respect to Dr. Oppenheimer. . . . the Board had before it eloquent and convincing testimony of Dr. Oppenheimer's deep devotion to his country. . . .
>
> We have given particular attention to the question of his loyalty, and we have come to the clear conclusion, which should be reassuring to the people of this country, that he is a loyal citizen. . . .
>
> It must [also] be said that Dr. Oppenheimer seems to have had a high degree of discretion reflecting an unusual ability to keep to himself vital secrets.

So here is this man, passionately spoken for by the great men of his profession and his finest colleagues in the government, his "deep devotion" to his country acknowledged, his immense services admitted, his perfect discretion approved, with not an iota of evidence in the record that he ever, at any time since he became a mature man, failed to put this nation's interests first and the rest nowhere. And what has happened to him? On the evidence that has been shown, by the methods that have been described, for the reasons that have been suggested, and by such accusers as have been displayed, he has been held a "security risk," fit to serve his country no longer, pilloried before his fellow citizens and the world, debarred from continuing his immense contribution to the true security of the United States.

Earlier in this report, we have said that the ruling of the Atomic Energy Commission disgraced Robert Oppenheimer. But we were wrong. This act did not disgrace Robert Oppenheimer: it dishonored and disgraced the high traditions of American freedom.

An American novelist, playwright, and world traveler discovered unexpected rewards in a "thrift season" trip to London—with comfort, fun, and stability that upset all the gloomiest predictions.



London in December

Martin Flavin

Drawings by Alfred Bendiner

THE Garrick Club, on Garrick Street not far from Leicester Square, is venerably Victorian in its aspect and appointments, dedicated to the theatrical fraternity, though its membership includes professional men in many fields: writers, painters, jurists, doctors, patrons of the arts. As a member of The Players I am privileged, when in London, to make myself at home in the old Garrick, which I do with a comfortable feeling of nostalgia, for the clubs have much in common: traditions to begin with, congenial company, and a similar atmosphere, with portraits from the theater's past crowded on their walls. On first acquaintance the two seem much alike, but they are very different, for one is in New York and the other is in London.

[illegible] London living was still pretty rugged, I went quite regularly to the Garrick for my lunch and dinner. To be sure there was then little choice of what to eat, at the club or anywhere, but at least the club provided an engaging atmosphere: the fine old dining-room with the polished table that ran almost the length of it, the glistening crested silver, glass, and china, and service from a staff that not only knew its business but seemed to take both pride and joy in doing it. At this table one does not smoke until at an appointed time the ash trays are set out. I did not know about this, but no one called attention to my dereliction. I had to find it out, as bit by bit I found out many things. One day, for example, I mentioned to the secretary how much I was enjoying the privileges of a guest.

"Sir," he said reproachfully, "you are not regarded at the Garrick as a guest but as a member."

Dinner is at seven, and as most of the theaters begin at seven-thirty, there is a smaller room for theater-goers, where you can get a snack—a cold cut and salad or something of the sort. One evening when I went into this room there were two other diners, the length of the room from the table where I sat. They finished their meal as I was begin-

ning, and one of them, taking a cigar out of his pocket, stood up beside his chair and addressed himself to me across the room.

"Sir, if you don't mind?" he questioned with a smile. I assured him that I didn't and he lighted his cigar.

Five years elapsed before I came again to London, to find the Garrick just as I had left it, except that there had been a recent fire in a flue, in the little snuggery outside the dining-room, where members gather for an *apéritif*—only members, if you please, for one may not introduce a guest into this circle. The damage to the flue had not yet been repaired, and so in place of a cheerful grate of coals there was upon the hearth a small electric heater which did not dispel the chill of the December days. There was a bit of grumbling, frequently resolving in an invitation to have another drink, to compensate the temperature.

One day at luncheon an acquaintance pointed out a waiter to me.

"See that chap?" he said. "Funny thing about him. He was in the service through the war, and whenever he was home on leave he'd come straight to the club, put on his waiter's clothes, and go to work. Some of us said to him, 'Look here, you're entitled to a holiday. Why don't you take a rest and have a bit of fun?' But he wouldn't stay away. 'I'd sooner be here, sir.' That's what he told us."

Another man spoke up across the table: "Do you know, before the last election I said to him one day, 'Well, I suppose you'll be voting Labor?' What do you think he answered? 'Yes sir, of course,' he said. 'I wouldn't presume to be voting with the members.'"

There was a general laugh, but not at the idea that the waiter's answer might have been ironical. His statement was accepted as sincere, as a naïve confession of a proper point of view. England is like that—like that still. For though in a sense, a most important one, every Englishman is a member of a club, The Club of England—and a tight and weighty little club it is, a substantial anchor in this storm-tossed world—still, there are distinctions which remain to be observed, whose roots are deeply buried and will not be soon or easily torn up: historical amenities productive of security and order, good manners and good taste. The waiter, I feel sure, meant exactly what he said.

I told a story, too. My own club had a steward who had given faithful service through a long term of years. When at last the time arrived for him to be retired, the club had elected him a member. My listeners smiled politely and refrained from comment. It was plain they disapproved of such a gesture, that the whole idea of it was quite beyond their reach.

We had come to London, Connie and I, to escape out of the bedlam of New York, which, in late November last year with the approaching nightmare of Christmas holidays, seemed particularly unrewarding and frighteningly expensive: weary, sad-eyed shoppers milling in the streets; crowded restaurants with indifferent, hurried service; theaters with tickets at twelve dollars up a pair, if you could purchase them at all, which you rarely could for the plays you cared to see. New York was uncomfortable and costly, and it wasn't any fun.

Thrift season rates were in effect for transatlantic travel on the air lines, invitingly low for round-trip tickets in the Tourist class. The notion grew on me that we could fly to London for a month of gracious living, with a wealth of theater, ballet, music painlessly included, and just possibly, in contrast with the cost of similar living and diversion in New York, absorb the transportation. And in fact we almost did absorb it, and would have completely if we had stayed two weeks longer. Roughly, for equivalent living, the cost in London is about two-thirds New York's and diversion less than half.

Creature Comforts

Our friends expressed alarm. They said that no one went to London in December unless compelled to do so.—They were quite right about it: there were no tourists traveling and the big Constellation was half empty—a happy situation, for on the three-seat side you could pull out the arm rests and lie down at full length. The trip was smooth and pleasant, in a star-studded sky.

They said we would freeze to death in London.—We didn't freeze. For most of the month the weather was like a mild November

unusual weather, the Londoners admitted, so perhaps we were just [illegible] Some of the homes in which we were entertained were certainly not warm, and a few were really chilly by our overheated standards. Two or three times at the theater we found it of advantage to drape our coats around our shoulders. But we did not suffer from the cold, indoors or out. And our hotel, a delightful small one in the heart of Mayfair, was comfortably heated day and night.

They said the food would be poor and skimpy, and Scotch whisky unobtainable. —There was Scotch in every pub, and even Bourbon if you looked around for it, at about the same price you would pay at home. As for the food, only butter and sugar were still rationed, I believe, and in hotels and restaurants we were not aware of it. Beef and lamb were scarce and of inferior quality, but as compensation there were woodcock and pheasant, and of course delicious fish. In the London food shops were all the delicacies you would find in New York—out of reach, no doubt, of most British pocketbooks but abundantly available. Perhaps this is the nub of the economic problem: how—in the markets of the world, with overwhelming taxes and low level income—to provide the public with the means of purchase?



They said we would have to stand around in queues. —There are still queues in London, principally for busses in rush hours of the day. Perhaps there always have been, for there are no end of busses, shiny new ones, with scarcely street room to accommodate another, and of taxis, too—the same old-fashioned, stubby little black ones, like your own private coupé, with the same polite, soft-spoken taxi-drivers, middle-aged or elderly, touching their hats respectfully for a modest tip.

They said the shabby city would be dismal and depressing in the prevailing gloom of short winter days. —It was anything but that. The days were often gray, and once or twice there was a London fog, opaque as yellow soup, with motor-car and street lights flickering through it like disoriented halos. And there were misty days, when, walking in Hyde Park, the naked branches of the trees seemed floating in the air, drifting in and out of sight; and monuments and buildings were glimpsed, half recognized—glimpsed and lost again. Eerily intriguing, not dismal or depressing—not, anyway, to us.

The Fashionable Run-down Look

A SHABBY city?—Yes, I suppose it is: a grimy, antiquated, architectural muddle, endowed with an atmosphere of monolithic dignity which is singularly London's. Shabby, if you like, though drab would seem to be a more comprehensive word. And the people on the streets are like their city: the women, never notable for style, are not smartly gotten up; and the men, by tradition so sartorially innocuous as to defy description —the men are not the fashion plates they were. They look a little baggy and unpressed, verging on the threadbare. There are few dinner coats seen in the theaters now, where exception to them used to be remarked. Allowing for the war and its subsequent austerities, the taxes, everything, did not quite seem to account for it.

A friend explained it to me. It was fashionable, he said, to look a bit run down. In the years since the war there had been a lot of rather shady business, profiteering and speculative profits from capital gains which are not taxed in England. A number of people had gotten rich at it and less savory enterprises —a class of *nouveaux riches.* They decked their women out in Paris models, with equivalent outfits for themselves, riding around in Bentleys and Rolls Royces. Well, one simply didn't want to be identified with that fraternity. If a chap turned up one day in a new suit, at the wheel of a new car, the question



might be raised: I wonder how he got it? So a decent shabby look was quite the sort to have. As long as you looked like everybody else you wouldn't be embarrassed.

They said, our friends at home, that British sentiment was anti-American and we would be made uncomfortably aware of it. —We encountered no suggestion of such feeling anywhere—in drawing-room or club, bus or tube, restaurant, pub, or theater, on the streets or in the shops. Nowhere I have lingered in the world have I been more kindly and courteously received, welcomed, guided, served.

Yes, we talked politics, with numerous people in different walks of life. They seem principally concerned about McCarthyism, though there are some among them who would look with favor on a diluted British version of it. They feel that we are inexperienced in the complicated business of managing a recalcitrant world; and they fear that in some trigger-happy moment we may fly off the handle and start another war, of which they would expect to be immediate victims. They are more afraid of us—of some unfortunate, adolescent gesture we may make, than they are of the Russians or the Communists at home. They do not understand our hysterical alarm, with two mighty oceans to protect us from attack. They think that we are victimized by shadows, specters we are conjuring and inflating. They have had real things to fear and they know what real things are; there are acres of wreckage still present to remind them. They have gone beyond the point of being frightened by Halloween affairs, with candles stuck in pumpkins.

We were not always in agreement, but differences, if any, were like those that arise between good friends, or members of a family who support the same objectives though differing as to methods. Our interlocutors were never arrogant or acrimonious, but earnestly inquiring, seeking patiently to understand another point of view. When they were unconvinced of its validity, they were very careful not to hurt our feelings. One night at a revue—a type of British musical to which I am generally allergic—there was a sketch lampooning "MacArthur, McCarran, and McCarthy." Our neighbors in adjoining seats glanced at us anxiously from the corners of their eyes, and conspicuously refrained from laughter or applause. When, some numbers later, we got up to leave the theater, they seemed still depressed about it. I feel sure they thought our feelings had been hurt, which they hadn't been at all. We left out of sheer boredom.

Theater Manners

On the whole we found the theater a great joy, beginning from the moment it occurred to us to go. In the morning I would say to our hall porter, a multi-sided man of infinite capacity: John, we'd like to go to so and so tonight—a West End play, Sadler's Wells, Covent Garden, or whatever it might be.

"Yes sir. Right sir."

And with two or three exceptions, outstanding hits which required booking a few days ahead, he would have the tickets for us when

within the first six rows. A little after seven, our friend the [illegible] coat and [illegible] topper, would whistle up a cab, [illegible] miraculously twisting through unfrequented streets to avoid the traffic jams, [illegible] at the theater at the proper moment.

A homogeneous audience of well-bred [illegible] passing through the foyer, not scrambling or pushing—an attractive foyer, wherein there may be a handsome fireplace with a grate of glowing coals. We go downstairs to the stalls, sometimes several flights, for most London theaters are buried in the earth, with orchestra and stage far below street level. And the theaters are real theaters, the [illegible] theaters should be—enchantingly old-fashioned, with balconies and galleries and proscenium boxes, ornately gilded, colorfully charming; and commodiously roomy, with bars and lounging rooms and space to stroll around between the acts.

A BELL warns you to resume your seat; it rings three times, at minute intervals, before the curtain—time enough to finish a sherry or a sandwich. Or if you prefer, refreshment will be served you in your seat: an usher will bring a tray with coffee and a wafer. Your neighbors will not be discommoded; they will pass your tray along, and again when you are finished. An impossible procedure, you would think: serving tea and coffee to a theater audience in the intermission of a play. But it is done so easily, as a matter of course on the part of everybody.

With one or two exceptions we thought the plays not remarkable for quality—not startlingly original in what they had to say or the way in which they said it: discursive by our standards, leisured in development, and generally lacking in the element of "shock" to which the Broadway theater is addicted. In short, the plays reflected good manners and good taste, and if not exciting in the way of packing punches, entertainingly rewarding in more subtle, gentle terms. Almost without exception they were ably staged and beautifully performed, in the fine tradition of the London theater. In the month of December there were thirty-one, not including musicals, from [illegible] as opposed to less than half that number in New York.

When the final curtain fell there were always waiting cabs, and no frantic scramble for them. Usually we dined after the theater, in a convenient restaurant—Brusa's, Rules, The Ivy, The White Tower; or, if we chanced to feel in an expansive mood, at Cunningham's in Curzon Street—oysters, lobster incredibly prepared, and a vintage Chablis: food and drink to satisfy the gods, in as beguiling an environment as any they could boast of on Olympus. But more often than not we were content to return to our hotel where dinner could be had till close to midnight.

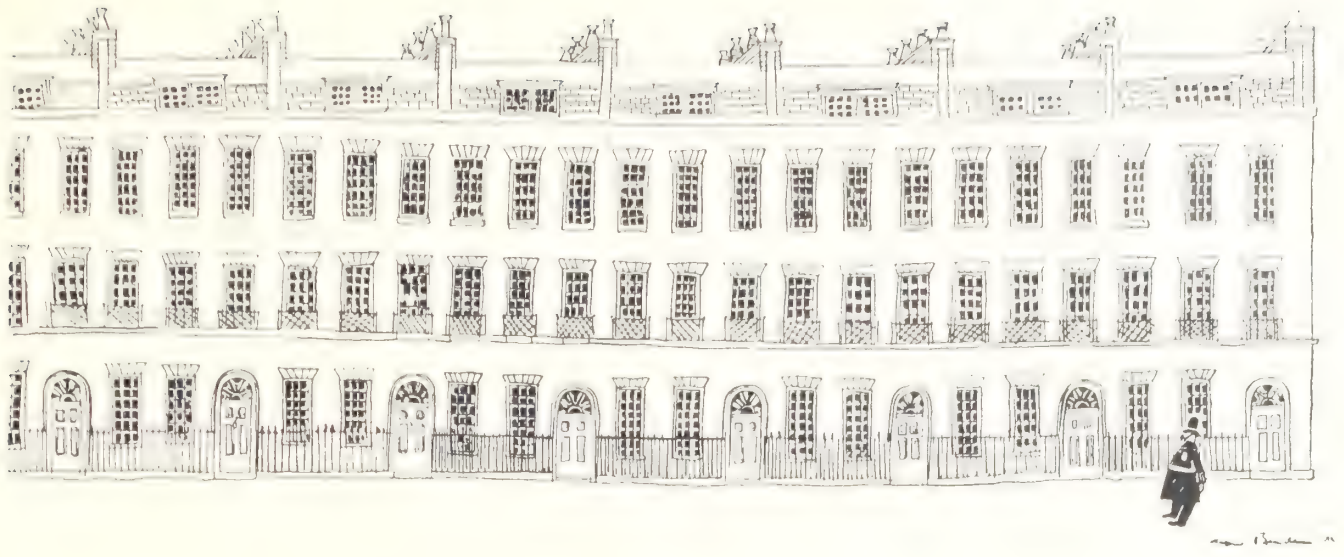
Christmas Without Tears

OUR New York friends had protested at the end, "But you'll be away for Christmas!" This seemed intolerable.

"Yes, certainly," we said. "That's one reason why we're going."

Christmas is observed in London, too. Through the month of December Oxford Street was jammed, and Selfridge's—through which I wriggled once, just to see what it was like—as murderous as Macy's. Christmas trees appeared, holly wreathes and mistletoe, all the usual trimmings. At the Garrick Club for luncheon was succulent plum pudding, with a dash of flaming brandy if you requested it. There could be no question about what was going on. But the preparations were on a decent scale, not pretentiously extravagant, not heralded with neon lights and advertising slogans, not compulsively thrust at you and saddled on your back like a defunct albatross. Christmas was at hand without agony or sweat: Christmas without tears.

Children were home from school—boys in Eton jackets, and self-conscious young collegians carrying furled umbrellas and wearing derby hats. The pantomimes were on, and "Peter Pan," and the circus at Olympia. Going home from work at the ending of a day, groups of carol singers lingered in the street, in the shelter of a doorway or arcade. The choir of St. Paul's was intensively rehearsing, and no doubt a hundred others. Across the way from us, in a hidden, unfrequented little square, suddenly appeared an enchanting replica of the scene of the Nativity, simply and beautifully and tenderly designed, with no sign to point it out or indicate its origin, and no spotlight to demean it. The event



grew imminent, but still there was no sense of an impending panic.

When at last the day arrived, London resembled a city of the dead, its population vanished in the night. We went to look: Hyde Park was deserted, the playing fields abandoned; in Kew Gardens there was no one but ourselves; Hammersmith was like a graveyard and Kensington no better. Empty squares and ragged gardens faced by grimy Crescents of a bygone time, converted now to lodgings for genteel poverty—dull and drab indeed on a gray winter day! There were scarcely any busses, in the afternoon they stopped completely. A few unhappy taxis rattled through the streets, startling in the silence.

In Mayfair and Belgravia, abodes of pomp and circumstance, the windows of the houses were blank as sightless eyes. Nor were there within, where people must have been, any signs or sounds of life. You could only picture them, gathered in family groups around small electric heaters, in chilly little flats or cheerless mansions, grimly observing the ritual of the day.

Or perhaps they had all gone off to Brighton, or somewhere in the country, where no doubt they would be gathered in much the same grim way: seeing it through in dogged British fashion.

Peace and quiet: the reward of uniformity, as rigid in its roots as the granite buildings that hem the short, broad thoroughfare of Whitehall, from which the voice of England has been heard around the world—heard and heeded, too. Security and order, conforming to a pattern of behavior, with the symbol of the Abbey, adorned with Christmas trees against its flying buttresses, to remind you of their value and their cost. As permanent and dependable as heaven . . .

In fact, I had been wondering about that: what it would be like year in year out, if you were not born and bred to it, to live with people who didn't lose their mittens at the top of Everest—who didn't lose their mittens or their tempers or their heads, or at least didn't make a practice of it; with people who took pains to test the thickness of the ice before they ventured on it—who were resolutely realistic, not to be decoyed by sound and fury, idealistic platitudes, or glittering generalities, or candles stuck in pumpkins. Yes, it might be a little dull sometimes. But one can't have everything.

Anyway, our New York friends had been wrong in their predictions about London in December. For our experience of it was rewarding and delightful, to the moment that we left, on New Year's Eve, in another clear, star-studded sky.

Sensical Situation

Men often pursue in suitable style
The imical girl with the scrutable smile.
—Felicia Lamport

Its subscribers—scattered all over the world—insist that the Lamar Democrat *is the brightest gem of American journalism . . . and its hometown readers don't dare to miss an issue.*

Missouri's One-Family Newspaper

Carol Lynn Gilmer

At noon on May 10, 1948, all businesses in Lamar, Missouri, were closed for the day by the Mayor's order so that the town's 3,200 citizens could attend the funeral of Arthur Aull, seventy-five-year-old editor and publisher of the Lamar *Democrat,* who had been single-handedly reporting his town's news daily since the turn of the century.

Only one business failed to observe the Mayor's order. When the mourners returned to their homes that evening they found on their doorsteps, as always, a copy of the *Democrat.* While the town paused to honor him, Aull's newspaper, which never missed an issue in the forty-eight years of his editorship, published as usual. Today the *Democrat* is still appearing regularly, under Aull family management, unchanged in character or quality. That's the way Arthur Aull planned it.

Aull's avowed policy, as the *Democrat's* headlines gave daily evidence, was to tell everything about anything. The headlines ranged from church affairs—THE MINISTER HAS THE MUMPS, to honky tonk festivities—STABBING FRACAS LEAVES BOB LOOKING LIKE A STUCK HOG; from civic problems—CHAMBER OF COMMERCE IS BUSTED, to extramarital dalliances—LELA RUNS OFF WITH HER BROTHER-IN-LAW WHILE HUBBY AND CHILDREN ARE IN CHURCH; from births—FIVE GIRLS AND NOW A BOY FOR CLEO, to deaths—A GENTLEMAN AND A LOVER OF NATURE WENT FROM US WEDNESDAY NIGHT.

Manifestly, Kentucky-born Arthur Aull was no ordinary country editor, and his forthright brand of news coverage did not go unnoticed. Almost one-third of his 4,000 subscribers at the time of his death were nonresidents who had never visited Barton County, Missouri, or its county seat, Lamar.

Aull was noted for wisdom as well as wit, and through the years gained a reputation for uncanny prescience in national and international affairs. He had, for example, not only begged to differ with the results of a certain *Literary Digest* pre-election Presidential poll, but had predicted that if the poll proved as wrong as he expected "the *Literary Digest* is a busted commodity." The same prophetic accuracy marked his pronouncements on isolationism (he was an ardent interventionist from the day Japan invaded Manchuria), the New Deal (he was fervently pro-FDR except in the packing of the Supreme Court), and the Pendergast machine (he was calling his fellow Democrats in Kansas City "political racketeers" before most Americans had ever heard the name Pendergast).

Yet whether he was discussing the League of Nations, Congress, the Missouri legislature, or the Lamar city council, he always employed the same simple yardstick in arriving at his opinions: how does this affect the people in Lamar? The people in Lamar responded to this concern with unqualified respect for his opinions and undivided attention to his disclosures.

"Some of 'em cuss the *Democrat,*" Aull once said, "but all of 'em read it."

And for many years this bushy-browed, 200-pounder, who might have resembled John L. Lewis if he had ever substituted a

scowl for his habitual quizzical half-smile, was Lamar's undisputed first citizen. Today the current editor holds the same position.

Back in 1942 Arthur first decided it was time for him to look for a successor. His health was good but his eyes were bothering him—a not-surprising development since he wrote every word of copy in longhand and did all his own proofreading. Besides, he wanted plenty of time to train a new editor. Like many another businessman in those war years, however, he was confronted with a manpower shortage. His immediate heirs, from whom he hoped to make his choice, were a wife and three daughters.

Mrs. Luanna Aull, part-owner of the *Democrat* with her husband, contributed a women's column which included random social notes, favorite recipes, and garden tips, and was actually as interested in the paper as he. But hers was a behind-the-scenes influence which manifested itself in the *Democrat's* zeal for clean streets, park development, and other such housewifely campaigns. She seldom visited the office or wanted to.

THE Aulls' three daughters, Madeleine, Genevieve, and Betty, had grown up with the *Democrat,* and when it was time for them to go to college, all three wanted to enter journalism school at the University of Missouri. But their father, whose newspaper broke nearly every rule the journalism schools teach, disapproved. Madeleine, the oldest, dutifully majored in English literature and history; then Aull relented and allowed the younger girls to enter journalism school, provided they promised to concentrate on business and advertising courses.

After graduation, none of the girls worked on the *Democrat.* Madeleine married a young insurance man named Carl Van Hafften whom she met while she was teaching school in Kansas City, and for the next twenty years moved happily from San Francisco to Chicago to Pittsburgh to New York, where she was living in 1942, when her father started looking for a successor. Genevieve and her engineer husband were raising two daughters in Springfield, Missouri. Betty was in Peoria, Illinois, helping her husband, Stanley E. White, run a radio station.

Arthur Aull pondered his roster of candidates and made his decision. He asked Madeleine to come back to Lamar and help out on the paper. "At least," he muttered to her later, explaining his apparently illogical decision, "you know a little bit about history and literature."

The Education of an Editor

MADELEINE had inherited from her father an incurable yen to run her own uncensored editorial forum, and within a matter of days after his summons, the Van Hafftens were heading for Lamar. Carl bought the Lamar Laundry, took over its management, and joined the Rotary Club. Madeleine, then forty-four, began her new career with a four-year period of newspaper training more rigorous than any ever endured by a cub reporter on a metropolitan daily.

At first she did merely leg-work. The next step was pecking out stories, dictated by Arthur Aull, on a venerable L. C. Smith typewriter which, in a surprising concession to modern efficiency, he allowed on the premises.

Meanwhile she was also learning to proofread and slowly absorbing all her father's accumulated knowledge about the business details of the paper. Her training, she now admits, was deficient in only one particular: the matter of soliciting advertisements. Arthur Aull tolerated advertising, but he never courted it with much vigor; he was always too busy putting out the paper. When he visited the local stores to try to sell space, he was far more apt to emerge with a column of editorial matter than with a two-column ad. Madeleine acquired the same attitude.

The mere fact that in the six years since his death Madeleine Aull Van Hafften has been able to duplicate her father's feat of single-handedly putting out eight papers a week is noteworthy. The *Democrat* publishes a four- to six-page daily—six columns to a page—Monday through Saturday. A six- to eight-page semi-weekly edition—referred to around the shop as the "world edition" since it goes to subscribers in all forty-eight states, Canada, and England—comes out Tuesday and Friday and reprints most of the material in the daily.

This feat is even more remarkable because the *Democrat* subscribes to no wire service, prints only one syndicated feature (the comic strip, "Blondie"), and almost never uses "boiler plate"—that life-saving filler material which

[illegible] and is the standby [illegible] editions.

[illegible] the sure and humorous touch with which Madeleine handles her outspoken editorial content that reveals her real inherited genius. The *Democrat* has always faced the facts of life squarely. Few old-time readers will ever forget the way Arthur Aull handled his most sensational news story—the wedding of the cashier of the local bank and the lady bookkeeper which took place by her hospital bed just an hour and a half after the birth of their son. Arthur Aull, as usual, gave all the facts. He concluded:

> Don and Jennie, fine couple that they are, will stand forth soon with their little son, secure as ever in public esteem. We could have said they were married secretly, say a year or two ago, but it wasn't that way and we're not going to lie. Well, true enough, there never was a better girl than Jennie, and we all know Don is a grand old boy, but, God, it was badly managed!

Heartaches and Headlines

MADELEINE has the same touch. Take her account of the Turner divorce case. It began tamely enough with the announcement that Mrs. Mabel Turner had been granted a divorce "from our old friend, Jesse Turner" in Twin Falls, Idaho, the previous Friday, on grounds which the local people should not find surprising. "Jesse's devotion to John Barleycorn was thoroughly understood here, as was his way with the opposite sex," Madeleine explained. Then she went on to recount how Mrs. Turner had made up her mind the family should go to Idaho. "She was under the illusion," wrote Madeleine, "that if Jesse could be gotten away from his cronies in Lamar he would straighten up and stop drinking. But of course this didn't pan out. Jesse could and did drink just as much in Idaho as he did in Lamar."

She concluded on a more gentle note:

> Jesse was a good worker when he was sober. He was devoted to the three little girls in his way, but he simply couldn't let liquor alone. His wife is doing well in Twin Falls. She has a nice job and the girls are all in school. Lamar people, although all of them are fond of Jesse, will join in the hope that his former wife and his daughters see good and prosperous times.

Typographically the *Democrat* is markedly unsensational. Its modest 12-point linotyped headlines spill over into two columns only in the event of such stories as the death of Franklin D. Roosevelt or the end of World War II. But in compensation for this horizontal restraint, the *Democrat* is vertically indulgent in its headlines. Sometimes subheads on a single-column story extend downward for a third of a column before the body of the story begins, and they are often as neatly plotted as an O. Henry short story. Consider this one, for example:

> **IN JAIL FOR FAKE PHONE CALLS**
>
> **Ralph Orahood Unable To Pay $17.50 Fine—Must Lay Out Seventeen Days In Jail—Fined For Disturbance Of Peace Of Horton Taxi Line—Latter Has Been Plagued For Some Time With Phony Calls For Cabs—Ran Down The Culprit Thursday Night—Great Friend Of Operator Of Rival Cab Company**

The usual *Democrat* headlines, however, are one-, two-, or three-line marvels of arresting condensation:

> THE ICEMAN WANTS
> COOLER WEATHER!
>
> RUBE TO CALABOOSE
>
> WE'RE IN THE SWIM—
> FLYING SAUCERS FINALLY
> SIGHTED IN LAMAR

No experienced *Democrat* reader stops with the headlines, though, for Madeleine never squanders all her reportorial ammunition there. Tucked away in a chatty wedding write-up not long ago was the interesting intelligence that "The groom is a prominent steam-shovel operator." A rave review of the high school's senior class play included this minor reservation about the romantic leads: "Their love scenes, brief and somewhat rare, were perhaps a little too well controlled."

Medical items rate particular attention. Lamar ladies are never able to reveal any harrowing details about their operations—the

Democrat beats them to it. The report on Mrs. Edith Klein's appendectomy, for instance, disclosed that her appendix had "worked itself out of its natural position and Dr. Newman had quite a time locating it. When he discovered it in close proximity to the liver, the doctor was amazed."

Madeleine has even learned to handle sports stories with professional aplomb. There was, for example, the game between the Lamar Legion ball club and Joplin. As Madeleine described it:

> The Joplin catcher, Frisby, was the goat. The close of the game found Mr. Frisby and the plate umpire engaged in a heated argument which was lost by the former, just as he had lost the ball several times during the afternoon. The last play of the game had the crowd in an uproar. With the tying run on third and the winning run on second, McCoy hit a hard grounder to first who threw home. But Mr. Frisby dropped the ball. He finally retrieved it, but Washburn was able to slide in to score from second, through fast, daring base running. It was a costly score for Washburn. He fell just as he reached the plate and broke the small bones in his left hand. Some of the fans and players insisted that Frisby tripped him. Personally, we didn't see any such action on the part of the catcher, but we don't say it didn't occur.

This brought an indignant reply from Mr. Frisby, suggesting that the unfortunate player's hand was broken when he ran into the catcher and adding that he was consulting his lawyer. The *Democrat* printed the letter in a prominent position. Arthur Aull once observed that "There's nothing people like so much as to see the editor catching hell," and Madeleine shares this opinion. "Besides," she points out, "some of my most interesting copy comes in the letters to the editor."

Calling the Political Shots

In no area has Madeleine been more successful at emulating her father than in her ability to set current events in their historical perspective. And only a few months after his death her talents as a political prognosticator were dazzlingly displayed. She not only backed Harry Truman for re-election in 1948 but flatly predicted a Truman victory.

Her *modus operandi* in arriving at her conclusions was simplicity itself: she talked to people about politics. A week or so before election day, in a story headed "Little straws in the wind," she explained why she had decided that Truman would win. She had run into a Lamar resident who had cut short a visit in California to get home to vote for Truman, and he reported that things looked good for Harry on the West Coast. She had chatted with a traveling salesman who had been in Neosho during whistle-stop appearances by both Truman and Dewey, and he thought Dewey didn't have a chance. She had found that the old Republican farmers in Barton County weren't as cocksure as they'd been, even in 1944. And she, for one, was not worried about Henry Wallace and his party of "Moscow minions" or the Dixiecrats either.

Perhaps Madeleine was also in a good position to judge Harry Truman because he is a native son of Lamar—although most people in town didn't realize he had been born there until he was running for the Senate for the first time and showed up to campaign. But the fact that a local boy became President never caused much excitement in Lamar. After all, people had for years been reading a paper that ties all national and international news in with Lamar. Throughout Truman's term in office, the *Democrat* spoke of him in the same folksy tone it uses for all comment about former residents and current Presidents. When Madeleine once interviewed Truman's brother, Vivian, she gave first mention to the fact that Vivian's farm at Grandview had produced eighty-one bushels of oats to the acre that year.

Madeleine has since displayed remarkable acumen in other political instances. In 1952, she was an ardent supporter of Adlai Stevenson, but she predicted an Eisenhower victory from the beginning of the campaign. She was an early and passionate anti-McCarthyite, but she never underestimated the appeal of the junior Senator from Wisconsin. However, on March 1 of this year—some two weeks before the Army released its report on the Cohn-Schine imbroglio—she decided McCarthy had passed the peak of his popularity. Reason: the boys around the barber shop were beginning to laugh at him.

Editors of more prudent newspapers find it chilling that the Lamar *Democrat*, despite its outspoken partisanship on controversial issues, is never plagued by cancellation of either ads or subscriptions. This cannot be explained in terms of journalistic monopoly, for Lamar is not a one-paper town. Only thirty-eight of this country's 1,785 daily newspapers are published in towns with less than 500 population, and it's a remarkable fact that two of the thirty-eight are published in Lamar. The *Democrat's* present rival, the Lamar *Journal*—known until a few years ago as the Lamar *Republican*—is only one of a series of competing newspapers which have set up shop in Lamar since Arthur Aull bought the *Democrat* in 1900. While none has ever rivaled the *Democrat's* fame and popularity, most have enjoyed a modest prosperity.

Everybody *Reads the Democrat*

The answer seems to be that local advertisers know an announcement in the *Democrat* will actually reach everyone in Lamar. A *Democrat* paper-carrier's job is as uncomplicated as a handbill distributor's—the boys simply deliver a paper to every house in town. And any dissident reader who canceled his subscription would soon find himself completely inarticulate on most matters of local discussion. About half the conversations in Lamar begin: "Did you see that story in the *Democrat* . . . ?"

And although its coverage of local news is staggeringly frank, the *Democrat* has been sued for libel only three times in its history. It won all three suits.

The majority of Lamar citizens support Madeleine's view that a paper like the *Democrat* is an effective weapon against malicious gossip. Those who try to season a tidbit of juicy scandal with a dash of impromptu spice are greeted by the flat rejoinder, "That's not true, because it wasn't in the *Democrat*." And in the final analysis, Lamar's loyalty to its favorite newspaper is based on complete faith in the integrity of the Aulls.

From the beginning, Arthur played no favorites. He wrote up the misadventures of his closest friends and his family just as thoroughly as he wrote up anyone else. A number of times he had to report on his frequent automobile accidents, and eventually he headlined such stories simply, "WE DID IT AGAIN." When a local minister preached a sermon on the evils of profanity, with particular reference to Arthur Aull, Aull reported the sermon in full under the head: "THE PREACHER TOOK US TO THE WOODSHED."

Madeleine's severest test in this regard came two years ago, when it became apparent her marriage to Carl Van Hafften was not working out and she sued for divorce. She filed her suit in Lamar, and when the decree was granted, the story appeared on page one.

She is also as stanch a crusader as her father was. Barton County's Memorial Hospital, built as a tribute to the local boys killed in World War II, owes its existence in no small part to the *Democrat's* consistent hammering at the need for a hospital. Last fall, when it faced a mutiny in its ranks, Madeleine saved it.

The hospital's competent supervisor clashed with her subordinates, and the nurses and technicians handed the hospital board an ultimatum: either the supervisor went or they would all resign. The board was about to give in to their demands when the *Democrat* issued an ultimatum of its own. Madeleine, her typewriter blazing, demanded that the board resist pressure from its employees or else face the prospect of seeing the hospital deteriorate into a fifth-rate nursing home. Surely, she declared, other nurses and technicians were available, probably right in Barton County.

"After you've been putting out a paper for a while," Madeleine says, "you get used to the fact that people never tell you they like a story. They only complain about stories they don't like. But right after dinner the evening my hospital story came out, the phone at home started ringing. Retired registered nurses from all over the county began calling in to say they'd fill in temporarily at the hospital until new nurses could be hired. Women volunteered to serve as baby-sitters for married nurses and technicians with small children who wanted to help out at the hospital. The whole town seemed to rise in protest. I knew the feeling was there all the time, but I guess it took a good rousing pep talk to get it organized."

Today the hospital is running smoothly with a new staff and the same supervisor, and the same hospital board.

In the past six years, more than fifty would-be purchasers have tried to buy the *Democrat*. But the Aull family apparently has no intention of selling. Mrs. Aull inherited the entire property, including the *Democrat* building and equipment, free and clear upon her husband's death, and she served as publisher until this past February. Then, to insure uninterrupted continuation of the paper, the business was incorporated at a value of $50,000, with Mrs. Aull as president and Madeleine as vice president. Meanwhile in November 1953 another member of the Aull clan joined the staff: Stan White, husband of Betty Aull, took over as business manager, relieving Madeleine of the irksome duty of selling ads. As a result, this promises to be the *Democrat's* most prosperous year to date with the gross income topping the average $40,000 which the paper has earned annually.

In addition to Madeleine and Stan, the *Democrat* staff consists of a press foreman, a printer, two linotypists, nine paper-carriers, a printer's devil, and Nell Casement—circulation manager and general factotum who is just completing her twenty-ninth year on the paper. Salaries bring the *Democrat's* monthly payroll to more than $1,400, which means that its employees are among the best paid workers in Lamar, where wages and living costs are on a typically low-scale, small-town standard.

The Cure for Insomnia

The boss works a ten- to twelve-hour day. She is up at seven and spends the morning dashing about town covering her regular beats—the courthouse, the city offices, the hospital—and gathering news from impromptu sources. She takes only the most perfunctory notes, for her memory is phenomenal, and though she herself is unaware of it her lips move constantly as she strolls around the square, composing her stories in her head. After a full-course lunch at Rhoda's Steak House she can write up two columns of stories in ten or fifteen minutes. She does most of her writing between noon and 3:30, when the paper is put to bed. The press run is about forty-five minutes and the *Democrat* is ready for delivery a little before 5:00 P.M.

Meanwhile Madeleine is organizing her schedule for the next day, writing up any material that can be done in advance, and conferring with Stan on business matters. After dinner she catches up on her reading—an important part of her job as she sees it—and unless there are evening meetings or community activities to be covered, she is in bed by 9:00.

Madeleine is small and trim, dresses smartly but casually, and smokes constantly when she is writing. She is eternally hungry and never bothered by insomnia. Since she took over her editorial duties she has been away from her job only two days—she took off one long weekend to visit a favorite aunt who was incurably ill, but she planned the visit several weeks in advance, writing up copy ahead of time and leaving her mother to handle the last minute news that was collected by other staff members.

Madeleine still has quite a few years to go to equal her father's estimated output of 85,000,000 words of copy. And since her sister, Betty, is now available to relieve her from her editorial duties for a week or so at a time—although Betty has no desire to work full-time on the paper—she will probably never match his record of forty years without a vacation. Arthur Aull's only time away from the paper was one week in 1940 when he flew to New York to participate in the promotion of a new type of printing equipment.

That week the *Democrat* consisted mostly of his voluminous air-mailed reports on his reaction to his first plane trip and his impression of New York City—especially his delighted discovery that New Yorkers were pretty much like the people in Lamar.

It was Arthur Aull's inordinate and never-ending interest in human beings as an unpredictable and fascinating species that made the *Democrat* what it is. That interest was also the most important heritage he passed on to his daughter; and it goes a long way toward explaining the success of their paper.

But there is no single, simple explanation for an institution like the *Democrat*. It is unique. It is bristlingly personal, hand-tooled, and non-conformist, in a period when hundreds of more august publications are drifting toward a slick, flavorless uniformity. And perhaps all of us are entitled to a modest pride in such a vigorous specimen of old-fashioned American individualism.



The Ladies of the House

A Story by Frank O'Connor



In England I had a great friend called Jack Courtenay who was assistant manager in one of the local mills. The family was originally from Cork, but he had come to England when he was about eighteen and married an English girl called Sylvia, a schoolteacher. Sylvia was tall, thin, fair, and vivacious, and she and Jack got on very well together. They had two sons, seven and nine. Jack was big-built, handsome, and solemn-looking, with a gravity that enabled him to get away with a good deal of innocent practical joking. He was an athlete, with the athlete's good nature when he was well, and the athlete's hysteria when he wasn't. Let Courtenay have a toothache or a cold in the head and he went stark, staring mad; retired to bed (except when he could create more inconvenience by not doing so) and conducted guerrilla warfare against the whole household, particularly the children, who were diverting the attention which should have come to himself. I must say that on such occasions Sylvia was a little too English for my taste. "Do stop that shouting!" "Why don't you see the dentist?" and "Fiddlesticks" were remarks that caused me almost as much pain as they [illegible]

Fortunately, his ailments were neither serious nor protracted, and Sylvia didn't seem to mind so much about his other weakness, which was girls. He had a really good eye for a girl, and a corresponding vanity about the ravages he could create in her heart, so he was forever involved with some absolutely stunning blonde. At Christmas my friendship usually involved me as well, and I was either dispatching or receiving parcels that Sylvia wasn't supposed to know about. These flirtations (they weren't any more than that) never became really serious. The man was a born philanderer. He regarded me as a Puritan because I disliked his schoolboy jokes, and he gave me friendly lectures with a view to broadening my mind. Sylvia's he had apparently broadened already.

"Did you know Jack's got a new girl, Phil?" she asked me while he beamed proudly at us both. "Such a relief after the last one. He didn't show you that one's photo? Oh, my dear, the commonest-looking piece!"

"Now, now, who's jealous?" Jack would say severely, wagging his finger at her.

"Really, Jack," she would reply with bland tolerance, "I'd have to have a very poor opinion of myself to be jealous of that. Didn't you say she was something in Woolworth's?"

While I was there, the sister with whom Jack's mother lived in Ireland died, and Sylvia, with characteristic generosity, invited the old woman to live with them. At the same time I don't think she had any idea what she was letting herself in for. It was rather like inviting a phase of history. Mrs. Courtenay was a big, bossy, cheerful woman and an excellent housekeeper, so there was at least one advantage about the arrangement, for it allowed Jack and Sylvia to get away together

occasionally. The children liked her and she spoiled them, but still her heart was not in them. They had grown up outside her scope and atmosphere. Her heart was all the time in the little house in Douglas Street in Cork, with the long garden and the apple trees, the old cronies who dropped in for a cup of tea and a game of cards, and the convent where she went to Mass and to visit the lifelong friend whom Sylvia persisted in calling Sister Mary Misery. Sister Mary was always in some trouble, and always inviting the prayers of friends, so the nickname stuck.

Jack stood in great awe of his mother, and this was something Sylvia found it difficult to understand. He didn't, for instance, like drinking spirits before her, and if people had to be entertained while she was there he drank sherry. At ten o'clock the old woman rose and said, "Wisha, do you know, I think I'll go to my old doss. Good night to ye all." It was only then he relaxed enough to start on whisky.

Mrs. Courtenay was always up for early Mass, but this was practically her whole recreation, as her only company, apart from myself, was Father Whelan, the parish priest, a nice, simple poor man, but from Waterford—"not at all the same thing" as Sylvia soon observed. For a Waterford man he did his best. He lent Mrs. Courtenay the papers from home; sometimes a Cork *Examiner* but mostly religious papers, about Little Nellie of Holy God, the Miracles at Knock, and the Maynooth Mission to China. "Simple papers for simple people," he explained to Sylvia, just to show he wasn't taken in by them.

But if he implied a criticism of Mrs. Courtenay, he underrated her capacity.

"Hasn't Father Tom a beautiful face, Phil?" she would say as she held out the photograph of some mountainous clergyman. "You'd never want to hear another Passion sermon after Father Tom. Poor Father Whelan does his best, but, of course, he hasn't the intellect."

"How could he?" Sylvia would say with a poker face. "We must remember he's from Waterford."

Mrs. Courtenay never knew when Sylvia was pulling her leg.

"Why then, indeed, Sylvia," she said, giving her a reproving look over her spectacles, "some very nice people come from Waterford."

Sylvia simply didn't know what to make of her mother-in-law. At first she inclined to the belief that the old woman was slightly dotty, but Mrs. Courtenay's ability as a housekeeper finally ruled that out.

"We're very busy these days," she would sigh after Mrs. Courtenay had gone to bed, and she was enjoying what her husband called "the first pussful." "We're doing another novena for Sister Mary Misery's sciatica. Oh, we'll wear Him down yet! Really, she talks as though God were a Corkman!"

"Well," Jack said with a chuckle, "some very nice people came from Cork."

"But it's fantastic, Jack, it's simply fantastic!" Sylvia cried, slamming her hand on the arm of her chair. "She's upstairs now, talking to God as she talked to us. She feels she will wear Him down, exactly as she says."

"She probably will," said I.

"I shouldn't be in the least surprised," Sylvia said. "She's worn me down."

Though Mrs. Courtenay did not like to say it to Sylvia, who might have thought her prejudiced, she was shocked by the character of the English, who, from the age of fifteen or so, seemed to spend their lives falling in and out of love, but, fortunately, a lot of this was concealed from her by her lack of familiarity with the details. Once, an old schoolmistress friend of Sylvia's who had a son the age of Jack, tried to start a conversation with Mrs. Courtenay about the dangers young fellows had to endure.

"Willie is leaving to take up an appointment in London next month," she said. "Naturally, I worry a good deal."

"Indeed, ma'am, I wouldn't blame you," Mrs. Courtenay replied brightly. "The one time I was there, the traffic nearly took the sight out of my eyes."

"And it's not only the traffic, is it? I mean, we send them away healthy, and we want them to come back healthy."

"Ah, indeed," Mrs. Courtenay said triumphantly, "wasn't it only the other day I was saying the same thing to you, Sylvia? Whatever he gets there, Jack's digestion is never the same."

Not to wrong her, I must admit she wasn't entirely ignorant of the subject, for she men-

while Sylvia was out of the room) in connection with a really nice sodality man from the Watercourse Road who got it through leaning against the side of a ship.

Naturally, Jack and Sylvia both told me of the absolutely stunning brunette he had met in Manchester, driving a Ministry car. Then, for some reason, the flow of confidences dried up. I knew better than to ask questions. I knew that Jack would tell me in his own good time. He did, too, in a country pub, one evening we were out walking. In a slightly superior way, with a smile that didn't seem quite genuine, he told me he was having trouble.

"Serious?" I asked.

"Well," he said with a shrug, "Margaret's had a baby."

He expected me to be shocked, and I was, but not for the same reason that he expected. It was clear he was badly shaken, didn't know how his philandering had gone so far, and was blaming the drink or something equally irrelevant.

"That's rotten luck," I said.

"Not altogether luck," he replied. "She wanted it."

"Oh!" I said, beginning to realize the mess in which he had landed himself. "You mean she—?"

"Wants to keep it, yes," he cut in. "Her parents wouldn't let her, so she's left home."

"Oh," I said again. "That is rotten."

"It's not very pleasant," he said, unconsciously trying to restore himself in his old role as man of the world by lowering the key of the conversation.

"Does Sylvia know?"

"Good Lord, no," he exclaimed, and this time it was he who was shocked. "There's no point in upsetting Sylvia."

"Sylvia will be a damn sight more upset if she hears of it from someone else," I said.

"Yes," he replied after a moment. "I see your point."

I don't know whether he did or not. He had the sort of sensitiveness which leads men into the most preposterous situations in the desire not to give pain to those they love. It never saves them pain in the long run, of course. I was all for giving the pain at once and getting it over. I should even have been prepared to break the news to Sylvia myself, to be sure she had someone to bawl on.

Instead, when she talked to me about it some months later it was in her official tone.

"Jack's got himself into a scrape with the brunette, Phil," she said lightly, affecting to be busy about the room. "Has he told you?"

I could have shaken her. There was no need to do the stiff upper lip on me.

"He has," I said. "How is she?"

"Baby's ill, and she's had to chuck her job. Jack's really quite worried."

"You wouldn't be surprised," I said. "What's he going to do?"

"What can he do?" she exclaimed with a lift of her shoulders. "He should look after the girl. I've told him I'll divorce him."

"Is that what you want to do?"

"Well, my feelings don't count for much in this."

"That's scarcely how Jack looks at it."

"So he says," Sylvia muttered with a shrug.

"Don't be silly, Sylvia," I said.

She looked at me for a moment as though she might explode on me and I almost wished she would.

"Oh, well," she said at last, "if that's how he feels he should bring her here. You can't even imagine what girls in that position have to go through. It'll simply drive her to suicide if it goes on and then he will have something to worry about. He must do one thing or the other. I do wish you'd speak to him, Phil."

By this time I was feeling quite sorry for Jack. It's bad enough when girls start weeping on you, but intolerable when they keep a stiff upper lip. At the same time, I loved her spirit.

"What's his objection?" I asked.

"Mother doesn't know we drink," said Sylvia maliciously. "Anyhow, as if it would ever cross her mind that he was responsible! She probably thinks it's something you catch from leaning against a tree."

"I'll talk to him," I said.

"Tell him Granny need never know," she pleaded. "He doesn't even have to pretend that he knows Margaret—she can be a friend of mine. And at a time like this who's going to inquire about her husband? We can kill him off in the most horrible manner. The old bitch just loves tragedies."

I found it difficult to talk to Jack. His mas-

culine complacency revolted as much at taking advice from me as at taking help from Sylvia. He listened to me in a peculiar way he had, frowning with one side of his face, as if with half his mind he was considering your motion while with the other he ruled it out of order.

"I'm afraid what you suggest is impossible," he said stiffly.

"Well," I asked, "what are you going to do?"

"Sylvia said she'd divorce me," he replied in a sulky voice that showed it would be a long time before Sylvia was forgiven for her high-minded offer.

"Is that what you want?" I asked.

"But, my dear man, it's not a question of what I want," he scoffed.

"You mean you won't accept Sylvia's charity, is that it?"

"I won't go on my knees to anybody, for anything," he replied hotly.

"Do you want Sylvia to go on her knees to you?"

"Oh," he replied ungraciously, "if that's how she feels about it—"

"You wouldn't like me to get a note from her?" I asked. (I knew it was malicious, but I couldn't resist it.)

It was a wet evening, and the narrow sloping High Street with its rattling inn signs looked the last word in desolation. As I turned up the avenue to the Courtenays' the wind was rising and tossing the trees. Far in the distance it had blown a great gap in the cloud through which a green light poured. Mrs. Courtenay opened the door for me.

"They're not back from the station yet," she said. "Did you have your tea?"

"Yes," I said. "All I want is to get warm."

"I suppose they'll be having it when they come in," she said. "The train must be late."

Just at that moment the taxi drove up, and Sylvia rushed a strange girl up to the door. She was short, dark-haired, plump-faced, and dimpled, and had an extraordinary flow of conversation which seemed to be largely nervous. Jack came in carrying the basket and laid it on a chair in the hall. His mother went straight to it.

"Wisha, isn't he lovely, God bless him!" she said, showing her gums, while her eyes lit up with pleasure.

"I think I'd better get him fed and settled down," Margaret said nervously.

"Yes," Sylvia said. "Margaret and I will take him up to the bedroom. Will you pour her a drink first, Jack?"

"Certainly," Jack said, beginning to beam. "Nothing I like so much. Whisky, Mrs. Harding?"

"Oh, whisky—Mr. Courtenay," she replied with a nervous laugh.

"Won't you call me Jack?" he said with a mock-languishing air. I think he was almost enjoying the mystification, which had something in common with his own queer jokes.

Mrs. Courtenay sat before the fire, her hands joined in her lap.

"Isn't she young to be left a widow?" she said over her shoulder to us. "God help us, the world is full of trouble."

Sylvia and Margaret came down, and I followed Sylvia into the kitchen to help with the tea.

"Isn't she nice?" she said enthusiastically. "Really, Jack has remarkably good taste."

At ten Mrs. Courtenay drew the shawl about her shoulders, said, "I'll go to my old doss," and went upstairs. Some time later, chatting over our drinks, we were interrupted by a sickly little whine. Margaret jumped up nervously. "That's Teddy," she said. "I shan't be a minute."

"I shouldn't trouble, dear," Sylvia said blandly, and we heard a door open softly. "I rather thought Granny would come to the rescue," she explained.

"He may be afraid of a stranger," Margaret said tensely, and we listened again. We heard the old woman's voice, soft and almost continuous and the crying ceased. Apparently Teddy didn't regard Mrs. Courtenay as a stranger. In the silence we suddenly heard as if for the first time the billows of wind break over the house.

Next morning, when Teddy had been settled in the garden in his pram, Mrs. Courtenay said, "I think I'll take him for a little walk. They get very tired of the one place." She knew things about babies that weren't in any textbook. She didn't appear again till lunchtime. She had taken him to the park—"They're very fond of trees." The sad tale of his father's death in an air crash in the Middle East had proved a safe intro-

[illegible] in the park, and [illegible] usually complained that [illegible] very standoffish, returned in high good humor, full of gossip—the untold numbers blinded, drowned, and burned to [illegible] and the wrecked lives of young women who got too intimate with foreigners. The Poles in particular, were a great disappointment to her—such a grand Catholic nation, but so unreliable! "I don't know," she sighed. "I think our own are the best, after all."

That evening, when we heard the shriek from the bedroom, there was no question about who was to deal with it. Mrs. Courtenay pulled her shawl firmly about her and went upstairs. Margaret, a very modern young woman, had Teddy's day worked out to a timetable, stipulating when he should be fed, lifted, and loved, but it had taken that baby no time at all to discover that Mrs. Courtenay read nothing but holy books, and believed that babies should be fed, lifted, and loved whenever it suited themselves.

"I'm sure it's bad for him, Sylvia," Margaret said, all on edge.

"Oh, dreadful!" Sylvia sighed heartlessly as she threw one long leg over the arm of the chair. "But Granny is thriving on it. Haven't you noticed?"

A curious situation was developing in the house which I watched with fascination. Sylvia began to grow very attached to Margaret, and Margaret, who had come expecting to have every possible humiliation inflicted on her, didn't quite know what to make of it and was attracted by Sylvia. It was Jack who was odd man out. Their friendship was a constant puzzle to him. He knew what Sylvia thought of him as much as any man knows what his wife thinks of him, which is very little, and he knew what Margaret thought of him, or at least believed he did, but what the pair of them thought and said about him while they were together was something he couldn't imagine, and judging by the frown which frequently drew down one side of his face, he felt it couldn't be very nice.

Sylvia was older, shrewder, more practical, and Margaret's guilelessness took her breath away. Margaret's experience of love had been very limited: she had fluttered round with some of the most inappropriate types imaginable and from these drew vast generalizations that included all races and all men, most of them uncomplimentary. Jack had been the first to wake her passions, and now she envisaged nothing but a life of self-dedication to the memory of a couple of weekends with him, and to the upbringing of his child. Sylvia realized that she needed an older woman to advise her. I don't suppose she ever criticized Jack as Jack suspected he was being criticized; Margaret wouldn't have stood for it, but she certainly tried to change the girl's attitude to men and marriage.

"She really is the sweetest girl, Phil," she said enthusiastically to me, "but, oh, dear, she's such an impossible romantic. What she needs is a husband. He'll soon knock the romance out of her."

I had a shrewd idea that she regarded me as a likely candidate for the honor of knocking the romance out of Margaret, but, much as I liked that girl, I felt the situation was already complicated enough.

One Saturday afternoon a really awkward thing happened. I had gone up early, after lunch, to take Jack for a walk. When I arrived, he wasn't ready so I sat in the front room with Sylvia, Margaret, and Mrs. Courtenay. I got the impression that there were feelings, at least on the old lady's part, and I was right. There were. It had taken Teddy a week to discover she had a bedroom of her own, but when he did he took full advantage of it. She had now become his devoted slave, and when we met I had to be careful that she didn't suspect me of treating him with insufficient respect. Two old women on the road had made a mortal enemy of her because of that. And it wasn't only strangers; even Margaret came in for criticism.

The criticism this Saturday afternoon had been provoked first by Margaret's inhuman refusal to feed him a half an hour before his feeding time, and secondly, by the pointed way the two younger women went on with their talk instead of joining her in keeping him entertained. She could have grabbed me, of course, but it gave her more satisfaction to make their monstrous inhumanity obvious even to themselves.

"Wisha, go on!" she said modestly. "You'll want to be talking. He'll be getting his dinner soon anyway. The poor child is famished."

Except for a slight feeling of uneasiness, I got nothing of this, and joined the girls gladly enough, while Mrs. Courtenay, playing quietly with the baby, suffered in silence. Just then Jack came in.

"Ah, here's Daddy now!" Mrs. Courtenay said triumphantly. "Daddy will play with us."

"Daddy will do nothing of the sort," Jack retorted with great presence of mind. "Daddy wants somebody to play with him. Ready, Phil?"

But this didn't relax the tension in the room. Margaret seemed dumbfounded; Sylvia looked at me and raised her shoulders. Meanwhile, Mrs. Courtenay, apparently quite unaware of the effect she had created, was making Teddy sit up and show off his tricks. Sylvia followed us to the door.

"Does she suspect anything?" she asked anxiously with one hand on the jamb.

"Oh, not at all," Jack said with a shocked expression. "That's only her way of speaking."

"Hm," Sylvia grunted. "Curious way of speaking."

"But really, Sylvia," I said, "if she did suspect, that's the last thing in the world she'd have said."

"Like leaning against a ship," Sylvia said dryly. "I dare say you're right."

But she wasn't certain. Jack walked on down the avenue without speaking and I knew he was shaken too.

"Awkward situation," he said at last with a wry grin.

Since Margaret's arrival he had become what for him was almost forthcoming. It was mainly the need for someone to confide in. He couldn't any longer confide either in Margaret or Sylvia because the confidences might be passed on.

"I don't think it meant what Sylvia imagines," I said as we set off up the hill from the Main Street.

"I dare say not, but still it's very awkward —two women in a house."

"I suppose so," I said.

"You know what I mean?"

I thought I did, and I liked his delicacy. Being a chap who never liked to hurt people's feelings, he almost certainly had nothing to do with either of the girls. He wouldn't have thought it nice. Having had so much to do with both, and being the sort who is accustomed to having a lot to do with women, he probably found it a strain. They must have found it so likewise, because their behavior had grown decidedly obstreperous. They even made fun of him before me. The situation was clearly becoming impossible.

"I fancy so," I said cautiously. I knew he wanted to talk.

"Last night Sylvia woke me when the alert went, to go and keep Margaret company," he went on in a tone in which pain, bewilderment, and amusement were about equally blended. It was as though he were fastidiously holding up something small, frail, and not quite clean for your inspection. "She said she'd go if I didn't. I'd have preferred her to go, of course, and do you know what she said? 'Margaret won't like it, and you've shown her little enough consideration since she came.' What do you make of that?"

"Rather tactless of Sylvia," I said.

"I know," he added with indignation and yet with a touch of amusement and wonder. "And it's so unlike her. She said I didn't understand women."

"And did you go?"

"I had to," he complained. "Neither she nor Mother was worried in the least, but I had to stay with her just the same."

I could fill in the gaps in his narrative and appreciate his feelings. Obviously, before going to Margaret's room he had to go to his mother's to explain Sylvia's anxiety for her old school friend, and having done all a gentleman could do to spare the feelings of three women, had gone back to bed with the feeling that they were all laughing at him. And though he told it lightly, I had the suspicion that he would never again be quite comfortable with either Sylvia or Margaret. "Now your days of philandering are over," was running through my head. I wasn't sure that he would be quite such a pleasant friend.

MARGARET remained for some months until the baby was quite well and she had both got a job and found a home where Teddy would be looked after. She was full of gaiety and courage, but I had the feeling that her way was not an easy one. Even without the aid of a husband, the romance had been knocked out of her. It was

marked by the transference of her allegiance from Jack to Sylvia. And Sylvia was lonesome too. She kept pressing me to come to the house when Jack was away. She corresponded with Margaret and went to stay with her when she was in town. They were linked by something which excluded Jack. To each of them her moment of sacrifice had come, and each had risen to it, but nobody can live on that plane forever, and now there stretched before them the commonplace of life with no prospect that ever again would it call on them in the same way. Never again would Sylvia and Jack be able to joke about his philandering, and the house seemed the gloomier for it, as though it had lost a safety valve.

Mrs. Courtenay too was lonely for Teddy, though with her usual stoicism she made light of it. "Wisha, you get very used to them, Phil," she said to me as she pulled her shawl about her. Now she felt that she had no proper introduction when she went to the park, was jealous of the mothers and grandmothers who met there, and decided that the English were as queer and standoffish as she had always supposed them to be. For weeks she slept badly and talked with resignation of "being in the way" and "going to her long home." She never asked about Teddy, always about his mother, and when Margaret, who seemed to have got over her dislike of the old woman, sent her a photo of the child, she put it away and did not refer to it again.

One evening, while Sylvia was in the kitchen, Mrs. Courtenay startled me by a sudden question. "You never hear about Mrs. Harding?" she asked.

"I believe she's all right," I said. "Sylvia could tell you. She hears from her regularly."

"They don't tell me," she said resignedly, folding her arms and looking broodingly into the fire—it was one of her fictions that no one ever told her anything. "Wisha, Phil," she added with a smile, "you don't think she noticed me calling Jack his daddy?"

She turned a searching look on me. It was one of those occasions when whatever you say is bound to be wrong.

"Who's that, Mrs. Courtenay?"

"Sylvia. She didn't notice?"

"I wouldn't say so. Why?"

"It worries me," she replied, looking into the fire again. "It could make mischief."

"I doubt it," I said. "I don't think Sylvia noticed anything."

"I hope not. I made a novena that she wouldn't. She's a nice, simple poor girl."

"She's one in a thousand," I said.

"Why then, indeed, Phil, there aren't many like her," she agreed humbly. "I could have bitten my tongue out when I said it. But, of course, I knew from the first minute I saw him in the hall. Didn't you?"

"Know what?" I stammered, wondering if I looked as red as I felt.

"That Jack was his daddy," she said in a low voice. "Sure you must."

"Oh, yes," I said. "He mentioned it."

"He didn't say anything to me," she said, but without reproach. You could see she knew that Jack would have good reason for not telling her. "I suppose he thought I'd tell Sylvia, but of course, I wouldn't dream of making mischief. And the two of them such great friends too—wisha, isn't life queer, Phil?"

In the kitchen Sylvia suddenly began to sing "Lili Marlene." It was then the real poignancy of the situation struck me. I had seen it only as the tragedy of Jack and Sylvia and Margaret, but what was their loneliness to that of the old woman, to whom tragedy presented itself as in a foreign tongue? Now I realized why she did not care to look at the photograph of Margaret's son.

"It might be God's will her poor husband was killed," Mrs. Courtenay said. "God help us, I can never get the poor boy out of my head. I pray for him night and morning. 'Twould be such a shock to him if he ever found out. And the baby so lovely and all—oh, the dead image of Jack at his age!"

Sylvia accompanied me to the door as usual. Now when we kissed good night it wasn't such an act on her part; there was emotion in it, not because she cared any more for me but because she was already seeking for support in the world outside. The bubble in which she had lived was broken. I was tempted to tell her about her mother-in-law, but something held me back. Women like their own mystifications which give them a feeling of power; they dislike other people's which they always describe as slyness. Besides, it would have seemed like a betrayal. I had shifted my allegiance.

The Fon and the Golden Cat

The King and His Beasts, Part III

Gerald M. Durrell

Dravings by Bernard Perlin

My stay in Bafut eventually drew to a close. I had collected a vast quantity of animal life, and it was time to take it all back to the base camp, where it could be recaged and got ready for the voyage. Reluctantly I informed the hunters that I would be leaving in a week, so that they would not bring in any specimens after I had left. I ordered the lorry and sent a note to my colleague, Smith, telling him to expect me. The Fon, when he heard the news, came flying over, clasping a bottle of gin, and did his best to persuade me to stay on. But, as I explained to him, I could not stay any longer, much as I would like to; our return passages were booked, and that meant the whole collection had to be ready to move down country on the prescribed date. If there was any hitch we would miss the ship, and we might not be able to get another one for a couple of months, a delay which the trip's budget was not designed to cope with.



"Ah! My friend, I sorry too much you go," said the Fon, pouring gin into my glass with the gay abandon of a fountain.

"I sorry too much as well," I said with truth, "but I no get chance for stay Bafut any more."

"You go remember Bafut," said the Fon, pointing a long finger at me. "You go remember Bafut fine. Na for Bafut you done get plenty fine beef, no be so?"

"Na so," I said, pointing at my vast piles of cages, "I done get beef too much for Bafut."

The Fon nodded benignly, leaned forward, and clasped my hand. "When you go for your country, sometime you go tell your people de Fon of Bafut na your friend, and 'e done get you all dis fine beef, eh?"

"I go tell um all," I promised, "and I go tell um dat de Fon be fine hunter man, better pass all hunter for Cameroons."

"Foine, foine!" said the Fon delightedly.

"Na one beef I never get for here," I said. "I sorry too much."

"Na whatee, my friend?" the Fon asked.

"Na dat big bushcat dat get skin like gold and mark-mark for 'e belly. I done show you photograph, you remember?"

"Ah! Dat beef! You speak true. Dat beef you never get yet."

He relapsed into a gloomy silence and scowled at the gin bottle. I wondered if reminding him of this gap in my collection had not been a little tactless. The animal to which I was referring was the golden cat, one of the

species, but one of the most beautiful, members of the cat family to be found in that part of Africa. I knew that it was reasonably common around Bafut, but the hunters treated it with more respect than they did the serval or the leopard, both of which were considerably bigger. Whenever I had shown pictures of the beast to the hunters they had chuckled and shaken their heads over it, and assured me that it was extremely difficult to catch, that it was "fierce too much" and that it "get plenty clever." In vain I had offered large rewards, not only for the animal's capture, but even for news of its whereabouts. With slightly less than a week to go before I left, I had resigned myself to not having a golden cat in the collection.

The Fon sat back in his chair with a twinkle in his eye and grinned at me infectiously. "I go get you dat beef," he said.

"But, my friend, in five days I go leave Bafut. How you go catch dis beef in five days?"

"I go catch um," said the Fon firmly. "Wait small time, you go see. I go get you dat beef."

He refused to tell me by what methods he was going to bring about this miracle, but when the day before my departure dawned and there was still no sign of any golden cat, I gave up all hope. In his enthusiasm the Fon had made a promise he could not fulfill.

The Man with the Sack

It was a somber, overcast day, for up there in the mountains the rainy season started earlier than in the lowlands. The low, fast-moving clouds, gray as slate, the thin drizzle of rain, the occasional shudder of thunder in the distant mountain ranges—none of these things helped make me feel any the less depressed at the thought of leaving Bafut. I had grown very fond of this silent grassland world, and of the people who lived there. The Fon I had come to admire and like, and I felt genuinely sorry at the thought of saying good-by to him, for he had been an amusing and charming companion.

About midnight the fine drizzle turned into a steady downpour. My luggage was packed, the cages were ready for loading into the lorry. I could think of nothing to do, and I did not fancy venturing out into the icy downpour.

Glancing down the road, I saw a man appear at a trot, slipping and sliding in the mud, carrying a large sack on his back. Hoping that he was bringing me some rare specimen to lighten my gloom, I watched his approach eagerly, but to my annoyance he turned off under the archway, splashed across the courtyard, and disappeared through the arched door leading to the Fon's quarters. Shortly after he had vanished a great uproar broke out near the Fon's small villa, but it died down after some minutes, and all I could hear was the rain.

I drank my tea in solitary state, then finished feeding the nocturnal creatures. They seemed a trifle surprised, for I never fed them as early as that as a rule, but the Fon was coming over to spend the evening, and I wanted to have everything done before he arrived. By the time I had finished my work the rain had died away to a fine mistlike drizzle, and through breaks in the low-flying gray clouds the sky shone a limpid blue.

Within an hour the clouds had dispersed and the sky was clear and full of evening sunlight. A small drum started to beat over near the Fon's house, and the sound gradually grew louder. The door into the courtyard opened, and a small procession marched through. First came the Fon, dressed in magnificent scarlet and white robes, striding delicately through the shining puddles. Following him marched the strange man I had seen in the rain, still with the sack on his back. Behind him were four council members, and at the end of the procession trotted a small boy in white robes and minute skullcap, beating importantly on a little drum. The Fon was coming to pay me his last visit in style. I went down the steps to meet him.

He halted in front of me and put his hands on my shoulders, staring into my face with a most impressive sternness. "My friend," he said slowly and solemnly, "I done get something for you."

"Na whatee?" I asked.

The Fon flung back his trailing sleeves with a regal gesture and pointed at the man with the sack. "Bushcat!" he said.

"Bushcat? Dat kind I de want too much?" I hardly dared believe it.

The Fon nodded with the quiet satisfaction of one who has done a job well.

"Let me look um," I said excitedly. "Quick, open dat bag!"

The man placed the sack on the ground in front of me, and I, unmindful of the clean trousers I had put on in the Fon's honor, went down on my knees in the mud and struggled with the tough cord that bound the neck of the sack. The Fon stood beaming down at me like a benevolent Santa Claus. The cord was wet and tight, and as I tugged and pulled, a weird, ferocious cry arose from the interior of the sack: it started as a rumbling moan, and as it became louder, it developed into a yarring scream with such a malevolent undertone that it sent a chill up my spine. The hunter, the councilors, and the boy with the drum retreated several paces.

"Careful, Masa," the hunter warned, "na bad beef dat. 'E get power too much."

"You done get rope for 'e foot?" I asked, and nodded. I unwound the last bit of cord, slowly opened the sack, and peered inside.

GLARING at me was a face of such beauty that I gasped. The fur was short, smooth, the golden brown of wild honey. The pointed ears were flattened close to the skull, and the upper lip was drawn back in a series of fine ripples from milk-white teeth and pink gums. But it was the eyes I noticed more than anything else: large, and set at a slight slant in the golden face, they stared up at me with a look of such cold fury that I was thankful the animal's feet were tied. They were green, the green of leaves under ice, and they glittered like mica in the evening sun. For a second we stared at each other, and then the golden cat drew back her lips even further from her gums, opened her mouth, and gave another loud, frightening cry. Hastily I tied the neck up again, for I did not know if her bonds were really strong or not, and, judging by her eyes, she would not deal with me very kindly if she got free.

"You like?" asked the Fon.

"Wah! I like dis beef too much," I replied.

We carried the precious sack up to the veranda, and I hastily turned a specimen out of the largest, strongest cage I had. Then we emptied the golden cat gently out of the sack and rolled her inside, shutting and bolting the door. She lay on her side, hissing and snarling but unable to move, for her front and back legs were neatly tied together with strong raffia-like cord. By fixing a knife to the end of a stick I managed to saw through the cords, and as they fell away she got to her feet in one smooth movement, leaped at the bars, stuck a fat golden paw through, and took a swipe at my face. I drew back just in time.

"Aha," said the Fon, chuckling, "dis beef get angry too much."

"'E fit chop man time no dere," said the hunter.

"'E get power," agreed the Fon, chuckling. "'E get plenty power for 'e foot. You go watch um, my friend, less 'e go wound you."

I SENT down to the kitchen for a small chicken, and this, freshly killed and warm, I dangled near the bars of the cage. A golden paw again shot out between the bars, white claws buried themselves in the fowl, and it was jerked up against the bars. Leaning forward, the cat got a grip on the neck of the bird, and with one quick heave the entire fowl vanished into the interior of the cage. Clouds of feathers poured out from between the bars as the golden cat began to feed. Reverently I covered the front of the cage with a sack, and we left her in peace.

"How you done catch dis beef?" I asked the hunter. He gave a grin and wiggled his toes with embarrassment.

"You no de hear?" asked the Fon. "You no get mouth? Speak now!"

"Masa," began the man, scratching his stomach, "de Fon done tell me Masa want dis kind of beef too much, an' so three days I done go for bush, I look um. I done walker, walker, I done tire too much, but I never see dis beef. Yesterday, for evening time, dis bushcat 'e done come softly for my farm, an' 'e done chop three chicken. Dis morning I see 'e foot for de mud, an' I done follow for bush. Far too much I done follow um, Masa, an' den, for some big hill, I done see um."

The Fon shifted in his chair and fixed the man with a glittering eye. "You speak true?" he asked sternly.

"Yes, Masa," protested the hunter, "I speak true."

"Good," said the Fon.

"I done see dis bushcat," the man went on. "'E done walker for dis big hill. Den 'e done go for some place dere be rock too much. 'E done go for hole in de ground. I look di



hole, but man no fit pass, 'e tight too much. I done go back for my house an' I done bring fine dog and catch net, den I go back for his place. I done put catch net for der hole, an' den I done make small fire an' put smoke for de hole."

He paused and hopped on one leg, clicking his fingers. "Wah! Dat beef fierce too much! When 'e done smell de smoke 'e de holler an' 'e de holler, time no dere. My dog dey de fear an' dey all done run. I de fear bushcat go catch me an' I done run also. Small time I hear de beef 'e holler an' holler, an' so I done go softly softly for look um. Wah! Masa, dat beef 'e run for inside catch net, an' de catch net done hold um fine. When I see um for catch net I no get fear again, an' so I done go an' tie 'e foot with rope, an' I done bring um one time for Masa."

The man ended his story and stood watching us anxiously, twisting his short spear in both hands.

"My friend," I told him, "I tink you be fine hunter man, an' I go pay you good money for dis beef."

"Na so, na so," agreed the Fon, waving a lordly hand. "Dis man done make fine hunting for you."

I paid him a handsome sum of money and made him a present of several packets of cigarettes, and he went off grinning and saying, "I ank you, Masa, tank you," all the way down the road until he was out of earshot.

Then I turned to the Fon, who was sitting back watching me with a smug expression on his face. "My friend, I tank you too much for dis ting you done do," I said.

The Fon waved his hands deprecatingly. "No, no, my friend, na small ting dis. It no be good ting if you go leave Bafut and you never get all de beef you want. I sorry too much you do go leave. But when you look dis fine beef you go tink of Bafut, no be so?"

"Na true," I said. "And now, my friend, you go drink with me?"

"Foine, foine," said the Fon.

As if to compensate for the dreariness of the early part of the day the sunset was one of the finest I have ever seen. The sky was washed with palest blues and greens, smudged here and there with a touch of gold. Pale trembling stars gained strength as the world darkened. Presently the moon came up, blood-red at first, changing to yellow and then silver as it rose.

The Fon and I sat drinking in the misty moonlight until it was late. Then he turned to me, pointing towards his village. "I tink sometime you like to dance," he said, "so I done tell um to make musica. You like we go dance before you leave, eh?"

"Yes, I like to dance," I said.

The Fon lurched to his feet and, leaning perilously over the veranda rail, shouted an order to someone waiting below. In a short

time a cluster of lights moved across the great courtyard, and the Fon's all-female band assembled in the road below and started to play. Soon they were joined by numerous others, including most of the council members.

The Fon listened to the music for a bit, waving his hands and smiling, and then got up and held out his hand to me.

"Come!" he said, "we go dance, eh?"

"Foine, foine!" I mimicked him, and he crowed with glee.

We crossed the moon-misty veranda to the head of the steps, the Fon draped a long arm over my shoulders, partly out of affection and partly for support, and we started to descend. Halfway down my companion stopped to execute a short dance to the music. His foot got tangled up in his impressive robes, and, but for his firm grip round my neck, he would have rolled down the steps into the road. As it was, we struggled there for a moment, swaying violently, trying to regain our balance. The crowd of wives, offspring, and councilors gasped in horror and consternation, and the band stopped playing.

"Musica, musica!" roared the Fon, as we reeled together on the steps. "Why you done stop, eh?"

The band started up again. We regained our equilibrium and walked down the rest of the way without mishap. The Fon was in fine fettle, and he insisted on holding my hand and dancing across the courtyard, splashing through the puddles, while the band trotted behind, playing a trifle short-windedly. When we reached the dancing hut, he sat down on his throne for a rest while his court took the floor. Presently, when there was a slight lull in the dancing, I asked the Fon if he would call the band over, so that I could examine the instruments more closely. They trooped over and stood in front of the dais.

I tried each instrument in turn and was shown the correct way of playing it. To everyone's surprise, including my own, I succeeded in playing the first few bars of "The Campbells Are Coming" on a bamboo flute. The Fon was so delighted he made me repeat it several times, while he accompanied me on a big drum, and one of the council members on the strange foghorn-like instrument. The effect was not altogether musical, but we rendered it with great verve and feeling. Then we had to repeat it all over again, with a full band accompaniment. Actually, it sounded rather good, as most of my flat notes were drowned by the drums.

When we had exhausted the musical possibilities of the tune, the Fon sent for another bottle, and we settled down to watch the dancers. The inactivity soon told on my companion, and after an hour or so he started to shift on his throne and to scowl at the band.

"Dis dance no be good," he confided at last.

"Na fine," I said. "Why you no like?"

"'E slow too much," he pointed out and smiled at me disarmingly. "You like we go dance your special dance?"

"Special dance?" I queried, slightly fuddled. "What dance?"

"One, two, three, keek—one, two, three, keek," yodeled the Fon.

"Ah, dat dance you de talk. Yes, we go dance um if you like."

"I like too much," said the Fon firmly.

The Royal Conga

He led the way to the dance floor and clutched my waist in a firm grip, while everyone else, chattering and grinning with delight, joined on behind. To add a little variety to the affair I borrowed a flute and piped noisily and inaccurately on it as I led them a wild dance round the dance hall and out among the huts of the Fon's wives. The night was warm, and half an hour of this exercise made me stream with sweat and gasp for breath.

We stopped for a rest and some liquid refreshment. It was obvious, however, that my conga had got into the Fon's blood. He sat on his throne, his eyes gleaming, feet tapping, humming reminiscently to himself—and waiting with ill-concealed impatience until I had recovered my breath before suggesting that we repeat the whole performance. I decided that I would have to head him off in some way, for I found the conga too enervating for such a close night, and I had barked my shin most painfully on a doorpost during our last round. I cast around in my mind for another dance I could teach him which would be less strenuous to perform, and yet whose tune could easily be mastered by the band. I made

[illegible] called once more for a flute, and [illegible] a few minutes.

Then I turned to the Fon, who had been [illegible] with great interest. "If you go tell de band 'e go learn dis special music I go teach you other European dance," I said.

"Ah! Foine, foine!" He roared the band to silence, then marshaled them round the dais.

I played the tune to them, and in a surprisingly short space of time they picked it up and were even adding little variations.

The Fon stamped his feet delightedly. "Na fine music dis," he said, "now you go show me dis dance, eh?"

I looked round and singled out a young damsel who, I had noticed, seemed exceptionally bright, and, clasping her as closely as propriety would permit (for her clothing was non-existent), I set off across the dance floor in a dashing polka. My partner after only a momentary hesitation picked up the step perfectly, and we bobbed and hopped around in great style. To show his appreciation the Fon started to clap, and immediately the rest of the court followed suit; it started off as normal, ragged applause, but, being Africans, they kept clapping and worked it into the rhythm of the dance. The girl and I circled round the large floor five times, and then we were forced to stop for a rest.

When I reached the dais, the Fon held out a brimming glass of whisky and clapped me on the back as I sat down. "Na foine dance!"

I nodded and gulped down my drink. As soon as I had put my glass down the Fon seized me by the hand and pulled me on to the floor again. "Come," he said persuasively, "you go show me dis dance."

Clasped in each other's arms, we polkaed round, but it was not a great success, owing chiefly to the fact that my partner's robes became entangled with my feet and jerked us both to a standstill. We would then have to stand patiently while a crowd of council members unwound us, after which [illegible] again: one, two, three, hop, only to end up in the opposite corner entwined together like a couple of maypoles.

Eventually I glanced at my watch and discovered to my dismay that it was three o'clock. Reluctantly I had to take my leave of the Fon and retire to bed. He and the court followed me out into the great courtyard. As I climbed up the steps to the villa I looked back at them. In among the twinkling hurricane lanterns they were all dancing the polka. In the center the Fon was jigging and hopping by himself, waving one long arm and shouting, "Good night, my friend! Good night!" I waved back, and then went and crawled thankfully into my bed.

By eight-thirty the next morning the lorry had arrived and the collection had been stacked on it. An incredible number of Bafutians had come to say good-by and to see me off; they had been arriving since early that morning, and now lined the roadside, chattering together, waiting for me to depart. The last load was hoisted onto the lorry, and the sound of drums, flutes, and rattles heralded the arrival of the Fon to take his leave of me. He was dressed as I had seen him on the day of my arrival, in a plain white robe and a wine-red skullcap. He was accompanied by his retinue of councilors. He strode up and embraced me and then, holding me by the hand, addressed the assembled Bafutians in a few rapid sentences. When he stopped the crowd broke into loud "arrr's" and started to clap rhythmically.

The Fon turned to me and raised his voice. "My people 'e sorry too much you go leave Bafut. All dis people dey go remember you, and you no go forget Bafut, eh?"

"I never go forget Bafut," I said truthfully, making myself heard with difficulty above the steady clapping of hundreds of black hands.

"Good," he said with satisfaction. He clasped my hand firmly in his and wrung it. "My friend, always I go get you for my eye. I no go forget dis happy time we done get. By God Power you go reach your own country safe. Walker good, my friend, walker good."

As the lorry started off down the road the clapping got faster and faster, until it sounded like rain on a tin roof. We jolted our way slowly along until we reached the corner. Looking back, I saw the road lined with naked black humanity, their hands fluttering as they clapped, and at the end of this avenue of moving hands and flashing teeth stood a tall figure in dazzling white. The Fon raised a long arm, and a huge hand waved a last farewell as the lorry rounded the corner and started up the red earth road that wound over the golden hills.

Greed and folly, unreasoning hope, fear bordering on hysteria—these were elements in the stock-market catastrophe of 1929 . . . The author of American Capitalism *reviews the record in the light of history, and poses the question: Can it happen again?*

The Great Wall Street Crash

John Kenneth Galbraith

Senator Couzens: Did Goldman, Sachs, & Co. organize the Goldman Sachs Trading Corporation?
Mr. Sachs: Yes, sir.
Senator Couzens: And it sold its stock to the public?
Mr. Sachs: A portion of it. The firm invested originally in 10 per cent of the . . . issue.
Senator Couzens: And the other 90 per cent was sold to the public?
Mr. Sachs: Yes, sir.
Senator Couzens: At what price?
Mr. Sachs: At 104 . . . the stock was [later] split two for one.
Senator Couzens: And what is the price of the stock now?
Mr. Sachs: Approximately 1¾.

—Hearings before Senate Committee on Banking and Currency on Stock Exchange Practices. May 20, 1932.

A CASE can readily be made that, with the single exception of the Civil War, no event of the past hundred years so deeply impressed itself upon the thoughts, attitudes, and voting behavior of the American people as the Great Depression. This importance is hardly reflected in the dignity with which history treats of the tragedy. The climactic stock-market crash which launched the depression—and which was considerably more important in relation to what followed than the shots at Sumter—occurred only twenty-five years ago this month, but it has already receded far into the mists of memory. One measure of this neglect is the widespread and quite erroneous assumption that there was one day in October 1929 when the great crash occurred. Another indication is the total absence of agreement as to what day it was. Thus Thursday, October 24, the first day on which panic seized the market, has regularly been cited as the Black Thursday of the crash. But the professionals have always leaned to the following Monday or Tuesday, when the losses were far greater and when the volume of trading reached its all-time incredible high. Others have picked still other days. In a book explaining the debacle, Professor Irving Fisher of Yale—Professor Fisher as the acknowledged prophet of the boom was left with much explaining to do—singled out October 21 as the day of catastrophe. (On that day trading was very heavy but the declines relatively modest.) The authorized biographers of Herbert Hoover, in 1935, refused to settle on any one day but—along with the twenty-ninth—picked October 23 and October 26. (The twenty-third was the day preceding Black Thursday; the twenty-sixth was a Saturday when things were tolerably quiet.) Not, certainly, since the siege of Troy has the chronology of a great event been so uncertain.

As a matter of fact, economic history, even at its most violent, has a much less exciting tempo than military or even political history. Days are rarely important. All of the autumn of 1929 was a terrible time, and all of that

[illegible] hours. With the invaluable [illegible] it is possible to see that [illegible] recently months the stage [illegible] financial disaster.

Into an Old Bull

On the first of January 1929, the Coolidge Bull Market was at least four years old. The *New York Times* average of the prices of twenty-five representative industrial stocks which had stood at 110 at the beginning of 1924 had eased up to 135 at the beginning of 1925. At the close of trading on January 2, 1929, it was at 338.35. Apart from mild setbacks notably in early 1926 and early 1928, this climb had been almost uninterrupted. There were very few months when the averages did not show an improvement on the month preceding. There had been, in short, a speculative upsurge of unparalleled magnitude and duration.

There were some reasons for thinking that 1929 might be different. For one thing, Mr. Hoover would replace President Coolidge in the White House in March and, in the narrow political spectrum of the day, that meant a marked shift to the left. Mr. Coolidge, as Mr. Hoover himself has testified, knew nothing and cared less about the speculative orgy in which the country was indulging itself. (A few days before leaving office he assured the country that things were "absolutely sound" and that stocks were a good buy at current prices.) Moreover, the instrument through which Mr. Coolidge would have had to act was the Federal Reserve Board, and in his time the possibility of this body's initiating any drastic measures was remarkably slight. Its authority, constitutional and moral, was shared with the powerful Federal Reserve Bank of New York. The Chairman of the Board, one Daniel R. Crissinger, had become a central banker by grace of the doctrine, which had held sway a few years before, that what was good enough for Marion, Ohio, was good enough for the country. His colleagues, with one exception, [illegible] been described by Mr. Hoover, with [illegible] characteristic conservatism, as medi-

In his memoirs, Mr. Hoover suggests that, [illegible] 1929, the halting of the stock-market boom had become practically an obsession with him. This was a fairly well-kept secret, for the market hailed his election in November with the wildest advance to date, and a day or two before he took office in March there was a fine upsurge which was dubbed the "inaugural market." However, Mr. Hoover did know what was going on, and late in 1927 Crissinger had been replaced by Roy A. Young, a more substantial figure. There was now at least a chance that an effort might be made to restrain the speculation.

There remained, however, the problem of what could be done—and at what cost. Stocks, overwhelmingly, were being bought on margin. That meant that someone had to put up as a loan the part of the price which the purchaser wasn't paying. The task of the Federal Reserve was to get control of the funds that were being thus used to finance the speculative purchase of securities. But the rates on these broker's loans were high—through January 1929, for example, they averaged a shade under 7 per cent. Seven per cent with near-perfect safety and your money available on demand is a very decent return. Individuals and especially corporations were finding this an increasingly attractive outlet for surplus cash, and the Federal Reserve had no obvious way of checking this source of money for the market.

However, in many respects this was a detail. There was the much more inconvenient question of whether any control could be exercised which, if effective, wouldn't bring an awful smash. It is easy enough to burst a bubble. To incise it with a needle so that it subsides gradually is an operation of undoubted delicacy. Collapse and an ensuing depression would be unpleasant for, among others, those who were blamed for bringing them about. This was sensed if not seen.

Yet, there was the danger that if the bull market were allowed to go roaring along there would eventually be an even more violent crack-up. So early in 1929 the monetary authorities began debating the relative merits of sudden death and a slightly more horrible demise a little later on. Secretary Mellon was passionately for inaction; Governor Young and a part of his Board were for action although there was dispute on the particular controls to be invoked.

The issue was never decided, but the knowledge that the debate was going on began

to be a source of uneasiness in Wall Street.

Meanwhile, there were more serious sources of uneasiness from within the market itself. In a market like that of 1929 there are three possible reasons why people buy stocks. One is for the old-fashioned purpose of sharing in the current income of an enterprise. Some eccentrics were undoubtedly so motivated in those days, although in the case of such a speculative favorite as Radio, which, adjusted for split-ups, reached 505 on September 3, 1929, up from 94½ in the preceding eighteen months, the desire for immediate income must have been fairly slight. The stock had never paid a dividend. Elsewhere the showing was better. A hundred dollars' worth of shares which provided an average return of $5.90 in 1921 paid $3.50 in 1929. Yields did not keep pace with market values, but neither, as some have suggested, did they vanish.

A second and far larger group of people were buying stocks because they had heard that the stock market was a place where people could get rich and they were righteously persuaded that their right to be rich was as good as the next person's. These were the innocent, although it was also their misfortune to believe—perhaps with some assistance from a customer's man—that they were really very wise. These buyers talked of the prospects for Steel, GM, United Corporation, and Blue Ridge with the familiarity of a friend and the unique certainty, not of one who knows, but of one who doesn't know that he doesn't know.

Finally, stocks were being bought by those who knew that a boom was on but who intended to get out—or even, at a high level of professionalism, to go short—before the crash came. As 1929 wore along, it was this group that became increasingly nervous. The market was making phenomenal advances; one couldn't get out while there were still such gains to be made. But whenever there was upsetting news the market dropped sharply on large volume. Some *were* getting out.

Thus, in February, when the Federal Reserve Board finally decided to issue a warning —"a member bank is not within its reasonable claims for rediscount facilities at the Federal Reserve Bank when it borrows for the purpose of making speculative loans"—prices broke sharply. There was a prompt recovery, but in the following month it became known that the Federal Reserve Board was meeting daily on its problem of suicide *versus* eventual disaster. The market broke again, and on March 26, 8,239,000 shares changed hands on the New York Stock Exchange. (Once in the early days of the bull market it had been said that men might live to see a five million-share day.) Prices fell precipitately, and call money rates that day went to 20 per cent, which meant that anyone who bought General Electric on margin paid at the rate of 20 per cent per annum for that day to carry a security which was yielding around 1.25 per cent.

There is a chance—no one will ever know—that the bubble might have been pricked then and there, but, in an act of historic arrogance, Charles E. Mitchell, Chairman of the Board of the National City Bank, put his bank behind the boom. "We feel that we have an obligation which is paramount to any Federal Reserve warning, or anything else, to avert . . . any dangerous crisis in the money market." The National City let it be known that it was loaning freely in the call market and had more to come if rates got unduly high, *i.e.*, much above 15 per cent. The market steadied and by the end of March 26 most of that day's losses had been recovered.

The Last Great Zoom

There were further breaks and more nervousness during the next two months. However, the Federal Reserve remained quiet and presumably undecided. In any case, it had met Mr. Mitchell on the field, Mr. Mitchell had spoken, and the field was Mitchell's. So there was a brief recovery of confidence, and prices started on their last great zoom. There was no summer lull in Wall Street that year. Each day the market went on to new highs. Not everyone was playing it as legend holds—the great majority of Americans were then as innocent of knowledge of how to buy a stock as they are today —but subsequent estimates of undoubted unreliability have suggested that as many as a million people were involved in the speculation. During that summer, practically all of them made money. Never, before or since, have so many people so suddenly got so wonderfully rich.

On the first of June the *Times* industrial average of industrial stocks were the locus of [illegible] spoke at 312, by the [illegible] on the first of August was 118; when the market reopened on September 3 after the Labor Day holiday it reached 152. This was a gain of 110 points 25 per cent—in ninety days. The *New York Times* financial section on September 3 ran to fifteen full pages. Call money rates were 9 per cent; the rediscount rate at the Federal Reserve Bank increased in August, was 6 per cent. Later in the week it was announced that brokers' loans had reached the remarkable total of $6,354,000,000. (In the preceding three months they had been increasing at a rate in excess of $400,000,000 a month.) However, the end was near, although never so far from being in sight.

On September 5 there was a new break and the industrial averages fell about ten points. The nervousness of those who wanted both to stay to the last and get out in time was admirably indicated by the cause of this setback. It followed a statement by Mr. Roger Babson on September 4 that "Sooner or later a crash is coming and it may be terrific." (The drop was promptly labeled the Babson Break.) All honor must go to Mr. Babson for his historic omniscience, although it deserves to be added that he had been making similar predictions at frequent intervals for some four years.

The market was ragged the rest of September and into October. There were days of strength, but there were also days of weakness and generally speaking the direction was down. In the arresting terminology of the time—as used in this instance by the *Wall Street Journal*—"Price movements in the main body of stocks continued to display the characteristics of a major advance temporarily halted for technical readjustments." Others even spoke of the possibility of a further drop, although mostly to explain why it couldn't happen. And no one should suppose that the old enthusiasm was gone.

On September 20 the *New York Times* reported that "Investors and speculators alike appear keen for 'new names.' . . . An example of this is in the Lehman Corporation which was offered at $104 and yesterday sold at $136. . . . Another is in the new Midland Marine, whose offering at $60.00 or thereabouts a share has not yet been made but which yesterday commanded $85.00 in the over-the-counter market." On October 8, from Germany, Charles E. Mitchell announced that "nothing can arrest the upward movement in the United States," and a week later, on taking the boat for home, he helpfully added that the market was now "in a healthy condition" and that "values have a sound basis in the general prosperity of our country." During the same week, Irving Fisher announced his historic conclusion that stocks had reached a "new high plateau," and *Time* Magazine, young and not yet omniscient, got ready its issue of October 28 with a cover story on Ivar Kreuger. (The following week it featured Samuel Insull.)

The Shakes

On Saturday, October 19, Washington dispatches reported that Secretary of Commerce Lamont was having trouble finding the $100,000 in government funds which would be required to pay the upkeep of the yacht *Corsair* which J. P. Morgan had just given to the government. (Morgan's deprivation was not unbearable; a new $3,000,000 *Corsair* was being readied at Bath, Maine.) There were other and more compelling indications of an unaccustomed stringency. The papers told of a very weak market the day before—there were heavy declines on late trading and the *Times* industrial average had dropped about seven points. Meanwhile, that day's market was behaving very badly. In the second heaviest Saturday's trading in history, 3,488,100 shares were changing hands. At the close the *Times* industrial index was down twelve points.

On Sunday the break was front-page news—the *Times* headline read, "Stocks driven down as wave of selling engulfs market." The *Times* financial editor, who along with the editor of the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle* had never wavered in his conviction that the market had gone insane, suggested that, for the moment at least, "Wall Street seemed to see the reality of things." The news stories featured two other observations which were to become wonderfully familiar in the next fortnight. It was said that, at the end of Saturday's trading, an exceptionally large number of

margin calls went out. It was predicted that, come the following week, "organized support" could definitely be expected for the market.

Monday, October 21, was another poor day. Sales totaled 6,091,870, the third greatest volume in history, and hundreds of thousands who were watching the market throughout the country made a disturbing discovery. There was no way of telling what was happening. Previously on big days of the bull market the ticker had often fallen behind, and one didn't discover until well after the market closed how much richer he had become. But with a falling market things were very different. Now one might be ruined, totally and forever, and not know it. And even if one were not ruined, there was a strong tendency to imagine it. From the opening on the twenty-first the ticker lagged and by noon it was an hour late. Not until an hour and forty minutes after the close of the market did it record the last transaction. Every ten minutes prices of selected stocks were printed on the bond ticker, but the wide divergence between these and the prices on the tape only added to the uneasiness—and to the growing conviction that it might be best to sell.

This conviction notwithstanding, the market closed well above its low for the day—the net loss on the *Times* industrial averages was only about six points—and on Tuesday there was a further though rather shaky gain. Possibly some credit for this improvement should go to Wall Street's two cheeriest seers. On Monday in New York Professor Fisher said that the declines had represented only a "shaking out of the lunatic fringe." He went on to explain why he felt that the prices of stocks during the boom had not caught up with their real value. Among other things, the market had not yet reflected the beneficent effects of Prohibition, which had made the American worker "more productive and dependable."

On Tuesday, Charles E. Mitchell dropped anchor with the observation that "the decline had gone too far." (Time and sundry Congressional and court proceedings were to show that Mr. Mitchell had strong personal reasons for feeling that way.) He added that conditions were "fundamentally sound," that too much attention had been paid to the large volume of broker's loans, and that the "situation is one which will correct itself if left alone." There was, however, another jarring suggestion from Babson. He recommended selling stocks and buying gold.

By Wednesday, October 23, the effect of this cheer had been dissipated. Instead of further gains there were heavy losses. The opening was quiet enough, but toward mid-morning motor accessory stocks were sold heavily, and volume began to increase throughout the list. The last hour was quite phenomenal—2,600,000 shares changed hands at rapidly declining prices. The *Times* industrial average for the day dropped from 415 to 384, giving up all of its gains since the end of the previous June. Again the ticker was far behind, and to add to the uncertainty an ice storm in the Middle West caused widespread disruption of communications. That afternoon and evening thousands of speculators decided to get out while—as they mistakenly supposed—the getting was good. Other thousands were told they would have no choice but to get out unless they posted more collateral for, as the day's business came to an end, an unprecedented volume of margin calls went out.

Speaking in Washington, even Professor Fisher was fractionally less optimistic. He told a meeting of bankers that "security values *in most instances* were not inflated." However, he did not weaken on the unrealized efficiencies of prohibition. The papers that day contained one souvenir of a fast-departing era. Formidable advertisements announced subscription rights in a new offering of certificates in Aktiebolaget, Kreuger & Toll at $23.00. There was also one bit of cheer. It was everywhere predicted that, on the morrow, the market would begin to receive "organized support."

Black Thursday

Thursday, October 24, is the first of the days which history—such as it is on the subject—identifies with the panic of 1929. Measured by disorder, fright, and confusion, it deserves to be so regarded. 12,894,650 shares changed hands that day, most of them at prices which shattered the dreams and the hopes of those who had owned them. Of all the mysteries of the stock exchange there is none so impenetrable as why there

should be a buyer for everyone who seeks to [illegible] October 24, 1929 showed that what is mysterious is not inevitable. Often there were no buyers, and only after wide vertical declines could anyone be induced to bid.

The morning was the terrible time. The opening was unspectacular, and for a little prices were firm. Volume, however, was large and soon prices began to sag. Once again the ticker dropped behind the market. Prices fell farther and faster, and the ticker lagged more and more. By eleven o'clock what had been a market was only a wild scramble to sell. In the crowded board rooms across the country the ticker told of a frightful collapse. But the selected quotations coming in over the bond ticker also showed that current values were far below the ancient history of the tape. The uncertainty led more and more people to try to sell. Others, no longer able to respond to margin calls, were sold. By 11:30, panic, pure and unqualified, was in control.

Outside on Broad Street a weird roar could be heard. A crowd gathered and Police Commissioner Grover Whalen dispatched a special police detail to Wall Street to insure the peace. A workman appeared to accomplish some routine repairs atop one of the high buildings. The multitude, assuming he was a would-be suicide, waited impatiently for him to jump. At 12:30 the visitors' gallery of the Exchange was closed on the wild scenes below. One of the visitors who had just departed was displaying his customary genius for being on hand with history. He was the former Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Winston Churchill. It was he in 1925 who returned Britain to a gold standard that substantially over-valued the pound. To help relieve the subsequent strain the Federal Reserve eased money rates and, in the conventional though by no means unimpeachable view, it thereby launched the bull market. However, there is no record of anyone's that day having reproached Winston for the trouble he was causing. It is most unlikely that he reproached himself. Economics was never his strong point.

At noon, however, things took a turn for the better. At last came the long-awaited organized support. The heads of the National City Bank, Chase, Guaranty Trust, and Bankers Trust met with Thomas W. Lamont, the senior Morgan partner, at 23 Wall Street. All quickly agreed to come to the support of the market and to pool substantial resources for this purpose. Lamont then met with reporters and, in what Frederick Lewis Allen in his superb account of the day's events in *Only Yesterday* described as "one of the most remarkable understatements of all time," said: "There has been a little distress selling on the Stock Exchange." He added that this passing inconvenience was "due to a technical situation rather than any fundamental cause," and he told the newsmen the situation was "susceptible to betterment."

Meanwhile, word had reached the Exchange floor that the bankers were meeting and succor was on the way. These were the nation's most potent financiers; they had not yet been pilloried and maligned by the New Dealers. Prices promptly firmed and rose. Then at 1:30 Richard Whitney, widely known as a floor broker for Morgan's, walked jauntily to the post where Steel was traded and left with the specialist an order for 10,000 shares at several points above the current bids. He continued the rounds with this largesse. Confidence was wonderfully revived, and the market actually boomed upward. In the last hour the selling orders which were still flooding in turned it soft again, but the net loss for the day—about twelve points on the *Times* industrial averages—was far less than the day before. Some issues, Steel among them, were actually higher on the day's trading.

However, this recovery was of distant interest to the tens of thousands who had sold or been sold out during the decline and whose dreams of opulence had gone glimmering along with most of their merchantable possessions. It was eight and a half minutes past seven that night before the ticker finished recording the day's misfortunes. In the board rooms speculators who had been sold out since early morning sat silently watching the tape. The habit of months or years, however idle it had now become, could not be broken at once. Then, as the final trades were registered, they made their way out into the gathering night.

In Wall Street itself lights blazed from every office as clerks struggled to come abreast of the day's business. Messengers and board-room

boys, caught up in the excitement and untroubled by losses, went skylarking through the streets until the police arrived to quell them. Representatives of thirty-five of the largest wire houses assembled at the offices of Hornblower and Weeks and told the press on departing that the market was "fundamentally sound" and "technically in better condition than it has been in months." The host firm dispatched a market letter which stated that "commencing with today's trading the market should start laying the foundation for the constructive advance which we believe will characterize 1930." Charles E. Mitchell announced that the trouble was "purely technical" and that "fundamentals remained unimpaired." Senator Carter Glass said the trouble was due to Charles E. Mitchell. Senator Wilson of Indiana attributed the crash to Democratic resistance to a higher tariff.

Weekend Calm

On Friday and Saturday trading continued heavy—just under six million on Friday and over two million at the short session on Saturday. Prices, on the whole, were steady—the averages were a trifle up on Friday but slid off on Saturday. It was thought that the bankers were able to dispose of most of the securities they had acquired while shoring up the market. Not only were things better, but everyone was clear that it was the banking leaders who had made them so. They had shown both their courage and their power, and the people applauded warmly and generously. Commenting on Friday's market the *Times* said: "Secure in the knowledge that the most powerful banks in the country stood ready to prevent a recurrence [of panic] the financial community relaxed its anxiety yesterday."

From other sources came statements of reassurance and even of self-congratulation. Colonel Leonard Ayres of Cleveland thought no other country could have survived such a crash so well. Eugene M. Stevens, the President of the Continental Illinois Bank, said, "There is nothing in the business situation to justify any nervousness"; Walter Teagle said there had been no "fundamental change" in the oil business to justify concern; Charles M. Schwab said that the steel business had been making "fundamental progress" toward stability and added that this "fundamentally sound condition" was responsible for the prosperity of the industry; Samuel Vauclain, Chairman of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, declared that "fundamentals are sound"; President Hoover said that "The fundamental business of the country, that is production and distribution of commodities, is on a sound and prosperous basis." H. C. Hopson, the head of Associated Gas & Electric omitted the standard reference to fundamentals and said it was "undoubtedly beneficial to the business interests of the country to have the gambling type of speculator eliminated." (Mr. Hopson, himself a speculator, although perhaps more of the sure-thing type, was also eliminated in due course.) A Boston investment trust took space in the *Wall Street Journal* to say, "S-T-E-A-D-Y Everybody! Calm thinking is in order. Heed the words of America's greatest bankers." A single dissonant note, though great in portent, went completely unnoticed. Speaking in Poughkeepsie, Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt criticized the "fever of speculation."

On Sunday there were sermons suggesting that a certain measure of divine retribution had been visited on the Republic and that it had not been entirely unmerited. It was evident, however, that almost everyone believed that this heavenly knuckle-rapping was over and that speculation could be now resumed in earnest. The papers were full of the prospects for next week's market. Stocks, it was agreed, were again cheap and accordingly there would be a heavy rush to buy. Numerous stories from the brokerage houses, some of them possibly inspired, told of a fabulous volume of buying orders which was piling up in anticipation of the opening of the market. In a concerted advertising campaign in Monday's papers, stock-market firms urged the wisdom of buying stocks promptly. On Monday the real disaster began.

The Failure of "Organized Support"

Trading on Monday, though in great volume, was smaller than on the previous Thursday—9,212,800 as compared with the nearly thirteen million. But the sustained drop in prices was far more severe. The *Times* industrial average was down 49 points for the day. General Electric was off 47½; Westing-

Tel. & Tel., 34. Indeed, the decline on this one day was greater than that [illegible] preceding week of panic. Once again a late ticker left everyone in ignorance of what was happening save that it was bad.

At 1:10 there was a momentary respite—Charles E. Mitchell was detected going into Morgan's and the news ticker carried the magic word. Steel rallied and went from [illegible] to 198. But this time Richard Whitney did not appear; "organized support" was not forthcoming. Support, organized or otherwise, could no longer contend with the wild desire to sell. The market weakened again and in the last hour three million shares changed hands at rapidly declining prices.

The bankers assembled once again at Morgan's and remained in session from 4:30 to 6:30. They were described as having a "philosophical attitude," and they told the press that the situation "retained hopeful features." But there was a more important clue to what was discussed for the two hours. It was explained at the conclusion that it was no part of the bankers' purpose to maintain any particular level of prices on the market. Their operations were confined to seeing that the market was orderly—that offers would be met by bids at some price, and that "air holes," as Mr. Lamont dubbed them, would not be allowed to appear in the market. Like many lesser men, Mr. Lamont and his colleagues had obviously found themselves overcommitted. The time had come to go short on promises. It was also chilling news. To the man who held stock on margin, disaster wore only one face and that was falling prices. He wanted to be saved from disaster. Now he must comfort himself with the knowledge that his ruin would be accomplished in an orderly and becoming manner.

TUESDAY, October 29, was the most devastating day in the history of the New York stock market, and it may have been the most devastating in the history of markets. Selling began at once and in huge volume. The air holes, which the bankers [illegible] opened wide. Repeatedly and in many issues there was a plethora of selling orders and no buyers at all. Once again, of course, the ticker lagged—at the close it was [illegible] behind. By then 16,410,030 shares had been known to have been traded—more than three times the number that had once been considered a fabulously big day. (On an average good day last summer sales were running about three million shares.) Despite a closing rally on dividend news, the losses were again appalling. The *Times* industrial averages were down 43 points, canceling all of the huge gains of the preceding twelve months. Losses on individual issues were far greater. By the end of trading, members were near collapse from strain and fatigue. Office staffs, already near the breaking point, now had to tackle the greatest volume of transactions yet. By now, also, there was no longer quite the same certainty that things would get better. Perhaps they would go on getting worse.

Slaughter of the Well-to-Do

DURING the preceding week, the slaughter had been of the innocents. Now it was the well-to-do and the wealthy—the men of affairs and the professionals—who were experiencing the egalitarianism long supposed to be the first fruit of avarice. Where the board rooms were crowded the week before, now they were nearly empty. The new victims had facilities for suffering in private. The bankers met at noon and again in the evening of the twenty-ninth, but there was no suggestion that they were philosophical. In truth, their prestige had been falling even more disconcertingly than the market. During the day the rumor had swept the Exchange that, of all things, the "organized support" was busy selling stocks, and Mr. Lamont met the press after the evening session with the trying assignment of denying that this was so. It remained for Mayor James J. Walker to come up with the only constructive proposal of the day. Addessing an audience of motion picture exhibitors, he asked them to "show pictures that will reinstate courage and hope in the hearts of the people."

On the Exchange itself a strong feeling was developing that courage and hope might best be reinstated if the market were closed and everyone were given a breathing spell. This simple and forthright thought derived impressive further support from the fact that everyone was badly in need of sleep. The difficulty was that the announcement of the closing of the Exchange might simply worsen the

panic. At noon on the twenty-ninth the issue came to a head. So as not to attract attention, the members of the Governing Committee left the floor in twos and threes to attend a meeting; the meeting itself was held not in the regular room but in the office of the Stock Clearing Corporation below the trading floor. As the unfortunate Richard Whitney later described the session, the air quickly became blue with tobacco smoke as the tired and nervous brokers lit cigarettes, stubbed them out, and lit fresh ones. Everyone wanted a respite from the agony. Quite a few firms needed a few hours to ascertain whether they were still solvent.

But caution was on the side of keeping the market open at least until it could be closed on a note of strength and optimism. The decision was to carry on till things improved. Again the lights blazed all night. In one brokerage house an employee fainted from exhaustion, was revived, and promptly put back to work again.

Next day those imponderable forces were at work which bring salvation just at the moment when salvation seems impossible. Volume was still enormous, but prices were much better—the *Times* industrial average rose 31 points, and individual issues made excellent gains. Possibly it was the reassurances that accomplished the miracle—in any case these were forthcoming in volume. On the evening of the 29th, Julius Klein took to the radio to remind the country that President Hoover had said that the "fundamental business of the country" was sound and prosperous. He added, "The main point I want to make is the fundamental soundness of [the] great mass of economic activities." On Wednesday, Wadill Catchings, the head of Goldman, Sachs, announced on returning from a Western trip that general business conditions were "unquestionably fundamentally sound." (The same, it subsequently developed, could not unquestionably be said for all of Goldman, Sachs.) R. R. Reynolds, President of Selected Industries, Inc., another investment trust, said that "The fundamentally strong position of the nation's industries justified confidence." Of more importance, perhaps, from Pocantico Hills came the first public statement from John D. Rockefeller in some decades: "Believing that fundamental conditions of the country are sound . . . my son and I have for some days been purchasing sound common stock."

Just before the Rockefeller statement arrived things looked good enough on the Exchange so that Richard Whitney felt safe in announcing that the market would not open until noon the following day (Thursday) and that on Friday and Saturday it would stay shut. The announcement was greeted by cheers. Nerves were clearly past the breaking point. On La Salle Street in Chicago a boy exploded a firecracker. Like wildfire the rumor spread that gangsters whose margin accounts had been closed out were shooting up the street. Several squads of police arrived to make them take their losses like honest men. In New York the body of a commission merchant was fished out of the Hudson. The pockets contained $9.40 in change and some margin calls.

A Special Lunacy

No feature of the Great Crash was more remarkable than the way it passed from climax to anticlimax to destroy again and again the hope that the worst had passed. Even on the thirtieth the worst was still to come, although henceforth it came more slowly. Day after day during the next two weeks prices fell with monotonous regularity. At the close of trading on October 29 the *Times* industrial average stood at 275. In the rally of the next two days it gained more than fifty points, but by November 13 it was down to 224 for a further net loss of fifty points.

And these levels were wonderful compared with what were to follow. On July 8, 1932, the average of the closing levels of the *Times* industrials was 58.46. This was not much more than the amount by which the average dropped on the single day of October 28, and considerably less than a quarter of the closing values on October 29. By then, of course, business conditions were no longer sound, fundamentally or otherwise.

What might be called the everyday or utility-style history book tells of the Great Depression of the thirties which began with the great stock-market crash of 1929. Among sophisticates—professional students of the business cycle in particular—there has long

[illegible] is attributes to the stock-market crash as a [illegible] reason. The crash was part [illegible] rather than the substance of the situation. A depression, it was pointed out, had been in the making since midsummer of [illegible] when numerous of the indexes began to turn down.

In this matter the history books are almost certainly right. The market crash (and, of course, the speculation that set the stage) was of profound importance for what followed. It shrank the supply of investment funds and, at the same time, it shocked the confidence on which investment expenditure depends. The crash also reduced personal expenditures and deeply disrupted international capital flows and international trade. The effect of all this on economic activity was prompt and very real. Nothing else is a fraction so important for explaining the severity of the depression that followed.

Since it was important, the question inevitably arises whether a similar cycle of speculation and collapse could again occur. The simple answer is of course! Laws have been passed to outlaw some of the more egregious behavior which contributed to the big bull market of the twenties. Nothing has been done about the seminal lunacy which possesses people who see a chance of becoming rich. On the assumption that history does not repeat itself precisely, we may never again see the particular lunacy of the late twenties. But if we survive to suffer such things, we can undoubtedly count on some variation. The time to worry will be when important people begin to explain that it cannot happen because conditions are fundamentally sound.

Moving Day

by LUCRETIA COLE

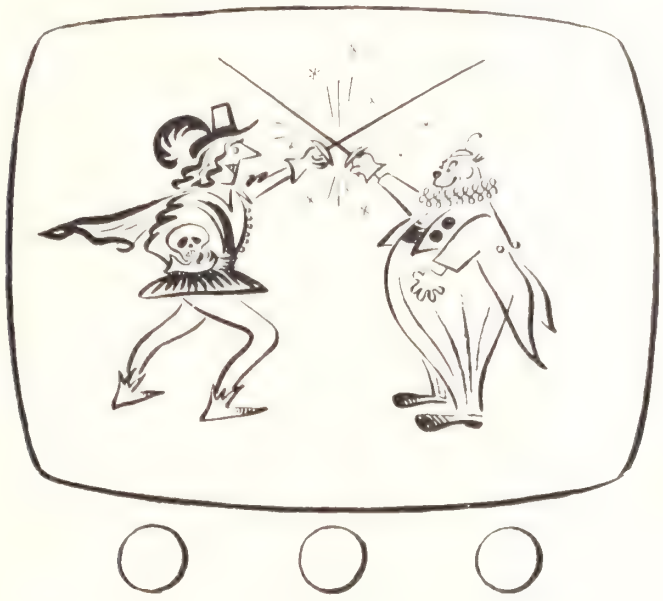
Amid the clutter, the utter
despair,
the piled boxes spilling excelsior,
like Pan's hair,
I see my Muse cross her legs and refuse
to give a hand as planned.

There she sits, looking capricious on the dishes,
dégagée,
as though in place of a packing case,
let's say,
her perch were a ship's railing and she sailing
to Capri.

The movers enter, lift the piano dead center
and depart:
barrels roll, dollies trundle with bundles:
each cart-
load exposing the untidy wife, the secret life
of charred pans, handles bent, a quilt rent.

And she merely takes her ease, with crossed knees,
lifts
her face, *tantôt*, to regard the disgrace of small
thrifts—
observing the discord and being bored
[illegible]
at twelve dollars an hour.

The Real Menace of TV



Jane Whitbread and Vivian Cadden

Drawings by Oscar Berger

UP UNTIL a year ago it never occurred to me that there was any way of making a pie other than having Janie measure the flour and roll out the dough—an operation that took only an hour and produced a crust much flakier than foam rubber. I considered it standard practice for the children to monopolize the conversation when I had guests, for Stevie to stalk my footsteps when I was vacuum cleaning, and for me not to get a glance at the morning newspaper until 9:00 P.M. I had known nothing else since the time when I myself was supposed to be seen but not heard. I assumed that this was how young America lived. Being rather fond of children, I never brooded about it. To be sure, I had heard from some of the neighbors that television is a great blessing because "it gets rid of the children," but I had neither the funds nor the inclination to buy a set for this reason.

If it hadn't been for my parents, we might have lived out our lives untouched by "Lucy" or "What's My Line"—a quaint, old-fashioned family muddling our way through the twentieth century. But when Mother and Father installed their 21-inch 1954 model, they generously offered their 10-inch 1944 model to us. We awaited its arrival, each with his private anticipations. My husband, it seemed, had harbored a secret yearning to watch the ball games. Stevie donned all three of his holsters and six pistols to be *semper paratus* for a life of perpetual gunfire; Janie and Tom drilled each other in the television schedule; and I congratulated ourselves that we would get the set in time to see Maurice Evans playing "Hamlet."

We all looked forward to TV, as an *entertainment medium*, nothing more.

It turned out that the ball games were on a channel that brought us nothing but snow. I never did see "Hamlet" because it conflicted with "Super Circus." But I'll trade "Hamlet" any day for those first blissful weeks of TV. I was as carefree as a new bride. Without the children around I could speed through my housework. No one said "Why?" or "Fix this" or "Tie that" or "He hit me." In fact,

[illegible]sional. "Where'd ya put the [illegible] not one spoke. They were always safely out of mischief and my hair—glued fast to the television screen.

When my husband dropped in somewhere between "Howdy Doody" and "The Magic Cottage," no raucous band of children jumped on him and clung for the evening. I, looking as girlish and well-kempt as I had before maternity struck, greeted him at the door with a kiss, a smile, and good news in my voice. No pots had been burned, no ironing scorched, no grape juice spilled, no knees bumped, no hair pulled. It had been a lovely day. We saw the children in passing at supper, but they were out of sight by the time we got to the coffee. We could exchange confidences secure in the knowledge that nothing we said could compete for their interest with Mamma or Topper or even some solemn news commentator sounding wiser than his words.

WE HADN'T been so close since our courting days. Of course, our new-found baby-tender didn't actually put the children to bed, but a simple system of threats and promises about future programs changed bedtime from bedlam to bliss overnight. We were having our cake and eating it, too. We had the peace of a childless home with the secure knowledge that the still warm little bodies of Tom, Janie, and Stevie could be revived at will. Life was ideal.

Alas, it's all over now. Our children no longer watch television. They are bored stiff by it.

I should have recognized the first sign of disenchantment, but I dismissed it as just another sign of our children's mentalities. They began to talk during the commercials and predict with deadly accuracy the second half of the program. I could hear Janie saying, "She's afraid to go to the dance because she's got braces on her teeth. But her boy friend'll turn up with braces too." Of course he did.

Or Tommy explaining patiently to thirteen-month-old Stevie, "They're going way over to the wrong haunted house to look for the jewels because the fellow with the big hat told them to. But he's the guy who stole the jewels." Of course he had.

Once talking set in, there were other straws in the wind. The children began to play jacks, read the comics, fight, and flip baseball cards while watching. This still kept them roughly on the site of the television set but hardly immobilized. I could no longer be sure that all was serene.

Now even this tenuous attachment is gone.

"Tommy," I say in my most persuasive way, "have you forgotten it's Superman time?"

"That dope," he replies, knocking over a glass of milk in the refrigerator just as he used to do in pre-TV days. "What's for supper?"



"Janie," I implore, "you're not going to miss 'Our Miss Brooks' again!"

"She may be *your* Miss Brooks," Janie retorts haughtily. "I can't spend the rest of my life waiting for her to get married."

"There's a good new quiz program," I say hopefully.

"Yah," Tommy replies. "Who's buried in Grant's tomb?"

Occasionally they will turn on the set for a minute just to catch some singing commercial they happen to be fond of but the minute the show is on they're off.



Like an addict deprived of his dope, I crave again the quiet hours I briefly knew. I have even sunk so low as to remark, "I see there's an original drama tonight about a vicious gang of teen-age counterfeiters who are trapped by six FBI men and a Moroccan temptress." All I get is a withering glance of ennui. Try as I may, I can't sell them murder, spies, gang or other warfare, felony, or raw sex. The children seem to find their own self-made brand of violence so much more fascinating than the synthetic formulas on TV that I am licked from the start. Why, they ask, in effect, do we have to sit through the tedious business of one or more gangs of whisky smugglers being rounded up by one or more posses when we can be whisky smugglers ourselves, lock Stevie in the closet today, and change the plot completely tomorrow?

The flight from television was undoubtedly speeded up by mechanical developments. The set began to have "ghosts." Tommy, who did continue to watch the sports events for some weeks after he had abandoned drama, comedy, news, and quizzes, swore eternal abstinence on the day that his favorite basketball team played the entire game with ten men on the squad. It didn't seem sporting to him even though the opposition had ten men, too.

These days I go about my work with Stevie underfoot once more. I again struggle to get a word in at the dinner table or find a moment to ask my husband how he likes his new job. Buffeted and battered as I am by what is professionally known as the parent-child relationship, but what I prefer to call the children, I must admit to some bitter thoughts about the articles, lectures, and discussions that constantly alert me to the menace of television. The only menace of television, as far as I can see, is that it wears off too quickly.

Art for Art's Sake, or, The Clincher

Not wholly allayed by the arts of movies and television, the intense pressures of today's living are replaced by the increasing satisfaction of owning a fine painting or a piece of sculpture. This owning of a work of art gives an uplift of the spirit at the sight of an artist's sky; an escape from the daily monotony at the vista of a painted forest, a ripening wheat field, or the eternal movement of the sea. It satisfies the wanderlust . . . gives dynamic living to the portrait of some dear one . . . brings inspiration. . . . And, remember, the owning of a work of art gives you the gentle authority of a person of taste and unquestioned prestige.

—From the prospectus of the 40th Annual Exhibition of the Allied Artists of America, December 1953.

Ten years after the war, Italy still stands in desperate need of many basic reforms. And the Italian Communist party, which has learned to use history, is operating differently from some of its foreign counterparts and edging dangerously close to victory.

Italy's Creeping Communism

Luigi Barzini, Jr.

To the foreigner, one of the greatest mysteries in present-day Italy is the power of the Communist party. It seems incredible that a country so thoroughly Catholic that even native Protestants, atheists, and anticlericals unconsciously behave according to Catholic mental habits should show so little resistance to Marxist doctrines, and that a people so traditionally shrewd and skeptical should fall for the gross myths and pseudo-scientific theories of Soviet propaganda. Yet there is no denying that the Italian Communist party is dangerously close to victory.

In the national elections of June 1953 it drew the support of about 22.6 per cent of the electorate, plus the faithful following of the Left Wing or Nenni Socialists, who account for another 12.7 per cent, bringing its total to almost 36 per cent—a gain of about 3 per cent over the 1948 elections. More recent municipal elections show that the number of Communist votes is still on the increase. A further gain of 3 or 4 per cent in the next national elections—to be held in 1958 if all goes well, sooner if the parliament has to be dissolved—could easily bring it up to an ominous 39 per cent, the approximate percentage the Communists won in Czechoslovakia just before the coup d'état in 1948.

The well disciplined and easily maneuvered Party members could make the life of any Italian government almost impossible if they were elected in sufficient numbers, and could force the majority into some sort of truce—perhaps at the cost of a few minor posts to fellow-travelers, as happened in Prague. From such posts the Communists could penetrate key positions and spread the feeling that their ultimate victory was inevitable and it would be more prudent to be friendly to them than hostile. Once their opponents' morale was broken and their stooges were placed in strategic jobs, the rest—as Czechoslovakia demonstrated—would be easy: first would come the revelation that a "reactionary *coup d'état*" had to be prevented; then the springing into action of the underground military apparatus; then the paralyzing nation-wide strikes. The government would rapidly find itself unable to take action. Meanwhile invitations would be being broadcast to "all lovers of peace and liberty" to collaborate with the Party in its efforts to restore order against "imperialist sabotage." A new government would be formed, perhaps with the Communists in the background and a few weak "democratic" figureheads in the visible positions. Later all dissenters would be gradually dismissed or jailed, and the coup would be complete.

If this happens in Italy, the Soviet General Staff will gain advantages which otherwise only a costly, long, and victorious war could win. For Italy, which controls the north-south, east-west communications of four hemispheres, is a key position in Western defenses. If it were lost, all NATO plans would have to be revised; France would have to man the Alps, the American and British fleets would have to retire west of Sicily, the armies in Germany would be threatened, and the

Middle East would be cut off from its shortest line of communication with the Atlantic. Small wonder then that the Soviets are sparing no efforts—short of provoking an Italian civil war which would rapidly degenerate into a third world war—to win this plum.

And thus far their plans seem to have been successful. Slowly, by exploiting all, even contradictory forms of discontent, by speeches, posters, efficient trade unions, cultural societies, open-air balls, magazines, newspapers, training schools for cadres, and by a small body of secret terrorists plus a solid and faithful party machine, the Communists are edging toward their goal.

Togliatti's Reading of History

When I asked Palmiro Togliatti, secretary general of the Party, how he explained the Communists' steady progress in Italy, he told me: "There are three secrets to our success. One is history. Two, ability. And, three, the mistakes of our opponents."

History, in the Togliatti jargon means two things: one, the "correct" interpretation of the phase through which Italy is passing, and, two, the development of a policy to avoid the pitfalls which, in the past, have turned Communist efforts in free countries into bloody and stupid defeats.

There is no denying that Italy is passing through a deep historical crisis. Most intelligent observers believe that the country is steadily growing and has already outgrown her tight trousers. Everything in Italy is now inadequate to satisfy the Italian people's surprising energy and violent will to live. The Italian parliamentary process is too slow to grind out the laws necessary for a modern state. The frightened political leaders, most of whom have led modest and ineffectual provincial lives, lack the imagination to meet the present crisis. Italian agriculture and industry are obsolete; the rich are stupid and egotistic. There is an insufficient number of modern, well trained technicians in the country. The incredibly old, inefficient bureaucratic apparatus stifles all initiative. The banking system is a wasteful and expensive monopoly. There are not enough facilities for schools, hospitals, jails. The crooked old roads paralyze motor transport; and so on.

Italian life is copiously admired by leisurely travelers who find in it solace from the dreary existence of their industrialized countries; they seldom realize how much personal sacrifice is necessary to maintain this most expensive form of society—the old-fashioned, precapitalist world. But all sorts of people in Italy discovered for the first time after the war, when they came in contact with American ideas and propaganda, that they were poor, and that life was not necessarily as difficult elsewhere as they had always found it. Now they are restless. They want work, houses, food, the possibility of enjoying the fruits of modern organization. They want to feel that they are personally contributing to a better and more secure future.

Normally, such problems work themselves out within the span of a couple of generations. Older men die, industries are founded, younger and bolder men take charge, things are gradually done in a different way, and the country changes its habits, laws, appearance, and beliefs. All this happened once in Italy, between 1890 and 1914. All this is happening at this very moment, but slowly—too slowly for it to have a satisfactory psychological effect.

One-half of Italy is backward enough in the modern, industrial sense for Communism there to represent a hopeful short cut to a mechanical paradise. Italian Communists are extremely quick to spot the many causes of discontent, to give them expression, and to organize vital movements around them. They always point out, in their propaganda, that current conditions have come from the "contradictions of the system," and that "nothing can be done to cure Italy's ills until the monopolists are deprived of their power and a new, scientific society organized" along the lines set down by Soviet thinkers. As a result more and more Italians who want more to eat, more regular work, and a standard of living comparable to that of the other people of *Mittel-europa*, are resigning themselves to the Communists' dogma—to loss of liberty in exchange for "progress."

Thus Togliatti and his fellow Communists have made good use of history, in the first sense in which they understand the word. They are becoming nearly as skillful in manipulating history in its second sense: in

creation of a potentially successful Communist policy designed for Italy. And in this almost all of the credit belongs to Togliatti.

The danger of failure has haunted him all his life. His political line is shrewd, conservative, moderate, and slow: every step is planned, every gain consolidated. A typical illustration of the way his mind works was his behavior when he was wounded by a Sicilian student as he was walking away from the Chamber of Deputies in Rome on July 14, 1948. A number of comrades rushed to his aid. "Don't do anything foolhardy," Togliatti called out to them from where he was lying. "Think of the party."

Togliatti is a faithful servant of Soviet foreign policy, but he accommodates the grossness and cynicism of Russian orders to Italian prejudices, habits, hopes, and fears; and the Russian Embassy in Rome gives him a free hand in the conduct of his affairs. Ignazio Silone, who knew him well when they both were heads of the Italian underground organization in the twenties, says of him: "He is no statesman, no creative politician. His genius is that of the orchestra conductor. He must always have his music written by somebody else, his Soviet masters. He then proceeds to direct his men ably and gets the most unexpected and ingenious effects."

On his arrival in Italy in 1944, wearing a blue Soviet-cut suit over a prize fighter's striped sweater, he immediately gave his men new and unexpected orders. All violent agitations, all intolerance were to be stopped. Communists suddenly smiled at other anti-Fascist parties. Togliatti joined the king's government, against all previous declarations of local Communist leaders, and established cordial relations with the Allied authorities. When Robert Murphy, U. S. State Department representative in the Mediterranean theater, told him that, if the Italian voters gave a majority to the Communist party, the United States government would allow Italy to become a Soviet Republic, Togliatti coldly corrected him: "The Party will only propose and work for the creation of a parliamentary democratic republic."

He worked hard teaching party members they were no longer blood-thirsty terrorists, ready to exterminate their enemies, but a new ruling class, the men who "lifted from the mud the banner of national interest and patriotism," which had slipped from the hands of the bourgeoisie. Theirs, he said, was to be no longer a "class" party, but a "national" party, struggling for the progress of all Italians.

Since the underground organizations which emerged from the struggle against the Germans, and the last-ditch Fascists were mostly made up of men who had fought heroically against foreign and national enemies and who wanted to go on fighting their class enemies, Togliatti had a hard job not to lose their allegiance. The great crisis came in 1946-47 when, after the withdrawal of the Allied armies, the weak government of the new republic—in which the Communists participated—obviously had no power and no will to prevent a Communist coup. The partisans still had practically all their weapons, and their organizations. The bourgeoisie shipped gold bullion to Tangiers and prepared to flee. The stage was set. Only Togliatti personally prevented revolution from breaking out and Italy from becoming one of the first Popular Democratic Republics in Europe. Why?

It is too simple to say merely that he was obeying orders. Of course, no Communist party is allowed to stage a revolution of its own; the salvation of the proletariat must always come from Russian intervention. This insures that the new regime will have leaders created by Moscow and not local heroes who are apt to take to thinking independently and following national interests once they are in power. And clearly in 1946-47 Moscow did not consider an Italian revolution convenient. But Togliatti was at the time the highest non-Russian Communist authority in Western Europe (even today the Kremlin considers him the Number Two ranking foreign leader, second only to Mao Tse-tung), and he could easily have allowed local events to force his hand.

This happened in Greece where the partisans, who refused to be disarmed by the British, fought the Allied forces and lost. Later the Greek Communist party started a civil war and was defeated. As a result it has dwindled into a secret, powerless sect, of no use whatever to the Soviet policy-makers. It did not happen in Italy because Togliatti, as he explained to his intimates, realized that a similar

move would lead the Anglo-American forces to reduce Italy to "colonial status" and to outlaw the Communist party.

The Cautious Communist

Both Togliatti's past life and character have conditioned him to caution. He was born sixty-one years ago in Turin, the son of a poor bureaucrat of peasant stock, the administrator of the State-owned orphan asylums. No more squalid life could be imagined. Later he studied law and philology at Turin University. And he is today fundamentally a bureaucrat and a scholar, interested in history and fine legal points. His political masterpiece is perhaps the fact that, after being a member of the Komintern for almost twenty years, he is still alive. All the men he worked with and knew intimately have disappeared. A few, like Silone, have left the party. Some, like Stalin, have died in their beds. Most of the others, like Trotsky, Bucharin, Kamenev, were identified at one time or another with a minority faction and arrested, deported, or killed.

But Togliatti has not survived by mere inaction. He has always worked in his subtle, frightened-bureaucrat way to steer the Komintern to his own views and to change the face, if not the contents, of contemporary Communism. His great day came in 1935, when the Komintern changed its political line from "sectarian extremism" to a broad alliance with Left Wing democratic forces and set up the "popular front." This was the creation of Togliatti and Dimitrov, who launched it with speeches in front of Stalin himself.

However, Togliatti did not get complete control of the Italian Communist party until 1951. The Communist defeat in the 1948 elections—brought about largely by the fanatical behavior of the provincial Communists—first weakened the extremists' position in the Party. Then came the attempt on Togliatti's life which produced a series of abortive and unauthorized revolutions in various cities. These alerted the government to the existence of an armed and dangerous underground against which it immediately took action. Its police measures, although feeble and inadequate, embarrassed the underground organizations.

As soon as he came out of the hospital, Togliatti began substituting new men in the Party's leading positions, promoting the younger, scholarly bureaucrats who resembled him in place of the blood-and-thunder revolutionaries who had caused the disturbances. And, in typical Communist fashion, most of the latter retreated mumbling humble "autocriticisms."

In these moves, Togliatti was perfectly serving the aims of the Soviet masters. After all, his duty was not to start a local revolution but to maintain a legal, visible, electoral party under cover of which a secret organization, able to spring into action the day the Soviet armies crossed the Italian border, could be kept ready. And to do this it was necessary not to provoke fears, police action, and hostility while the invisible structures were being silently reinforced. It was also important not to preach orthodox Communism, but rather the kind of liberal, progressive, moderate ideas that the people wanted to hear.

The New Line

Togliatti's personal appearance today perfectly demonstrates the Italian Communist party's new line. He wears light pin-striped suits instead of the funereal black of the Soviet statesmen; his shirts are well cut, his ties conservative and well knotted. He looks like a successful lawyer, a small banker, a noted surgeon. His manner could alarm nobody: he is reasonable, smiling, broad-minded. When people mention that, once in power, he will have to shut half of Italy behind barbed wire and shoot several thousand opponents, he looks amused and pooh-poohs the idea.

Thanks, therefore, to "history" and Togliatti's "ability," the Party today is a great success. It controls the most powerful trade unions by the simple expedient of running them efficiently on legitimate trade-union lines 85 per cent of the time and for strict Communist purposes 15 per cent. (Political agitations, for instance, are always coupled with genuine economic grievances, popular with the majority of the workers irrespective of party affiliation.) It promotes cultural activities and demands the things which all men desire—peace, prosperity, more jobs for the unemployed, more schools, hospitals, and public housing, honesty in government.

It has its own "non-political" organization

[illegible] population—women, old artists, veterans, children, scholars, peasants, and even small landowners, small industrialists, and moderate capitalists. It publishes a river of printed matter, of all kinds and appealing to all levels of culture. It spends between 30 and 40 billion lire a year, most of which it exacts from the membership and the rest of which is contributed by Iron Curtain countries in various ways. (One source of income is the percentage the Party gets from commercial exchanges with the Communist world.) It is so prosperous that, sometimes, it has to help out the French party.

It keeps all its comrades in frenzied activity: each with a specific job to do and specific responsibilities. Its organizations reach the smallest villages, the barracks, the penitentiaries, the schools, the universities, the hospitals. Members are advised on the tiniest details of behavior. On family feasts, for instance, a recent ordinance requested that the Party members present lift a glass of wine and simply say: "To peace." Nobody in Italy can live far from an active Communist. Nobody can get away from the Party.

Communists are also placed in strategic positions so that telephones can be tapped and typographical proofs of anti-Communist publications smuggled to the nearest Federation ahead of publication date. Soldiers in the signal corps and transportation services are often Party members, who have orders to "make friends with the Chaplain and show themselves devout Catholics and disciplined soldiers." Men in factories who can stop everybody's work by merely walking out (electricians in chemical plants, for instance) are always Communists. Communists are engine drivers and the men in charge of the exchanges. A silent, inconspicuous network of Party members which could immobilize the country in a matter of hours envelops Italian life everywhere.

Advantages of Being a Party Member

How could this have happened in a Catholic country? The answers are many. First of all, the Church, in Europe, is not fanatically anti-Communist. The Church always takes a long-range view, and while it fights the Party it is mainly interested in its own survival through changing historical periods. It is not interested in either liberal evolution or conservation per se. Secondly, conditions are obviously very bad in some parts of Italy and the Party is the only source of hope for many men. "I don't care for liberty," a poor Communist from Bologna said to me. "That's something for people who have education to worry about. All I want is steady work and a house as long as I live." Thirdly, twenty years of Fascism and twenty centuries of paternalistic, feudal rule have conditioned the Italians to expect everything to come from some benevolent power placed above them. Catholic education has persuaded many of them to accept dogmas and authority as the most comforting way to face life's confusing riddles.

Italian landowners and industrialists, what is more, all too often behave like their caricatures in the Communist press: they pay labor very poorly, try to make as much profit out of as little production as possible, happily join tight cartels to avoid the anguish of competitive life, pay few taxes, and live ostentatiously luxurious lives. The Italian Communist party as it stands today—a minority party in a free country—is useful to many people who would detest to see it triumph. It is a handy pressure organization to scare landowners, industrialists, and the government. For example, a Tuscan proprietor of several prosperous farms asked one of his tenants recently: "Why are you a Communist, Giuseppe? Don't you know that, if the Party should win in Italy, I would be shot first but you, a *kulak*, a few minutes after me?" Giuseppe replied promptly, "I know that. But I trust, sir, that gentlemen like you will prevent Communism from conquering Italy."

The difference between being a Communist in a free country and in a totalitarian Marxist regime is clearly understood by Italian members. When machine tools or trucks sold to an Iron Curtain country have to be accompanied by Italian workers to teach the Poles, Czechs, or Bulgarians how to use them, the Communists always refuse to go. They do not like to come back and relate what they have seen. They do not want to have to change their current views, which bring them immediate advantages, because they are forced to recognize that the ultimate result is slavery and misery. It is not dangerous or damaging

to be a Communist in Italy today, and it is the best insurance for the future. Should the anti-Communists win, nothing will happen to a Communist. Should the Communists win, the anti-Communists will pay dearly for their obstruction.

What Can Be Done

The situation is not yet desperate. The government, it is true, has done almost nothing to fight Communism in ten years. For one thing, the men who emerged from anti-Fascist exile or obscurity were the beaten men of 1922, who love ideas, and hope that truth will win out in the end without anybody's energetic help. The Catholics had been absent from national life and history for more than a century, living on the sidelines, smiling at the "patriots" who fought wars and conquered colonies, and seeing only ruin for the country that defied the Papal Temporal Power. Now that they are in charge of things, they lack the knowledge of what a modern state is; they do not know the tools they have in their hands to control history. Most of the men in the Cabinet are timid, overworked, uncertain. Yet they must be kept there, for the Christian Democratic party is the only mass party with a mystique of its own that can counterbalance the Communist appeal.

On the other hand, a few weeks of energetic and apt measures could still clear the air. The non-Communists and anti-Communists still represent the overwhelming majority of the people who would welcome any vigorous and legal offensive against the common threat and would support any man or group of men who gave them leadership. The small middle class is waging its own solitary, secret, and often successful struggle everywhere. Resistance is strong in the most unexpected places, even in the factories, among workers and poor people who are considered the natural fodder for Communist organizations. Communists themselves continually complain of not being sufficiently understood in the North Italian industrial plants. And the Church as a whole is doing its utmost, not against social change, but against "atheism and materialism."

It must also not be forgotten that, fortunately, Communism often defeats itself, sometimes by provoking defensive coalitions, sometimes by acting in a world which exists only in theory and not in reality, thus making entirely unforeseen mistakes. For instance, the Togliatti policy has created a non-revolutionary, watered-down, moderate, peace-loving, electoral machine. The majority of card-holders are not eager to die for the cause. At heart they are mild progressives, lovers of anarchy—if not of liberty—like most Italians, who merely joined the Party for any one of a hundred irrelevant reasons. Should the Soviet Union within the near future order the Italian leaders to stage disorders and strikes, and to create a pre-revolutionary situation in Italy, for reasons solely connected with Soviet rather than Italian national interests, the Party would be fatally weakened. With the chips down, in a tough fight, only the hard core of trained Stalinist robots would remain at their places.

A crisis like this might present itself, or might be provoked by the government on some carefully chosen issue such as Western solidarity, European Union, or national defense. In the past, before Stalin died, one could always trust the Russians to make the fatal mistake at the appropriate time. Now the probabilities are less, but they should not be entirely written off. New men might also emerge in the Christian Democratic party—younger men more attuned to the spirit of the people, brave men who like a good fight, men selected not because they kept alive the ideals of freedom during the Fascist era by sitting quietly in the Vatican library, but for their activity and capacity. History has a surprising way of selecting dark horses for the job at hand, and the signs are already there.

A leading Christian Democratic politician who does not yet belong to the government said to me recently, "We must distinguish between two problems. One: the patient must not die. There must not be a Communist victory in Italy. Two: the patient must be cured." Emergency measures will have to be used for Point One, and these circumstances will dictate. Then, once the danger is past, the government will have to get to work on Point Two. It will take two generations, billions of dollars, the technical experience of the West, and the complete renovation of some predominating ideas and of industrial and agricultural organizations. But that, of course, is another story.



After Hours

Pegasus Unbound

UPSTAIRS over a laundry and a supermarket, at the northwest corner of Central Park and the edge of Harlem, is one of New York's least known institutions of international learning. (Presently it will move to permanent quarters in Garden City, Long Island, but for the moment its entire installation is here.) The main entrance is an inconspicuous door, opening off the concrete plaza of the corner filling station, hard by an exit from the 8th Avenue Subway. On the door is a brass plaque bearing the mysterious device: "Socony-Vacuum Retail Sales Development Laboratory," but the staff and students find this title unmanageable. They call it "Pegasus University."

The second floor of the building, which used to be a warehouse, contains classrooms, a workshop, and a few offices; but most of it is given over to the single large room in which the visitor finds, not without surprise, a full-scale mock-up of a Socony service station—complete with gas pumps and Lubritory. For this is what Pegasus U. teaches; it [illegible] other people how to run a service station, and run it the way Socony thinks it ought to be run. This is the head school of forty others like it in the United States, and it is the main one which handles students from abroad (half its seven or eight hundred graduates have been foreign).

Pegasus University does not try to train the operators who will ultimately use its techniques, but to train executives and instructors to pass on sound doctrine to their subordinates. Socony selects students from among its employees all over the world, and brings them here (all expenses paid) for a period of three to six months, most of them for the first time. Then they return to their home countries, carriers of the American virus. Around the walls of the big room are photographs of proud pupils posing before their handiwork in Cairo, Manila, Capetown; Paris, London, Rome; New Zealand, Ceylon, Australia, or Japan.

"Sometimes people are surprised," says Mr. C. C. Garofalo, director of the school, "that service stations everywhere should look so much alike, but they miss the point. It isn't the countries that are alike, it's the automobile and the people."

THOUGH he has a strong sense of mission, Mr. Garofalo makes no presumptions of innate American superiority. "It's just that we've had a chance to make more mistakes. Most other countries are about at the stage we were in during the twenties; you had filling stations or garages, but the *service* station as we know it now just didn't exist. Even today, in some of these places, you have

to make an appointment to get a lubrication job done; and in Australia—until a year or so ago—all the stations closed at six o'clock, at noon on Saturday, and all day Sunday. If someone wanted to work just a little harder than the others, they wouldn't let him do it. That's the kind of thing we try to change."

Most of Pegasus U's curriculum, of course, is mechanical and utilitarian (over half has to do directly with the care and feeding of the cars), but the less obvious issues are not avoided. "In most countries," said Mr. Garofalo, "we have one big difficulty, except in Australia—that's with employment. So many people are begging for work, and so much sense of economic contrast is reflected by just being in a service station, that they'd practically work for nothing. The U. S. had that, too; people thought when there was a lot of unemployed that you'd just take anybody and pay him as little as you could. Now we try to show them that you can select good men, and pay them well, and have a more profitable business. We try to open their eyes to the need for developing people."

Nor is Socony indifferent to the social context in which it operates. "We prefer," says Mr. Garofalo, "the guy to whom the station will be his major source of income—not the local financier, or the family that's got its finger in everything, where the owner will only check by every month or so to see if the station's still there. If you're setting a man up in business, you want one who really cares. You'd be surprised how little it costs to finance a station, and if it's somebody we know and trust maybe we can give him a little help. That's the most exciting part of it to me, these thousands and thousands of small businessmen who wouldn't be there except for the big company."

The job Mr. Garofalo has gives him a great many satisfactions, not least of them the contact will his students. Sometimes a class will represent as many as fourteen different nationalities. "It's been an education for us. Often we get men from the foreign countries who can do as well as the ones here; they're more eager to learn, and some things they catch onto faster than we do, like friendliness. When we put them out in stations around the country, after they've finished the course, they sometimes do better than the local boys—I guess because of their enthusiasm and the element of surprise, when the customer gets the works from what looks to him like a colored fellow speaking Oxford English."

The first class was largely from India, and Mr. Garofalo was worried at first about training them for jobs in which they would have to use their hands. "Some of them had never even picked up a screwdriver before." But his fears were unfounded. "At the end, when they were going to have their picture taken, they asked us if we could do it down in the station, and let them wear their uniforms, holding wrenches and grease-guns."

Mr. Garofalo feels he is the advance agent of a revolution as yet unaccomplished—world conversion to the automobile. "I don't think Detroit itself appreciates what could happen. Automobiles in all these countries still cost two or three times as much as they do here. There are high gasoline taxes, it's more expensive to run a car, and they're only beginning with highways. Their incomes are so low. That's where you get into this trade business; they'd like to have more of our cars, but their governments can't allow them to. We ought to let these people sell more to us. Jeepers, there are so many of them."

Once, when he was in Yokohama, Mr. Garofalo was taken to a two-floor bamboo shack where there were ten or fifteen Japanese students—"very attentive"—and an instructor he had never seen before, lecturing in Japanese. "I knew right away what was being taught, and what he was going to draw next on the blackboard, and when he was going to ask for questions. He'd been taught by somebody who'd been taught by somebody who'd been taught by us."

"I guess," Mr. Garofalo adds, "you might call what we've got here a kind of private Point IV program. It's like watching history."

Putter Familias

In summer I am sometimes left to my own devices while the other members of my family disport themselves in the country. This is always a moment of good resolutions. Now, I say to myself, I will file. I will throw away. I will clean out my desk. I will be ruthless and strong-minded. I will be swayed by neither sentiment nor indecision. I will

[illegible] with clutter. I will buy a gross of [illegible] labels to go on them. I will, so help me, even go to the safe deposit box at the bank and throw away all expired insurance policies. For a few anticipatory days I will be filled with the sense of noble purpose and the high promise of accomplishment.

I will start, I decide, with the closet where I have been stowing magazines that, when I put them away, I'm sure I will need again. I will bundle them up and somehow get them to a hospital that wants old magazines. I look for a ball of twine, which takes me into the



fastnesses of another cupboard, and I make a mental note that once the magazines have been coped with I will find a series of boxes which I will label with such specific legends as "Twine-Heavy" and "Twine-Light" and I am reminded that I once saw in a friend's cupboard a little box marked "Dark Glasses for Eclipses."

But when I actually tackled the closet where the magazines were, my eye fell on a tiny basket. It was the size and roughly the shape of a small saucer and it had a handle . . . the kind of basket, I was reminded, that we used to put arbutus in at Easter when I was a small child. In the arbutus basket were a number of treasurers, all of them in excellent condition.

There was, for example, one cuff link, gold, with my wife's maiden initials on it. There were three excellent paper clips and an imitation tortoise-shell hairpin. There was a mothball that had dwindled to the size of a pea and a Band-Aid with tobacco stuck to its paper casing, and a cat's-eye marble, a black non-copper wartime penny, and a hinged collar button. There was a key to a Yale lock and a little automobile license plate encased in plastic. There were two small buttonhole badges—one from the Bundles for Britain campaign and one, a diagonally striped red and white triangle on a blue background, the emblem of Civil Defense. There was a corsage pin, black with a chartreuse pearl on one end, and a button off a Cub Scout shirt.

How many individual decisions were there in the arbutus basket? How many of these objects had been put there because they were too good to throw away? I spread them out on the bed. I could take the paper clips downstairs to the desk, the marble and the Cub Scout button to my son's room, I could mail the tortoise-shell hairpin to my mother, find the Band-Aid box in the bathroom and add one to it, try all of the doors in the house to see where the key fit, if anywhere, look for the other cuff link with my wife's initial on it. That only disposed of about half of the contents of the arbutus basket and would take, I figured, the better part of an evening. I still would have some nostalgic decisions to make—about Bundles for Britain and Civil Defense, for instance.

Actually I found a very simple solution. First I made a list of everything in the basket. Then I put the penny in my pocket, the pea-like mothball in the scrapbasket, and everything else back in the arbutus basket which I then replaced on the shelf just where I found it.

Next summer maybe I'll know better than to meddle in things that are none of my affair.

—Mr. Harper

How did a poor Chicago boy, who grew up among people as dead-end and uneducated as his own famous "Studs Lonigan," receive the "call" of freedom and become one of the leading intellectuals of our day?

James T. Farrell: Moralist

C. Hartley Grattan

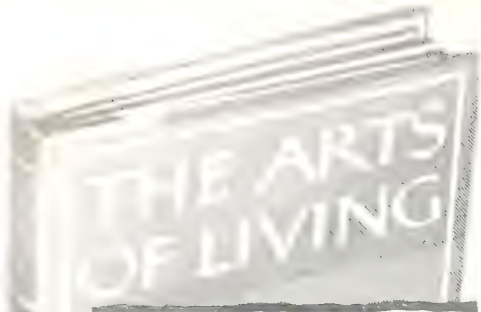
At FIFTY James Thomas Farrell begins to show some of the burnish of an "old master" and if he is still a bit hagridden by the identification, "author of *Studs Lonigan,*" it is becoming commoner to recognize that he has written other fine novels, and his latest—*The Face of Time*—rings as true as a well-cast bell. Yet there is an element of ambiguity in the recognition now being accorded him which Horace Gregory has lately tried to resolve in his favor by assigning him and his work to a vague place "beyond the provinces of art" where, it seems, Tolstoy, Balzac, and Dickens also reside. The ambiguity of the judgment of him derives not so much from the common opinion that while he "can't write" he has nevertheless somehow managed to write some memorable stories, as from two other more pertinent facts about him: that his work in fiction is a kind of creative sociology not generally recognized as "art" at a moment that naturalism is being systematically cried down, and that while he is primarily a fiction writer, he is also in his fashion an explicit critic of life, literature, and society in terms "artists" customarily do not employ. Farrell is a man of letters in a way hardly fashionable at this moment, and never officially fashionable in this country. Above all he is a moralist, at times a fierce one, quite capable of denouncing as immoral what others tout as moral.

It is easy enough to see why Farrell has been expelled from the province of art, if we realize that the laws of that province have been laid down by critics who derive their principles and standards from such great creators as Gustave Flaubert and Henry James. Nevertheless his expulsion is highly arbitrary, in that James admired Farrell's fellow-expellee Honoré de Balzac to the point of calling him "the master of us all," and Farrell himself is far from being artless, as *The Face of Time* beautifully illustrates. It takes art to write a novel consisting so largely of dialogue without lessening the depth and penetration of the portraiture, especially when the dialogue is mostly an exchange of the shabbiest banalities. But the point is hardly worth laboring. Farrell himself, I imagine, is quite well satisfied with the company Gregory has decided he properly keeps. Especially will he be satisfied with the company of Leo Tolstoy to whose work, especially *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina,* he has devoted some penetrating essays. Tolstoy was a moralist too.

FARRELL the moralist is all-of-a-piece with Farrell the fiction writer. The one reflects upon the experience the other records. The fiction writer composes canvases depicting frustrated petty hopes and mean defeats, prolix obituaries of the spiritually impoverished, of greenhorns and other outsiders, the anonymous integers that go to swell only the population figures, the devalued people of his time whose fruitless dignity and courage (when these they have) are eternally betrayed by what Thomas Hardy called "circumstances." His most famous portrait is of a slob destroyed, in Farrell's own evaluation, by tawdry pleasures "compressed within a hexagonal of whores, movies, pool, alky, poker, and craps." These people, the scurf of the American road, are presented in the spirit of a remark Farrell delighted to quote from Chekhov, "You live badly, my friends. It is shameful to live like that." From this remark, Farrell the moralist takes off.

The writer of fiction may leave us with the impression that his vision is of the drabness and tawdriness of life; and Farrell has indeed been beaten over the head innumerable times for precisely that crime, but the moralist takes a different tack and from the same data draws the conclusion that these things need not be. Yet this contradictory deduction is not really as startling as at first glance it seems. There is only one Farrell: the fiction writer sticks to his naturalistic last, while the moralist recognizes no parallel restraint. The naturalistic fictionist seeks simply truthfully to understand, the moralist tries both to understand and to plot a scheme for changing what the fictionist records.

As Farrell has put it, "Literature is not, in itself, a means of solving problems: these can be solved only by action, by social and political action." Farrell the moralist is largely con-



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cerned with social and political action. This scrupulous separation of functions is uncommon among men of Farrell's disposition. It delivers him from the snares of moralizing and propagandizing in fiction which have tangled many writers and lets him seek a place among "pure" writers of fiction. Nevertheless the fictionist of Farrell's kind is but incompletely understood without an understanding of the moralist, as Farrell has himself demonstrated by analogy in his intensive analyses of Tolstoy.

THE morality of James T. Farrell —most clearly expressed in his books of essays like the current *Reflections at Fifty** and in his journalism—is strangely compounded of the ideology of the French Revolution up to the guillotining of Robespierre, pre-Leninist Marxism, and American pragmatism (particularly the pragmatism of G. H. Meade and John Dewey). Farrell is a partisan of the cult of the fully free man, an exemplary character never yet seen on land or sea. He believes that man is the victim of the institutional arrangements of society because "the powers of the individual will are weaker than the forces of social circumstance," a view which follows naturally enough from the world from which he came and which he regularly depicts in his stories. It is a line which explains everything, except how he, James T. Farrell, emerged from that world. If man can change the institutional complex in which he is entangled, then he will achieve freedom, emerge from the Kingdom of Necessity into the Kingdom of Freedom.

His fictional characters are mostly firmly caught in the Kingdom of Necessity; the moralist seeks ways and means of getting them out of there. That man can accomplish his own rescue is axiomatic in Farrell's thinking, the *sine qua non* of his philosophy. This means he entertains an optimistic view of man, no matter how much of a slob a particular man like Studs Lonigan may be, a provocative view in these days when so many so ingeniously discount man and seek to control and manipulate him according to *their* lights for *his* good. Social institutions make a man, at bottom admirable, into a depressing slob. That is why even the meanest of Farrell's characters are usually viewed sympathetically; and as time has passed Farrell's sympathy has found fuller and richer expression until it is the dominant emotion in such a portrait as that of old O'Flaherty in *The Face of Time*. Yet O'Flaherty's idea of the highest earthly felicity is to get boozed-up on beer.

Nobody who has read a solid account of the ideology of the French Revolution from Rousseau to Robespierre will fail to recognize how the fundamental ideas of that period have been taken up by Farrell. After Robespierre's fall, Farrell's reaction to the revolution changes completely. He has made his hostility to Napoleon into one of his most fascinating essays.

LIKE many others of his general persuasion, Farrell believes that freedom will only finally be won by man when the movement started in the French Revolution is "completed." The great difficulty is correctly to assess those various proposals for achieving the completion. The Marxists claim that *they* are uniquely privy to the secret of how to win the ultimate end and Farrell's allegiance to Marxism appears fundamentally to be based on his uneasy acceptance of this claim. But the Stalinist Marxists of the U.S.S.R. have exhaustively refuted the claim and the corruption of man by institutions is far more exhaustive under their regime than it has ever been in the democratic West at its worst. Perception of this fact long ago made Farrell a bitter opponent of Stalinist Communism and the counterattacks of the Stalinists on him for advertising of his perception account in considerable measure for the notion that his work is peculiarly dull and tiresome. Farrell has never made quite clear when, in his opinion, the revolution was betrayed in Russia, but betrayed it was, as thoroughly as the French Revolution was eventually betrayed by Napoleon, and probably for the same reason: a fundamental flaw in the ideology.

One might think that Farrell, confronted with two vast betrayals

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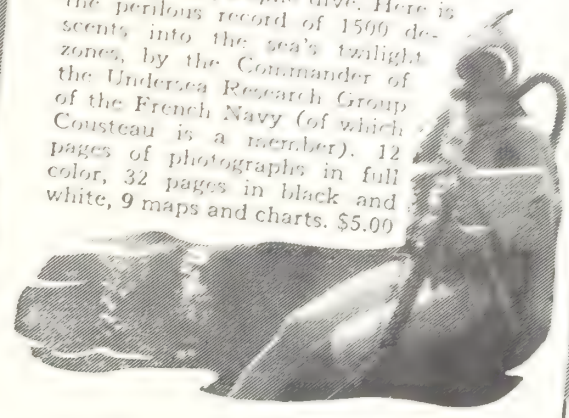
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THE VANGU[illegible]

camp of liberal democracy, even though there is an element of the miraculous about it.

All this may strike the reader as an exposition of Farrell's politics rather than of his morals. The fact is that Farrell's morality is the politics of freedom, in the present-day world a kind of unpolitical politics. That is why politics to Farrell is deadly serious, not a farcical struggle for office. It is a politics of the same species—though of a different genus—as that of Sir Herbert Read, another outspoken outsider. For Farrell is beset by a vision of a world in which the variant of contemporary society of which he is, as a writer of fiction, the greatest analyst we have, will be impossible. His politics is designed to destroy the world of Farrell the writer of novels. Not satisfied to depict that world with understanding and, ever increasingly, with compassion, he aims to advance the changing of it into a utopia of freedom. This may not readily be perceived by those who read only Farrell's stories, but it is necessary to a complete understanding of the man.

Farrell's personal origin in the world of his own fiction—there is a very large element of autobiography in what he has written—and his steady rise in literary importance to the dogma that the individual is the toy of social circumstances. Of plebeian origin, Farrell is a self-educated intellectual. His three years at the University of Chicago did not subdue him to institutional culture in institutional terms. He himself has often made it clear that the university was only one of the places where he pursued his self-education, not the place where he was principally "educated." Raised as a boy by actual and crypto Studs Lonigans, he nevertheless found his way out of the maze via a selection of dead-end jobs that absorbed and defeated many of his fellows. He is an odd-man-out of his native world, the exception that does not prove, but contradicts, the rule. He himself proved that the world he knew was far more fluid than theory allowed it to be.

Perhaps it is a perception of this that has led Farrell to temper his

The Swivel Chair



Some people read books while the eggnog is ladled from the punch bowl, while the warmblooded raptly wax their skis, while the birdwatchers squelch devoutly through Spring mud, while salamanders step up their suntans. For that thin red line of heroes who read there is always a modest supply of good new books, a wealth of good literary criticism, and now and then a ghostly little ad in *Harper's.*



But with Labor Day comes the sea change. It is officially assumed then that the wassailer, the skier, the birdwatcher and the suntanner close ranks and march to the bookstore resolved to give and receive books, even to select some for themselves. Obviously the mesomorphs are going to buy muscleflexing non-fiction and we've some of that to recommend too, but for our addict we have at last a profusion of new titles. To capture this ready dollar publishers begin to thump the table in full page speeches, store windows offer a pleasant welter of fluorescent adjectives, and the tables inside hold books like these:

One novel on the list is like good company at dinner. It doesn't matter whether or not the setting reminds you irresistibly of your own favorite restaurant, the conversation throughout is the sort that floats tantalizingly past the eavesdropper's ear. **The Wicked Pavilion,** [$3.50] the product of **Dawn Powell's** adept hand, is about certain suave chicaneries in the art world. And there's a volatile love affair in it, for good measure. Wassailers, please note.



Once an era a woman walks through history upsetting all preconceived plans. Such a woman was Katherine Swynford, an ancestress of the present Queen of England. Fourteenth century England was her setting, Geoffrey Chaucer her brother-in-law, John of Gaunt her devoted lover. **Anya Seton** has done full justice to her in a biographical novel **Katherine,** [$3.95] after research that a distinguished medievalist in England calls "a brilliant combination of historical evidence and sympathetic imagination."



Archibald MacLeish has already won all awards of distinction in the field of poetry, straight across the board — Pulitzer Prize twice — Bollingen, National Book Award, and Shelley Memorial Award.

Songs for Eve is a wholly new book, none of these poems, and they are perhaps his finest, has been published before in book form. There will be two editions, one at $3.00, and a limited autographed one at $7.50.

Moving out of doors but still with the reader as well as the mesomorph in view, there are two books of the West. **Wallace Stegner** discovers and discloses the stature of John Wesley Powell, explorer extraordinary and originator of our vast program of geological survey. **Beyond the Hundredth Meridian** is a book that looks past its protagonist to encompass the story of the second opening of the West. [$6.00]



The second is **The Wilderness World of John Muir,** edited by Edwin Way Teale whose *North with Spring* established his rank as a nature writer. John Muir has always been read with the affection that reflects from his own abiding love for the American Northwest and this book preserves the best of his work. Illustrations, too, by Henry B. Kane. [$4.50]

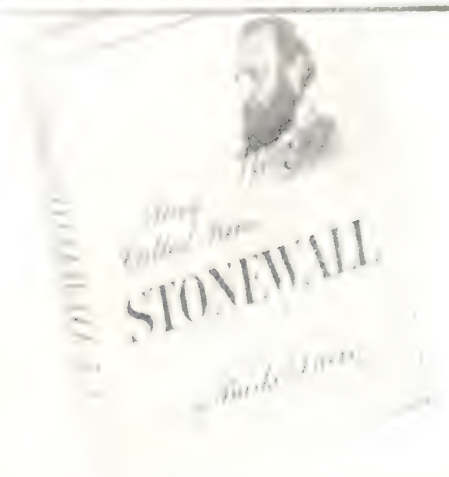


Two last alumni notes — Robert Payne's short story *The Red Mountain* first appeared in *Harper's,* is now included in **The Best American Short Stories, 1954** — testifying, unnecessarily, to the excellence of that annual collection edited by **Martha Foley.** [$4.00] And **Uys Krige,** a South African contributor to *Harper's* presents a distinguished cycle of short stories in **The Dream and the Desert** [$3.00] which *Time* has called "a collection of short stories as good as any current in English."

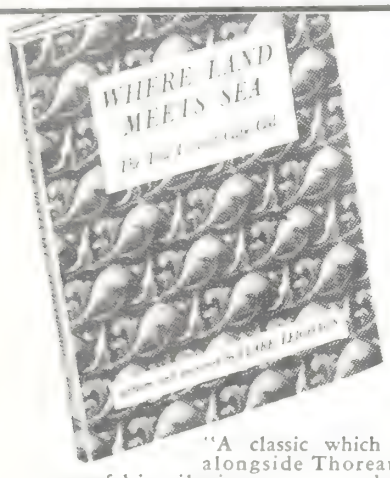


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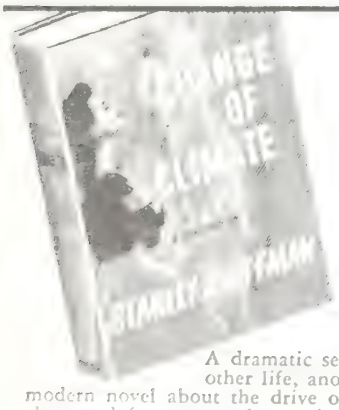
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JAMES T. FARRELL

naturalistic determinism by his devotion to the utopia of freedom, to conclude that while most people of his origin lead shameful lives for which it is folly to blame them personally, it need not be. The philosophical reconciliation is, however, less important than the fact and the fact is that Farrell's career is a ratification of the importance of both democracy and freedom in the life of man, another demonstration of the continued power of American society to release talent from the most unexpected places.

Farrell found his ideas the hard way. His career required him to find by conscious search ideas which more fortunate men have absorbed unconsciously from the intellectual environment they have inhabited. They are singularly absent from the world of Farrell's fiction, where a sadly shabby and debilitated Roman Catholicism is usually the highest flight of the mind and imagination. A boy of talent in a world where the highest approved flight of talent was to become a priest, Farrell received a "call" of a kind seemingly outside the range of possibility. He was called by freedom and as he had to seek it deliberately he has necessarily valued it more highly than those who feel it is their birthright.

The circumstances of his life made Farrell intensely serious, not always an attractive characteristic in a world much given to protective frivolity. He is seriously serious, not censorious; he is in earnest; he insists on being heard in his own terms. But he is nevertheless not humorless. I recall sitting with him once and joining him in a leg-pulling operation on a third party (Dwight Macdonald) that was out of this world. Nevertheless he *is* given to being strangely portentous, taking nothing whatever for granted, but re-evaluating everything in the light of his own values.

ONE hot evening I chanced to come in on him and found him flat on his back on a couch with a big book propped on his chest.

"What are you reading, Jim?" I asked.

"Sandburg's *Lincoln*—trying to make up my mind about Lincoln."

Not many of us are *that* serious! Jim is.



Osbert Sitwell

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by Norman D. Ford

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So I say again — you can retire now, while still young enough to enjoy it — if you know where it costs less to live the kind of life you like.

(In the next column, read about two books by Norman D. Ford which tell you just this.)

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Success Stories

Paul Pickrel

Autumn Rose

THERE is a special pleasure in reading of men who achieved success late in life. Doubtless it arises in part at least from the possibility opened to the reader that the lightning of fame might still strike such an old stump of mediocrity as himself; for reading a biography always sets up a kind of counterpoint—the reader's life, however faintly, plays a little tune alongside the subject's. This is the reason we can put up with more tedium in biographies and autobiographies than in any other branch of literature: with the inner eye we are reading about ourselves.

But there is another reason for the pleasure we take in reading of the late-comers to fame. When a Keats or an Alexander the Great is the subject, the explanation of his achievement is both too pat and too unenlightening; it is simply genius. But if a man dawdled along for many years much like anybody else and then did something extraordinary, from such a life surely we can see how it is done.

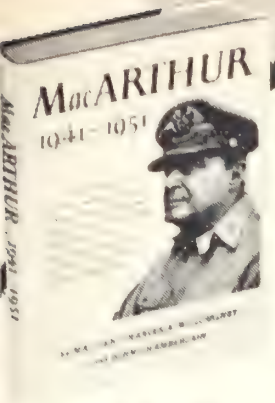
For this reason I had looked forward to reading Lord David Cecil's ***Melbourne*** (Bobbs-Merrill, $5). A number of years ago, when I read *The Young Melbourne* by the same author (now the first part of the completed life), I failed to see how the man portrayed there could ever be Prime Minister of England. It is true that at the end of the period recounted he had survived being reared by his mother and being married to his wife, and any man who could come through those ordeals with his faculties more or less intact would have to be either uncommonly insensitive (which Melbourne was not) or touched with greatness. But these experiences hardly seemed suitable preparation for political eminence.

Now Lord David has finished his task. In a new section longer than the original book he tells of Melbourne's late and unexpected period of power and his relation with the third remarkable woman in his life, the girl-Queen Victoria. This is, of course, a beautiful story: the old man so worldly, so detached, so worn and shaped by living among the powerful, the beautiful, the mad, pulling back the great curtains of the world to show the enraptured girl princes and principalities and all the tangled maze of life where she would walk without him.

Lord David tells the story well. His style is more relaxed, less self-consciously elegant, than in the earlier section, and there are two wonderful sources for the quotations—Melbourne's own papers (he wrote well, often brilliantly) and the young Queen's incomparable diaries.

Yet the secret of Melbourne's success—if success is what he had, and a man who was Prime Minister of England for half a dozen years and who educated the greatest monarch of the last century can scarcely be denied it—remains pretty much a secret. Largeness of scale he had, if not as a statesman then as a man; there is a kind of ironic grandeur about many of his utterances quoted by Lord David. He was witty, aphoristic, undoubtedly charming. Lord David rather condescends to his learning on the grounds that it was haphazard, but it would impress anyone with less rigorous standards.

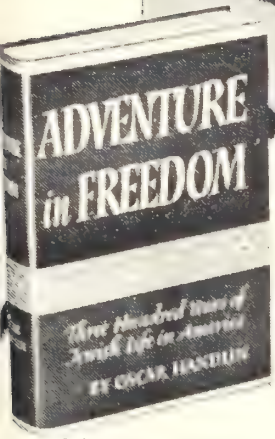
Above all, Melbourne was passionately loyal—loyal to his family, to the great Whig houses that formed the world of his youth and middle age, to his unspeakable wife and their half-witted son. Loyal to persons rather than to principles, it seems, yet loyalty itself was the principle. And such apotheosized loyalty gave to Melbourne a kind of genius for survival. He needed it. He lived through one of the most sudden and violent shifts in morals, taste, and political ideals the world has ever seen. He grew up in the brilliant powerful ambitious amoral world of the eighteenth-century Whig aristocracy—his own father was probably not related to the family by marriage; his brother was once taunted in a schoolboy fight: "Your mother is a whore," a characterization that could be denied only at considerable neglect of the evidence. Then he endured the Romantic Movement run riot in the



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[illegible] Lady Caroline Lamb, whom Byron once apostrophized as "Thou false to him Melbourne), thou fiend to me." Finally he be- [illegible] Prime Minister to a Queen who would probably have received neither his mother nor [illegible] at her court.

If, as someone has said, the most important event in the history of England in the nineteenth century was the revolution that never happened, and if, as Lord David Cecil suggests, Melbourne played a large part in its prevention, then the genius for survival of this Prime Minister in the Age of Reform who distrusted all reform was no inconsiderable gift.

More Lives

The greatest fame of Leonard Jerome was even longer delayed than that of Lord Melbourne. In his own lifetime Jerome was known for his brilliant operations on Wall Street, his houses and yachts, his patronage of music and the racetrack, his three beautiful daughters. Now he is recalled, if at all, for two oddly-assorted reasons: (1) a fashionable racetrack he helped to establish was approached by a street that came to be known as Jerome Avenue, and the New York subway, by choosing Jerome Avenue as the name of one of its lines, made it a household word among millions of people; and (2) the most beautiful of his three beautiful daughters married the second son of the Duke of Marlborough and so became the mother of our illustrious contemporary, Sir Winston Churchill.

Now another descendant, Anita Leslie, has published ***The Remarkable Mr. Jerome*** (Henry Holt, $4). It is an entertaining chapter in the social history of New York and the Continent in the second half of the last century, drawn in part from family papers. Jerome himself remains somewhat elusive: apparently he had little taste or talent for committing himself to paper, and it is very difficult to write a penetrating biography of anyone who is not in some sense a writer unless he is still alive. Perhaps, too, apart from his gift for making money fast and spending it even faster, Jerome was a rather commonplace man. To his English friends he seemed unusual simply because he was an American, "rather a rare thing to be," as one old lady told Miss Leslie, "nowadays quite usual, but then considered strange and original."

Jerome's career offers some resistance to the contemporary vogue of praising American millionaires of the last century for their part in "building up the country." Miss Leslie offers no evidence that Jerome was interested in building up anything but opera singers and racehorses, the latter for fairly impersonal reasons. But he and his daughters had quite a time for themselves, and their careers make a slight but engaging story.

The autobiography of A. C. Gilbert, ***The Man Who Lives in Paradise,*** written in collaboration with Marshall McClintock (Rinehart, $3.75), reveals another kind of American millionaire. Mr. Gilbert, like Leonard Jerome, is a manipulator, but where Jerome manipulated money and stocks, Mr. Gilbert manipulates things. He started out as a magician and Olympic athlete; it is apparently his extraordinary talent for manipulation in a very literal sense that accounts for his success as a manufacturer and inventor. (He invented the Erector set, among many other things.) He seems to be genuinely indifferent to money ("dollars are only a way of keeping score"); he is certainly indifferent to the world of fashion and glamour that Jerome loved.

Mr. Gilbert tells his story in a series of monologues, with settings and stage directions provided by his collaborator. The result is that the reader gets an unvarnished view of an uncommonly vigorous, alive, and happy man. It is almost the classical American success story. The parents were decent, hard-working people (it will be something of a blow to those who believe American boys to be dominated by their mothers to see how little Mr. Gilbert speaks of his mother, how deeply attached to his father's memory he remains). Hard work, skill, imagination, and daring have gone into his own career, and his only failures have come when he decided not to trust his own judgment, as when financial advisers persuaded him to take some of his capital out of his own company in 1929 in order to diversify his investments.

Dr. Selman A. Waksman's autobiography, ***My Life with the Microbes*** (Simon and Schuster, $6), is a record of far more dramatic achievement. A Russian Jew barred from the universities of his own country because of his race, Dr. Waksman came to America in 1910 at the age of twenty-two. Forty-two years later, as the discoverer of streptomycin and the unquestioned leader in a field of scientific research so new that he even had to invent its name (antibiotics), he received from the King of Sweden the Nobel Prize in physiology and medicine.

Dr. Waksman does not underrate the importance of what he has done, nor are his readers likely to. They will find that he has several gifts not necessarily related to scientific greatness. For one thing, he describes the world of his boyhood, a Russian Jewish community near Kiev, with considerable skill; for another, he is able to make the theoretcal basis of his work clear to the layman. He tells of the years of hard work and little money absorbingly. (The account of those years will send many a reader back to Sinclair Lewis' *Arrowsmith* with increased respect for Lewis; we can now see that he did a good job of imagining the bacteriologist's life.) Dr. Waksman recounts too the mass of problems—

scientific, financial, legal, administrative, etc.—that follow from such a discovery as his.

The reader may grow weary more quickly than Dr. Waksman does of the lists of honors and awards received, of dinners attended, speeches made, and famous persons met. Indeed, *My Life with the Microbes* is a rather cold book. Dr. Waksman does not strike one as a warm man of broad sympathies. Probably he could not have accomplished what he has without a certain narrowness of focus. This in no way detracts from his scientific achievement, of course, and only slightly mars its literary record.

A FASCINATING little book by Joseph F. Dinneen, ***The Anatomy of a Crime*** (Scribner, $2.95), shows that there are more ways than one to get ahead in America. This book is exactly what the title promises: the painstaking study of a crime in all its ramifications. The crime itself—the robbery of $2,500,000 without injury to anybody—was elaborate and as nearly perfect as human endeavors are likely to be. The man who planned it was a criminal of talent, and the attempt to catch him was conscientious and imaginative. Special interest attaches to the book because it is a "hypothetical reconstruction" of the famous Brink robbery.

Even greater interest attaches to the side issues—the mutual dependence of cop and criminal, relations between FBI and local police, the management of a grand jury, even how old criminals stranded far away use a big crime to scrounge free tickets home. But the greatest merit of the book lies in the way it makes the problems of law enforcement both clearer and more complicated than they are likely to be in most people's mind, and does so in a continuously exciting manner.

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the Derby, who has known the great of several continents for more than half a century (he has dined with Queen Victoria and had tea with Queen Elizabeth II), a word like *success* must sound pretty paltry. Yet, as his ***Memoirs*** (Simon and Schuster, $6) show, the Aga Khan has made extraordinary use of extraordinary opportunities.

The book is not a collection of gossip by an international playboy. It begins with a brief treatise on Islamic theology, and again and again the Aga reminds the reader that his principal duties and interests throughout his life have centered on his work as Iman of the Ismailis. Yet his Imanate is only part of his story. Except that he has never taken part in battle (his request to join the British Army in the first world war was refused on the grounds that he would be of greater use as a diplomat among the Arab nations), there is no major field of human activity in which the Aga has not had his day. The subtitle he has given his *Memoirs*—"World Enough and Time"—suggests the extent of the stage on which he has performed; his almost unbelievable remark that he has never been bored for a minute suggests the zest with which he has performed his part.

THE Aga sees Islam as above all else a tolerant faith, and he is the apostle of tolerance. Bridges are his favorite source of metaphors: all his life he has dreamed of and worked to construct bridges—between the Orient and the Occident, between science and spirit, between nations. He believes in compromise as a principle of human conduct because it makes a bridge between adversaries. The failure of the League of Nations (of which he was once President) was one of the great disappointments of his life.

His tolerance, his faith in bridges help to impose unity on a mind that might otherwise be a museum of curiosities. In religion he belongs of course to Islam; his political ideas belong to Western liberalism; he prefers French painting and women, Egyptian furniture, Russian dancing, English trainers for his horses. But beyond his tolerance, and giving it backbone, is his idea of himself. The Aga Khan gives one the feeling that here is a man who knows far better than most who he is. His race horses provide an example. He sternly reminds us that horses are no mere whim with him; he comes from the old Iranian nobility among whom the breeding and racing of fine horses has been a kind of social obligation, as the patronage of architects and painters once was among the aristocracy of the West. He has race horses because he is who he is.

Not least of the pleasures afforded by *The Memoirs of Aga Khan* arises from its account of world history for the past sixty years as seen by an Easterner. Few contemporary historians would think of comparing Mussolini and Jinnah, the father of modern Pakistan, but in the Aga Khan's hands it is a fascinating comparison. He defends Munich. At the time he thought it was a just settlement of the problem of the Germans in Czechoslovakia, and he still thinks so, seeing it frankly as a parallel to the problem of Moslems in India. He apologizes for Farouk —that unfortunate man was badly brought up and inadequately educated for his duties. And so on. A very enjoyable book.

Beyond the Ghetto

I HAD expected Oscar Handlin's history of the Jews in America, ***Adventure in Freedom*** (McGraw-Hill, $3.50) to be the story of one of the most extraordinary instances of group success in the world's history. In part I expected this because the book appears now to commemorate the landing three hundred years ago of the first group of Jews to establish an organized Jewish community in what is now the United States, and commemorative histories of immigrant groups are usually full of success—lists of leading actors and philanthropists, eminent dentists and prize fighters, etc.

But Professor Handlin very largely eschews the external history of the Jews in America, the account of what they have contributed to their adopted land, in favor of their internal history: what happened to Jews as Jews as a result of their coming to a new country where they were free to find their own status, with no ghetto or law or social tradition to determine their place for

em. Though there is some external story in the book, particularly a ief but concise account of anti-mitism in America, Professor ndlin's real interest lies in the lering of Jewish life in the new rd.

He sees the heart of the problem the conflict between the "old" ws—those who came before 1870, iefly from Western Europe—and e "new" Jews—those who came er 1870, chiefly from Central and stern Europe. The earlier arrivals ne to a thinly-settled land; they spersed; they became highly assimi-ed, their religion scarcely distin-ishable from the religion of any ner Unitarian. In the eyes of those o followed they were hardly Jews all. The later group came to a re thickly-populated country; y settled in large groups in large ies; they account for the Yiddish eater and newspaper, and so on.

For the non-Jewish reader this proach probably does more to en-hten him about the nature of wish life in America than any ner could, for the conflict Professor ndlin describes illuminates many ner aspects of that life—sectarian-n in Jewish religion, differences in itudes toward Zionism, even ilanthropy. (Surely the historian no other immigrant group would ve to devote a chapter in a history this length to how they gave away ir money.)

N TWO ways I find Professor Handlin's book disappointing. ne first is really a tribute to its rit: it is too short. There is rdly a subject touched upon that do not wish to see treated at eater length. Given the limits Pro-sor Handlin has imposed upon nself, the organization is probably e best he could have chosen—a ies of brief topical essays, with tle attempt at narration after the rliest years. But many readers uld have enjoyed more of the stuff history and more of the stuff of wry.

Its brevity in all likelihood ac-unts for another criticism of the ok that occurs to me. Professor andlin tends to put too much ck in mere quantity and conse-ently to give too little attention to ality. For instance, he dismisses the Jews who entered this country during the Hitler period in a single sentence, on the grounds that there weren't very many of them (170,000 is his guess). Yet there is hardly a college or university in America that is not a different place because of the professors who came at that time; in several fields, particularly the social sciences, they have made a deep and lasting impression. There is evidence to suggest a profound influence on American psychiatry. Several of our leading intellectual journals are almost unimaginable without their refugee writers, readers, and sometimes editors. I have heard it said that the discovery of nuclear fission would have been considerably delayed without the influx of Continental Jewish genius fleeing Hitler. In sheer ability to alter the new society they entered, this group of immigrants must have been one of the most remarkable in history.

Despite these very mild reservations, I found *Adventure in Freedom* a great help in understanding and appreciating a vital and fascinating group of my fellow citizens.

A Wilderness Crying in the Voice

ALL this talk of success would probably annoy Lewis Mumford, for his latest collection of essays, ***In the Name of Sanity*** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.75), makes clear that in his opinion the American story will be anything but a story of success unless we reform a good deal more than we are likely to.

Mr. Mumford is both a prophet and a critic. As a prophet he castigates his contemporaries with all the assurance and freedom from argument with lesser mortals of a Moses just down from Sinai. But as a critic he analyzes, draws inferences, even occasionally resorts to logic. Naturally these two roles tend to get in each other's way, and the result is some earnest incoherence.

For instance, as a prophet Mr. Mumford demands a "deliberate act of restrictive self-discipline" on scientific and technological expansion and even declares that *only* such a restriction "will restore the balance of our civilization as a whole." But as a critic he sensibly fears limiting the circulation of ideas



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By KARL ESKELUND



RAND McNALLY

because it will impede scientific and technological expansion. Apparently we are in grave danger both of too much technics (to use Mr. Mumford's word) and of too little.

Again as a prophet Mr. Mumford announces that "unconditional co-operation . . . is . . . the *only* alternative to the certain disintegration of civilization and the probable extermination of the race." But as a critic he remarks a good deal more sanely: "None of us should be so wedded to security and smooth routine that we could not dare to yank the lever and stop the whole works, in order to regain the human initiative." What becomes of "unconditional co-operation" when we yank that lever? And who cares? The only place for unconditional co-operation is the cemetery.

It is too bad that Mr. Mumford does not always use his very considerable rhetorical gifts circumspectly. He is too fond of the word *only*. Whatever solution he is advocating at the moment is always the only solution to the problems of civilization. Surely our generation has had reason to grow wary of the proponents of only solutions. He is also fond of the higher cliché—inevitably he misquotes Lord Acton, describes the United States as "this walled-in enclosure we have locked ourselves into," refers to contemporary scientific discoveries as "the genii we have unloosed," assures us that we are all guilty of things in general and that "ideas can be combated only by better ideas," and so on.

But the real fault of the rhetoric lies in its excesses. Mr. Mumford writes of the lack of moral protest against saturation bombing, for example: "It is as if the Secretary of Agriculture had authorized the sale of human meat, during the meat shortage, and everyone had accepted cannibalism as a clever dodge for reducing the cost of living." Those who do not regard that as an outrageous remark should enjoy the book a good deal.

The trouble with Mr. Mumford is that he cannot tolerate a universe that is not full of purpose and progress, and like many of his contemporaries he simply does not find that the universe meets those specifications. And he has hit upon a curious but perhaps not uncommon resolution for this frustration: it would be the right kind of universe if only people would behave themselves as he wants them to. Doubtless people could behave a good deal better than they do, but they did not make the universe. They found it where they got here.

Berlin de Profundis

IN ***The Dancing Bear*** (Norton $3.50) Frances Faviell has written a powerful reminder of one part of the world (among many) where opportunities for living a successful and useful life are severely limited. Her title derives from the bear which is the symbol of Berlin; she calls it a dancing bear because the city has had in the last decade so many different masters calling the tune to which it leads its life.

The book is an informal history of the city, chiefly centered on one family, the Altmanns. It covers the period from the early months of the Occupation to the night of Ernst Reuter's funeral (1953), when the Western sector glowed with a candlelight from every window in honor of the great mayor. All the characters are skillfully observed and beautifully drawn. Presumably they have been slightly fictionalized, but the authenticity is unmistakable. The chief figure (if one must choose) is Ursula Altmann, who marries an American soldier against the bitter scorn of her mother and brother that she should ally herself with one of the conquerors, even against her own love for a neo-Nazi cousin. She sees marriage to Joe, whom she respects but does not love, as her only chance to escape from prostitution and black-marketing into a life where she can have a decent future.

The Dancing Bear is brief and unpretentious but by no means trivial. Though much of the material is painful, and though it is honestly presented, it is never dreary. Mrs. Faviell, the wife of a British officer, is a fine reporter, but she is more than that, for she brings to her story the breadth of sympathy, the gift for detail, the narrative interest of good fiction. It closes on a note too unconventional for reporting: as Ursula, now the last of her family, a prosperous American matron back in Germany

a brief visit, stands in the ruined ndlelit city where so much of her fe has happened, she hears an rchestra playing "Rhapsody in lue" as it had been played before a the bitter occasion of her marage, and she bursts into tears for erlin, for dead kinfolk, for her life, hich has been, after all, as lives ave a way of being in or out of Ber-a, an irreversible process.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

y Katherine Gauss Jackson

FICTION

he Midnight Patient, by Egon ostovsky.

book of cosmic excitement and sus-ense—psychological and physical. he philosophical dilemmas of our me are put into a story so terrifying nd so real (New York background) hat their resolution becomes a mat-r of desperate importance to the eader. An a-political Czech psychia-ist, a refugee in this country, is sked by the (American) Psycho-gical Warfare Institute—to which e has submitted a diabolical plan or psychological warfare behind the ron Curtain—to treat one of their gents whom the Communists are fter. His visits must be at midnight. t once the doctor and his patient re surrounded by spies and counter-pies. The author shows with devas-ting clarity how hard it is in a orld divided in half, where truth as vanished because an end must e accomplished, to tell one side om the other. Which men who me to him disguised as patients e American spies? Which Russian? Even with the best will, people who ave once fallen cannot help turn-g justice, freedom, and peace into eir own opposites." But it is not a nical book. As one of the charac-rs says:

> We are tumbled out of the same box, no matter what political system we now live under. We are still without distinction the children of a single epoch. . . . It is clear to me that our friends and our enemies belong to each other, because they beget each other. . . . There is but one world, one society, one force of self-destruc-



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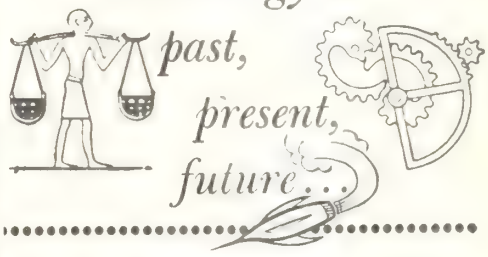
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tion and self-preservation, but there are many mad ideas. Among these mad ideas I include the opinion that one half of the world may save the other by taking possession of it. Salvation cannot come from one side of the world or the other. . . . We may be saved only within ourselves and not outside ourselves. But we will be saved!

A stimulating and rewarding book.
Appleton, Century, $3

Three by Tey, by Josephine Tey.
The re-issue of *Miss Pym Disposes, The Franchise Affair,* and *Brat Farrar,* all complete and unabridged in one volume, is good news for all Tey fans and indeed for all who care for a good murder story gracefully and wittily written. This is a new one in the "Murder Revisited" series, with an introduction by James Sandoe.
Macmillan, $3.95

The Feast of July, by H. E. Bates.
Mr. Bates is able to make an arresting and credible novel out of anything. There was *Fair Stood the Wind For France.* There was *Love for Lydia* and any number of other short novels of differing backgrounds. Now here is this nineteenth-century story of a wronged young girl who leaves her job in a tavern to travel down the river valley in the English Midlands to find the father of her unborn child. Nearly dead, she is taken in by a poor shoemaker's family. The major part of the book is the extraordinary tale of the three brothers in the family and of their love for her. Thinking back on it, it all seems fantastic; as one reads, one is thoroughly persuaded and not a little touched by Mr. Bates' magic.
Little, Brown, $3.50

NON-FICTION

A Blessed Girl, by Lady Emily Lutyens.
When Lady Emily's father was sent to Paris as the British Ambassador in 1887 she was thirteen years old. From the strangeness and loneliness of her new surroundings she at once started writing to her friend, the Reverend Whitwell Elwin of Boonton Rectory (he was then seventy-one) and he to her. The correspondence lasted until his death in 1900 and a perfectly extraordinary picture of Victorian life and attitudes emerges. Sometimes they wrote every day; for many years at least twice a week, and she wrote of everything she did and thought. It was he and not her family who gave her counsel and comfort, at first on her shynesses, on biting her fingernails, on her quick temper. Later he helped her through her horror of social functions, advised her with understanding but in no uncertain terms on her unwilling infatuation for a married man, the father of her dearest friend, who tried to seduce her. Finally, it is "his Rev" who helps during the unhappy days when her family kept her from the man she was at last to marry in 1897; and it is he who christens her first child just about a year before his death. . . . Even if the people (her life brought her close to many of the important figures of her time) and the life (oh the discipline of a Victorian childhood!) she describes were less interesting, the impact of these vital, unedited outpourings would be a shaking experience. Someone has called it "both a curiously moving and a thoroughly entertaining book. For me, at least, it has the attraction of a novel—the story of an aristocratic Jane Eyre, exposed to the insidious appeal of a more poetic Mr. Rochester."
Lippincott, $4

Beyond the Hundredth Meridian, by Wallace Stegner.
It is a pleasure when a fine short-story writer turns to history. This is the biography of John Wesley Powell, explorer (he led the first expedition through the canyons of the Green and Colorado Rivers in 1869-70), cartographer, geologist—but first and foremost, founder of the Geological Survey. Here is the story of his struggles and disappointments in trying to persuade the government to make scientific studies of the nation. In the hands of Mr. Stegner, who cares about the history of this country as he cares about human hopes and aspirations, it turns into a fine story on the human level and an important addition to that history. By the author of *The Preacher and the Slave* and *The Big Rock Candy Mountain.*
Houghton Mifflin, $6.50

erspectives U.S.A. 8

he most recent issue of this Amer-an quarterly published for in-rnational consumption contains, nong other things, poetry by Ken-th Patchen and Wallace Stevens; play by Tennessee Williams; fic-on by Jean Stafford; and a vivid ticle on the history of the sky raper (illustrated) by William lex of the Museum of Modern Art. he book is distributed in this coun-y by Viking Press and, as most aders know, is available in book-ores.

Intercultural Publications, $1.50

iscovery #4

his intermittent periodical, collect-g American writing of distinction, published by Pocket Books for ¢. The new issue, which appeared ptember 1, boasts stories by Her-an Rosten and by Saul Bellow, inner of the 1953 Book Award for tion; part of a novel by Anatole royard; a memoir of Theodore reiser by Lester Cohen as well as her fiction and poetry by authors th known and unknown.

Pocket Books, 35¢

iscellany

his month Knopf inaugurates a w venture well worth looking into. is a series of paper-backed books lled "Vintage"—reprints of their vn distinguished books. A list of e first batch, published this month, llows: *The Art of Teaching* by ***ilbert Highet,*** *The Stranger* by ***lbert Camus,*** *Death in Venice and ven Other Stories* by ***Thomas ann,*** *A Short History of Music* by ***lfred Einstein,*** *Democracy in merica,* two volumes, by ***Alexis de ocqueville,*** *In Search of Theater* ***Eric Bentley,*** *Howards End* by ***M. Forster,*** *The Immoralist* by ***ndré Gide,*** and *The American olitical Tradition* by ***Richard Hof-adter.***

Knopf, 95¢ each

FORECAST

eligious

late October there will be three w books in the religious and in-irational field. From McGraw-ill, *Life is Worth Living,* (Second ries) by ***Fulton J. Sheen*** and *The rayers of Peter Marshall,* edited and with an introduction by ***Catherine Marshall.*** From Harper on October 20, comes *The Old Testament and the Fine Arts* by ***Cynthia Pearl Maus.***

Edwardian

Harcourt, Brace is announcing with pride what they call the "spiritual autobiography" of ***Ellen Glasgow*** entitled *The Woman Within.* The book was arranged for by Alfred Harcourt in the 1930s and will appear in late October just before the publication in November of a book called *The Age of Extravagance: An Edwardian Reader,* edited by ***Dudley Frasier*** and ***Mary Elizabeth Edes.*** The latter book (Rinehart) will include examples of the work of ***Miss Glasgow*** as well as that of ***Edith Wharton, Arnold Bennett,*** and others of the period, and comments on the era by such contemporaries as ***Somerset Maugham, Harold Nicolson,*** and ***Osbert Lancaster.***

Books by Novelists

Some best-selling novelists are bringing out new books soon. For October Viking announces *Reunion* by ***Merle Miller;*** from Random House comes *Sweet and Sour,* essays by ***John O'Hara.*** In November Doubleday will publish ***Paul Gallico's*** *Love of Seven Dolls* and the Book-of-the-Month Club has chosen as its November selection *My Brother's Keeper* by ***Marcia Davenport*** (Scribner). Knopf announces, without setting a date, a new novel by ***Elizabeth Bowen,*** *A World of Love.*

Biographies and Memoirs

A group of biographical studies whose outstanding characteristic is the diversity of its subjects, is now being scheduled by the publishers. Indiana University Press has scheduled for October *Johnny Appleseed* (John Chapman): *Man and Myth* by ***Robert Price;*** in the same month Sloane will publish *An Autobiography* by ***Edwin Muir,*** the Scottish poet; and in November, from Doubleday, comes *Mack Sennett, King of Comedy* as told to ***Cameron Shipp.*** Much later, indeed sometime in the spring, McGraw-Hill looks forward to the publication of a biography of *Amy Lowell* by the poet ***Horace Gregory.*** Sauces for everybody's taste.



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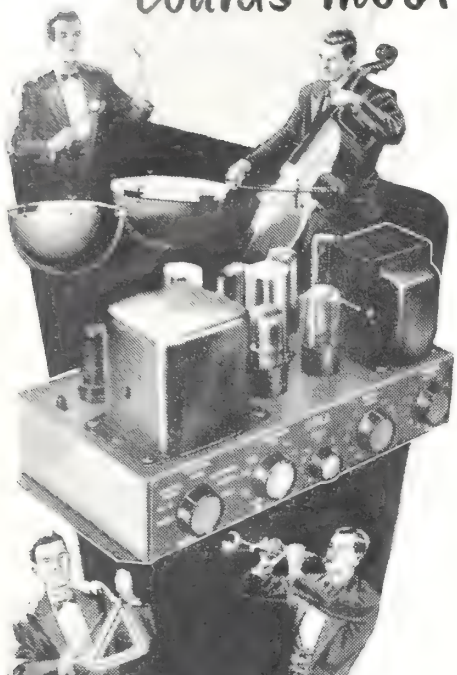
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THE NEW RECORDINGS

The Spoken Word on Records

Edward Tatnall Canby

DURING the last war, as I understand it, the English language ran into an odd difficulty in transmission when the throat contact microphone used by American pilots, to free their hands and arms while flying, was tried out on British pilots. The throaty Americanese had been easily picked up by contact near the Adam's apple; but the clipped and articulated British language, even in pilot's lingo, was literally above the mike's susceptibilities and came through as unintelligible gurgling.

True or not, the story is confirmed in reverse by the great new output of speech recordings on LP records —for with the mike normally placed out in front of the face the English voice projects superbly, whereas the American mutter, deep down, is at a dreadful loss for intelligibility. I've been listening to more of the pioneering Columbia Literary Series discussed here last December and to the Caedmon series (below) and I am impressed as you will be by the utter naturalness of voice, the superb projection of character and intelligence in recordings by such unlike Britons as Aldous Huxley, Somerset Maugham, the three Sitwells, Dylan Thomas, and Christopher Isherwood. I am also horrified at the stultifying obstacles that the recording process interposes between us and a similar group of Americans —John Steinbeck, William Saroyan, Katherine Anne Porter, Marianne Moore, Mark Van Doren, Archibald MacLeish. One reaches for the tone controls thinking it must be faulty recording; but, of course, it is not. It is the American language.

Paradoxically, we in America know more than anyone else about the physical technique of vocal projection through the loudspeaker. We have a thousand schools and departments and classes for Speech Training which, whatever the outward intent, largely produce that "voice with a smile" which goes straight into radio and TV for the propagation of Messages. The American standard Radio Voice embodies the ultimate in efficient speech transmission via the microphone, but it is mostly without soul.

Every day thousands of Americans go about absent-mindedly clearing throats, imaginary script in hand, practicing delivery, orating solemnly into breakfast coffee, about indigestion or "To be or not to be" with identical fervor—for this technique-worship is hardly confined to the commercials we live by. TV and radio art, stage and film have taken it up; young actors work not to understand the play but to ape the Voice and the Manner, to the last turn of a well-projected vowel.

Meanwhile, those of us who still fondly imagine we have something to say are tongue-tied before the om-

Worth Looking Into . . .

Shostakovitch: Symphonies #1, #9. Symph. Radio Leipsic, Pfluger; Radio Berlin, Kleinert. Urania URLP-7128.

The two short symphonies, early and late, in interesting juxtaposition, nicely performed and recorded.

Strauss: Elektra; highlights. Höngen, Golts, Frantz; Bav. State Orch., Solti. Decca DL 9723.

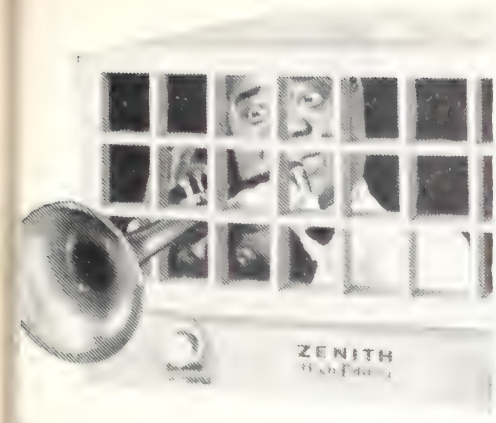
An absolutely superb job of excerpting: two astonishingly fine Strauss sopranos, vibrant orch., one of the best technical jobs to date.

Brahms: Sonata in F Mi., op. 5 (1853), Badura-Skoda. Westminster WL 5245.

The enthusiastic youthful sonata is a work that lasts well despite prolixities; Skoda's playing puts the lyric side forward, in the Viennese manner.

Dvorak: Piano Quintet, op. 81. Budapest Quartet, Clifford Curzon. Columbia ML 4825.

The crisp Budapest goes well with the smooth Curzon for an excellent playing. "Nature Boy" (for those who care) will be found in this work.



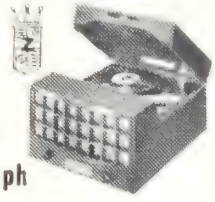
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nipresent mike, for lack of any training. For all our undoubted intelligence and originality of character, we speak as though we were either apologetic or in a hurry; our personalities are adenoidal, our voices buried in layers of quilting. As the Speech people say, we Don't Project. We don't know how, and we should.

Readers of Mr. Canby's column who are interested in Toscanini recordings will find on page 13 an announcement by RCA Victor of a contest in which they are invited to participate.

It's not a laughing matter. In a time when significant communication is more and more through the microphone in a hundred forms, are the intellectual leaders of America, the poets, the professors, the scientists, playwrights, teachers, to remain raw amateurs of mike technique, scornful of the Radio Voice but incoherent themselves, blaming the lifeless machinery for a fault that is their own?

The British have us beat here by the nature of their language itself. But what comes naturally to them can be learned by us and it would be a far from unworthy study: I commend it to all who have messages to transmit and personalities to project, via the person-to-person medium of the microphone.

Hearing Poetry, vol. 1: Chaucer through Milton; vol. 2: Dryden through Browning. Mark Van Doren, commentator; Hurd Hatfield, Frank Silvera, Jo Van Fleet, readers; Howard O. Sackler, Director. Caedmon TC 1021, 1022.

THE wholly admirable enterprise of the Caedmon firm, who have made themselves pioneers in the recording of the spoken word on long-playing records, is devoted to an old proposition, but the wealth of relatively cheap recorded time available on LP and the facilities that tape-recording now provides for editing give it vast new scope. The old 78 short-record makers could not dream of such a series as this.

But the problems remain tantalizingly the same. In this case we have a first-rank commentator whose mike technique, however cogent his words, is colorless; and for the poems themselves there are three "professional" readers of whom only one seems to me

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to approach an effective and natural transmission of the poetic sense through this special medium.

Mark Van Doren's comment is neither uninteresting nor unintelligible; it is merely, in the sense of projection technique, untrained and ineffective. It does not hold the attention; key words and phrases are unemphasized so that continuity is easily lost, there is a sense that this is *read*, from a prepared manuscript, rather than *spoken* person-to-person.

On the other hand, the three readers collectively bring an excess of technique of one sort or another. Frank Silvera is of the old school of stage acting. At stage distance his dramatic delivery, designed to carry and convince on voice power alone, is surely authentic and as proper as grease paint and stage props. But in the microphone close-up, the Silvera drama is a tempest of gusty sighs and moist smackings.

Jo Van Fleet in her turn brings the dulcet-toned velvety exactitude of radio to her poetry. Every word is clear, each phrase, each syllable is precisely framed and enunciated, but the soul, the poetry itself, is missing. "A *host* of golden daffodils!" she exclaims, from the diaphragm, but these daffodils grow in pots in Radio City—not in Wordsworth's England. It is the greater pleasure, then, to hear the wise, considered restraint with which Hurd Hatfield speaks his assigned selections, conveying just enough, but not too much of his own personality, tempering his technique to the nearness of the mike and the immediacy of his composite living-room audience. Excellent.

Dylan Thomas in a Reading from His Work. Caedmon TC 1002.
Sean O'Casey. Reading from Juno and the Paycock; Pictures in the Hallway; Inishfallen, Fair Thee Well. Caedmon TC 1012.

Two of the numerous Caedmon LPs devoted to long cross sections of a single author reading his own work. In the long run most listeners will find these far more satisfactory than the survey samplings of the "Hearing Poetry" series. The late Dylan Thomas was a uniquely individual reader and an extraordinary master of the spoken word in the Welsh tradition. His sometimes self-conscious play of simile, deliberate flexing of the poetic muscles, is easy to forgive in the glorious bardic flow of such English as must have been spoken in the great Elizabethan days, so rich, so varied, so vigorous. The long, poetic, autobiographical "A Child's Christmas in Wales" is, to use a cliché in its exact sense, an unforgettable experience in the listening; surely this Christmas story ranks (in its spoken form, at least) among the great expressions of the language.

The feature of the Sean O'Casey record is a most amusing and lusty scene in an Irish barroom, told at length in the richest of true brogues. O'Casey's voice is as raucous as a crow's, the portable recorder was not of the best, and the train whistles in the background add to the *mise-en-scène;* but the power of a great storyteller sweeps away all impediments, even the drunken slurs of the Captain and his crony in "Juno and the Paycock," which O'Casey reproduces with gusto. A dramatist of the people, this one, and no mere microphone can alter his immense power of communication.

Other Caedmons, from Ogden Nash to Thomas Mann, Tennessee Williams to E. E. Cummings, are worth extensive exploration.

Aldous Huxley: Excerpt from "Brave New World"; Commentary on "Brave New World." Columbia ML 4753 (SL-190).
Christopher Isherwood: Prater Violet; The Condor and the Cows (excerpts); Berlin Diary. Columbia ML 4760 (SL-190).

Two of the dozen records in the great Columbia Masterworks Literary series, SL-190, still unobtainable individually to my knowledge—but every English department and every follower of modern literature and poetry should own the whole set. Eventually, the records will be issued separately.

Here on these two is a commentary on the world today and in the probable future that reminds one how futile it is to write "reviews" of these distillations of lifetimes of living, these lengthy and absorbingly intimate sessions with minds and talents! Huxley's reading from his futuristic novel of the 1930s is excellent, but far more interesting is the beautifully spoken reanalysis of that book from the post-atomic vantage point of today. What a cutting mind, what a rounded, wise personality—and what incredibly fine speaking technique!

And equally moving in a far different way is the youthful, wistful Isherwood, who evolves the quiet, troubled, introverted gropings of today's lost generation—so much more lost, it seems to me, than that older one of bigger fame. Listen to the long, heartfelt autobiography in *Prater Violet* and be moved, not shocked, by the smallness and helplessness of this world, as familiar in New York and San Francisco as in London. Again, impeccable diction and an effortless projection of personality.



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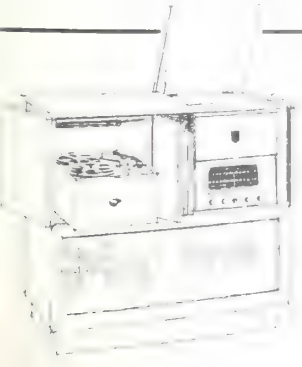
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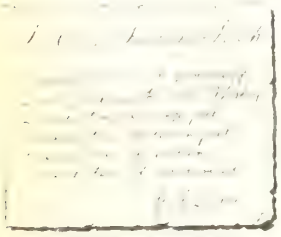
Published to inform and delight whiskey fanciers among farmers and city-folk alike.

SUNSHINE GALORE . . . JACK FROST AT THE DOOR

Senator Henry Clay's Punch Recipe For Congenial Gatherings


HENRY CLAY

WHAT HENRY CLAY didn't know about politicking you could put on the tail of a coonskin cap. He knew well how to win folks over to his camp and he won [illegible] most when they could partake of some of his famous Kentucky hospitality. This included a special punch he conjured up himself, which went as follows:



Fun is the pepper-[illegible] of everyday life, and all the really [illegible] have lived have used it freely for seasoning.
—Josh Billings


DANIEL WEBSTER

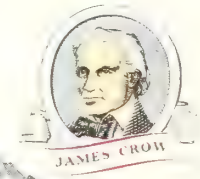
Daniel Webster Said It First

OLD DANIEL WEBSTER thought quicker and spoke up louder and clearer than most of the other talking men of his day, so he got to be the first one to say a lot of famous things. For instance, he was first to say: "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable." He also was the first famous American to call James Crow's bourbon "the finest in the world" and all the other prominent citizens who were thinking just that kicked themselves real hard for not saying it before Mr. Webster did.

A TOAST

Here's to the three great American birds!

May you always have one on your table, one in your pocket and one in your glass —the turkey, the eagle, and Old Crow!


JAMES CROW

The Moon and Time for Good Whiskey-Making

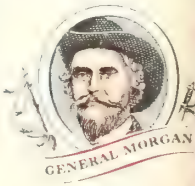
IN THE old Kentucky fr[illegible] tier days everyone w[illegible] around saying:

"Mix your mash in the moon's first quarter,
And your whiskey will taste just like it oughter."

Of course, if there wa[illegible] spell of cloudy weather [illegible] hid the moon's first quar[illegible] no whiskey got made [illegible] month. Which was probably a good thing, because m[illegible] distillations in those [illegible] were fit to fill neither [illegible] nor watering trough.

To all of this mo[illegible] made uncertainty, Ja[illegible] Crow put an end in 1[illegible] when he brought [illegible] science to the art [illegible] whiskey-making, and [illegible] tablished Kentucky w[illegible] key as the finest mad[illegible]

Plough deep while slugg[illegible] sleep, and you shall have to sell and to keep.
BENJAMIN FRANK[illegible]


GENERAL MORGAN

A Confederate General's Letter

GEN. JOHN HUNT M[illegible] GAN, in time of pea[illegible] southern gentleman, in [illegible] of war leader of Mor[illegible] Raiders, once wrote a fri[illegible] "Let me know how I ca[illegible] some Old Crow whisk[illegible] you. The return mail [illegible] carry you a demijohn [illegible]

[illegible] Hunt Morgan to Dr. [illegible] Fox, Lexington, Ky., 2 Jul[illegible]

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Denver, Col. . . . . Oct. 10	Toledo, Ohio. . . Oct. 18	Evansville, Ind. . . Oct. 29	Portland, Ore. . . Nov. 21
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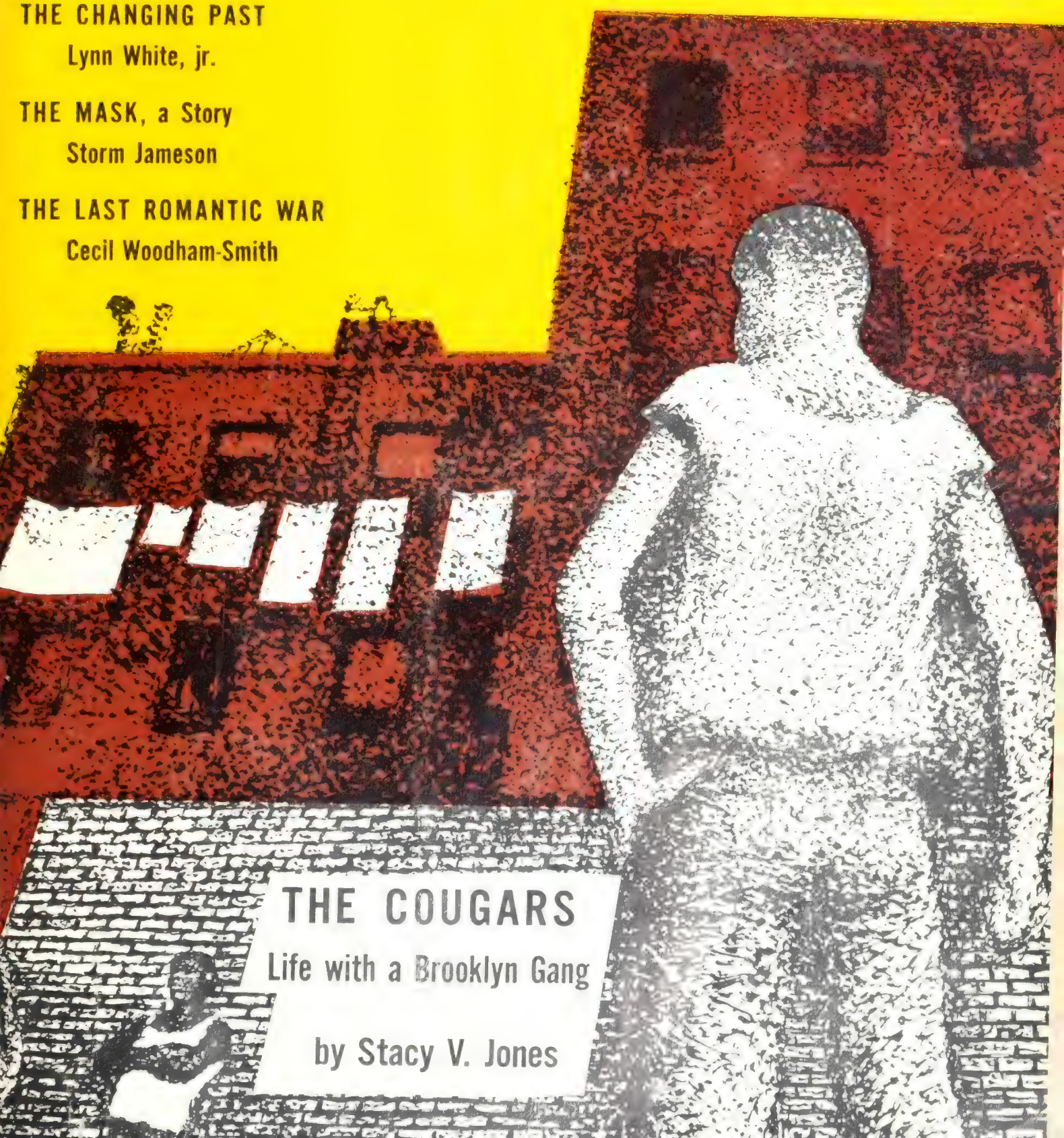
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Joseph N. Bell

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THE MASK, a Story
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THE COUGARS

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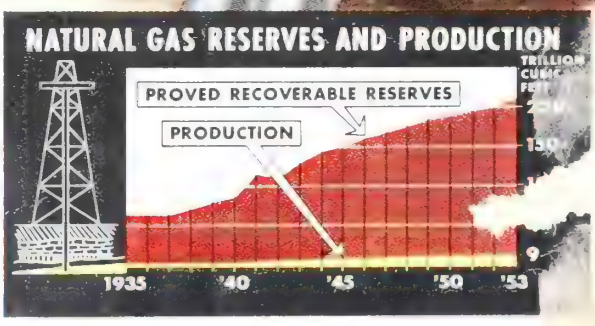
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"When you have to kill a man *it costs nothing to be polite*"



IT was the evening of December 7, 1941, in London. Churchill was relaxing at a table with his American friends, Ambassador Winant and Averell Harriman. When he turned on his wireless set for a regular news broadcast he heard something said about Japan attacking American territory. He at once put in a call to the White House.

"In two or three minutes Mr. Roosevelt came through. 'Mr. President, what's this about Japan?' 'It's quite true,' the President replied. 'They have attacked us at Pearl Harbor. We are all in the same boat now.'"

The very next day Churchill wrote the Japanese Ambassador to inform him that their countries were at war. He recalls that some people criticized him for the "ceremonial" style he used in his letter. "But after all," comments Churchill, *"when you have to kill a man it costs nothing to be polite."*

This is one of the thousands of interesting sidelights and anecdotes of the war which the famous Prime Minister reveals in his six-volume masterpiece, *The Second World War*. Some are tragic, some dramatic—all of them reveal the human and intimate side of the war leaders in their conduct of affairs.

Stalin Thought It a Joke

Among the fascinating revelations in *The Second World War* is the by-play between Churchill, Stalin and President Roosevelt, as they sat around the conference or dining table, planning, arguing, toasting, joking.

Was Stalin really pulling Churchill's leg when he proposed that after the war 50,000 of Germany's military leaders and technicians be executed? Churchill tells how he objected to the idea, saying, "I would rather be taken out into the garden here and be shot myself than sully my own country's honor by such infamy."

President Roosevelt tried to make a joke of it by offering the compromise plan that only 49,000 be shot. When Elliott Roosevelt made a speech on the subject agreeing with Stalin, Churchill left the table in a huff. He was at once followed by Stalin and Molotov, grinning and eagerly declaring they were only playing, that nothing of a serious character had entered Stalin's head.

Mr. Churchill was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature, principally for *The Second World War*, and there can be little doubt that it will come to be regarded as one of the great landmarks of world literature.

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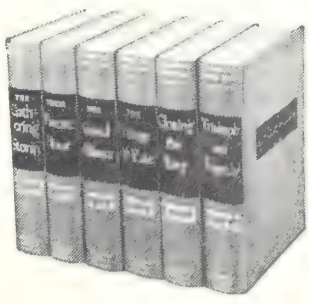
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LETTERS

The Writer's Psyche—

To the Editors:

Cheers for Malcolm Cowley ["Psychoanalysts and Writers," September]—and some queries for Bergler.

As one who believes great (and greatly misunderstood) truth lies in psychoanalysis, I nevertheless fail to believe in the Infallibility of Analysts.

For example, Bergler's assertion that all writing is valueless, based on his assumption that all writers are neurotic, is a *non sequitur.*

It implies that personality disorder sabotages all the functions of the brain: logic, reason, detachment, imagination, etc. Were that so, there could have been no Sigmund Freud, to name just one.

Bergler's notion also implies the universality of a specific neurosis. Even scientists must write their papers. Historians write the record of man; statesmen write speeches; and businessmen write letters and reports. Mere talk is writing unrecorded. Are we all, then, preoedipal oral regressives?

Finally, how does Bergler manage to practice? How, that is, can he treat what he calls "writer's block" if, to write, the luckless author must remain neurotic?

I suggest the good doctor, before he explodes more such theory, look sharply to his own petard.

PHILIP WYLIE
Rushford, N. Y.

To the Editors:

Mr. Malcolm Cowley is to be congratulated on his article in your September issue. If any of the doctors named in Mr. Cowley's piece had ever "read" for a publication as I do, I think they would be interested to take statistics on the number of writers (by which I mean people who write, irrespective of the merit of the output) that exist. My estimate would be that four-fifths of the population writes—according to Dr. Bergler that would mean that only one-fifth of the people are normal, and I am terribly afraid that they paint or act, which is probably just as bad. In short the doctors are, I fear, dreadfully deceived. The normalcy fringe is even smaller than they suppose. Writing is often a secret vice practiced by insurance men and bank clerks; nothing can be done about it.

Felicitations and hearty concurrences to Mr. Cowley.

MARTHA BACON
Boston, Mass.

To the Editors:

Mr. Malcolm Cowley quotes a part of a sentence from an article of mine in the *American Imago.* I should like to quote the rest of the sentence for the information of those readers who may be interested: [The interpretation quoted by Mr. Cowley is] "an adult addition to the childhood construction of the negative oedipal fantasy." This is to say that while adults, including the author of *Ivanhoe* which I am discussing, may see the burning of Torquilstone castle in association with the sexual abuse which Ulrica, the incendiary, has suffered, *this connotation is not essential to the childhood experience out of which it grew* in Scott's mind.

To correct the impression that, as Mr. Cowley says, my students are "edified" by improper language, I should like to quote a few sentences from the article which he attacks. "The analysis of the novel here given is not intended as in any way complete and exhaustive. *Nor is it given in the language and manner with which a teacher would present the novel to his class.* It is simply intended as a guide to the psychological structure of the story on the basis of which further analysis and discussion could continue."

ARTHUR WORMHOUDT
St. Cloud, Minn.

To the Editors:

I am deeply sorry that my article should have caused embarrassment to Dr. Wormhoudt. . . . I did not state or imply that Dr. Wormhoudt followed the method in his ow classes. Since writing the article have heard from an independe source that Dr. Wormhoudt is teacher with that rare gift of arou ing interest and enthusiasm in l students. St. Cloud is fortunate have such a teacher on its facul

MALCOLM COWL
New York, N. Y

Churchill Quip—

To the Editors:

In his admirable description "Churchill in His Element" [Septe ber], Mr. Woodrow Wyatt referr to Churchill's characterization Prime Minister Ramsay MacDona as "The Boneless Wonder." I was guest in the Press Gallery of t House of Commons some twenty-o years ago when, after a long, ra bling, and diffuse speech by Rams MacDonald, Churchill convulsed crowded House by commenting:

"The Prime Minister has the m remarkable facility of any man know for compressing the larg number of words into the small amount of thought."

D. LUKIN JOHNST
Vancouver, Cana

Washington Exodus—

To the Editors:

Arthur Moore's article ["Why Businessmen Are Leaving Washi ton," September] provokes me to son that if all these fellows in q tion had made good, businessl studies of Washington living a working conditions, they wo never have been "dragged" there the first place. Their present exo demonstrates nothing so well as th own naïveté. . . .

DUTTON SMIT
Middlebury,

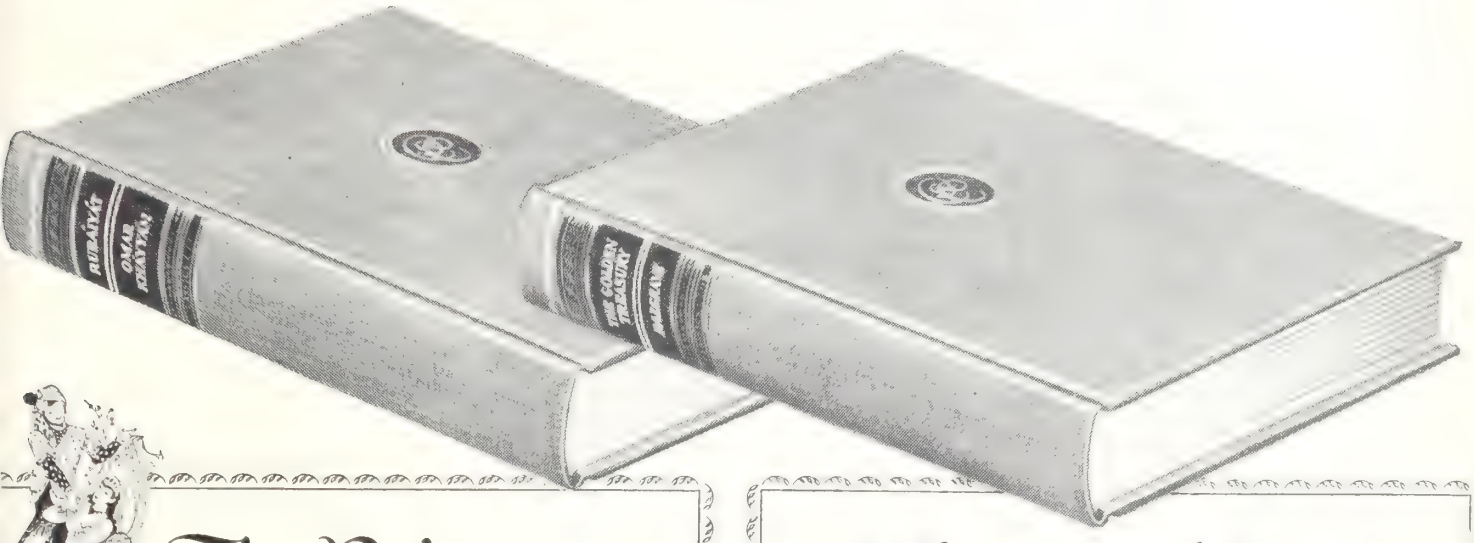
To the Editors:

Arthur Moore's article is good far as it goes. Mr. Moore says t President Eisenhower needs "d cated young Republicans." D

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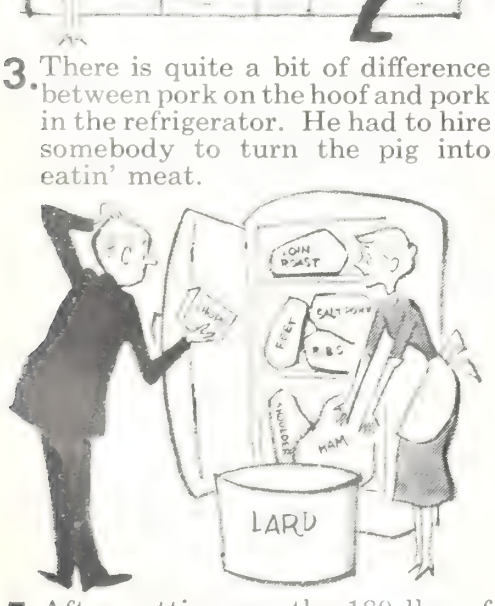
1. "Why is it," Mr. Perkins asked his wife, "that you pay more than twice as much for pork chops as porkers are bringing on the farm? We will buy a whole pig—have pork chops more often and save a lot of money, too."



2. So Mr. P. drove to the country, bought a very choice 240-lb. pig (he hadn't known they ran so big). He also found out that . . .

3. There is quite a bit of difference between pork on the hoof and pork in the refrigerator. He had to hire somebody to turn the pig into eatin' meat.

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5. After cutting up, the 180 lbs. of pork had shrunk to only 135 lbs. of meat cuts—*only 10 lbs. of which were center cut chops.* The hams still had to be cured, bacon smoked and sliced, sausage made.



6. "I much prefer to be able to pick and choose just the cuts I want—when I want them," said Mrs. Perkins. "With packers and retailers on the job, I know any cut I want will be available when I want it."

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LETTERS

Mr. Moore, or President Eisenhowe think anyone would be so naïve as t "dedicate" himself to the governmen after the shambles Mr. Philip Youn and the Republican party made o civil service? RUTH SZOLD ZEISLE Washington, D. C.

What's in a Name—

To the Editors:

While we are on the subject o trying names ["Who the Hell Holy, Fair, and Wise?" in the Jun issue, and Mabel Gillespie's letter i September] how about Emma?

Mabel does mean "beloved o beautiful," but Emma means "gran mother or nurse." Pretty stimulatin

Novelists frequently have maiden Aunt Em, preferably a r signed victim of circumstance among their characters, poets shu the name, and popular song write carefully avoid it.

Girls named Emma
Get in no dilemma.

EMMA MILLER REINHARD
Phila., Pa.

[*How about the heroine of Jane Au ten's* Emma?—*The Editors.*]

Fabulous Experiment—

To the Editors:

Cameron Hawley's article, "Ind nesia, the Fabulous Experiment," i your August issue recalled a lectu I heard last year in Washingto The speaker was M. Maramis, Fir Secretary of the Indonesian Embass and he spoke to us of the struggl and aspirations of his nation. Amon the means to reduce illiteracy h stressed an ingeniously simple d vice: every man and woman wh has mastered reading and writing called upon to teach ten other pe ple. . . .

Another point of interest whic emerges from the article was illu trated by Mr. Maramis' talk. It a pears that Asian peoples, much they despise their former Weste overlords, are eager to adopt Wes ern culture: Mr. Maramis mentione with particular pride that the com plete works of Shakespeare hav been translated into Malay.

ANNA BRENNER
Fredericksburg, V

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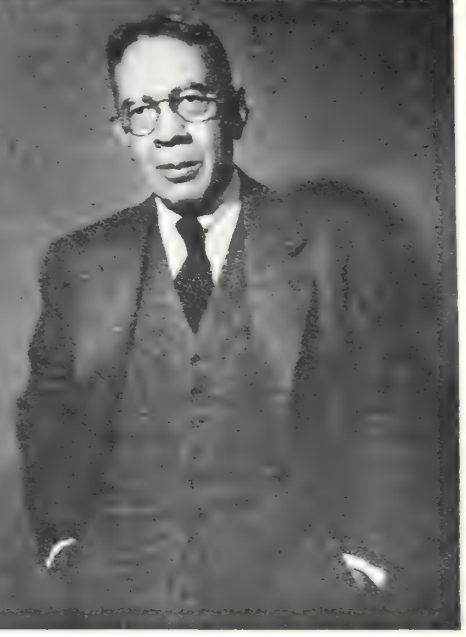
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R 1

The Easy Chair

by

Bernard DeVoto



In the Horse Latitudes

Of the numerous calendars in use, solar, civil, ecclesiastical, and fiscal, none fits the movements of American society. The calendar to which we refer our feelings and behavior is based neither on the equinox nor the paschal moon but on an event in the month of September, the trouble with which is that it is variable, depending on who you are and what your habits are. New Year's Day comes in September all right but is it the Tuesday after Labor Day, the day after the family gets back from the beach, the day school opens (here the variation may be three weeks), or Registration Day at college? Even the white sales cannot be sure.

This indeterminateness, which corresponds to the inability of astronomical calendars to synchronize the lunar month with the solar year, further retards the naturally slow pickup of the human mechanism when it gets back to work. In 1954 the drag of a slow start was even more marked than usual, and more frustrating to an observer. No one was able to say with assurance what the Americans were heading toward in the year that began sometime in September. On the other hand, it was easy to determine where they were on that New Year's Day. They were in a region which can be precisely located on a map and one which is notorious for cross-currents. If they had a course, which was an arguable question, they weren't steering it by either the stars or the compass.

Their apathetic mood appears to have been anticipated and shared by our poets, intuitive men all. As a rule, the fall poetry season opens with a greater splendor than the rest of the year lives up to, but the show this year was mediocre. A carbonated soft drink for modern living had been born. To the patina of soft, supple leather a dash of moondust had been added. Betting that the talk about cancer of the lungs would increase the national hypochondria, someone had created a Milady Pipe in four colors. The lyrists of women's wear could soar no higher than the adjective "slinky," though there was a girdle that might change your life. Men's socks were Touch 'n Tingle. The girls could assure their legs a gentle misty look.

This last was an omen, in fact it proved to be the tipoff if you stayed with the poets. To the five established complexions, ivory, pink, medium, olive, and sepia, a newly discovered one had been added: its name was Radiant. Now the extraordinary energy and the long life of the queen bee, so the poem went on, are due to the food, called "royal jelly," amassed for her by the worker bees. (The workers are partially developed females.) Scientists in white jackets working in our own laboratories had now added this regal substance to a couple of cosmetics which that other sovereign, Her Majesty the American Woman, could pat into her own cheeks at bedtime. It would confirm her superiority to the only partially developed and might qualify her to lay 1,200 eggs a day—the queen bee does. Being French, the products were a threat to the American economy and might lead to quota restrictions and a hike in the import duty. But American enterprise refused to wait for protection and reacted swiftly: an American firm announced a night cream which contained serum, presumably blood serum, and a jigger of amniotic fluid. So much for reciprocal bees.

The bearing of all this gradually became evident as one worked his way through the two leading journals of lyric poetry. The illustrations showed that while we weren't looking, a cultural upheaval had occurred, in fact a revolution. Sketched or photographed, in the ads or in the texts, the models who were

to fill the daydreams of Her Majesty were more pyknic than any we have seen for a long time. They were not the girls we had grown used to in these pages—elongated, chlorotic, slant-eyed and anemically depraved, with a touch of the Absinthe Drinker and a touch of rickets. They were a radically different fantasy of loveliness, moderately parabolic, rounded to a circumspect degree but by no means buxom, attractive but not, God forbid, seductive, part honors senior at Bryn Mawr, part air-line hostess. Their expression was reassuring, or possibly dissuasive—the right word for that discreetly Radiant complexion and for that grave, sincere smile was hard to find. The American Woman in the fall of '54 would be—well, "wholesome" did not say all of it and neither did "candid." While the observer hestitated over "aseptic," *Vogue* said it with authority: she would have The New Gentle Look. Jot down the phrase; it describes more than the acceptable female exterior for fall.

A current fashion in bars, for instance. The cocktail called the Gibson was invented for people in need of such a right hook to the solar plexus as undiluted gin delivers. But as we entered the serene season, along Madison Avenue, where most of our poetry is composed, people were asking for a "Gibson on the rocks." It was a nonsensical contradiction; by diluting the gin it forfeited the only excuse the Gibson has ever had; but it signified a mood which, as anyone could see, was spreading widely. A traffic cop in Illinois was moved to tear up a ticket and to apologize to a motorist for having used, the dispatch said, "unseemly language." In Las Vegas a performing tiger had to give up its Equity card because it had scratched a night-club singer. Even Oklahoma was gentling; a hero out of Western fiction who got a loop round a cattle rustler and claimed a long-standing reward from the stock association learned that it had stood unclaimed for so long that there were no funds for it. The *Times* came up with a word that is sure to travel the length of Madison Avenue; it is "pogonotrophy" and means the growing of beards, not necessarily in competition with Commander Whitehead. But the new look's gentlest flowering was the majority report on Senator McCarthy, Senator Dirksen collaborating with the Snow Maiden.

Carol's and Edna's complexion was not Radiant, they were throwbacks to pre-gentle times, and the New Englanders had to endure their third and fourth hurricanes in sixteen years. After the first one the New Bedford *Standard-Times,* a diffident, soft-spoken newspaper, denounced the Weather Bureau, possibly forgetting that it belongs to a Department of Commerce that is now soundly Republican. Calling hurricanes by the names of girls, the editorial said, was coy, facetious, and inappropriate. The Bureau replied that it had done its best to work out designations which others would accept but no sale. Storms kept forming, no matter what *Vogue* said; you had to give them identifying and differentiating labels; experiments with numbers and the alphabet had produced confusion. Most of us supposed that the practice had originated with George Stewart's Junior Meteorologist in *Storm*, and just what is wrong with it? Calling a disturbance Maria may have suggested something of its nature before the U. S. went decorous, and may be comforting to lonely weather-watchers. New Bedford would have fared no differently if it had been struck by Lambda Zero Three Coefficient K.

But Senator Green of Rhode Island had a more serious complaint about the Weather Bureau. He asserted that it had failed to give adequate advance warning of the first storm and, till much too late, had failed to describe as a hurricane what was on the way. (No such criticism could be made about the treatment of Edna; we were hearing about her before she got out of the delivery room.) I have no way of checking what happened in Rhode Island but the Boston Bureau was calling the storm a hurricane some hours before it got here; friends of mine on Cape Cod report that they got as much notice as they could use and conclude that certain tragedies near them resulted not from lack of warning but from failure to listen to the radio. I doubt a columnist's allegation that, because the Rhode Island Bureau forecast a sixty-mile gale instead of a hurricane, "many houses were blown down . . . ancient trees were sent crashing to the ground . . . and light, power, and telephone service were eliminated." The seventy-five-mile word would not have shored up a single tree, and both the columnist and the Senator missed a point. Perhaps the man at Providence was on Schedule C and aware that the Hatch Act forbids political activity. We need not expect Westinghouse to show us Betty Furness beaming while the iceman stows a fifty-pound chunk in the refrigerator, though in Cambridge, in the wake of Carol, we paid a dollar for the chunk.

It is a muted season. When the McCarthy tried to get into his act before Senator Watkins' committee, the gentleman from Utah broke sharply with the practice adopted by Mr. Mundt. He told Stentor that he was out of order, shut him up, and from then on held him to points at issue. One would have expected the first bang of that gavel to resound across the country and to go on echoing for a long time. Instead, it dwindled away as if muffled by soundproofing material. The fact is puzzling and we had better not explain it too confidently. In August I traveled from the Charles to Puget Sound and back by a zigzag course that doubled the mileage, stopping at a number of places I had visited six months earlier. Everywhere I

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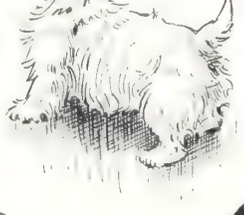
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went it was apparent that peop were talking about the bullroar much less than they had been earli in the year. But why?

For one thing, he had been pret much out of the headlines and the air since the hearings of t Mundt Committee. Maybe the e perience of quiet, which we had n had for so long we were forgetti it was possible, was so blessed th people did not want to break t spell. Maybe the cynicism of t procedures at the hearings, the ver rigging of everything in his favor, l contemptuous flouting and the cha man's timorous flouting of princip that most people revere, the dai revelation of the grossness of l mind—maybe the sum of these co vinced the fringe who up till th had avoided judgment. Maybe pe ple who had not previously d tected the paranoia and the gan fight tactics in his routine now sa them for what they were. Mayb and this would be the most welcon reading, the fate that is certain overtake all public performers h now reached him and he bor people.

Any of these explanations wou permit us to hope that the shrinka he has undergone will be perm nent, and that Senator Watkins' r fusal to be scared, overawed, or eve disconcerted by him will progre sively embolden others. But the re explanation may be different: th peculiar season we are experiencin Maybe McCarthy, his past and h future, and his implications a among the subjects about which th public, at the moment, hasn't g any feelings positive enough count.

THE fact that there are a goo many things that no considerab part of the public is feeling strong about establishes our positio on the map. The northeast trade which lie north of the equato are the steady winds that made poss ble the dependable navigation of th North Atlantic by sailing ship North of them lies a region whos name was a byword in the days d sail, the Horse Latitudes, so calle because "cargoes of livestock som times had to be thrown overboar for lack of water." It is a region d calms, of light and variable wind

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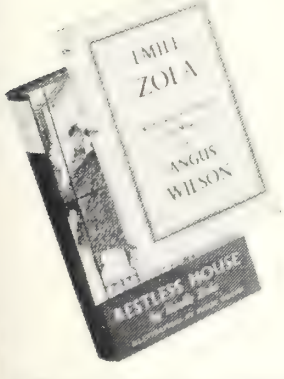
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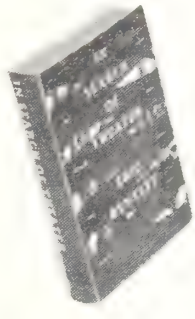


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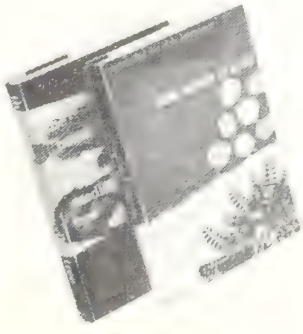
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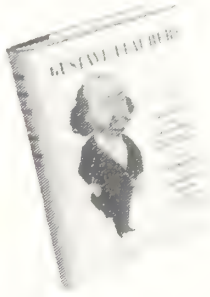


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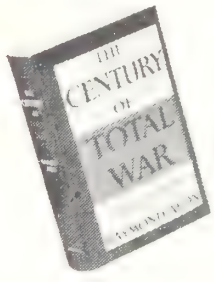




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where progress in any direction take a weary time, where such breezes a there are succeed one another with out meaningful sequence and nc breeze blows for very long. Sinc early summer the United States ha been in the Horse Latitudes.

About six weeks before Congres adjourned, the Administration real ized that it could do something about the division of its forces, tool hold, and did do something. It go from Congress more than in May i seemed likely to but less than it coulc have got if it had tried earlier, anc much less than its original and con tinuing advertising told us it wa going to get. (A lot of people hav written to me asking what happene to the Hope-Aiken grazing bill anc the bill to authorize Echo Park Dam Both of them died in the closing days of the session. Though tha verb is technically accurate, in actua fact both were killed: the oppositior licked them. It may well be tha the grazing bill is licked for good The forces lined up behind the Hope-Aiken bill were not enough tc pass it and they were greater, i seems likely, than any that can agair be mobilized in support of its ob jectives.) The reviews of the sessior which the newspapers published im mediately after the adjournmen seemed to be based on the public mood. The praise which the Repub lican papers dished out was remark ably tepid, and the disparagement of Democratic editorial writers, what there are of them, was of about the same strength.

LEGISLATION, decision, social action —except by default nothing gets very far in this country unless a lot of people are pretty angry or pretty scared. What has happened has mostly been by default. There have been plenty of things to anger and scare people, and indeed a lot of people have felt both emotions re peatedly this year. But, the curious point is, not for long. The airs have been light, contrary, from many di rections, and short-lived.

Indochina went down the drain and no military position appears to have been prepared in advance for the allied nations to fall back on. France demolished the European Defense Community; its collapse de stroyed what laborious years had ac-

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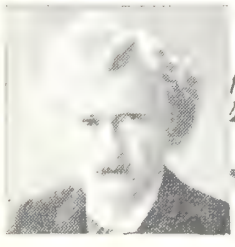
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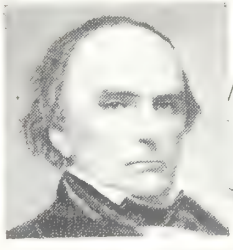
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SCATTERED rains have in so
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So by the time our Septemb
New Year's day arrived anyone cou
see why the fall poetry opening h
been such a flop. It had been turn
over to the minor poets, or ratl
the sub-minor poets, for both fi

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in this moment

The prayer lingers still . . . across the table as Dad begins to serve . . . it brushes Mother's still-bowed head . . . it caresses Sally's fist as she reaches for the promised drumstick. The words of thanksgiving are being made real in this moment—the words of gratitude from a good provider to the Great Provider.

This time of security together is precious beyond all words.

The most precious gift we give or receive is the gift of security. It is the lifeblood of happiness. And only in a land like ours are we free to choose security as a goal of living.

And with this choice goes another great privilege—helping to achieve the security of our country. For, secure homes, one joining another, make up the security of America.

Let this be the goal of *your* home!

Saving for security is easy! Read every word—now! If you've tried to save and failed, chances are it was because you didn't have a *plan*. Well, here's a savings system that really works—the Payroll Savings Plan for investing in U.S. Savings Bonds. This is all you do. Go to your company's pay office, choose the amount you want to save—a few dollars a payday, or as much as you wish. That money will be set aside for you before you even draw your pay. And automatically invested in Series "E" U.S. Savings Bonds which are turned over to you.

If you can save only $3.75 a week on the Plan, in 9 years and 8 months you will have $2,137.30. If you can save as much as $18.75 a week, 9 years and 8 months will bring you $10,700!

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A PUBLIC SERVICE PROJECT THE ADVERTISING COUNCIL

and second-stringers had been drafted for a more important job than adding moondust to the patina of leather. The massed copy-writers have been planning what, among themselves, they probably call Operation Madison Avenue. What we need from now to November is salesmanship: a good trade name, an attractive package, and some catchy slogans. Observation has shown that the public is in the Horse Latitudes and that's exactly the best place for it. Let's keep it there. We'll push the New Gentle Look.

IN MID-SEPTEMBER every radio and television set is purveying wholesomeness and sincere candor every few minutes. The complexion of all salesmen is Radiant and they are all made up to resemble the Vice President's straightforward, eager manliness so closely that the campaign looks like an issue of *Vogue* for Boy Scouts. There has been no such praise of virtue and good old-fashioned American optimism since Calvin Coolidge—the copy-writers have drilled to a stratum that makes every well a gusher. Battalions of scientists in white jackets have been producing secret, magic ingredients and combining them in royal jelly. Patted into the cheeks at night, it whitens teeth, prevents body odor, takes inches off your hips, gets more miles to the gallon, and is the choice of 219 out of 224 men of distinction and practically all tobacco buyers. Clearly, till the day after Election Day at least stocks will be steady and skies will be Radiant, there will be no more hurricanes, no war talk, no tensions, no disconcerting headlines, and no issues. Not if B. B. D. & O. knows its stuff.

That is maybe. Sometimes plugging the New Gentle Look sells toothpaste but we had a whole deck of slogans for Indochina, EDC, and surplus labor and none of them got us anywhere. By November it usually proves better to meet issues than to assert that there aren't any. And there is an additional fact about the Horse Latitudes: sometimes a couple of the light airs collide there and what comes out of the meeting is Carol or Edna. But you can see, Senator Green, that no one would call it a hurricane except a Prophet of Doom and Gloom.

A Letter To Our NON-CATHOLIC Neighbors



Catholics and non-Catholics, as a rule, get along right well together.

Our families live amicably next door to each other and often become lifetime friends. Our sons fight side by side on every battlefield. We work together in the same shops and factories . . . root for the same baseball teams . . . do business with one another in a spirit of mutual trust every day.

In these and other phases of everyday life, there is a close association which promotes understanding and respect. But in religion . . . where this close association does not exist . . . there is often a regrettable lack of understanding and a corresponding absence of good-will.

Many people, for instance, have all sorts of false ideas about Catholics and the Catholic Church. They actually believe that Catholics worship statues . . . that many sordid things happen behind convent walls . . . that Catholics do not believe in the Bible . . . that Catholic teaching is pure superstition and the Mass nothing but mumbo-jumbo.

All non-Catholics, of course, do not believe such things. But enough of these false rumors are in circulation to cause some sincere and intelligent non-Catholics to look upon the Catholic Church with suspicion, and to reject Catholic truth without even troubling to investigate it.

It is for this reason that the Knights of Columbus, a society of Catholic laymen, publishes advertisements like this explaining what Catholics really believe. We want our non-Catholic friends and neighbors to understand us and our faith, even if they do not wish to join us. We want them to know the Catholic Church as it really is . . . not as it is so often misrepresented to be.

It is also important to you personally, however, to inquire into the teaching of the Catholic Church. For unless you do, you cannot know whether the Catholic Church is or is not the Church established by Jesus Christ for your salvation. You cannot intelligently accept or reject Catholic teaching until you investigate it and know what it really is.

A distinguished Catholic author has written "A Letter to a Friend Not of My Faith." This letter has been published as a pamphlet which gives a remarkably clear and beautiful explanation of Catholic beliefs, worship and history, and a blue print of Christian living which will deeply move you whether you accept or reject the Catholic viewpoint.

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Personal and Otherwise

History: Its Uses and Abuses

HISTORY too has its history, as *Lynn White, jr.*, counsels us at the opening of this month's lead article (p. 29). President White of Mills College, himself an historian of the medieval period, goes on to relate some of the most recent history of history—the new developments in technique, accessions of information, and shifts in attitude that are making it (as he says) a different sort of study not only in quantity but in quality as well. Not even the mind of a Toynbee, feels President White, has synthesized this volume and variety of new knowledge into a totally inclusive theory of the past.

P & O, though applauding this article and long admiring its author, wishes to exercise its right of respectfully disagreeing with the point about Toynbee and historical theory. The activity President White summarizes has also included the discussion of new ideas as to what history is about, some of them (and one man's in particular) philosophical enough to give even Toynbee competition. Not that we've got anything against Toynbee, either; *Harper's* has fair claim to having published the first article about Mr. Toynbee and his works in a general magazine ("Arnold Toynbee: The Boldest Historian," by Granville Hicks, February 1947), followed two months later by Mr. Toynbee's own "Encounters Between Civilizations." We subsequently discovered, to carry self-congratulation further, that we had twice published Toynbee way back in the '20s when neither we nor anyone else knew that he was headed for the covers of both *Time* and *Life*, and his present status as the Compulsory Quote. Mr. Toynbee's reputation is well-earned; and this autumn, which has seen the publication of the final volumes of *A Study of History*, is an appropriate occasion for saluting his breadth, serenity, and extraordinary erudition.

But we are sure Mr. Toynbee himself would be the first to reject an exclusive prominence which suggests he is currently the only historian worth mentioning who holds an all-embracing view of history. It might be argued, in fact, that an important by-product of his work has been its stimulus to other scholars to adopt an equally broad and daring perspective. Some have even done so in specific disagreement with Toynbee's characteristic emphases, such as those on religion or the cyclic patterns of growth and decay. Others have argued for a total vision of life's progress upward from the slime so vast that Toynbee's twenty-odd "civilizations" dissolve into one another and lose their internal pattern or completeness. As often happens in this and other crafts, the more lowly practitioners are beginning to discover that they shared all along a set of unspoken assumptions and principles which a vigorous theorist like Toynbee forces them, in self-defense, to bring into the open. In P & O's opinion, the most notable of these non-Toynbee philosophies—and the one most likely, in the long run, to predominate—is that expressed by Herbert J. Muller in his book *The Uses of the Past* in 1952.

AN IDEA, as President White reminds us, can be a conceptual tool in the hands of the historian just as the Geiger counter can be a mechanical one. Professor Muller of Purdue calls his idea sometimes "an anthropological view of our history," sometimes a "tragic" view—"a spirit at once ironic, compassionate, and reverential." But he does not seek to make tools of historical ideas in the sense of arranging them into laws, or forcing them to fit a theoretical structure. His is the humanist's belief in history as a literary art based on a hard, factual accuracy—on Trevelyan's dictum: "It is the fact about the past that is poetic." Muller holds out for the possibility of broadening his "tragic view" into a "principle of historical analysis . . . that might not be precise, rigorous, or decisive enough to be dignified as a logical or scientific method, but that can be comprehen-

ve, consistent, disciplined, roughly
stematic, and always pertinent."
Only the "tragic view," in Profes-
r Muller's opinion, can both com-
rehend and anticipate the technical
lvances and discoveries that Presi-
ent White describes in his article.
Without prejudice to science,"
fuller goes on, "it may help us to
alize the value that Lionel Trilling
tributes to literature, as 'the hu-
an activity that takes the fullest
d most precise account of various-
ss, possibility, complexity, and dif-
culty.' *By systematically compli-
ting all issues, stressing the defects
d the excesses of all values, insist-
g on tension, imbalance, uncer-
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ore humane and more realistic,
ore generous in our sympathies
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talics ours.)

IT SEEMS to P & O that Muller's
philosophy is not only all-inclu-
e but sufficiently in tune with the
id-twentieth century to serve many
hers besides historians. Dissatisfied
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wallow in doubt—our dissatisfac-
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owledge that we are responsible
r our predicament and that "we
o," as Professor Muller says, "shall
time belong wholly to the past."
ut our view of history, both Muller
d White would agree, is one of the
ys in which we shape the future:
d there is much to be said for
ing sufficiently uncertain about
e past to avoid binding oneself to
rtain fate. "We are not naturally
ser than our ancestors," writes
uller, "but the revolutionary con-
tions of our thought and life have
ced a realization of relativity and
mplexity, the uncertainties of all
story, and the ambiguities of the
od old days that somehow led to
ese very bad days . . . . All in all,
e doubtless suffer from too much
ubt. But we are likely to suffer

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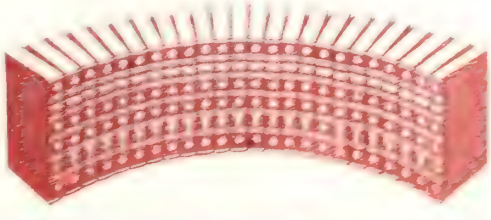
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much more because too many men are too sure of themselves."

President White, the author of *Latin Monasticism in Norman Sicily* and *Educating Our Daughters: A Challenge to the Colleges,* was professor of history at Stanford before he came to Mills College in 1943.

> This article [he writes] grew out of a convocation speech which I made to the Mills students a couple of years ago. I had gradually come to realize that the scientific revolution of our time is paralleled by an equally important and far-reaching revolution in the humanistic studies which are devoted to the effort to understand ourselves as human beings. But whereas scholars in the natural sciences are vividly aware of their revolution, and of the excitement of it, humanistic scholars, even the most adventurous of them, seldom seem to realize the novel implications of what they are doing.
>
> For example, Marc Bloch was in my opinion the most provocative historian of his generation. When the Nazis finally tortured him to death for his activity in the French underground, he left an unfinished manuscript entitled *The Historian's Craft.* It is in many ways excellent but scarcely hints at the nature of the scholarly revolution in which Bloch himself was one of the greatest leaders!

Poverty? Boredom?

THE person most baffled by the problem of juvenile delinquency is often the one closest to it who cares most—the parent. Dr. Harris B. Peck quotes one mother who explained her bewilderment in a group discussion held by the Mental Health Service of the New York City Children's Court:

> The majority of people in the neighborhood where children often get into trouble are poor people. . . . Maybe, like me, they do everything trying to make the children happy and when it doesn't seem to be any use at all, I just go out and work, work, work, and when the children are bad, I whip them even though I know it doesn't do any good.

This fluctuation between softness and toughness is a frantic refuge at best, but it is frequently all a parent can do. Some of the most useful help for youngsters in the roughest neighborhoods is given by street-club workers, who find that youths in cities are often bothered more by boredom than by poverty.

Stacy V. Jones reports on one such worker and his activities in "The Cougars: Life with a Brooklyn Gang" (p. 35). Mr. Jones is a free-lance reporter who came from Washington to Brooklyn to study the Cougars' turf and the New York City Youth Board. He regularly contributes a weekly roundup on patents to the *New York Times* Saturday financial page, and is the author of *How to Get It from the Government.*

• • •The poem on page 47 is the third by ***Sylvia Plath*** to appear in this magazine. Miss Plath is a senior at Smith College.

• • •***Sylvia Wright,*** in whose errant imagination the romantic "Lady Mondegreen" was born and perished (p. 48), is the same Sylvia who produced "Who the Hell is Holy, Fair, and Wise?", "How to Make Chicken Liver Pâté Once," "My Kitchen Hates Me," and "Get Away from Me with Those Christmas Gifts" in previous issues of *Harper's.* Besides concocting such semi-vengeful humorous items as the above, she has written verse, both light and serious, edited a major utopian novel by her father, Austin Tappan Wright, and worked for the government and various publications. She is a Bryn Mawr graduate, and keeps house in New York and on Fishers Island.

During September this year, she weathered the hurricanes at the MacDowell Colony in New Hampshire, working on a novel. She was at one time croquet champion of the Colony and was frequently employed showing poets and composers and painters how to build wood fires.

• • •Alderman Robert Merriam, a Chicagoan and a politician who does not conform to the clichés about either, will be watching the election returns this month along with the rest of us. To understand why he is involved in the outcome, and why his non-conformity is troublesome to both political parties, see ***Joseph N. Bell's*** analysis of Chicago's peculiar Democratic tie-up on page 52.

P & O

Mr. Bell is a free lance magazine writer, formerly in advertising and public relations. He was a Navy pilot for four years and is a graduate of the University of Missouri School of Journalism.

••*Storm Jameson's* new story, "The Mask" (p. 59) was written in France during one of the English novelist's many Continental visits. She has written well over a score of books of fiction and non-fiction and has traveled outside England frequently. In 1945 she visited Finland and Czechoslovakia, following up her war work in behalf of refugee writers, and in 1948 spent a year in the United States lecturing at the University of Pittsburgh with her husband, Professor Guy Patterson Chapman of Leeds University. The American success of Storm Jameson's last novel, *The Green Man,* lends excitement to the publication of her next, *The Hidden River,* which will be out in February 1955.

••Since 1946, when he wrote *The Concept of the Corporation,* ***Peter F. Drucker*** has been working out the ideas about modern American industry that appear in his article on "The Responsibilities of Management" (p. 67). Mr. Drucker, who is professor of management in the Graduate School of Business at New York University, has tried out his theories in practice over the years with a number of large corporations for which he has worked as a management and policy adviser. He has also written two influential books in the process—*The New Society* (1950) and *The Practice of Management,* which was published last month—and many articles on more specialized problems, such as "The Medical Insurance We Need Most" and "The Myth of American Uniformity."

••The busy Majorcan sojourn of ***Charles W. Thayer*** and his family, described on page 73 for the use and delectation of would-be tourists and leaseholders, occurred shortly after Mr. Thayer had completed a long and varied career of United States government service. A West Point graduate, class of '33, and a Second Lieutenant in the Cavalry of the

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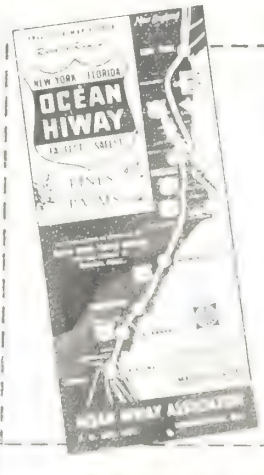
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U. S. Army (in those days they rode *horses,* and Thayer was first horseman of his class), Mr. Thayer went abroad and got his first government job as a messenger boy in the U. S. Embassy in Moscow. Later he held the post of vice-consul in Berlin; he established the U. S. Legation in Kabul, Afghanistan; he was a parachutist and chief of the Military Mission to Yugoslavia, and political adviser on General Clark's staff in Vienna; after the war he organized the "Voice of America" to Russia, was U. S. Political Liaison Officer to the Bonn government, and Consul General in Bavaria.

Mr. Thayer is the author of two books about adventures in diplomacy: *Bears in the Caviar* and *Hands Across the Caviar.*

•••Though ***James D. Koerner's*** sharp query, "Can Our Teachers Read and Write?" (p. 79) grows out of his college teaching experience in the Midwest, Mr. Koerner insists the problem is general, not specific to any region. "The sad truth is," he said to P & O, "that the profession is simply not attracting the intelligent, idealistic, and courageous young people that *could* be its salvation."

Now studying under a Ford Foundation grant at Harvard and MIT, Mr. Koerner is regularly assistant professor of English and American studies at the Kansas State College. He was an Army pilot and flying instructor for three years and received his Ph.D. from Washington University in St. Louis.

•••Lynn White's idea of "the changing past" is brilliantly illustrated by ***Cecil Woodham-Smith's*** delightful sidelight on the Crimean War, "The Last Romantic War" (p. 86). Mrs. Woodham-Smith has enthralled readers on both shores of the Atlantic with her two histories published in the past five years: *Florence Nightingale* and *The Reason Why*—both examples of the truth that the past which we possess in the mid-twentieth century is new and uniquely different from that which Tennyson and his contemporaries conceived as theirs.

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Next month—
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The Big Cigarette Scare
A careful weighing of the evidence on both sides of the current cigarette controversy
by Leonard Engel

gan her professional work on the Florence Nightingale biography during the rigors of World War II in London.

•••"The New Books" this month (p. 94) are in the deft hands of ***Randall Jarrell,*** poet, novelist, critic, whose most recent book was *Pictures from an Institution*, a satire on the academic life.

In the December issue, ***Joseph Henry Jackson*** will be guest critic. Mr. Jackson is the literary editor of the San Francisco *Chronicle;* his sagacity as a judge of books and urbanity as writer and editor have helped to maintain San Francisco's reputation as a cosmopolitan center.

La Fontaine Revised

ONE of our editors reports some success in a variety of speech-making chores with an anecdote he claims can be adapted to nearly any audience or subject. Following is the form in which it was used at a conference of the College English Association on business and the liberal arts:

An unfortunate grasshopper, who had spent the entire summer in song, began to be worried as fall came on. He went to a friend of his who was an ant, and said, "Look, I have a problem I wonder if you could help me with. You see I'm an artist, a liberal arts man, and I just haven't had the opportunity to store away food for the winter. I was thinking if maybe I could become an ant for a while, just to tide me over . . ."

"Well," said the ant, "I don't mean to tell you how to run your life; but, frankly, this ant business has been vastly overrated. There are so many people down there, and it gets so cold, and we don't always have enough to eat either. If you want to know what I think you should be, it isn't an ant but a cockroach. They really have it made—sit indoors all the time, where it's nice and warm, and people are always dropping food around."

"You convince me," said the grasshopper. "I'll do just as you say. How do I go about becoming a cockroach?"

"That," said the ant, "is an administrative decision. I merely advise on policy."

33rd Year

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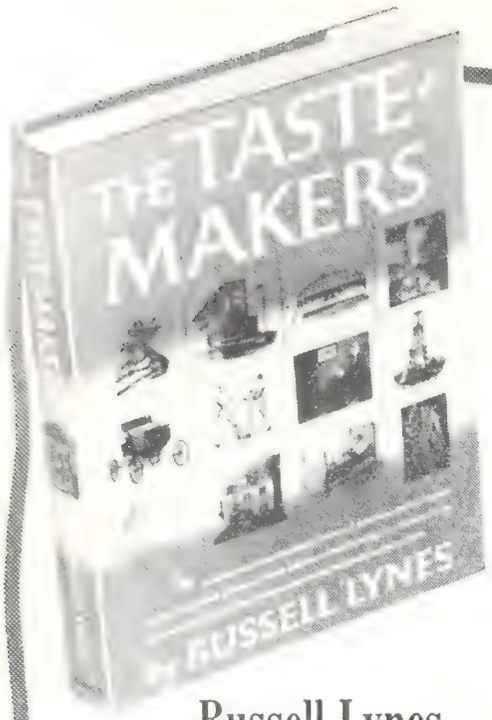
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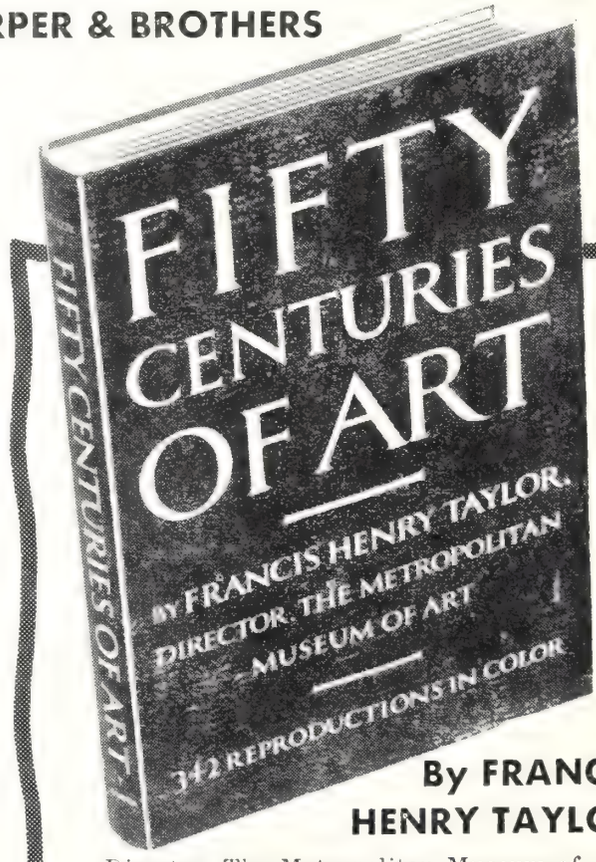
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Harper's MAGAZINE

The Changing Past

Lynn White, jr.

History, says an historian turned college president, does not *repeat itself. Under the impact of new discoveries and new techniques it is in fact changing both in content and point of view—and with it changing our ideas of what the past was like and the future might become.*

HISTORY too has its history, and today far more is happening in the quiet studies of historians than most people suspect. For one thing, history is being made faster than we can absorb it. In our time, for the first time, it has suddenly become global and the mere quantity of the stuff is overwhelming. East and South Asia, Russia, and pre-Columbian America can no longer be treated as fine-type footnotes to Western Civilization. As yet no mind, not even Arnold Toynbee's, has really digested the new material. But even the most specialized historian senses the job to be done.

The busy spades of archaeologists are further complicating matters by digging up not only objects but whole cultures unknown even a few years ago. In 1900 the Hittites were hardly more than a name in the Bible. Today Yale is publishing a bulky Hittite dictionary. The jungles of Cambodia have been torn aside to reveal the astonishing remains of Ankor Vat and the vanished Khmer civilization. Moslem fanatics still prevent excavation of the South Arabian ruins of Saba whose queen may have visited Solomon nearly three thousand years ago, but in the Indus valley a cluster of cities perhaps as old as Babylonia or Egypt has come to light. On Crete and in the Aegean the Minoans are emerging from the mists. In 1953 a British architect who had worked on Nazi spy codes during World War II cracked the most common form of Minoan writing. Studies of the early Germans and Celts are fast changing our notions of what the Romans found when they marched north of the Alps. And in the Americas, Aztec and pre-Aztec, Inca and pre-Inca cultures, always curious and sometimes magnificent, are turning up in most embarrassing profusion. We really don't know what to do with all the history we now have.

But historians these days are not just excited about the quantitative expansion of history in time and space. The most fascinating part of their business is the recent discovery of new ways of quizzing the dead, fresh methods of interpreting and understanding the traces left by old thoughts, deeds, and passions. History is changing its quality too.

The growth of the natural sciences in our time has put novel power-tools into the historian's kit. In 1949 a counter was perfected which would measure the amount of

radioactive carbon in animal or plant material up to 25,000 years old. In 1953 at the Universities of Manitoba and Chicago two types of scintillation counters were developed which promise to date such objects over a span of some 44,000 years with a maximum error of thirty-seven years. While puzzling problems remain in the use of these machines, we can now take a few splinters from a beam, charcoal from an ancient campfire, a bone or a shred of cloth from a tomb, and attempt to give them pin-point dates. Within a decade we may have for the first time a world-wide chronology which will connect events in the regions of written records to those in the far larger areas which have lacked either writing or dates.

Mere literacy has never been identical with intelligence or vitality. For an understanding of the movements of history, the unlettered but not necessarily stupid or uncultured barbarian is often as important as the city-dweller. Indeed, the latter has often awakened to discover himself subject to that same barbarian and required to modify his arts and social order to suit his new master's taste. Moreover it has already helped our time perspective to learn that while the Athenians were building the Parthenon, the temples and tombs of Monte Alban near Oaxaca were under construction; that when Augustus was boasting that he had found Rome a city of brick and turned it into a city of marble, the vast Pyramid of the Sun at Teotihuacan near Mexico City was already ancient and subject to enlargement over old cores.

Ever since the invention of agriculture, people have been so mixed up with plants that the current development of botany has opened up entirely new kinds of historical evidence. The study of fossil pollen, for instance, is throwing new light on the history of Northern Europe. All the way from Ireland to Finland there are peat bogs, and annually a new layer of peat moss is laid down in them. As the breezes blow, some of the local pollen is deposited on the summer's growth of moss, and this pollen, despite its delicacy, is so well preserved that the species of each grain can be identified under a microscope.

Climatic changes may be detected in shifts in the kinds of trees and plants surrounding a bog as reflected in changing pollens in the levels of peat. These levels can be dated rather exactly, so that we now have a climatic history of the regions around the Baltic and North Sea extending over several thousand years.

One of the most startling results is the discovery of a sudden worsening of climate about 1300 A.D. which made farming so difficult that during the next three generations thousands of villages in Northern Europe were abandoned. No change in physical climate can account entirely for the almost terrifying changes in the intellectual and emotional climate of the fourteenth century. It has long been recognized as an age of turmoil, agony, soul-searching, and new departures. But the careful counting of grains of fossil pollen has given us new insight into the sufferings and discontents of the Northern peasantry, and into the economic hazards and consequent neuroses of their feudal overlords.

The botanists also have renewed old controversies by finding good evidence of two-way contact between Asia and South America since very early times. The skipper of the *Kon-Tiki* has popularized the fact that the sweet potato, a New World plant, was found by the first white explorers all over Polynesia bearing its American Indian name. The yam, originally from the East Indies, was known in the Caribbean before Columbus' time, while a gourd which is native to India is found in Peruvian graves earlier than 1000 B.C. A cotton with fourteen long chromosomes was domesticated very early, presumably in India. It was taken to America, where it crossed with a cotton having fourteen short chromosomes. The hybrid seems to have been carried westward again to the Pacific Islands before Europeans reached those waters.

Certain very specific things common to Asia and to the New World have long been noted (parcheesi, blowguns, the abacus, hieroglyphics, four-wheeled pulling-toys, zero, decorative motifs, and the like) although most historians have brushed the matter aside as pure coincidence. But, as one botanist has remarked, "plants are not constructs of the mind." Their wanderings back and forth across the Pacific having been proved, the question of the spread of the other items is

reopened. The cultural history of mankind may have far more unity than hitherto we have thought possible.

New Kinds of Evidence

The present growth of historical studies, however, is due only in small part to techniques and novel kinds of evidence provided by the natural sciences. A new idea can be a more important instrument of research than a Geiger counter or electronic microscope. And the new ideas are burgeoning.

Historians have recently waked up to the extent to which they have been document-bound. The written records upon which they depended in the past, with the rarest exceptions were the product of the upper classes and reflect their interests and the things they cared to talk about. Record-keeping began with a tiny dominant group of priests and rulers. Gradually through the centuries more of the nobility, and eventually some of the greater merchants, entered the charmed circle of the "historical." But, even as late as the eighteenth century, what do we really know—and in terms of the written records what can we know—about the nine-tenths of the people, even in literate societies, who were themselves illiterate and voiceless? Not until the age of the American and French Revolutions did the great masses become articulate and emerge clearly into the historical records.

There is a vast sub-history which is very like pre-history. It must be explored if we are to have a history of humanity rather than just of the aristocracy. The task is by no means hopeless: there are ways of gleaning the fields which conventional historians thought they had harvested. We have archaeological data, pictures, even the casual metaphors of the upper classes. How many readers of Dante realize that the first evidence of the windmill in Italy is found in the last canto of the *Inferno* where Satan threshes his arms "like a mill which the wind turns"? A poet does not use such a figure unless it is immediately recognizable: windmills must have been common in Italy by Dante's day. Yet no one who could write had bothered to mention one. We may be sure that the people who sweated for a living were not so indifferent to this major power-machine.

It would be very wrong to picture the submerged nine-tenths as dumb brutes. If there is anything in genetics, we can't permit ourselves to think so, for we are all descended from them. There was much originality and creative force in those who did not get into the records. To a great extent (although not entirely) changes in the so-called fine arts and literature are refinements of the folk art and oral literature of the common people. Just as many traits of the modern American novel sprang from the supposedly contemptible "penny horribles" of our nineteenth century, so it appears that such things as harmonic music and rhymed poetry are humble in their origins.

Indeed, since aristocracies breed themselves out, in every age the ambitious and able have managed to up-grade themselves socially, bringing their basic attitudes with them. Perhaps peasants are more responsible than philosophers for the ideas which we all take for granted.

Anyone who has become acquainted with educated and sensitive Asians traveling among us to explore our minds has been told, not once but often: "The thing which fundamentally separates you Americans and Europeans from all the rest of mankind is that you live *on* nature, not *with* nature." To which we refrain from replying, "Why, yes! This accounts for our superiority!" and, with evasive amiability, pour another martini for our guests.

Where did we get this distinctively Western notion of our relation to nature? From the earliest times land was distributed among peasants in allotments sufficient to support a family. Although the peasant paid rent for his land, usually in produce or services, the assumption was subsistence farming. Then in Northern Europe, and there alone, a great change took place in agricultural methods. During the early Middle Ages a new kind of heavy plow came into use with a moldboard to turn over the sod. Friction with the soil was so much greater than in the case of the older two-ox scratch-plow that normally eight oxen were needed. But no peasant had eight oxen of his own. So the peasants began to pool their ox-teams to work a single plow, each taking strips of plowed land in proportion to his contribution. Thus the standard

land distribution ceased to be the needs of a family and became the ability of a new machine to till the land. No more fundamental change in the idea of man's relation to the soil can be imagined: once man had been part of nature; now he became her exploiter.

We see the emergence of this same attitude in the illustrated calendars available from Roman times onward. The oldest of these show the twelve months as allegorical ladies holding flowers, fruits, and other symbols of the season. The mood is passive, contemplative. Then gradually during the Middle Ages the pictures change to scenes of human activity: planting, harvesting, wood-chopping, people knocking down acorns for the pigs to eat, pig-slaughtering. Man and nature are two things, and man is on top. We who are the children of the peasants of Europe take this for granted; but it deeply disturbs many Asians.

Probing into sub-history, the historian finds relationships which have had tremendous effects on the "higher" culture but of which there is no written record. Before the invention of the spinning wheel about 1300 A.D., spinning the yarn was the most expensive process in producing ordinary, non-luxury textiles. The spinning wheel, which was gradually perfected, greatly reduced the price of cloth, the market for it expanded, and ordinary people began for the first time to use linen shirts, underwear, kerchiefs, sheets, towels, and the like. As a result, the price of linen rags, then the chief raw material for European paper, sank, and with it the cost of paper itself. Until paper became much cheaper than parchment, it was not likely that anyone would undertake the arduous task of developing printing with cast movable type. Even if printing had cut the labor cost of the scribe, books would have remained a luxury commodity, unsuited to mass production, so long as the raw material for them was as expensive as parchment. We who read are no more indebted to Gutenberg than to the unknown and lowly inventor of the spinning wheel who provided the context for Gutenberg. And the person who made the first spinning wheel had an excellent mind: he invented the belt-transmission of power too.

This sort of thing bothers many historians, professionally trained as they are to provide a documentary footnote to "prove" every statement. But much of life escaped the documents. If we are to discover the history of our race and not merely that of the literate upper crust, the historian must create his patterns of probable truth less in terms of specific records and more in terms of relationships intuitively evident to him as he deals with the records.

This is a dangerous game, for it increases the chance that unscrupulous forces may manipulate history for present purposes. We have seen it so used in every totalitarian state. But dangerous or not, the game cannot be avoided. While he can never afford to lose touch with all the recorded facts he can get, the historian is forced by the development of his field to become more and more like the critic of literature. Clio is resuming her place in the sisterhood of the arts.

The Subconscious of the Dead

The part which intuitive perception must play in the study of history is heightened by the insights of psychology into the interconnection of all parts of human experience and into the importance of the subconscious. We are beginning to be able to trace the pre-natal history of ideas and attitudes in the subconscious of people who perished centuries ago.

For instance, why did the atomic theory of the nature of matter appear so suddenly among the ancient philosophers of the Ionian cities? Their notion that all things are composed of different arrangements of identical atoms of some "element," whether water, fire, ether, or something else, is an intellectual invention of the first order, but its sources are not obvious.

The key is to be found in the saying of Heraclitus that "All things may be reduced to fire, and fire to all things, just as all goods may be turned into gold and gold into all goods." He thought that he was just using a metaphor, but the basis of the metaphor did not exist until shortly before his time. The distinctive thing about Ionia, the chief stimulus to the commercial prosperity which provided leisure for the atomistic philosophers, was the invention in Asia Minor of coinage.

The age of barter was ended: now every commodity could be bought and sold for officially stamped pieces of metal of guaranteed uniform weight. Probably no Ionian was aware of any connection between this unique new economic device and the brainstorms of the local intellectuals. But that a causal relationship did exist can scarcely be doubted, even though it cannot be "proved" but only perceived.

There are times when our rummagings into the unconscious of the past are so detailed, and the conclusions so firm, that we have the illusion of "proof" in the old-fashioned documentary sense. But the method of research is in fact completely new and revolutionary: we are stretching the past out on the analyst's couch.

It is becoming clearer, for example, that in the later twelfth and thirteenth centuries a seismic shift began to take place in the nature of Christian piety. What people said in words is less revealing than what they said unconsciously in religious art. Only a conservative Spanish bishop, Luke of Tuy, sensed what was happening: he denounced pictures of "one-eyed Virgins," by which he meant representations of St. Mary in profile. His fears were well grounded.

Christian art up to that time had been largely frontal, as that of the Eastern Church still is. Such images establish a direct and almost hypnotic relationship with the worshiper whom they fix with their eyes: they form an art capable of conveying power and spiritual grace. But as soon as the eyes of the image shift from the worshiper, religious art becomes drama rather than sacrament, and the worshiper tends to become merely a spectator. Any spiritual value which the new art has, comes from the spectator's personal psychological reaction to the scene observed.

Nowhere is the new religious focus better shown than in the changing ways of representing the Last Supper. The early pictures of it are inspired by the moment when Christ (always shown frontally) takes the bread and says, "This is my body broken for you." It is the institution of the Mass: Christ is the first priest, and the disciples are gathered about him as congregation. The emphasis of the picture is completely sacramental.

Then a new way of showing the Last Supper came into fashion: the moment is no longer the breaking of the bread but now it is the sop given to Judas. To the late medieval mind this was an episode of terrible significance: what should have been the bread of salvation was in fact confirmation of Judas' damnation. The intention of God is defeated by the sinfulness of man. The scene combines in equal measure sacrament and drama.

In the later thirteenth century a third style appears: the moment shown is that at which Christ says, "One of you shall betray me." Judas recoils. The other disciples are thrown into consternation, crying, "Lord, is it I? Is it I?" Through the generations each disciple became psychologically differentiated, and the tradition of this form of the Last Supper culminated in Leonardo's masterpiece. For our purposes the thing to be noted is that in this representation, sacrament has vanished entirely and drama is everything. The human situation has displaced the transit of divine grace as the center of attention.

A related change is seen in pictures of the Annunciation. In the earlier period, St. Mary is going about her housekeeping and is startled by the sudden intrusion of the Archangel Gabriel with his message. But in the thirteenth century the Virgin is increasingly shown at prayer or reading holy writ. In other words, in early Christianity, when God speaks Man hears. In the later period the mind must be prepared for the divine message. The focus of religion shifts away from the saving power which comes from outside Man and centers on the problem of human adjustment. For the last seven centuries this tendency, despite periodic reactions, has continued. In our own time Christian Science, psychosomatic medicine, and psychoanalysis have made not merely salvation (renamed "adjustment") but physical health itself dependent upon the subjective psychological state of the individual. From his standpoint, Bishop Luke of Tuy was entirely correct.

Healing by History

Are interpretations of this sort valid? Are they "objectively there," inherent in the historical material? Or are they "subjective," imposed by the mind of the historian? To most of us who live in the middle of the twentieth century they will

subjective because they reflect the typical mental processes of our age. But to historians of even fifty years ago, not to mention the educated public, such forms of thought would have been unintelligible.

The enigmas of human nature may of course be studied in the living men and women around us, and in ourselves. But the billions of our fellows who are dead, and the vanished pageant of their generations, have left traces equally instructive, and instructive in new ways each decade. The past does not exist. What we call the past is our present thinking about what went on before us. Today the past is changing with incredible rapidity because our ways of thinking are in flux and expansion.

The research of historians, however, is far more than a passive reflection of the change of values which is at the heart of the turmoil of our time. What they are discovering and how they are discovering it is a major part of our present intellectual adventure, and affects all other parts of it. Like every humanistic scholar, the historian is trying to show people the meaning of what they are up to. By making men aware, conscious of the implications of their actions, history is to some extent modifying and molding the historical processes which it studies: the historian is actor as well as spectator. The airplane has unified the globe physically, but only the mutual respect which comes from an increasing sense of the global history of mankind will turn geographical shrinkage from bane to blessing. The democratic revolution of the past two centuries has in some ways been frustrated by the carry-over into our new society of educational and cultural assumptions suitable only to the age of aristocracy. The historian's discovery of sub-history is helping us slowly to create a world which will prize all originality and not merely the kinds which were valued by the upper classes of the past. And in an era when rapid change breeds fear, and fear too often congeals us into a rigidity which we mistake for stability, the historian's exploration of the subconscious of past generations, and of the ways in which their real beliefs and tendencies were so often at variance with their professions, may lend us a healing humility when we look at ourselves. The way the past is changing may foreshadow a better future.

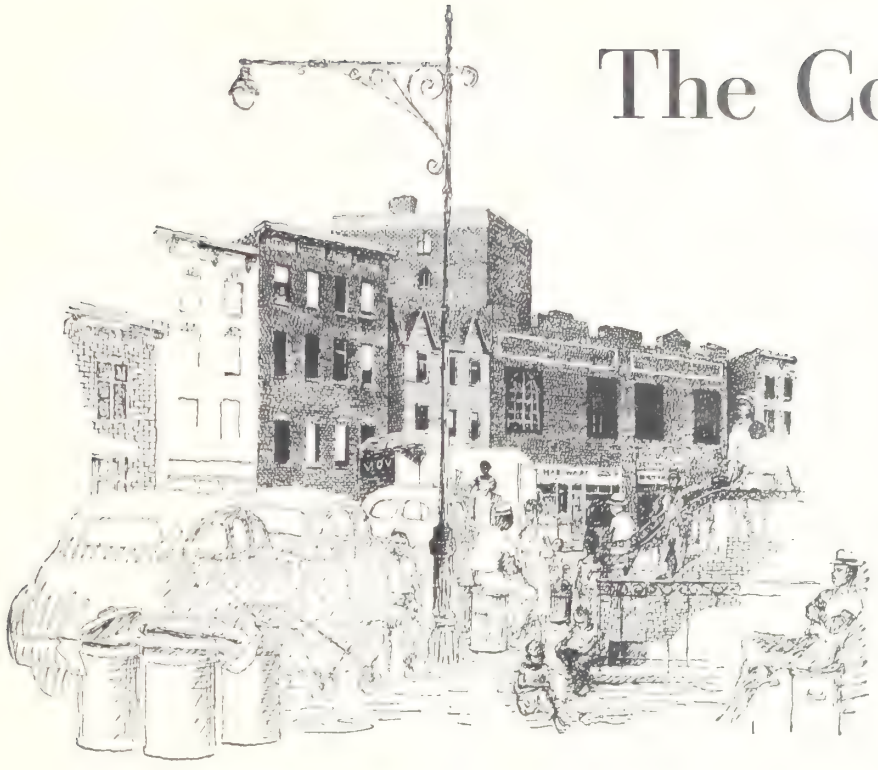
The Other End of the Telescope, for a Change

IN HISTORICAL perspective, secrecy in atomic energy matters has been based at least in part on wishful thinking. . . . We can only surmise why the U.S.S.R. became armed so soon. Personally, I believe it was primarily through the efforts of Soviet scientists and engineers, backed up by a ruthless totalitarian resolve to dominate the world, that the U.S.S.R. became armed with fission weapons as early as 1949. . . .

Espionage assisted the Soviet project but only in a secondary way. Ascribing Soviet achievement primarily to espionage is tantamount to grossly underestimating the technical strength of this enemy of free nations. . . . We must stop kidding ourselves with the dangerous fiction that we are just naturally better than the U.S.S.R. in technical matters. The Russians have the skills and the plants to make fissionable materials and bombs. . . . No matter how much we conceal, they will go ahead in proportion to the effort they expend. . . .

—James G. Beckerly, Director of Classification of the Atomic Energy Commission, before the Atomic Industrial Forum, March 16, 1954.

The Cougars



Life with a Brooklyn Gang

Stacy V. Jones

Drawings by Tom Knoth

You would never take Kenny Marshall, a minister's son with two college degrees, for a street-corner loafer. Yet a few days before Christmas, 1950, he began spending his evening on corners in the drab Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn. He stared idly into store windows, dropped in at the pool hall, and loitered where groups of boys collected under street lamps and on front stoops. Mostly he just hung around.

After three weeks he concentrated on a candy store, a little restaurant across the street with a juke box, and a corner near a movie. He had concluded that they were favorite gathering places of the Cougars, one of the toughest gangs in Brooklyn.

It was the Cougars and their neighbors and bitter rivals, the Wasps, who had fought the Battle of Prospect Park on the previous May 30. Memorial Day is the traditional date for the settlement of gang scores. Because the police had wind of their plans for a park battle, the gangs met halfway between their homes and the park. The battle began just as spectators were leaving the route of a morning parade. Some forty shots, by newspaper estimates, were fired from zipguns. One Wasp who was arrested had a bullet-crease across his forehead.

That afternoon the lines reformed in the park itself, the Wasps this time reinforced by satellites. A fifteen-year-old boy onlooker was seriously wounded.

A month earlier, a Cougar had been fatally stabbed, and there had been other homicides. The New York City Youth Board—an agency of the Mayor's office formed three years before—set out to reach the tough kids in Bedford-Stuyvesant and elsewhere who would never have walked into a social agency's office of their own accord. Kenny was assigned as a street-club worker ("street club" is a euphemism for gang) to gain the Cougars' confidence, and another trained man was sent as ambassador to the Wasps. In all, seventeen workers were detailed to gangs in the city.

The Bedford-Stuyvesant Tongue

turf: a gang's territory

hopping, clubbing: gangfighting

to bop: to fight a pitched battle; among the white gangs, the noun is "rumble"

sneak: a raid on a rival gang, catching one or two boys alone

come down, turn it on: to raid, usually in force

zipgun: a home-made pistol

a heat: a pistol

to burn: to shoot

split, split the scene: to run away

rep: standing, face kudos, status

ranking, sounding: belittling somebody to his face, in a scornful, often bullying manner

session, set: party (from jam session)

to turn a session out: to break it up

fishing: slow dancing

strays: boys without group affiliation

debs: gang members' girls

broads, chicks: girls in general

cornbread, bread: a fellow with a Southern accent

smooth: applied to boys or clubs that don't gangfight

smoothie: a non-delinquent

hung up: in trouble, as left in the lurch by a girl

KENNY had little information to start with except a few names. But he had several assets. For one thing, he had known Bedford-Stuyvesant and its boys since his own childhood. His father's church was a mile from the candy store. He was of slight build, a boyish twenty-five years. His manner was disarming, and he was dressed inconspicuously. But, most important, he was doing exactly the kind of work he wanted to do. Since then, for nearly four years, Kenny has spent his working hours in the Cougars' turf, and has seen one generation of "deprived" kids (to use the social worker's jargon) half-way through their critical teens.

That first winter, in the fly-specked candy store, Kenny listened openly, and with a friendly air, to the boys' talk about sessions, about the Dodgers' chances for next season, and about bopping. Occasionally he passed around cigarettes. At the restaurant he "fed the kitty" by dropping nickels into the juke box, and listened to the talk about the new mambo records. If some lad surreptitiously switched his selection, Kenny's expression did not change. Usually he gave the nearest boy a chance to punch the numbers. They liked "Sleep," by Earl Bostic, a fast jump tune that belied its name. "A crazy sound," said one lad approvingly.

The boys practiced solo dances to that number, or to one of the recordings of "Sixty-Minute Man," another fast tune. Just for listening, they liked songs recorded by the Orioles or other male quartets.

Gangtalk

THE talk Kenny overheard was a compound of bebop terms, obscenity, and ordinary American tempered with a racial softness. "Man, that was a cool session. . . . I told that obscenity broad to get her obscenity the hell out of there." He might have overheard similar slang in central Harlem, but not among the Irish or Italians. For the Cougars, like the Wasps, were a Negro gang, and although Brooklyn's gang problem was neither a Negro nor a racial problem, the Cougars had their own ways. (Cougars and Wasps are fictitious names; use of the real ones might hamper Kenny's work.)

At first Kenny memorized the talk he overheard and, back at the office near Brooklyn's Borough Hall, dictated typical passages to a long-suffering stenographer. They are valuable to sociology students but quite unsuited to magazine use. The bebop terms generally had the fixed meanings they have acquired outside true bebop music circles. Anything nice was crazy or cool. A punk, a square, or a turkey was somebody not in the know. The gang boys themselves were cats. The talk was studded with four-letter obscenities, or their compounds, that had fluid meanings. They served as nouns, verbs, or adjectives, and might be applied in admiration or contempt.

The cats outwardly ignored Kenny's presence, but he felt their suspicion. They thought he would flash a badge and say, "Let's go!" the first time they pulled out a pair of dice.

When they decided he wasn't a cop or a stoolie, Kenny developed a nodding acquaintance with several. If a cat said something particularly biting, he would glance Kenny's

way, hoping to catch an appreciative smile. But for weeks Kenny wasn't sure whether he was gaining or losing with the gang. To get a rise out of the crowd he joined a crap game one night. The boys knew more about him than he thought. "Say, man," a lad in a lumberjack told him, "you're supposed to be out here to change us and it seems like we're making you act like us instead."

As THEY talked more freely in front of him, Kenny learned that occasionally a Wasp clique would hijack a bakery truck, roll a drunk, or joyride in a stolen car. Once he was offered a share in the loot from a rifled candy truck. Now and then some boy tried to give him a stolen pack of cigarettes.

A Cougar working in a candy store handed him back all his money along with the purchase. "Although it made the boy a little uncomfortable," said Kenny later, "I was able to explain to him afterward some of the reasons why I did not feel I could take it from him. We try never to be the self-righteous, lecturing kind."

Kenny got his first real opening when he heard two Cougars talking about jobs. "I think I can help you cats," said Kenny. One of them agreed to come to the Youth Board's Brooklyn office next day.

Instead of the applicant he expected, there arrived the leader of one of the Cougar cliques, a lanky youth with a hard jaw and a habit of fidgeting with his hat. He had come to case the joint and see what Kenny's story was. As he himself wanted a job, Kenny sent him, and later the other lad, to a private agency in Manhattan that helps the hard-to-place. They both got jobs as messengers.

To the Cougars, Kenny became "the job man." They had seen his office, and they knew he didn't call in the cops. Within a couple of months, he was conditionally accepted, but it was six months before he felt fully "in." He was gratified one night, as a group started along toward a secret meeting place, to have one boy say to him, "Man, you coming?"

Kenny's wife and mother were frequently worried about his safety, especially after he began attending parties (sessions). At a session, a hundred boys and girls might be jammed into a single railroad flat, and there were a dozen ways for a fight to start. Kenny is five feet, six and a half inches tall, and some of his charges towered over him.

"I was only threatened once," he said the other day. "That was when some row had broken up a session, and I went outside with the others. A fellow from another gang pulled a switchblade knife on me. I was wearing a sweater and I suppose I looked pretty much like the rest of them.

"I told him he'd better look out, as he was dealing with a man. I walked slowly away, and he put his knife in his pocket. After all, he was pretty drunk.

"Workers are never in danger from their own boys," he went on. "In fact, citizens rarely get hurt in gangfights, unless they're accidently in between. It's a miniature underworld, and the boys recognize their enemies when they see them."

The Tactics of Street Warfare

RAIDERS from another turf may appear in a jalopy or on foot. Juvenile gang warfare starts with a series of sneaks (raids) in which three or four members of one gang catch one or two members of another and rough them up. These guerrilla operations culminate, unless Kenny and his associates can head it off, in a major battle with from a dozen to sixty on a side.

When Kenny took up his work there were three or four big battles a year. The white and Puerto Rican gangs call them "rumbles." The American Negroes of Brooklyn and Central Harlem speak of "bopping." One gang will "come down" on another, or "turn it on."

The girls act as mobile scouts for their boy friends, and carry news and rumors of warfare from one turf to another. Some even carry weapons for the boys, as the police hesitate to search them.

Kenny was playing pool with some of his boys one night when a breathless Cougar entered to say that some obscenity Wasps had pulled a sneak and caught one of their cats down the street. Kenny joined in the run toward the scene. By the time they reached the spot it was over. The next day a lad said to him approvingly, "Kenny, I hear you went down with the fellows last night."

Most of the dozen fights at which Kenny has been a witness have been sneaks, but one battle at which he was pres-



ent might have had serious consequences. A dozen Wasps armed with clubs, bats, knives, and one zipgun arrived on foot. Some of the Cougars split the scene and others held their ground, pulling out their switchblades or picking up sticks and garbage cans to return the fire.

Kenny was standing at the corner, chatting with another street-club worker, whom we will call Jack. "I was new at the work," Kenny said later, "and I had the naïve idea that we could just say, 'Well, fellows, let's call this off,' and the cats would quit fighting. I started to move toward the fracas, but Jack grabbed me by the elbow. He had been a peripheral gang member himself when he was a kid and he knew better. 'There's nothing you can do now,' he told me. As I found out, once a bop really starts even the most even-tempered of your boys will shove you aside. About all you can do then is wait around and take any casualties to the hospital; by this time the neighbors will have called the cops."

As with many boyish scraps, an inventory showed little damage after the sound and fury had died down. The zipgun failed to explode and when the attackers withdrew the Cougars found their wounds amounted to a few lumps.

The home-made pistol called a zipgun may be carved from wood, with a length of piping for a barrel and a spring or rubber band arranged so as to explode a .22 cartridge. Another variety is a toy pistol similarly made lethal. The zipgun is almost as national a phenomenon as delinquency. Last November Kenny testified before a Senate committee investigating juvenile delinquency, and showed the members a number of zipguns from a Washington police collection. The Cougars saw newspaper photographs of the incident. "Why, Kenny," said one when he got back to Bedford-Stuyvesant, "that's my gun you got in the picture." Kenny had a hard time convincing the lad he hadn't snitched it and carried it to Washington.

How to Turn It Off

The Youth Board workers mediate before things reach the switchblade stage. When a major gang fight is in the offing there can be no hiding it. The tension in both turfs is electric. The smaller children and girls usually disappear from the streets, and the older boys glance over their shoulders as they walk.

"Even inside reform schools," says Kenny, "Cougars will fight Wasps when their pals are fighting outside. Mail and messages are screened but the news gets through by some kind of grapevine. Perhaps a boy is refused permission to visit home, and he senses that 'it's on.'"

The place at which a peace conference is to be held is kept secret from the gangs. In one instance a worker brought two Wasp leaders in his car to pick up Kenny and two Cougars on a corner. They drove around, listening to the car radio and stopping now and then for coffee or Cokes. By the time the party reached the restaurant where discussions were to take

place, the boys were passing one another cigarettes.

Sometimes this "softening-up" procedure doesn't succeed, and the workers have to let the leaders talk their grievances out. The original cause has long been forgotten. Perhaps, weeks earlier, some cat called another "chicken." One leader told Kenny, after the Senate hearing, "It's true, like you said in the paper, we don't know what the hell we're fighting about."

If the mediation succeeds, the leaders carry back oral terms of the truce. Once the boys put the treaty in writing, to this effect: "As witnessed by So and So, the Cougars and Wasps are no longer fighting. The leaders are to announce this to the members, and if any incident [*i.e.*, caused by hotheads] occurs after this, there is to be another meeting."

One way of avoiding war is to turn the conflict into a "fair one." A fair one is a fist fight on neutral ground between two leaders, or between members with a grudge. Cats from both gangs watch, and if one of the knights breaches the rules it is likely to turn into a general fight after all.

The Cougars' Turf

KENNY learned that the Cougar turf comprised an area of three long blocks by seven short, plus an ill-defined sphere of influence outside. Five other Youth Board workers were assigned to as many other gang turfs in Bedford-Stuyvesant. That section has overflowed the two avenues that once constituted its boundaries and gave it its name. Bedford-Stuyvesant now covers between four and five square miles, roughly twelve long blocks by twenty-four short, and is one of New York's regions of highest delinquency.

The Bedford-Stuyvesant population is virtually 100 per cent American Negro. Some of the shopkeepers are white, but most of them live elsewhere. It was formerly a white upper-middle- and middle-class area and its old respectability still clings to many neighborhoods. There are churches with large congregations, such as the Church of God, whose minister is Kenny's father.

The particular province assigned to Kenny is a "deprived" neighborhood of old brownstone and brick row buildings, all now rooming houses or cold-water flats. In some of the row houses, railroad flats run from front to back. Many of the brownstones, designed to house three families, one to a floor, now hold as many as seven—two to a floor and one in the basement. The rows of stoops and garbage cans are broken by small shops and storefront churches. The Church of the True Christ and Universal Salvation may have a congregation of twenty or thirty and a part-time minister who supports himself as a janitor in Manhattan.

THE Cougar turf is a cut above a slum. Family incomes may range from a comfortable $3,000 a year down to the subsistence level supplied by the relief agencies. Flat rents range from $20 to $40 a month, and "furnished apartments" may bring $25 a week.

The children in the Cougars' turf have little choice but to play in their homes or in the street. A nearby public school provides an excellent community center, with teachers and recreation specialists on duty in the evening, but it is in Wasp territory and the Cougars keep away. Gang tensions create artificial shortages, as Kenny puts it. On winter nights the neighborhood candy store is an oasis, one of the few sources of light and warmth.

The Cougars suffered more from boredom than from poverty, Kenny found. Many of the older boys were out of school and out of work, and went home only to sleep. Over a coffee, one told Kenny:

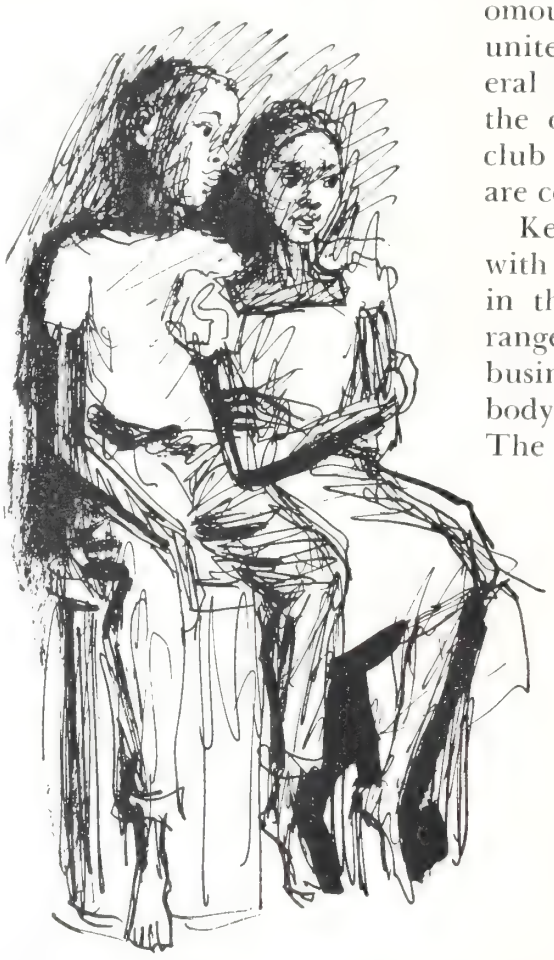
"Now, for example, you take an average day. What happens? We come down to the obscenity restaurant and we sit in the restaurant and sit and sit. All right, say, after a couple of hours in the obscenity restaurant, maybe we'll go to an obscenity poolroom, shoot a little pool—that is if somebody's got the obscenity money. Okay, a little pool, come back. By this time the restaurant is closed. We go in the obscenity candy store, sit around the candy store for a while, and that's it, that's all we do, man."

For relief from the tedium, they turn to mischief and bopping. A tenth or more of the Cougars are delinquents given to truancy, drunkenness, stealing, or assault. Drug addiction, a curse in other gang areas, is not a problem with the Cougars, although Kenny knows

some of his boys have been experimenting with marijuana.

The Youth Club workers take particular pains to gain the confidence of the leaders. A cat becomes a leader because he is smarter than the others, or more aggressive, or both. Here is a description of one, as Kenny once set it down:

"Fred is a youngster of seventeen who attends a vocational high school, studying woodworking. He is about five feet ten or eleven, weighs about 165 pounds, dark complexion, isn't the biggest youngster in the group, but is acknowledged by all as the best fighter.



"He is not authoritative in his dealings with the group members and it is very difficult to observe him functioning as a leader. The boys simply do whatever he does and acquiesce to whatever he suggests.

"He lets it be known from time to time what he thinks is best in any situation and this then is immediately acted upon. He doesn't bully any of the youngsters except for the one scapegoat who is bullied by everyone.

"Fred comes from a lower-middle-class family consisting of a mother, father, two brothers, and a sister. His older brother, now twenty and in the Army, was formerly a leader of the group. His younger brother is a member of a junior club. His father works as a truck-driver; his mother does occasional housework.

"The youngster, generally speaking, is an easy-going, friendly kind of person. His techniques in controlling groups are—to get technical—essentially non-directive."

Before Kenny met the Cougars the gang had a vertical organization. There were about sixty members, of whom fifteen or twenty constituted the active core. The Seniors were from seventeen to nineteen, the Juniors fifteen and sixteen, the Cubs from twelve to fourteen, and the Tims (from Tiny Tims) were ten and eleven. If one of the older members was insulted or attacked by thirteen-year-olds from a rival gang, retaliation was beneath the dignity of the Seniors, and the Cougar Cubs were sent out to take care of them.

After the Battle of Prospect Park, the district attorney and police began skimming off the leaders and sending them to reform school, so that the Cougars became a loose horizontal organization of half a dozen autonomous clubs or cliques that united as Cougars only for a general fight. In juvenile gangdom the organization, the rules, the club names, and even the slang are constantly shifting.

Kenny decided to work closely with the Angels, an active club in the sixteen to eighteen age-range. He found the Angels' business sessions, held in somebody's home, were pretty stuffy. The weekly dues were about twenty-five cents, and sooner or later everybody fell behind. The leader was a taciturn, serious-minded young person who bore down heavily on his fellow members to pay up. Whenever his opinion was asked, Kenny tried to lighten the talk, give the rank and file more say, and turn discussions toward movies, dances, and athletics.

Social life revolved, and still does, around sessions (from jam sessions). A session (or set, for short) is usually held in somebody's railroad flat. In winter, the boys wear their coats and hats, partly so they won't be stolen and partly to be prepared for a quick exit. At one session, the girl wore long dresses and the boys kept on their wraps.

There are always boys "on the humble" at the door, trying to talk their way into a session, or to borrow from their friends. The door fee is usually thirty-five or fifty cents, and Cokes and Pepsis are sold. If someone tries to shove his way inside, a fight may follow. Stepped-on toes also may start the bopping, or there may be a raid by a rival

gang, bent on "turning the session out." The girls are mauled a good deal, but appear to welcome caveman tactics.

The gang drink is Sneaky Pete, a generic name for wines that can be bought for as little as thirty-five cents a pint. Little wine appears at the sessions; a bottle would be snatched and quickly emptied.

"You come already high, if you're a drinker," Kenny explains. "Bedford-Stuyvesant boys who go in for drinking start as young as fourteen years."

He impressed the Cougars by bringing his wife, Pauline, to a number of sessions. She is an editorial worker on the magazine *Our World*, and is four years younger than Kenny. "The first time I brought her one of the boys said to me, 'Kenny, you can't have much respect for your wife, bringing her to an obscenity session like this.' I said, 'I don't know quite what you mean. Everybody is nice to her.' I overheard another fellow say I evidently was no cop, because no cop would bring his wife."

The dancing at Cougar sessions falls into two distinct types—fast and slow. The fast dancing is done to a jump tune or mambo, and amounts to a contest between partners, both the boy and girl doing improvised solos without touching. At the end, they turn on their heels without a word. If the girl has outdone the boy, his fellow cats may tell him, "She burned your eyes," but if his performance has been superior the admiring comment is, "Man, you whaled."

Slow dancing (fishin') is done to blues, usually the record of a song by a popular male quartet, such as the Orioles or the Velvets. Reversing the fast dance procedure, the partners move not only cheek to cheek but make bodily contact wherever possible. When the dance is over, they abruptly break away.

Making a Rep

KENNY learned that the Cougars set great store by "rep" or status. A group, for example, tried to distinguish itself by being the "baddest" gang. Kenny convinced the Angels that they could gain rep in another way—by sponsoring a dance in a large hall, with an orchestra, a check room, and police protection against crashers.

The Angels needed club rooms of their own. With Kenny's help, they arranged to use the cellar in a member's house, painted it, and equipped it with a record-player. But at ten o'clock, when the cats were just getting started, the neighbors wanted to sleep. So the quarters were lost, and they went back to meeting in one another's flats.

Kenny knew he was making progress in turning the Angels toward peace when he overheard one say, "I tell you, man, when those double-obscenity Wasps come down I ain't going to be here. I'm going to be parked safe in bed."

Once when the Deacons, a rival gang, threatened to turn out an Angels' party, several of the boys agreed with Kenny's suggestion that they get the cops on their side. With one of the leaders standing by the telephone and prompting him, Kenny called the police and asked that the neighborhood be patrolled. It was never clear whether the Deacons were discouraged by the prowl car or changed their mind, but there was no bopping that night.

THE Youth Board conducts its gang work under the name of the Council of Social and Athletic Clubs. This is more than a euphemism, since with a change of direction a street gang does become social and athletic. In winter Kenny promotes basketball games, dances, and trips to exhibits. In summer the gangs often observe an unofficial truce and allow others to cross their boundaries. That makes possible trips to baseball games, picnics, and rides on Sheepshead Bay. Coney Island is neutral territory.

There's a stain on the back seat of the 1948 Buick that Kenny bought from his father.

"It's blood," he explained. "I have a rule when I take the kids out—no zipguns, no switchblades, and no Sneaky Pete. One fellow smuggled in a switchblade and cut himself. I had to take him to the hospital.

"Once a boy brought along a half-gallon of wine when we started on a picnic. I took it back to the shop and told the man he was likely to get into trouble for selling to minors."

Somehow, on his small salary, Kenny manages to keep an outboard speedboat and a twenty-foot cabin cruiser on Sheepshead Bay. "A picnic or a ride on the bay opens a new world to Bedford-Stuyvesant kids," he says.

When a street club adopts jackets it's about ready to go smooth—and it might as well, because the club name is emblazoned across the back and the member's name across the left breast, for the police and all to see. The Angels were among the first in Bedford-Stuyvesant to adopt them, along with rules of conduct designed to protect the club name. A member was prohibited from wearing his jacket unless he was otherwise neatly dressed. He might not get drunk while he was an official representative of the club at a party, and only one girl might wear his jacket.

KENNY now has under his wing a junior club, the Bulls, boys of thirteen to fifteen. Every Saturday evening there's a meeting in somebody's flat at which Kenny shows the boys Western or detective movies lent by the Youth Board. If there's tension among the senior Cougars he turns the projector over to a volunteer counselor and stays near the scene of trouble.

A Cougar would no more wear a zoot suit than say "goil." The clothes-conscious try to resemble Harvard undergraduates as closely as they can. Their word for it is "conservatism," and they favor "dirty gray" (charcoal gray). An occasional red shirt is not frowned on, but sharp clothes are out. In cool weather the cats affect Ike jackets or lumberjacks or the leather kind. Their shoes are loafers, moccasins, or purposely scuffed whites.

The girls also go in for scuffed shoes, usually with bobby-sox. In winter it's blouses and skirts, the latter replaced in summer by slacks, generally of denim.

The Cougarettes or Cougar-debs have their own clubs. Often a girls' club (sister club) is under the wing of a boys' clique, whose members are expected to invite them to sessions or movies. If such affiliations cross turf lines they may lead to fights. Some Bedford-Stuyvesant girls like to foment wars, but on balance the feminine influence is exerted for law and society. When a fight threatens, a Cougarette is likely to take her fellow by the arm and lead him away.

Kenny has helped a number of the "baddest" boys. One of these was Arnold, leader of a cub group, who had a notorious police record. He had been kicked out of public school and had been sent to reform school for assault.

"Arnold was already a legendary character," Kenny told me. "When some lad shot at him on the street, he got his father's gun and rang the bell at the boy's house. The boy came to the window, and they both fired their guns point blank. Fortunately neither was hit.

"After his second term in reform school I made a special effort to win Arnold's confidence. Gradually he saw that the things he was doing worried his parents and were hurtful to him. He was going with a girl who had aborted a child of his. I helped him get a job. He kept insisting that he didn't want a job, but after he took it he got several promotions. He married the girl, and I was best man at the wedding. Now they have a baby and Arnold is pretty well set. He doesn't hang around the streets any more. His only trouble is that occasionally he drinks too much.

"Here was a guy that everyone had considered hopeless."

On the Right Track

WE WERE walking along a dark street one evening. Kenny and a tall youth in a leather jacket greeted each other warmly. "This is one of my cats," said Kenny, introducing us. The tall youth flashed a wide grin. Kenny asked paternally how the boy and his younger brother were getting along. Pretty well, it seemed. As the lad moved on, Kenny's final words to him were "Take care of yourself, man, you hear?"

Kenny explained that the cat was an Angel growing out of the Cougars. "Gang life has no pull after age nineteen," he said. "They aren't graduating into adult gangs. We don't like to take too much credit for it. Perhaps it's partly growing up, and the fact that the Army takes a good many away.

"Some men hanging around the corner are supposed to be numbers writers. They may have been in the Cougars before my time, but I never knew them. They aren't my boys."

Among the sixty-odd boys who are still Cougars there is less gang-fighting, and less individual trouble with the police, than when Kenny was first assigned. At this writing there has been no real bop for more than a year. And the Bulls, the youngsters of thirteen to fifteen, have never fought at all.

Kenneth Evans Marshall was born in South Brooklyn in 1925. When he was nine years

old, the family moved to Bedford-Stuyvesant. There he went to Boys' High School, and knew the gang leaders of the time by sight and reputation. They regarded him, as they did other well-behaved children, as goody-goody, and let him alone.

At New York's City College his studies were interrupted by the war. While he was serving in the then segregated Air Force as a radio operator, he had a lot of time to ponder his own adjustment to life and the problems of others. Once he had his bachelor's degree, he got a job as social investigator for the New York City Welfare Department. In 1950 he saw a notice of the Youth Board's openings for street-club workers. That job, he knew, was for him.

The "street-club worker" approach to juvenile gangs has been used in other cities. Indeed, the pioneer was Clifford R. Shaw of the Illinois State Department of Public Welfare, whose Chicago Area Project, organized more than twenty years ago, was described by John Bartlow Martin in *Harper's* in May 1944. Shaw's men were "alley-wise," got the boys' confidence and did not squeal on them. His workers included an ex-convict and an ex-delinquent.

It was in 1944 that the Welfare Council of New York established a central Harlem project based on the Chicago plan, working with isolated groups. When the New York City Youth Board, with state co-operation, set up its own gang project in 1950, the plan was broadened so as to deal with key trouble-making gangs on an area basis. The police and prosecuting officials advise and co-operate with the board.

Officials of the Youth Board make no broad claims of success either for the over-all work on juvenile delinquency in the city or for the street-club project. (About $120,000 a year, or 5 per cent of the board's budget, goes to the Council of Social and Athletic Clubs.) Statistically, juvenile delinquency showed an increase in New York City during 1953, reversing the downtrend of the previous five years. In the tough areas where the Youth Board operates, however, the increase was considerably less than elsewhere in the city. Ralph W. Whelan, the board's executive director, puts it this way: "We don't claim to have all the answers, but we think we're on the right track."

There is, of course, no single solution to the delinquency problem. Nationally, social workers expect juvenile crime to continue to increase in the next five years. But the street workers make a valuable contribution, and the country can well use more Kenny Marshalls—neither stuffy nor pious, but nonetheless dedicated men.



The following letter was written from Paris last February by a French priest who was a missionary in the Far East for twenty-six years until he was expelled from China by the Communists at the end of 1953. The letter was sent to an American priest who, with the author's permission, passed it on to Harper's.

What I Saw in Red China

by a Catholic Missionary

My dear Colleague: You ask me to write at length about China. I write to you as a priest and an ex-missionary to China. This does not mean that I would tell the same thing to everybody, especially to laymen; nor that I would tell it to any missionary to China; nor even that the majority of them would agree with me.

Under the Communist government China is solidly unified and well organized. The entire country down to the last frontier village obeys the government. There are no more bandits: peace reigns everywhere. The army is unified and at the disposal of the central government which replaces and changes generals at will. The soldiers are very well disciplined; they no longer steal or loot, and they show great courtesy toward the people. As a matter of fact, they are seldom seen in the countryside, since they have nothing to do there any more.

The administration is perfectly organized from top to bottom. It is absolutely honest. No more venality, especially since the great administrative purge three years ago. No doubt perfection is not of this world, but I imagine that under the present regime it would be more difficult to buy a Chinese official than an official in the Western countries. This shows how true it is that fear is the beginning of wisdom.

The administration, it is true, is terribly bureaucratic, with all the defects inherent in the system. One example: you know the village of X, seat of the under-prefecture of Y. Well, in the "Bank of the People" alone there are about fifty employees. For all the bureaus of this little under-prefecture there are about three hundred officials in the village alone, not counting the considerable number dispersed in all the districts. Is this administration efficient? Yes, in spite of the bureaucratic heaviness. All orders from above are transmitted rapidly and obeyed in general down to the last rung.

What keeps the administration efficient in spite of its bureaucratic heaviness is the auto-criticism (*tzu-ngo-p'i-p'ing*) which naturally goes along with the mutual criticism (*hu-hsiang-p'i-p'ing*) requested and desired by the government. This auto-criticism is a very mixed matter. There is the attitude of the novice who in full sincerity accuses himself of his faults in public. There is also, very frequently, opportunism: "I have made a mistake; it will be known; it is already known by some. I must be quick! Let me accuse myself and confess everything; it will put me in a position of virtuous penitence."

There is also the auto-criticism prescribed on the program which everyone must make when his time comes. There is the imposed confession following accusation by colleagues (accusations made more or less spontaneously by those who have the charity to help you on the right road). Whatever the immediate motive, the *primum movens* is certainly fear of the police or fear of public accusation. Imagine trying to make people practice auto-criticism (helped by mutual criticism) as a method of

asceticism in the monasteries with the love of God as a motive! It would never succeed, at least not as a habitual method over a long period. The general chapters of the religious orders are nothing in comparison with the meetings of Communist groups.

The New Status of Women

PROSTITUTION has completely disappeared from China. You can't find a brothel anywhere. Has women's situation been bettered? Yes and no. No—because instead of considering a woman as a mother and the mistress of a home, the Communists want to push her into the same positions that men hold, without considering differences of sex and psychological attitudes. Women are put to physical work in the fields, the forests, the factories, and the officials try to make it look like a promotion. Yes—because a husband does not dare treat his wife brutally any more, nor does a father dare dispose of his daughter according to his whims.

Women and girls no longer let themselves be pushed around. They have become entirely intractable. They have gone from one extreme to another. Today the fair sex is going through a real madness, asserting its liberty by all kinds of extravagances, especially divorce. A real epidemic of divorces (which the government approves) is passing over China. For a yes, a no, an insult, a mere nothing, divorce is demanded; remarriage follows; then divorce again. It has gone so far it has begun to threaten society. People of forty and over were very unhappy about it, and around the second half of 1953 a reaction toward more severity began to appear in official media.

One of the greatest reforms is the disappearance of opium. Maybe there are still some people who have opium hidden somewhere, but they dare not take it out, sell it, give it away, or even use it themselves as medicine. Informing on opium smokers goes on everywhere, even in the family circle. And this mutual accusation, one of the forms of Communist dialectics, together with severe punishments, has been the strongest reason for the disappearance of opium smoking. The results are surely good, but the means are drastic and immoral.

As far as I am able to see, the greatest success of the new regime has been making a previously quite egotistic people, whose former government was so corrupt, so primarily concerned with the common good. Government for the people is not a vain slogan in China, I assure you. It is true! From top to bottom the government machine is turned toward the people's good. The synchronized press, the radio, films, brain-washing, everything, is directed toward the good of the people, away from individual egotism.

I know, it is the common good according to the Communists: the good of humanity in general, not the good of the individual man, James or John. If the political line demands it, they will kill James and put down John. Nevertheless, the whole country is being educated toward a theory and pushed into a practice closer to Christianity than the ancient *fa-ts'ai* (become rich) first and last. There are, I think, some real elements awaiting future Christianization in China.

The Question of Freedom

IS THERE freedom in China? Freedom of the press, of opinions, of speech, of association, of religion, as we understand it in the West? No, not in the least! Naturally everybody suffers from this in a different measure, according to his class, culture, condition of life. The small peasant, the pagan who lives to eat and drink, does not feel the same oppression as a priest or even as an ordinary simple Christian. Everything is relative. Consequently, one must not believe everything that is said, that the government is hated by the people.

First of all, how many people do any of us see? Some dozens of persons in one little district. And who, even if he does hate the government, would ever dare say so? I think that in general missionaries judge the whole people too much in terms of their own mentality and sentiments and those of their Christians who feel the persecutions more sharply. I am inclined to think that the majority of little people in China, peasants and workers, accept the Communist government but vaguely desire some small modifications in the regime: fewer directives, more liberty.

There is not the smallest sign of a revolutionary movement against the government. It would be quite impossible first of all, be

cause of the police action which reaches everywhere. Besides, in my opinion, the people do not want to make a revolution. About Chiang Kai-shek one does not hear a word. He is finished. If there is ever a revolution, it will be against the kolkhozes (collective farms). However the Reds are very much aware of this and are advancing toward collectivization of the soil very prudently.

Catholic Life in Red China

WHAT about Catholic life? Some people think that nothing is left of it and if one had a chance to begin again, it would be from a complete *tabula rasa*. Not at all! In general both the clergy and the faithful still hold in spite of the individual defections inevitable in such a terrible attack. Among the Christians, the young are naturally the more shaken. But I do not think they have apostatized in any serious number. They live—at least a good number of them—in a kind of spiritual neutrality, waiting to see how the thing is going to end.

All the old Christians stick to it faithfully in general. Many for lack of *cura spiritualis* may have become luke-warm, but all that is essential is still there The young—if I may judge from what I saw in the diocese of X—are not so much under the influence of the Reds as is usually said. Many came to confession to me from time to time. You know the village of X; we could say Mass every day but absolutely no form of *ministerium animarum* was allowed, not even confessions, which we did however hear in secret.

During the week there was almost nobody in church: about thirty women and girls, some men. But on Sundays—out of a congregation of some 2,000 baptized persons, a sizable number of whom found it morally impossible to go to church—about 700 to 800 Christians came to Mass. On the great feasts the church was filled to the dome and sometimes the number of communicants reached 350 to 400, in spite of the fact that confessions had to be heard secretly. On all Sundays and feast days, the police would walk around in the church, up and down, smoking cigarettes, spitting on the floor, and taking note of who was there.

For more than a year, by all kinds of means —including prison—the police tried to rouse the people (Christian and non-Christian) in the village of X against me. A complete failure. Always and everywhere they met the same passive resistance, that invincible force of inertia. Finally they were reduced to the last resort—chasing me out of the country themselves. Even if in some Christian centers, they have succeeded in rousing the people against the priests, it was always done through sheer terror, and done as a mere formality by the people. All the people who took part in it have, at the first chance that presented itself, done full penance for it.

So much for the laity. What about the clergy? In general it is very, very good, and less afraid now than in the beginning. In our diocese of X, the clergy is extremely good without the slightest compromise. I do not think that one single priest, even among the most advanced ones, ever separated himself from Rome. However, a small minority thinks that, in order to save religion and gain time, it may be advisable to accept (externally and *pro forma* only, as our Chinese can do so well) a certain collaboration with the government. I think, however, that their number is dwindling more and more. It was Pope Benedict XV and, most of all, Pius XI who saved China from schisms, and after them, as their great instrument, Monsignor Costantini. The great motive on which the Reds play is nationalism. But the Chinese clergy (even if they have grievances against some foreign priests) know only too well that it is Rome who wants a Chinese clergy, Rome who pushed them ahead, Rome who is their support. Even if they are anti-foreign, they are pro-Roman.

The future is in God's hands. Humanly speaking, everything depends on the duration of this trial. Communism fights against truth and the spirit with all its powers. If this lasts another twenty or thirty years without respite, naturally only some broken pieces of Christianity will remain. But this is not our business, except that we must pray.

China and Russia

PROBABLY you would like to ask, is Chinese communism really the same as Russian? The politicians, especially the English, say it is not, and they think we must try to approach the Chinese in a friendly way to attract them to our side. I wonder how

these politicos can know this and on what they base their opinion. I can judge only from the words and facts I could hear and observe. All these go to show that the actual leaders of China are profoundly Marxist in their mentality and agree with the Russians in all their national and international activities. All the newspapers, public speeches, the school program, in a word the whole formidable indoctrination effort which has been made, proves the closest unity of ideas.

The co-operation of the Russian technicians is considerable, and the most gifted students in Chinese universities are sent to the U.S.S.R. to finish their schooling. The move toward collectivism, the kolkhozes, industrialization by a five-year plan, are all copied from Russian prototypes. The Korean affair proved that Mao Tse-tung takes his directives from Moscow. Whatever the ordinary man can see and hear brings him to the conclusion that there is complete union of thought and action.

Are there secret ruptures? A Beria behind Mao Tse-tung? Rumor has it that Lin Piao, one of the great generals, is opposed to the Russians. But nobody really knows. It is possible that in time China may develop a Chinese communism. But one does not get the idea that the Chinese are afraid of the Russians. They are surely in a much better position than the satellite countries of Eastern Europe, because of their great number. And I think that Russia treats them with care.

Go Get the Goodly Squab

SYLVIA PLATH

Go get the goodly squab in gold-lobed corn
And pluck the droll-flecked quail where thick they lie,
Go reap the round blue pigeons from roof ridge,
But let the fast-feathered eagle fly.

Let the fast-feathered eagle fly
And the skies crack through with thunder;
Hide, hide, in the deep nest
Lest the lightning split you asunder.

Go snare the sleeping bear in leaf-lined den
And trap the muskrat napping in slack sun,
Go dupe the dull sow lounging snout in mud,
But let the galloping antelope run.

Let the galloping antelope run
And the snow blow up behind;
Hide, hide, in the safe cave
Lest the blizzard drive you blind.

Go cull the purple snails from slothful shells
And bait the drowsing trout by the brook's brim,
Go gather idle oysters from green shoals,
But let the quicksilver mackerel swim.

Let the quicksilver mackerel swim
Where the black wave topples down;
Hide, hide in the warm port
Lest the water drag you to drown.



The Death of Lady Mondegreen

Sylvia Wright

Drawings by Bernarda Bryson

When I was a child, my mother used to read aloud to me from Percy's *Reliques,* and one of my favorite poems began, as I remember:

> Ye Highlands and ye Lowlands,
> Oh, where hae ye been?
> They hae slain the Earl Amurray,
> And Lady Mondegreen.

I saw it all clearly. The Earl had yellow curly hair and a yellow beard and of course wore a kilt. He was lying in a forest clearing with an arrow in his heart. Lady Mondegreen lay at his side, her long, dark brown curls spread out over the moss. She wore a dark green dress embroidered with light green leaves outlined in gold. It had a low neck trimmed with white lace (Irish lace, I think). An arrow had pierced her throat: from it blood trickled down over the lace. Sunlight coming through the leaves made dappled shadows on her cheeks and her closed eyelids. She was holding the Earl's hand.

It made me cry.

The poem went on to tell about the Earl Amurray. He was a braw gallant who did various things, including playing at the bar, which, I surmised, was something lawyers did in their unserious moments (I grew up during prohibition, though I was against prohibition and for Governor Smith). The poem also said that he was the queen's love, and that long would his lady look o'er the castle doun before she saw the Earl Amurray come sounding through the toun. Nothing more was said about Lady Mondegreen.

But I didn't feel it was necessary. Everything had been said about Lady Mondegreen. The other ladies may have pretended they loved the Earl, but where were they? The queen was probably sitting in Dunfermline toun drinking the blood red wine along with the king (he was in "Sir Patrick Spens"). As for the Earl's wife, hiding in the castle in perfect safety and pretending to worry about him, it was clear she only married him so she could be Lady Amurray. She was such a sissy she probably didn't even look doun very hard —she was scared she'd fall through the crenelations of the battlements. As a matter of fact, she looked like a thin wispy girl I once socked in the stomach while I was guarding her in basketball because she kept pushing me over the line when the gym teacher couldn't see her and who was such a sissy that she fainted dead away so that everybody said I should learn to be a lady when really she was cheating—but I won't go into that. Lady Mondegreen loved the Earl truly, and she was very brave. When she heard that Huntly (the villain) was coming after him, she ran right out of her castle and into the forest to be with him without even stopping to change from her best dress.

By now, several of you more alert readers are jumping up and down in your impatience to interrupt and point out that, according to the poem, after they killed

the Earl of Murray, they *laid him on the green*. I know about this, but I won't give in to it. Leaving him to die all alone without even anyone to hold his hand—I won't have it.

The point about what I shall hereafter call mondegreens, since no one else has thought up a word for them, is that they are better than the original.

Take Hizeray. Hizeray is that huge hairy muscular Etruscan in the *Lays of Ancient Rome* who was such a demon with the broadsword and who committed one of the great betrayals of history. If Hizeray had been there, Horatius couldn't have held the bridge a minute. Horatius was very brave, but Hizeray was bigger. If not, why was he the first person Lars Porsena of Clusium thought of, when he swore by the Nine Gods that the great house of Tarquin should suffer wrong no more?

> And named a trysting-day,
> And bade his messengers ride forth,
> East and west and south and north,
> To summon Hizeray.

Hizeray was hard to find or the messengers wouldn't have been told to go in so many directions, but he had no excuse. The messengers blew so many trumpets that tower and town and cottage heard the blast. I hoped Hizeray would rush in at the last moment and knock Horatius into the Tiber. (I was on Lars Porsena of Clusium's side, though you're not supposed to be, because his name was so much better than anyone else's.) But he never did. When they say

> Shame on the false Etruscan
> Who lingers in his home,
> When Porsena of Clusium
> Is on the march for Rome—

they mean Hizeray.

Then there is Harold. You know Harold: "Our Father who art in heaven, Harold be thy Name." It's not one I would have picked myself, but if He has to have a name, Harold will do.

Harold can do extraordinary things. There's a hymn which tells about this. As it's printed in the book, it says that He "moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform." Actually, of course, what it really says is that Harold "moves in a mysterious way—He wanders down a horn."

You must pray to Harold if you want something very specific. For instance, if you have discovered how terribly hard it is to meet somebody there, you say to Harold, "Lead us not into Penn Station." At the same time, Harold will protect you from those jittery, unreliable New York, New Haven, and Hotfoot trains. They aren't so dangerous when they're coming into nice motherly old Gran Central.

Even the mizz doesn't scare Harold. The mizz is a sort of elemental protoplasm, which looks like a thick, pulpy, shifting fog. It is inhabited by all sorts of strangely shaped, white, squdgy animals, who moan quietly to themselves from time to time. The mizz is in the Evening Prayer Service: "Let the sea make a noise, and all that in the mizz."

If you decide that Harold is your shepherd, you can be sure of being looked after. If He can't be there Himself, He will get in Good Mrs. Murphy and "Surely Good Mrs. Murphy shall follow me all the days of my life." I *knew* Mrs. Murphy, and I can't think of anyone I'd rather have follow me, though, knowing her, I think she would more likely be several blocks ahead. She could do almost as many things as Harold. She told fortunes in tea leaves, baked delicious bread in a frying pan, and once when her little boy climbed onto the top of the roof and was too scared to get down, she shouted up to him, "You





come right down, you little Irish basket," and like magic he got over being scared and came right down.

Mrs. Murphy lived in Massachusetts, where they have a holiday in April called Pay Treats Day. It always surprises and infuriates people who come from other states, because, just when they want to go out to buy shoes or bean pots, they find all the shops closed up tight, while the shopkeepers are out paying treats. This reminds me of Paul Revere, who rode to "spread the alarm through every middlesex, village, and farm." Middlesexes look a little like drumlins, if you know what they are, but they are made of hay, and so also look a little like haystacks. There is one middlesex exactly in between each village and farm, and people who are too poor to live in a village or farm live in a middlesex.

And where the middlesexes, villages, and farms slope down to the sea, beyond the dunes, beyond the rocky coast, stands the Donzerly Light on a rugged, lonely promontory. At twilight, the lighthouse keeper turns it on, and it begins to sprout rockets and bombs which light up the flag pole with the great big American flag which stands right next to it. This is where you go to pledge the legions to the flag.

There's a rude bridge around here somewhere, but I can't quite find it. It's so dilapidated that it touches the flood.

THERE are many mondegreens which give vivid new insights into tired old ideas. With all due respect to Rudy Vallee, "I'm just a vagabond lover" seems a pretty wet notion nowadays. A friend of mine sang it "I'm just a bag of unloving." If you've heard anything at all about psychiatry (who hasn't?) you'll realize that a bag of unloving is a significant and basic concept, and when you get a bag of unloving in search of a sweetheart, you've got the basis for a well-developed neurosis, because as long as you don't have adequate feelings of self-esteem and love yourself, you can't love someone else. See?

There's nothing very interesting about a vagabond lover, except that maybe he didn't like his mother.

The other day I found, on the back page of the New York *Post*, a headline: "Giants Struggle Under Weight of 'Dead' Bats." This is one of the most terrifying scenes I can think of, particularly since there is some doubt as to whether the bats are really dead. That would be bad enough, but if they were all stirring and squeaking—it would daunt even Hizeray.

Then there are those people who, in between radio programs, sing a very precise, cheerful, staccato, little ditty that goes: "In just eight sec-onds, you get H-bomb." After I had counted eight seconds and hadn't got it, I came to enough to realize that they were continuing with "Gas and heart-burn with Alk-aid." So I began to wonder if some of them were singing "aid from" instead of "H-bomb" but at that point the announcer came on and said: "This is New York's fur station," and I knew there was a mondegreen influence loose in that studio.

And some years ago, before World War II, there was a quiet Sunday morning when I discovered that on the front page of the *New York Times* it said: "World Blows Near." As I puzzled over this, I felt, in my room, the faint, fresh breath of the winds which were moving the turning world. Whose world was it? What was going to happen?

You see, if you lay yourself open to mondegreens, you must be valiant. The world, blowing near, will assail you with a thousand bright and strange images. Nothing like them has ever been seen before, and who knows what lost and lovely things may not come streaming in with them? But there is always the possibility that they may engulf you and that you will go wandering down a horn into a mondegreen underworld from which you can never escape. If you want to be safe, guarded from the underworld and the creatures in the mizz, you have only to turn your back. And if you're this type of person, all you'll feel is a faint twinge of heartburn over what you have missed—and you know how to get aid from that.

You have only to decide, as Humpty Dumpty put it (more or less), which is to be master, you or the word.

I am for the word, and against you.

BECAUSE there was a time, before she met the Earl Amurray, when Lady Mondegreen was a bag of unloving. Forlorn, in her embroidered dress, she looked out over her own crenelated battlement, wondering, all alone, about when the world would blow near so she could see what it was all about. Suddenly, beyond the moat, beyond the meadows, there is a stirring like dust far away on the horizon. A trumpet blasts, and she sees that it is the Earl Amurray, riding down the winding road, surrounded by men on prancing horses. Actually, these are Robin Hood's men, on a day off from Sherwood Forest, and the sun is glistening on their tunics of link and green. As the Earl Amurray spies Lady Mondegreen, he and his men spur their horses to a gallop and shout their wild, strange battle cry, "Haffely, Gaffely, Gaffely, Gonward." Lady Mondegreen rushes down the long winding stone stair. She reaches the portcullis and it rises as if by magic. The Earl Amurray seizes her, lifts her onto his horse and they ride over the drawbridge together and out into the world.

At noon, they come to a babbling brook and they stop and tie their horse to a tree. Upstream a little way (*Here* it is!) they see a rude bridge. The Earl Amurray pledges his legions to the flag to April's breeze unfurled and they go off, marching as to war, while the royal master leans against the phone, waiting for news of their victory.

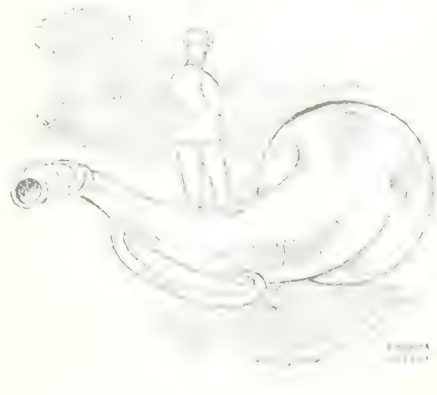
Lady Mondegreen and the Earl Amurray are left alone by the brook. "Tell me," says Lady Mondegreen, as they sit down on the soft greensward in a crowd of gold and affodils, "Tell me [for she is beginning to get a little bit hungry] where is fancy bread?" And at this very moment, Good Mrs. Murphy, who has been riding a suitable distance behind on a sturdy mule, trots up and presents them with an Irish basket, which she has been carrying on her saddlebow. In it, wrapped in a damask napkin, is the fancy bread, a delicious small brown loaf, full of raisins and covered with white frosting.

After they have eaten, they wash their hands in the stream and they rest awhile. Lady Mondegreen lies back on the grass and listens to the soft sounds of the mumble-bees as they muzz among the affodils. The Earl Amurray entertains her by sounding through a tune in his fine baritone voice. Then they ride on. When night falls, they come at last to their own particular middlesex where they camp out under the stars, and Lady Mondegreen, because she loves him, does not say a word when he takes all the covers.

Tragedy lies ahead and there is no one who can save them. Hizeray is cowering in his home under a weight of dead bats. And alas, Harold, who has been watching them from above with a happy smile on His benign face, cannot help. His horn has vanished, and there is no way He can wander down.

But even though the worst will happen, Lady Mondegreen and the Earl Amurray have had their journey together. Even if hereafter they get H-bomb, they have sniffed the delicate fragrance of the affodils, tasted the fancy bread, and slept together in the middlesex. Lady Mondegreen knows what the world is all about.

Lady Mondegreen is me.



Ward-level politics is not for the faint-of-heart in the Windy City, where corruption and cynicism have combined to discourage reform and only a young, ambitious crusader can survive the criticism of both his enemies and friends.

Merriam of Chicago

Politician Without a Party

Joseph N. Bell

LAST spring a Chicago high-school civics teacher telephoned Alderman Robert Merriam and asked him to speak before her class. The Alderman started through the motions of turning down the request—one of hundreds like it that he receives every year—without wounding her feelings. But the teacher cut him off. "My students," she said, "don't believe there is such a thing as an honest politician in Chicago and I want them to see one." Merriam went.

There are many other people in Chicago who are just as cynical as these youngsters about local politicians. They have good cause for cynicism. But a growing number these days—like the civics teacher—are hopefully eying Bob Merriam. If he can find a political party to claim him, he might be the next mayor of Chicago.

Merriam, for reasons we shall examine, has not endeared himself to either the Republican or Democratic organizations in the course of his rise to public prominence. He seems hardly to be popular with anyone but the doughty citizens who are not yet completely apathetic to Chicago's municipal decay. How many of these people there are in the bushes, no one knows. But to them, Merriam offers the first rallying point they have had in many years for regrouping against machine politics. And, for this very reason, Merriam faces a tough, uphill fight—not only in seeking the job of mayor but in reconciling his political views with the problems of established friendships, personal ideals, and party affiliations.

On the surface, Merriam's political prestige is minor-league. But beneath the surface he is causing reverberations that spread as far as the state and national levels. The first sign of whether or not these tremors have shaken the Democratic party in Illinois will appear this November, when Merriam's long-time friend, Senator Paul Douglas, comes up for re-election against Republican Joseph T. Meek.

Both Merriam and Douglas stepped into politics via the University of Chicago—Merriam as a political-science graduate and Douglas as a teacher of economics. During this period, Douglas was a close friend of Merriam's father, Charles, a respected professor at the University; and Douglas preceded the younger Merriam as alderman of Chicago's Fifth Ward. During his short career, Merriam has followed pretty closely in Douglas' footsteps, but he has broken with the Democratic party in Chicago while Douglas remains steadfastly loyal. This parting of the ways has faced Merriam with two basic issues: (1) if he comes out openly in the mayoralty contest as a Republican or an Independent before November's senatorial election, he may hurt Douglas' chances even more than his defection from the Democrats has already hurt them; and (2) if the Democrats win a smashing victory in November without Merriam, it

will be clear to him that now isn't the best time to buck the organization. So Merriam must watch and wait—continuing to build local (and some national) prestige as the leader of the "good guys" in a struggle of crime *vs.* law-and-order.

The Nine and the Nineteen

Chicago has been in the market for a genuine reform candidate for many years. Now may be too late to penetrate the accumulated skepticism of Cook County voters, but Bob Merriam is giving it the old college try; and his enthusiasm, unseasoned as it may often seem, is welcome.

A career in Chicago politics has never been an easy path to a long and peaceful life. In the past five years, five Chicago politicians have been assassinated and another kidnapped (he hasn't been heard from since). The authorities have scored exactly zero in catching the killers. Chicago's most recent political murder was the 1952 shotgun slaying of Charles Gross, a small-time Republican ward committeeman; and the events which followed the Gross murder were what brought Bob Merriam to public attention.

Charley Gross caused more commotion in death than he ever had alive. Though opinion is divided, the consensus seems to be that Gross was killed as a warning to anyone in his ward who might have had the idea of running his own illegal operations outside the Syndicate—a generic term used by Chicagoans for the gangster element which they believe to rule large sections of their city.

Whatever the reason, the murder of Gross was a trigger for the loudest bang to be heard in Chicago for many years. Two organizations to fight gangsterism were formed in the immediate aftermath. The first, known as the Big Nineteen, was made up of business and church leaders, sponsored by the Chicago Association of Commerce and Industry and the Chicago Crime Commission. It was and remains entirely a citizens' group. The second, known as the Big Nine, is officially labeled the Committee for the Investigation of Crime in Politics. Made up of nine aldermen from Chicago's City Council, this group was the brain-child of Merriam and several of his young cohorts. Although Merriam was nudged out of the committee chairmanship when it was first formed, he has from the beginning been the most vocal and vigorous member.

Before he tangled head-on with crime in politics, however, Bob Merriam had given more than superficial indication that he was no run-of-the-mill big-city politician.

Merriam's background is impressive. He was literally born to politics. His father taught political science to University of Chicago students just a few blocks from Merriam's present home on the south side of Chicago. The elder Merriam, a Bull Moose Republican, was one of the nation's foremost experts on government. Just before he died last year, he and his son had completed seven years of work on a textbook called *The American Government*, which emphasizes the importance of the local unit in the teaching of political science. The elder Merriam twice ran for mayor of Chicago. In 1911 he almost made it, but in 1919 he was snowed under in the primaries. Of his father, Merriam says: "Dad was one of the great idealists of this country. He had an eternal optimism. I hope that some of it has rubbed off on me."

Shortly after he received an M.A. in public administration from the University, Merriam entered the Army as a private. He emerged four years later, an officer and veteran of the Battle of the Bulge. The experiences of his unit during the German break-through provided him with the material for a book, *Dark December*, which was written shortly after the war and has now gone through three modest printings. On the wall of Merriam's office hangs a framed letter which reads in part:

> Dear Colonel Merriam:
>
> I have just read a copy of your book, *Dark December*. . . . Yours is the most satisfactory war account I have seen. On the whole, I consider it a remarkably accurate document.
>
> Dwight D. Eisenhower

Since Merriam never rose above the rank of major, he considers the title on the President's letter a "battlefield promotion" and plans so to inform the Army if he is ever called back into service.

After the war, Merriam served briefly as

...head of Chicago's Metropolitan Housing ...ouncil; and then in 1947 he sought and won ...e job of alderman from Chicago's Fifth ...ard. At the age of twenty-seven, he thus ...came Chicago's youngest alderman. When ...erriam first ran for office, he ran with the ...acking of the Democratic organization, which had previously sponsored Paul Douglas in the same spot. Between Douglas and Merriam, the office was held by a party man who was dumped by the organization in 1947 in favor of Merriam—who was young, had a fine war record, and had prepared himself for a career in public administration. The Democrats, sadly in need of a few upstanding candidates to dissipate some of the political odors in other parts of the city, at that time embraced Merriam with real affection. So did the Fifth Ward voters. But when Merriam came up for re-election in 1951, the Democratic organization wanted no more of him.

Getting in Wrong with the "Boys"

MERRIAM'S principal offense during these first four years had been his effort to force economic reforms on first a surprised, then an indignant, and finally a reluctant City Council. He spent a full year studying the city budget, coming to the conclusion that about 6½ million dollars were being spent needlessly each year. Although most of the politicians treated Merriam's survey as a huge joke, he was able to gather a handful of young disciples from the City Council who have since come to be known as the Economy Bloc. Of 101 measures for financial reform they offered in 1952, a hundred were rejected; the only one that passed was a gag: it called for an $8 cut in one budgetary item. But, as of today, more than half the original reforms have been passed, although many were eventually credited to aldermen outside the Economy Bloc.

In addition to his work with the Big Nine and the Committee on Revenue dealing with financial reforms, Merriam is head of the Council's Housing Committee. His critics say that Merriam's other committee work, particularly on housing, has taken a back seat since the Crime Committee turned out to pack such popular appeal. But Merriam's record on housing—even if unspectacular and including some demolition of slum areas without adequate replacement for the displaced tenants—derives from the ideas he has long been developing in this field. Merriam never overlooks the politically popular cause of slum clearance, but at the same time he is a highly vocal advocate of saving the "Middle Belt" of the city—fifty-six square miles that are now middle-aged neighborhoods.

"It just doesn't make sense," says Merriam, "for us to spend almost $200 million a square mile to clear and redevelop slums when for a fraction of that amount in public and private money we can save and improve these good neighborhoods which could become slums."

Municipal Mishmash

BUT there are a lot of things about the city of Chicago which don't make sense. For example, the municipal government is composed of a series of fifty separate ward "kingdoms," each represented in the City Council by an alderman. Chicago has the largest council and the most antiquated ward system in the United States, and it has helped nurture machine politics. By contrast, New York has twenty-five aldermen, Philadelphia seventeen, and Los Angeles fifteen.

Merriam estimates that there are ten thousand people directly connected with the political machine in Chicago. "The machine bosses," says Merriam, "are practical enemies of democracy. They tear down respect for government and make a shady business deal out of what should be our revered institutions. Their system can only be destroyed by indignation—long-lasting, determined, deep indignation—from outraged citizens of all political beliefs."

Merriam is new enough, young enough, and possibly naïve enough to believe that such indignation is possible in Chicago. Here he may be a victim of his own judgment. Practical politicians feel that he has no chance for the mayor's job without party support, and that the Democrats might even be able to take the office of alderman away from him if he continues to fight the organization. Conspicuously, he is still an "amateur" politician to the extent of being one of the few who dedicate themselves full-time to the job of being an alderman. Merriam picks up extra

money—over his $5,000-a-year salary—only by writing and lecturing. For "professionals," however, there are generally thought to be a number of other ways to make money beyond city salaries and legitimate outside businesses.

Probably the most conventional emolument (and the easiest to justify) is the commission some aldermen receive for insurance sold on city installations. There are also other byways of aldermanic income, most of which grow out of the power of the alderman to approve or disapprove a great many things within his ward. It is rumored, suspected, and occasionally openly charged that some aldermen are paid fees by businessmen to permit such installations as conduits, switch tracks into business establishments, canopies over sidewalks, steam heating tunnels under city property, and lowered curbing for a driveway. When asked why he doesn't bring these things out into the open and stop them, Merriam has answered, "I'll do it the first time the rumors can be proved true—when a businessman in the city of Chicago will sign an affidavit admitting that he has paid this illegal bounty."

Honesty and the Unknown Cop

But this isn't the area of crime in politics with which Merriam is presently primarily concerned. In his own words, "The most frightening part of it is the Syndicate, continually lurking behind the minority coalition clique which really rules Chicago. We, the people . . . cannot get what we want as long as parts of our city government are subject to the Syndicate . . . and our police are busier collecting or protecting than patrolling."

Chicago's underpaid, understaffed police department is embarrassingly vulnerable to the mobsters. When Merriam asked one policeman what he would do if he saw a handbook operating on his beat, the cop answered, "I'd leave it alone, because if it's operating in the open it probably has a go-ahead from above and I'd only get in trouble if I pinched it." For a cop to look on graft as abnormal is hard where such an attitude prevails.

Merriam caused a minor sensation a few months ago, even in blasé Chicago, when he produced a tape-recorded interview with an ex-policeman on his half-hour Sunday evening television show. The cop, dearly known to the Chicago papers as Policeman X, really blew the lid off corruption within the police department. Among other things, he admitted that he had himself taken protection money from a well-known Chicago gambler.

As a result of this interview, Merriam got into a loud shouting match with State's Attorney John Gutknecht, who demanded that Merriam identify the anonymous cop and produce him for questioning by a Grand Jury. Merriam refused, and so far he has made his refusal stick. His position here—and in similar instances—of refusing full co-operation with law enforcement officials leaves him wide open to criticism; yet the support he has had from the newspapers indicates the degree to which Chicagoans have lost confidence in their law-enforcing agencies.

The TV show, which went off the air early this spring, was Merriam's idea. Worked out with a local station which gave him time, the program was dropped after nine weeks by mutual consent; Merriam is wise enough to know that citizens can take only so much "exposing" before they become saturated. The show will be revived at a later date; in the meantime, the people who watched it have had plenty to chew on.

In addition to Policeman X and others, Merriam produced a landlady who exposed bribe solicitations from a city building inspector (he was caught demanding the money). Democratic leaders claim that Merriam's parting from the Democratic organization was an outgrowth of this incident. To his embarrassment, the building inspector turned out to be a Fifth Ward civil-service appointee carrying a Merriam endorsement. When this was pointed out to him, according to a Fifth Ward official, Merriam claimed the man was forced on him by the Democratic organization and finally withdrew from it on this issue.

Merriam's TV show also turned up the owner of a tavern building who admitted paying off two health-department inspectors, and a former garageman who said policemen demand a cut on most fees paid for towing service. According to this informant, a police squad can hustle up more than a dozen tow jobs a week and the garages never get one without a payoff—at least they never get the second one.

Yet Merriam feels it is possible to clean up

police department as thoroughly immersed in boodling as Chicago's seems to be. He points out that it was accomplished in other cities, notably Cleveland, and that it might be done in four steps:

> (1) Get a strong, professionally-trained, thoroughly honest, and completely determined police commissioner;
>
> (2) Pick the worst offender on the force, preferably a big shot, and go after him no-holds-barred;
>
> (3) Get an indictment and then make it stick; this is the only language the grafters can understand; most of the bad ones would then drop out of their own free will; those that remained would have to be dug out like the first one;
>
> (4) Finally, build up morale among those left by showing them an honest desire to establish good wages, promotions on the basis of ability, and rewards for good jobs well done

And the Mayor, More or Less

MERRIAM believes that a group which controls all illegal operations in Chicago does indeed exist. About the "Syndicate," he says: "It never fights the 'right side'; it won't buck the police force. It goes only where it knows it will get a good reception—where the skids have been greased. The Syndicate is a very thorough and very efficient business operation. Actually it operates some legitimate businesses and has some legitimate investments. That's why it's becoming harder all the time to stamp it out. The only way to stop the Syndicate is to dry up its sources of revenue. Right now the number one source is probably narcotics. Before this year it was gambling."

The relegation of gambling to second place as an income source for the mobsters represents a minor triumph for Mayor Martin Kennelly and the forces of law and order. Kennelly and the federal gambling stamp have pretty well driven open gambling out of Chicago. The other Kennelly accomplishments, though he has also improved civil service considerably, are less impressive. "He has too often," says Merriam, "exercised his constitutional right to do nothing."

Probably no one ever had a finer opportunity to clean up a bad situation than Martin Kennelly, when he took office eight years ago. A successful and moderately wealthy businessman, he was politically clean and virtually uncommitted when the Democrats selected him. He was swept into office in the backwash of a reform movement sick to death of the Ed Kellys and the Big Bill Thompsons who had ruled Chicago for so many years. But the long succession of Kennelly's wasted opportunities has rankled Merriam sufficiently to lead him into open attack on the Mayor, thus broadening his rift with Chicago Democrats.

Although Kennelly is a shining light compared to the graft-laden regimes that preceded him, he seems better defined as a transition stage between government by machine and government by law. Kennelly has certainly taken steps in the right direction, but the advances have been pretty well lost in more noticeable disputes over crime and corruption. Kennelly's ability to see only what he wants to see has kept him in hot water with the press and the public throughout his years in office; and he also has an unhappy penchant for foot-in-mouth disease, which is sometimes fatal to politicians.

An example gleefully reported by Chicago newspapers was his comment at the first meeting of the Big Nine, when he said, "We must break the alliance between crime and politics in the police department." He later realized what these words implied and visited the City Hall press room to tell reporters that he meant the alliance should be broken "if it exists."

When the Big Nine was activated, Mayor Kennelly said: "This fight against crime has been pretty lonesome. I welcome the support of the City Council now." Kennelly and his immediate underlings then proceeded to throw as many road blocks as possible in the path of the Committee.

BIG Nine activities finally ground to a complete standstill on the question of whether or not the Committee could demand that policemen divulge the amount and sources of their incomes. The City's Corporation Counsel, John Mortimer, a good Kennelly man, backed up the policemen who refused to supply such information. Merriam and his group regarded this as so basic an issue that they chose to make an all-out fight.

The problem went to the State Supreme Court, and in March of this year the Court rejected Mortimer's position and ruled that the Big Nine could demand income information from policemen.

This decision not only re-activated the Big Nine but gave it new power and prestige. While the Committee was in limbo, moreover, one of the Democratic members had died and another resigned, throwing the balance of power to Merriam's group. Merriam lost no time—over the screams of the opposition—in calling a meeting of the Big Nine and getting himself elected to the chairmanship. The Committee now doesn't intend to resume hearings until investigations presently under way have produced sufficient evidence —probably late this fall.

Leading the Alderman's Life

The one adjective that best describes Merriam's appearance is cherubic. He has a round, full, and pleasant face on a middle-sized, well-filled frame. One of his undeniable concessions to the politician's trade is the perpetual smile which seems almost engraved on his features, making him appear seldom to change expression.

Merriam was married after he got into politics. His wife had two children by a previous marriage—a girl, thirteen, and a boy, eleven—to whom Merriam is devoted. The Merriams' first child, a girl, was born this summer. Merriam's wife believes very much in what he is doing, which is fairly necessary in view of the extent to which his work disrupts a quiet and ordered home life. During one recent (and infrequent) evening at home with her husband, Mrs. Merriam counted sixty-four telephone calls.

However, Merriam conducts much of his business a few blocks from home in his "public service office," located on Chicago's East 55th Street, a "transition" neighborhood which is a good example of the Middle Belt Merriam would like to save. Here he holds forth on Tuesday evenings and Saturday mornings; he calls these his "psychiatric hours." Theoretically he is accessible to anyone. Actually, his staff—which includes six people, five of them permitted by his city office and the other paid for from a separate fund—winnow out the visitors and take care of as many as possible who don't demand personal attention from the alderman. Merriam's South Side office is supported by funds contributed to a public collection in his ward.

There is nothing lush about his quarters. The waiting room furniture consists of two down-at-the-heels davenports, reposing tiredly beneath a cracked looking-glass, a jagged white wall patch, and the inevitable dusty American flag.

When Merriam is in the news, which is frequently, the number of visitors increases materially. People come to him from all over the city and county, and not just from his ward. He has become a sort of father confessor to scores of citizens who have lost confidence in their civic officials. Of course, for every visitor with legitimate ammunition for Merriam's crime-investigating committee, there are hundreds of crackpots and curiosity-seekers, intermixed with people who have everyday problems falling in the routine sphere of their alderman.

Merriam's workaday pre-occupation with the affairs of a corrupt and sprawling city has also, on occasion, involved him in bigger and more perplexing problems. One of these is his relationship to the two men with whom you would expect him to be allied: Paul Douglas and Adlai Stevenson. Ideologically, the three have much in common; but their different levels of political activity commit them to different perspectives on the Chicago scene. Stevenson, after visiting thirty-five foreign countries and forty-two states in the past two years, is understandably more concerned with national and international affairs; while Douglas' immediate objective is getting himself elected Senator. Both are painfully aware that a Democratic victory cannot take place in Illinois unless Chicago voters pick up the slack of the traditionally Republican downstate counties; so that from their point of view, much as they might otherwise applaud his efforts, Merriam's hassle with the city organization is wildly rocking the boat. Both Stevenson and Douglas are said to have felt that young Merriam, in any event, was setting himself too fast a pace, and to have cautioned him to take it easy. If so, the warnings apparently haven't sunk in.

Chicago citizens will vote in the primary for city officials next February 22 and the

election will take place on April 5, 1955. At this writing, Mayor Kennelly has not yet announced his candidacy. Neither has Merriam. But there are indications both will run. One member of the Economy Bloc, Alderman John Hoellen, has suggested publicly that Merriam be drafted as Republican candidate for mayor (this took place even before Merriam had announced his parting from the Democrats).

Commenting on this suggestion several months later, an official of the Democratic organization said, "The Republicans don't want Merriam as a candidate and he's just now finding it out. That leaves him a pretty disillusioned boy who would like to mend his fences with the Democrats." The same spokesman—a highly practical politician—admitted that Merriam's defection is hurting the Democrats by holding them up unjustly as a party of corruption in an election year; but the only organization Merriam now has behind him is the Independent Voters of Illinois whose support, the party official claims, is only lukewarm.

Watching and Waiting

Only a crushing defeat for the Democrats in November would compel them to re-embrace Merriam, if indeed they ever would or if he would accept them. The only possible conclusion is that he must run either as a Republican or an Independent. And Merriam—whose father once tried it—should have few illusions about the chances of an Independent to win the office of mayor. Both the Republicans and the Democrats would have to put up woefully weak candidates to make this possible.

Meanwhile he watches, waits—and makes headlines. And he says things like this:

> I believe there is no Democratic way or Republican way of enforcing ordinances, collecting garbage, or building filtration plants. When elements of one party have banded together with elements of the opposite party solely to turn our city government into a money-making minority monopoly, I can only draw one conclusion: it is time for those who love Chicago to band together to rebuild it, to remake it into the great and beautiful city it can be.

Political demagoguery? Stock phrases uttered by a slick politician out to better himself? Some people think so and have so stated in no uncertain terms. One of his most volatile and persistent critics, State's Attorney John Gutknecht, has accused him time and again of by-passing constituted authority.

When Merriam refused to name Policeman X, he was hailed into Criminal Court in Chicago and threatened with jail unless he gave the name to the Grand Jury. Chief Justice Charles S. Dougherty said to Merriam: "Grand Juries have a lot more to do than chase rainbows. We have enough headline hunters in Washington." One of his fellow aldermen, speaking against the appointment of Merriam as head of the Big Nine, said: "I don't like to see the Committee used as a stage for people running for public office."

The main opposition to Merriam comes from two areas: grafters and regular party men who resent and mistrust Merriam for what they see in him of the political demagogue or the starry-eyed idealist. Yet all the criticisms of Merriam fall within three categories: he is politically ambitious, he is a headline hunter, and he's just too darned good to be true.

Merriam makes no bones about the first criticism. He points out that he prepared himself for a career in public administration and finds nothing reprehensible in wanting to rise as far and as fast as possible in his chosen profession. About the second, he says the nature of the work that needs to be done in Chicago is of the stuff which makes headlines. The third requires no comment; only time can prove or disprove it.

If Merriam means what he says, then he is an important figure in American politics, not just to the people of Chicago but to every disgusted, discouraged, and disillusioned city-dweller from Saugatuck to San Francisco. Because he represents most of the things that have long been missing from lower-echelon politics, Merriam holds out hope that politics may some day become a profession, in the hands of people experienced in the administration of public affairs.

For that reason, if no other, Bob Merriam and Chicago are worth watching in 1955.

The Mask

A Story by Storm Jameson

Drawings by Adolph Hallman

THE sun had less warmth than it should have had in mid-February in Nice: it was dulled by a thin cloud which spread across the sky like a cold breath, darkening the sea, tarnishing the black evergreens and livid rocks of the hills. Hurrying across the wide square on his way home to lunch, Biancherie thought: How disappointed he will be if tomorrow it rains. The whole face of the square was masked by the enormous figures, flat, highly-colored, of a child's picture book, fixed there in readiness for the first procession of the Carnival. This year, for the first time, his son Michel had been expecting it. Last year and the year before he had accepted it when it came along, as a day no odder than other days. But between four years and five is an immense gap: suddenly, from being a baby, Michel had become a little boy who knew what Carnival meant.



Biancherie's apartment was the top floor of a strong shabby house near the port: to reach it he had to climb eight flights of dark stone stairs. Once there, he had all the light and sun there was—and, from the narrow balcony outside the sitting room, a view over roofs to the harbor and the sea. As he opened the door, Michel rushed out of the kitchen and hurled himself at his father's legs. He was wearing long tight black and white checked trousers, a short velvet jacket, buckled slippers; and a small hat with a long scarlet quill.

Biancherie picked him up, rubbed his cheek against the child's hot soft round face, and asked,

"What's this?"

"For tomorrow," the child cried. "And we've bought my mask."

"Show me," said Biancherie.

He set the child down and watched him run along the narrow passage to his bedroom, then went into the kitchen. It was warm with the smells of cooking, fennel, oil, nutmeg. His wife, setting bowls and glasses on the table, looked at him with a smile.

"He would try the things on," she said.

Standing near her, he laid a finger on her hair, black and gleaming, very carefully arranged, and smelling of the scented oil she used; her body had its own scent, a good vegetable smell, strong and pleasant. At thirty-one Lucile Biancherie was almost as slender as when he married her; she was twenty-five then,

three years older than he was: his mother, who opposed the marriage, had said: "In five years she'll be as round and broad as a casserole." It was a false prophecy. Except that her arms had become fuller, she had not changed; her skin was still so smooth and supple that it was more like a finely spun tissue than human skin; her eyes, dark, immense, under black arched eyebrows, were clear and calm, their thick lids uncreased. She had given Michel everything of herself except these eyes. The child had his father's eyes, smaller, paler, with all Biancherie's look of patience and goodness: for the rest he was his mother, with her smoothly rounded knees and wide shoulders, fine straight nose, and in his armpits and all the curves and hollows of his small body the same strong clean scent, of ripe figs, musk, olives, new bread. He had, too, his mother's passionate temper, changing in an instant from grief to happiness, from blissful tenderness to a moment of violent rage, only a moment; like his mother again, he had a warmly loving heart.

Not once in six years had Biancherie regretted marrying a young woman without a penny to her name or a decent dress to her back. He seated himself at the table. "What is Michel supposed to be?" he asked.

"Why, a little English boy, of course," cried his wife. "Didn't you look at him?"

"Yes, of course. I wasn't thinking. And his mask?"

"I haven't seen it yet. He went out this morning, with old Madame Titine, and they bought it. A lion or a clown, or some sort of grotesque."

Michel ran into the room, wearing the mask. It was neither grotesque nor animal; it was simply the face of a silly vapid young man, tiny black mustache, weak chin, turned-up nose. Biancherie disliked it at once, but until his wife burst out laughing he did not realize why.

"But it's you, Jeannot," she stammered, "it's exactly you . . . Did you know it was like Daddy?" she asked the little boy.

"That's why I chose it," said Michel, pleased.

Pulling the mask off, he kissed it tenderly, then climbed on to his father's knee, and kissed him with the same warm love. Biancherie barely responded. He was shocked, a little dazed, hurt. Did they really, Lucile and his son, see in him this fatuous booby? Abruptly, his wife realized that he was hurt. She came round the table to him and pressed his head against her body, roughening his hair.

"Don't spoil Michel's pleasure in his mask," she said softly: "he chose it because he loves you and thinks you're the best-looking man in the world. As I do."

"But if that's what I'm like . . ." he began.

"You're not. It's a child's drawing of you, it's not you at all. Not really."

She caressed his face, then bent and kissed him. Reassured, he ate his lunch with appetite, but when, before going out, he went into their bedroom, he stood for a full minute in front of the looking glass, scrutinizing his face . . . Do I look like it? . . . True, his chin was nothing much of a chin, and the black circumflex of mustache drawn halfway between his nose and his small mouth was identical with that on the mask, but there, surely, the likeness ceased? For less than a second his head swam, and his eyes looked back at him from the glass through slits, like Michel's eyes through the slits in the mask. He pulled himself together and saw the face he was familiar with, not handsome, certainly, but not vacant and conceited, an amiable gentle candid face, his face. As he turned from the glass, Lucile came into the room: picking up scarf and overcoat, he kissed her and went off.

The sky was less veiled, as if the sun were getting the better of the cloud, and as he hurried through the narrow streets he felt happy and exhilarated. When he reached the pharmacy, his assistant, old Angeli, had unlocked the door and was waiting for him inside, his face dark with news.

"You're wanted at your mother's. She's dying. They've just telephoned from the Red Cross post. You're to go up there at once."

The news was expected, yet it startled him, as if something in his body were being squeezed and twisted. He decided, although he had more than twenty-five miles to go, to take a taxi. He hurried back home, told Lucile, who cried warmly, "Oh, poor old thing!", promised to get a message to her in the morning, and went off.

A feeling of suspense which was neither anxiety nor grief but confused both, kept him leaning forward tensely in the cab, his mind strained toward the village he would reach, with luck, in two hours. It was a terrific climb, and at the garage near the harbor they had given him an old wheezing car; he felt vexed that he had not taken one of the splendid cars waiting to be hired by tourists. But long before they left the outskirts of Nice and began to climb into the hills, he had ceased to strain forward, and was in, yes, in the village. He had only to think of it, it had only to come uninvited into his head, for Nice—even old Nice where he lived, its houses vibrating like wasps' nests, its odorous noisy streets—to become shadowy and colorless: at once, without willing it, he was crossing the small dusty square in scorching sun, his feet burned through the soles of his sandals by the iron-hard earth, his eyelids fluttering in the light; or walking, stumbling over loose stones, down the street to his mother's house: not a single street in this village of two hundred souls had been made; they were all tracks, of pale dust in summer, of mud in winter before the snow came and after it melted. Even sometimes on first waking, before he stretched out a hand and touched Lucile lying warm and insensible beside him, he was in that other room, between bare walls he could touch on both sides without moving from his slip of a bed, staring at the barred window high in the wall.

The house had two rooms, only two, his and the one where his mother slept, and cooked, behind a screen. Here they sat in the evenings, he bent over his lessons under the petrol lamp, she upright, hands folded, eyes fixed, not in a glance, however distant, but in a total absence, as if she had separated herself, once and for all, from every object and creature round her.

Next door to this almost hovel was the house, the large dignified house where he had been born and had lived until an evening in his fifth year. That evening he came home from spending the day lower down the steep street with Madame Gabano, his foster mother, to find the great front door locked and sealed. His mother was waiting for him in the doorway of their new home.

As a child does, he had accepted the change without misgiving. His father was not there. Once after this he asked for him, and she said violently,

"He has gone."

He never asked again. Years later he learned what had happened. His father had been away for days, one of his habitual absences. That morning, after his mother had dispatched him to Madame Gabano, she sent to Vence for the notary and ordered him to fix seals on the house—her own—and to inform her husband that this time it would be no use his returning. It was finished. Let him stay with *his other wife* . . . Her husband made no attempt to come back to her; his son did not even know whether he were alive still. The great house remained shut up, all its furniture in place. She never set foot in it again.

The boy was not unhappy living, with his nearly silent mother, in their two rooms. He was by nature gay and confident, and he had always (like his father) another home, his foster mother's, Madame Gabano's warm dark kitchen below the little café with its overpowering smell of red coarse wine and garlic: the window, on the precipice side of the house, overlooked a descending pattern of hills folding one into another, down, down, to the plain and the thin distant arc of sea. Here he had a family, a real family, with outbursts of laughter, scolding, tears; in one corner Pierre Gabano's bed, Pierre his foster brother—his friend, Pierre.

Four years older than Jeannot, Pierre, at nine, was not a child: broad-shouldered, with a high color in his dark cheeks, large strong hands, feet of which every toe moved as easily as a finger, and magnificent eyes, so thickly fringed by long black eyelashes that they appeared to take up even more space than they did in his wide face. He was short in body, but very strong, very gentle. Jean Biancherie followed at his heels like a young dog, waiting for the caress he was certain before long to get. Pierre at this time was his mother, it was with Pierre that he had all his experience of the tenderness of a mother.

For three or four years after the day his mother sealed the house, Pierre was the whole of his family. Then, with the reckless generosity for which she was known, Madame Gabano adopted the daughter of neighbors



THE car was grinding up the last mile of road. Seen from below, the village was a jagged line of walls the yellow color of ivory, poised on the knife-point of the hill. Below them the hill dropped sheerly away a hundred feet into a gentler slope scarred by derelict terraces, from the time when eight hundred people lived here and grew olives. Now the only olive trees were his mother's.

The car stopped in the square; the driver refused to attempt the street leading out of it.

Empty in winter sunlight, the square received him and pushed him gently down the stony dust of the street, between houses, half of them abandoned, the rest all eyes behind the low windows.

Is she still alive?

He pushed open the door. Madame Gabano stood up at the side of the bed, balancing from side to side her sparrow's head, thrusting her wrinkled lips forward in a smile.

"You're here, Jeannot. Good."

He bent over his mother lying in the center of the bed. "Is she asleep?"

"No, poor lady—unconscious." She sighed. "Now you've come I can go home and see to things a little. I'll come back."

"What is there to do for her?" he asked, uneasy.

"Nothing, my poor Jeannot. There's nothing."

Alone, he brought his face close to the face lying there inert, a fragment of old brown wood, the eyelids a darker brown than the rest, and sunken, as if there were nothing under them, as if what had been an absence of looking had become an absence at last of her eyes themselves.

"I'm here," he said. "This is Jean, your son Jean."

There was no recognition in the dark face: below the forehead, scored across by irregular black lines, her beaked nose stood out like a little scimitar. Biancherie rubbed his own. You could at least have given me that, he reflected.

It was growing dark when Madame Gabano came back. She had left a meal ready for him

who had died suddenly. Lucile Grassi was twelve. He remembered her coming into the kitchen when he was there, in her black ugly dress, her eyes reddened, her lips thick with crying. Pierre was not at home. Madame Gabano had to go upstairs to the café, and he was left alone with her. She sat down on the corner of Pierre's bed and took no notice of his shy words.

After a time, because he did not know what else to do, he began to reel about the room like a clown, hoping to make her laugh. She did laugh. She laughed, then cried a little, and a minute later fell suddenly asleep, falling back on the bed as if something in her had given way. He was afraid to budge. He stood and stared. She lay with one arm over the side of the bed. He saw the fingers of this hand, small, plump, slowly uncurl until it lay on the floor like the soft paw of a little animal. Holding his breath, he went down on one knee and kissed it, timidly, gently.

I must, he reflected, have begun to love her in that moment, without knowing it. She returned his love. For her years she was childish, and they played together as if they were of an age, rolling about the floor, like puppies, under Pierre's amused eyes. He was only a year older than Lucile, but at this time, at thirteen, he was already almost a young man. Sometimes, between the warmth of the kitchen and their exertions, the two young ones rolled into each other and fell asleep. Pierre picked them up then and dropped them on his bed.

in her kitchen. He went off, ate, drank part of the bottle of wine, and returned.

"How long will this go on?" he asked.

"A day. Two days. Or a few hours. Go to bed and sleep. I'll sit up."

"No, Mamma," he told her. "Leave her to me."

She fussed round him for a time, and at last, quite glad to go, went.

It was an interminable night. He thought of Lucile asleep now in the wide bed in their room, of his mother's refusal to see her or acknowledge her as a daughter-in-law, of her contempt for the young woman as a nothing, the daughter of two nothings. Double zero, she called her.

What else but this contempt had driven Lucile to refuse, during more than two long years, to marry him? The first time he asked her, when he was nineteen and she twenty-two, she had refused gently; after that, her rejections became sharper and irritable. She suffered, he thought, from that cruel *double zero*. When she gave in, it came suddenly, brusquely, very much as she had dropped asleep that first day, a spring broken in her. He was already in Nice, living there during the week and coming home at the weekend. One Sunday he had been helping to pick the olives; toward four o'clock, exhausted, he gave it up and came home. He left Pierre there, still hard at work. Almost at the village, he saw a young woman still bending over the stone trough at the end of the street, wringing the sheets she had been washing. It was Lucile. He walked with her to Madame Gabano's, carrying the damp bundle. She forced herself to be gay, to chatter to him, but she was tired. In the kitchen she held out her hands, purple with cold, finger-ends wrinkled. Half smiling, half bitter, she said,

"They'll soon be like everyone else's—pads, not hands."

He caught hold of them.

"When you marry me, you'll be living in Nice, with no need to ruin your hands to wash sheets."

She laughed at him, mocking and gentle.

"What could I do in Nice? They would make fun of me."

"No one would laugh at you, at my wife. Everyone without exception would look at you with respect. You're so calm, so beautiful, you would be like a princess living there."

She turned away from him.

"I'm too old for you. I'm three years older than you, my dear Jeannot."

His heart beating violently, he made an unsteady move toward her. She was going to give in to him. He knew.

"Nonsense," he said, with difficulty. "You are only a child—my child. I was born older than you, much older."

She let him take her in his arms. There were tears on her eyelids, but she was smiling. He kissed the side of her neck: though she did not return his kisses, she tightened her hold of him and he felt her tremble.

Neither of them heard Pierre. The first sound they heard was his indrawn breath. Lucile freed herself and wheeled round.

"Jeannot and I are going to be married."

"She has agreed," Biancherie cried. "At last."

He waited for Pierre to smile, to throw both arms round him and kiss him, and kiss Lucile. Pierre did not move.

"Is it true?" he asked Lucile.

"Yes, of course."

"Why?"

"What do you mean, why?" said Biancherie. "We've always loved each other, I'm of age, I have money of my own, why shouldn't we get married?"

"Your mother," said Pierre.

Oh, if that were all. "My mother will agree to what she can't prevent any longer."

"D'you think so? That isn't my idea of Madame Biancherie. She has never in her life agreed to what vexed her. Coming from God or the devil. Still less chance when it only comes from you."

"Why are you talking like this?" Biancherie asked.

"He is surprised," said Lucile quietly. She spoke to Pierre, looking at him. "How can I go on living here—with nothing—with hardly a pair of stockings to my name? And nothing to look forward to except hard work, poverty, wrinkles? Think, Pierre."

"Yes," he answered.

There was a silence. Pierre lifted his head and looked from one to the other. He smiled. Laying an arm round Biancherie, he kissed him on both cheeks.

"You'll be happy. Lucile will be kind to you."

Biancherie laughed. "You haven't asked me to be kind to Lucile."

"No need," said Pierre, "you couldn't help it. You can't help being kind."

"Who could," he smiled, "to Lucile?"

"Who could to Lucile?" echoed Pierre.

It was after their marriage that Pierre himself went off, to become a sailor. His mother, Madame Biancherie, the whole village, were stupefied. The sea, after all! But he enjoyed his new life. The first thing he did at the end of a voyage, before going home to his mother, was to climb the eight flights of stairs to see his foster brother and Lucile, bringing them whatever had caught his eye in Valparaiso or Puerto Buenos, a piece of silk, a fan, a nest of carved boxes. These visits, too short, were gay, gayer than the Carnival.

The shadows flying up and out of the night light merged into one shadow. Hanging forward in his chair, he fell asleep. He woke with a jerk of his body. His watch had stopped, but he heard passing the house a man going to work, and he knew it must be daylight. Noiselessly he opened the shutter: light came into the room.

Madame Gabano arrived and sent him off to drink the coffee she had left at the side of the stove. Later, about ten, the doctor arrived.

"Another twenty-four hours," he said. "She's strong."

"Poor lady," said Madame Gabano.

"She feels nothing," said the doctor.

"Can you be sure?"

The doctor shrugged his shoulders. He had other patients in the village, and went off. Biancherie hurried out. He telephoned to Angeli at the pharmacy, to tell him what the doctor had said. "Let my wife know—at once—that I shall be staying up here another night." He went back to the house. As he opened the door, his foster mother turned round from the bed slowly, and told him,

"Your mother is dead."

An hour or so later, when the doctor was leaving the house for the second time, Madame Gabano said,

"My poor Jeannot, you must go out for a time, and leave her with me. Put it at two hours. What will you do? Walk? Go home?"

By home, as he knew, she meant her own kitchen. Obeying an impulse, he asked the doctor,

"If you're going back to Nice will you run me down there? I can see my wife for a few minutes and come straight back."

"Certainly."

He wanted the warmth of Lucile's body against his own for a moment, a solace, a remedy against the mortal cold he had felt flowing round him. It had set his teeth chattering. All would be well if, for only a moment, he could rest his cheek below her throat and feel her hand press it there closely. The complete security she gave him with this one gesture was so exquisite that each time it happened he thought the same thing: She is giving me my soul. Nothing else she did for him equaled this gift of security. So gentle, so simple, so beyond any gratitude. Always, he felt always, when he put his arms round her, or when, turning the light off, he came to lie beside her in their bed, the same sensation of warmth and safety he had felt as a child the moment he stepped into his foster mother's kitchen and closed the door on everything that chilled and puzzled him outside.

The doctor dropped him in the center of Nice. It was two hours before the Carnival would start, but already excited children were running about the square in any sort of cheap pinned-together disguise. He smiled, remembered Michel's mask, and frowned.

He let himself into the apartment without a sound. Michel, he knew, would be sleeping, or at least lying on his bed pretending to sleep. "No sleep, no Carnival," his mother would have warned. There were no sounds of life but, to his surprise, he saw that three people had had lunch in the kitchen. The table was still covered with their plates and glasses. The door of the sitting room was open, and he could see across it to the balcony.

Lucile was out there, with Pierre. They stood, so closely embraced, Lucile's body as if molded into Pierre's, his mouth closed on hers, that the only movement possible was that of Pierre's hands, passing in a series of light touches up her body as far as the shoulders. When they reached her shoulders she pressed her head back, an expression of anguish on her face, her lips parted, showing the line of her teeth, her eyes wide open. This expression more than anything stupefied Biancherie. He had never seen anything like

it on her face. But how could I? he thought dully. She never felt like that for me.

Without another thought, without making a sound, he crept back along the passage to the door, opened it noiselessly, and went away.

For a long time he walked about the streets, with a harassed rapid step, as though in search of something. He was not thinking. When, without meaning to, he came back toward the square, it was filled with people. The monstrous grotesques of the Carnival were jigging round in the sun, under a torrent of music brayed by the loudspeakers.

Suddenly, not very far from him in the crowd, he saw the three of them, Lucile, Pierre, laughing, with Michel straddling his broad shoulders. The child was wearing his mask, and now for the first time Biancherie felt hatred opening in him, like a horrible wound. No doubt Lucile had lied, it was she who had chosen the mask and taught his son to laugh at him. For a searing moment he confounded her and the child in one spasm of hatred. Michel put his hand up, pushed the mask off his face, and instantly became his good little Michel, impulsive, warm-hearted, loving. The hatred devouring Biancherie turned against his wife and Pierre; if it had touched them they would be dead. Afraid of being seen, he turned and elbowed his way through the crowd, and went by back streets to the pharmacy. The idea of killing them persisted in him: his meager body had become a block of anger. A phrase repeated itself in his mind.

"Double zero, double zero."

If he could rub out this double zero, make it the nothing it had always, except in his infatuated head, been, what a relief. What became of him afterward was completely unimportant.

There were three people in the pharmacy. Angeli, after sending him a commiserating inquisitive glance, went on serving them. Biancherie smiled vaguely. Going into the room at the back, he helped himself to enough gardenal to kill four or five people.

Angeli came in. "I wasn't expecting you, I thought—"

"My mother is dead," he interrupted.

He felt his knees giving way. He sat down, broken, in the only chair. He shut his eyes, until he felt a glass placed against his lips.

"Drink this up."

He drank it, and felt his senses return. "Thanks. I'm all right."

"It's a shock when they go," said Angeli. "You should go home now and let your wife put you to bed for the day."

"Perhaps."

He left, and went back to the apartment. There, the remains of lunch had been cleared away, except for a nearly full bottle of the rough wine Pierre liked. No doubt they meant to finish it at supper. He did not look inside the bedroom, his and Lucile's. Instead, he busied himself dissolving the gardenal in the wine, then sat down to wait. As they came in at the door he would jump up, cry, "Pierre! What luck! When did you get here?" And run to the cupboard for glasses. Pretending to drink he would watch, watch,



until, not sure what was happening to them, half insensible, their limbs heavy, first one and then the other slid to the floor.

In all this, he had forgotten Michel. When, abruptly, he thought of him, the image that jumped into his mind was of Michel as a six-months-old baby. He had been as old as that before Pierre—away on a long voyage, lasting a year and a half—saw him. How gently he had lifted him out of his cradle! And held him on one arm, Michel's head fitting neatly into the hollow of his shoulder.

"He's exactly his mother," he said.

"Yes, isn't he!"

At this instant Michel opened his eyes and

looked directly at the dark rosy face above his. Smiling, Pierre traced with his finger a line round these widely-open eyes.

"But he has your eyes, Jeannot, your good kind eyes. Let's hope he has your kind heart as well."

"If he has as much goodness as Lucile, that's all I want," he answered.

Astonishing both men, Lucile burst into a violent fit of tears. "No, no," she stammered, "no, I'm not good. It is you, Jeannot, you."

At the time he had put it down to the nervous overexcitement of a young woman with her first baby. She had recovered quickly, and the evening, Michel safely asleep, had been one of delicious happiness and gaiety, with bursts of laughter when Pierre brought out the wildly unsuitable presents he had thought of for the child.

When, he wondered, did it begin?

As if it had been waiting all these years for him, a scene came back from the past. From his twelfth year. He was in the kitchen with Lucile and his foster brother: it was late evening, nearly ten o'clock, and still very warm. It had been a hot heavy day. Lucile, restless and languid, moved about the room, and Pierre—Pierre the young man of sixteen, with the line of black feathery hairs along his upper lip—watched her.

"Jeannot, your mother will be angry if you don't go home," he said.

He knew it, but did not move, uneasy, feeling himself unwanted, at a loss. Suddenly Pierre stood up and walked across the room to where Lucile was leaning against the window.

Stooping, he rubbed his dark face against hers, and passed his mouth over her forehead, her eyes, hair. These caresses were not different from others the boy had seen him give her, yet there was a difference. Bending lower, Pierre made the infantile gesture of pressing his nose against the breasts outlined under her cotton dress. Turning, she looked at the boy.

"Go home to bed."

The roughness, the impatience, of her voice startled him out of his inertia. He went.

They had begun to make love, he thought. Or that, perhaps, was the evening they began. Closing his eyes, he let rise behind them images thrown up by his jealousy and rage: Pierre taking the girl's head between his hands, drawing it toward him, his mouth seeking her hair or her eyes, Pierre lying back, for a moment passive, under the pressure of her young mouth.

But, suddenly, scattering these images, flinging them aside, there rose in him a jet of pure grief. It was without force or heat, yet tore him apart. She has always been so kind, he thought. And Pierre is so kind.

A ridiculous memory seized him: the day when, a very little boy, he forgot himself as they say, and Pierre whipped off his knickers, washed him, washed them, dried them on the stove, and had them back on him before Madame Gabano came downstairs from the café.

The memory filled him with love. His heart turned over in him. Never, he had never felt for his foster brother such a swelling wave of love and tenderness. It swept him to a point where he felt, about both of them, his wife and Pierre, that they were younger and weaker than he was. It was almost a maternal feeling, astonishing and frightening.

How I spoiled things for them, he thought. Not only that night. How, with my money, my assured future, I turned Lucile away from her contentment as the wife of a man who could give her none of the things I have given her, with whom she would have been poor, hard-worked, prematurely old, but—in a word—filled.

He felt a sharp pity for her, pure love, pure tenderness.

The sooner I take myself out of their way the better, he thought calmly. He stood up. Shaking the bottle of wine as if it were medicine, he measured out half of it into a tumbler, poured the rest down the sink, and carried the tumbler into the bedroom.

He drank all the bitter wine, and lay down.

The door was flung open by Michel. He danced into the room, wearing his silly little mask. Capering round the bed, he cried,

"Look at me, I'm you now. I'm me and you. Do look."

Since there was no answer from the bed, he pouted and ran back into the kitchen shouting to his mother and Tonton Pierre that his father had come back and was asleep.

American management has come a long way since the days of "the public be damned" attitude of tycoon and railroad baron. . . . But what is the prime duty of the captain of industry today—now that old-age benefits, the wives of employees, and the community chest have come under his wing?

The Responsibilities of Management

Peter F. Drucker

You might wonder, if you were a conscientious newspaper reader, when the managers of American business had any time for business. Last spring I watched the papers for a single month with a specific question in mind—what does management think it ought to do about its public responsibilities? In a few weeks I discovered that management was ready to take upon itself as many good works as a Boy Scout troop. Here, for example, are some of the responsibilities that well-known businessmen asserted publicly were the business of business: the Community Chest drive, the employment of the physically handicapped, research in the social sciences, and support of symphony orchestras. That is only a start. It is business's business, they say, to back religious tolerance, to support the United Nations, and to foster the economic education of the American people. It should also stand behind a liberal foreign-trade policy, take care of intellectual refugees from China, and ensure the freedom of the press in America. It should concern itself with conservation of forests.

Mr. Sloan of General Motors and Mr. Abrams of Standard Oil (New Jersey), to be more specific, have formed an organization to discharge management's responsibilities for the maintenance of the private colleges. Mr. Paepcke of the Container Corporation of America not only asserts, but applies, the theory that management has a responsibility for the arts.

In some cases, of course, when businessmen aver that they have a "public responsibility" it is only a fashionable way of saying: "Here is a worthy cause; let's give money to it." On the other hand there is no doubt that because of its power and prominence in industrial society management must accept heavy public responsibilities that go far beyond charity.

No one, I think, would question the fact that this attitude on the part of business managers is an improvement over the "public be damned" point of view that marred the period of cantankerous free enterprise and exuberant industrial growth. It is a corollary of what is often called the "professionalization" of management—by which is meant the trend among managers to think of themselves almost as public servants, not as men driven by a ruthless craving for profits. Yet there is another sense in which their new attitude is not wholly an improvement. Managers, it seems to me, have gone so far afield in searching for new social responsibilities that they have lost sight of those that lie under their very noses.

Let us look at management's real public responsibilities. They are a long way from the Community Chest and the care of intellectual refugees from China. They are not just a cultural frosting on the cake that management both wants to have and to eat. They are, I am convinced, part and parcel of their business responsibilities. They are the real business of business.

I think that we can agree that the first responsibility of management is always to the business enterprise and that, since it is the primary job of any business enterprise to make a profit, management must see to it that it does. This profit must be the minimum that the business needs to do its job, and the job is more than merely to see that the shareholders get a return on their investment. No business operates in a purely financial climate. It operates in a social climate as well, a climate peopled not only by stockholders but by employees and by consumers and by the members of the community, small and large, in which it has its being. Whether it likes it or not, management has a responsibility to all of these people and has to take them all into account when it calculates what its minimum profit must be.

Business must not only make a profit for its owners but it must also cover the risks of the future. It must meet its share of community responsibilities which it does partly by paying the taxes that the community demands, and it must support a steady improvement in the goods it produces or in the services it supplies.

Managements in America are nothing if not "profit-conscious." Usually they talk about their responsibilities to the shareholder for profits; and while this is certainly one of their responsibilities, the shareholder, at least in a publicly owned company, can always sell his shares and get out. But what about the rest of us? If an enterprise fails, it is not just the stockholders who take a loss; we all lose. Jobs are gone and wealth is wasted. It is the community that bears the brunt, and we are all part of the community. It is management's job to see to it that it makes enough profit both for the enterprise and for society—enough for the people who own the business and enough for those who live by it.

The fact is that we all live by it, however indirectly it may seem to touch us, and the policy decisions that are made by management affect all of us. But let it be said that this is a two-way street. If it is true that the decisions of management affect our welfare, it is just as true that our attitudes toward business affect its welfare. Management must conduct their affairs in such a way that they make the minimum profit which they need to discharge their responsibilities and at the same time keep all of us even if we are not owners rooting for the business enterprise.

But let us take some examples of specific public responsibilities that face management and see how it is discharging them. Some relate directly to the people who work for the enterprise, some to the larger public. Some are near at hand; some lie further in the future. But all of them are closely tied to the main business of business, and none of them are the sort of thing that I found to be worrying management when I made my informal survey of the newspapers last spring.

What Employees Demand

It should have been clear to any management ten years ago that the changing age structure of the American population, coupled with the steady drop in the purchasing power of the dollar, would produce an irresistible demand on business to do something for old employees. Some managements—those of General Electric; Sears, Roebuck; or the Bell Telephone System, for instance—saw this need forty or fifty years ago and did something about it. But few others anticipated the inevitable. As a result managements have been forced to accept demands for employee pensions which impose the greatest rather than the least burden on the enterprise. Furthermore they do not meet the real problem of what to do with the older worker who is both willing and able to continue to do some useful work.

American managements are about, I am afraid, to make exactly the same kind of mistake in handling the demand for stabilized employment and income for workers. Social pressure is behind this demand and the pressure is becoming all but irresistible. Historically the line between "salary" and "wage" has been the line between "middle class" and "working class." Though during most of our history, for example, the bricklayer has been paid at a higher rate than the teacher or the minister, the teacher's income—low as it has been—has traditionally been an "annual salary," the bricklayer's an "hourly wage." But the worker in this country has by and large become "middle class" in his way of life, his standard of living, and his basic atti-

tudes, and his demand for stabilized employment and income is something much more powerful than a demand for economic gain or economic security. It is a demand for the social symbol that expresses the worker's new social and economic status. Status has tremendous emotional appeal to everyone but especially to a generation which still suffers from the "depression psychosis" it acquired in the thirties.

The Desire for Absolutes

Absolute employment-security—the "guaranteed annual wage" of union rhetoric—cannot satisfy this demand. Absolute security is as empty a promise as one of immortality would be. Such a promise would not only end in bitter disillusionment; it would make a depression almost inevitable and extremely severe. And (as a similar guarantee in Italy has done) it would keep employers from hiring new workers and would thus actually create unemployment.

But it is possible to find the employment expectation in most businesses, and it is almost always much higher than either management or workers realize. It is nearly always possible to improve this expectation significantly by better management methods that stabilize work; and wherever that has been done the result has been a real improvement in business performance. Finally it is possible to insure an expectation of this sort in a way that makes it dependable for the worker and without risk to the business. To find and develop this workable, if not profitable, way to satisfy the worker's demand for employment security is a clear duty a management owes to the enterprise that pays its salaries. To refuse to recognize it will in the long run saddle enterprise and economy with the phony "immortality" of an absolute employment guarantee.

A similar responsibility of management may well exist today with respect to the demand for equality in employment regardless of race, creed, and color—and a management that is alive to its responsibilities to the enterprise, might realize that this demand may outside the Deep South include within a few years a demand for racial equality in respect to promotional opportunities.

So far I have mentioned only responsibilities that arise out of already existing public pressures. But management also owes it to the enterprise to manage in such a way that it does not create public demands and public policies which will threaten in the future the enterprise, its freedom, and its economic success.

In recent years, for instance, many companies have dispersed their plants geographically. In doing so some of them have simply built, in a new location, a replica of the original plant that turns out the same product for the same market. In many cases both the old and the new plants are the main source of employment in their respective communities. There is a rubber company with old plants in Akron and a new plant in a small Southern town; a ball-bearing company with an old plant in a small New England town and a new plant in a small town in Ohio; a shirt-maker with old plants in upstate New York and a new plant in rural Tennessee, and many others.

In a depression this can only lead to serious public reaction. It may even lead to a demand for governmental regulation and planning of plant location. For in a depression management will have to decide which of these plants to close down and which to keep open—the new plants, which represent a high capital investment, have by and large a high break-even point, and thus require capacity operations in order to be profitable; or the old plants, around which a whole community may have grown up. But will any community, no matter how eager it was to obtain the new industry, take quietly a management decision to deprive it of its main source of income so as to keep up employment in some other community?

The bitterness and tenacity of the recent strike of the Hatters' Union in Danbury, Connecticut, caused by the mere suspicion that management might intend to move operations from an old-established local plant to new plants in the South and Midwest, shows what impact management decisions of this sort have even during a boom. If the market and the forces of the business cycle bring about local unemployment, that's one thing. But if management does so, that's quite another thing. It may therefore be a vital management responsibility to organize new plants

so that they have their own markets and their own products. Otherwise expansion will lead to a clash between management and the community, between the requirements of the business and the requirements of public policy. And in such a clash business is bound to lose.

Another current practice which may tend to breed hostile public opinion and public policies is the exclusive hiring of college graduates for management positions. It narrows the promotional opportunities for foremen and thus cuts off the most important rungs on the traditional American ladder of opportunities; the same is true of the policy of not hiring older workers. To discharge its responsibility to the enterprise management should give close attention to the impact of these practices upon the public welfare and upon public opinion.

In brief, management should always, in every one of its policies and decisions, ask the question: what would the public reaction be if everyone in industry did that? What would the public impact be if this behavior were general business behavior? And this is not just a question the large corporations have to ask. Small businesses and their managements have fully as much of an impact.

Dangerous Ground

So far we have been talking about responsibilities that lie right under the nose of management, and all of them are responsibilities that, I believe, they must assume. But there is another side to the coin. There are responsibilities that management should avoid. There are danger areas into which management should not venture, for it has a responsibility not to undermine our social beliefs and not to usurp authority that extends beyond its rightful area of operation. It must not take over the management of the lives as well as the jobs of its employees.

"It's always a toss-up whether the men will stop work on an economic issue," an experienced union leader once said, "but you can always pull them out on a good grievance." The unions, it is true, have effectively limited management control of the worker—sometimes too effectively. But the same cannot be said of the relations of management with its own kind. Increasingly, businesses claim the absolute allegiance of their management people and absolute control over them. The vice president in charge of personnel in one of our largest companies, for example, advocates in all seriousness that young executives present their fiancées to the company for inspection and approval before being allowed to marry them.

"A man's wife is a very important factor in his success," he explains. "And we have much too large a stake in our executives to allow them to ruin themselves."

And while this man's associates laugh at him for being "impractical," none of them to my knowledge have said bluntly that the suggestion is an outrage.

In a free society the citizen is a loyal member of many institutions; and none can claim him entirely or alone. *In this pluralism lies the strength and the freedom of a free society.* If the enterprise ever forgets this, society will retaliate by making its own supreme institution, the State, omnipotent and total. Today's tendency of so many (especially of our larger) enterprises to assume paternal authority over its management people and to demand of them a special allegiance to the enterprise is socially irresponsible, indefensible alike on grounds of public policy and the enterprise's self-interest. The company is not and must never claim to be home, family, religion, life, or fate for the individual in management. It must not interfere in his private life or his citizenship. The employee is tied to the company through a voluntary and cancelable employment contract, not through some mystical and indissoluble bond. Whatever an employment contract implies the enterprise can demand of him—but not one iota more.

It is even highly doubtful whether managements are entitled to use the findings of the so-called "social sciences" to attempt to "motivate" or to "lead" their employees, or to "change their attitudes." For all these are polite terms for "control through manipulation."

It is one of the responsibilities of management to know where its responsibilities stop, for it is when management oversteps the limits of its legitimate sphere of action that it runs head on into adverse public opinion. It behooves management to realize that in every

business policy and every business action it ought to consider the impact of its decisions on society. Does its action promote the public good? Is it likely to advance the basic beliefs of our society? Will it contribute to stability, strength, and harmony? If the answers are negative, then the policies will ultimately be harmful to business.

But let us go back to where we started. What about management's responsibilities for the colleges, for foreign policy, and for the arts? Management is, after all, one of the leading groups in our society, and is it not the responsibility of leading groups to be concerned with such matters?

The answer is yes. All leading groups need to be concerned. But to assume responsibility is quite another matter, for responsibility implies authority and it is none of management's legitimate business to have authority over such matters as education and the arts. Indeed it is unthinkable. But that is not to say that there are not public responsibilities over which management may very well assume responsibility which carries with it authority. There are public responsibilities which are legitimately the business of business, and where it can function effectively and in the public welfare as a leading group.

Such an area, and a major one, is fiscal policy. Look, and let management look, at our tax structure. It was built when the income tax was 4 per cent (and that applied only to millionaires). It has grown like Topsy, so that what we have today is an illogical, unmanageable, even immoral tax structure that encourages and rewards irresponsible actions and decisions on the part of both business and private individuals. Here is an area where management can make a major contribution and where, therefore, it has a major responsibility.

It is not enough for management to scream that taxes are too high. What we need is a policy that reconciles the necessity of continuing high government expenditure with the requirements of society and economy. As long as management confines itself to shouting "down with taxes" it will not have discharged its responsibility for fiscal policy. In fact it will only have made itself look irresponsible in the eyes of the public.

Wherever management's competence gives it authority, it also has a responsibility, and this responsibility has to be discharged in the public interest. It is not good enough for management to start out with the premise, "what is good for the business is good for the country," even though, for the very large company (such as General Motors) which is almost a cross section of the American economy, there is a great deal of concealed truth in this understandably unpopular assertion. For while management's competence is the basis of its authority, the only basis on which this authority can be used, is the public interest. What is good for the business is irrelevant.

The reason why Paul Hoffman's Committee for Economic Development was such a resounding success and was so generally applauded by the public was not that its policies and recommendations were more "liberal" than those of the National Association of Manufacturers; actually the NAM is a great deal more "liberal" in many areas. What made CED acceptable was precisely that it focused on the public interest and tried to brush aside whatever private interests its management members might have had. The NAM on the other hand always seems to act as though what is good for its membership must also be good for the country. It is for this reason that it is viewed with general suspicion, if not with distrust.

Sears, Roebuck and IBM

It may sometimes seem (indeed, it often does) that the public welfare and the welfare of business are at loggerheads. But we cannot avoid the conclusion that management as one of the leading groups in our society has the responsibility for trying to reconcile whatever is genuinely in the public interest to what is genuinely in the interest of business. There are many examples of ingenious managements that have turned the public interest into self-interest and have served themselves at the same time that they have helped to save the community from near disaster.

In the worst days of the depression General Wood of Sears, Roebuck ordered his managers to pay a minimum wage averaging $15 a week—about twice the weekly wage then actually paid to salesgirls, especially in small towns, and higher even than the minimum-

wage law enacted over violent business opposition a few years later. Wages are a major expense in any retail business, and store managers complained that the higher wage costs would drive them out of business. General Wood remained firm. He argued: there is an absolute minimum income on which an employee can live these days. Any wage below that is therefore contrary to the public interest. It's our job as managers to make the higher wages an opportunity to bring about better performance and lower costs—through better selection and training of employees, through lower employee turnover, through higher sales per employee. And Sears succeeded in absorbing a doubling of individual wage rates without any reduction in profit margin. The decision taken twenty years ago certainly explains in large part the significant differences in performance and attitudes between Sears employees and those of most of the other large retail companies.

Also during the depression the management of International Business Machines decided to maintain employment. IBM is a capital-goods producer—traditionally a "boom-and-bust" business. All its competitors sharply cut back production and reduced their employment. IBM, however, decided that the maintenance of employment was in the social interest and therefore a responsibility of the company's management. This meant that management had to find new markets—both at home and abroad—and had to develop new products. It meant also that the company had to build up sizable inventories, especially of parts, for which there was no foreseeable demand. Again management's attitude was: it's our job to make an opportunity out of a public responsibility. The result: it was the drive to find new products and new markets in the thirties that made IBM the leader in the industry today.

If you were to say that I have given only examples of success and have left it for the bankruptcy courts to bury the examples of failure, you would, of course, be right. But that does not alter my contention that it is *possible* for management to assume public responsibilities and turn them to the profit of enterprise. When they do this they are serving the community and themselves. They are performing the real business of business, and they are assuming the responsibilities which they, and only they, have the competence to discharge.

Two hundred and fifty years ago an English pamphleteer, Mandeville, summed up the spirit of the new commercial age in a famous epigram: "Private vices have become public benefits." He may have been right; economists since Adam Smith have been arguing the point without reaching agreement. But whether he was right or wrong is irrelevant; no society can be built on such a belief and last. For in a good, a moral, a lasting society the public good must always rest on private virtue.

The fact that "capitalism," as the nineteenth century understood the term (and as Europe still largely understands it), was based on Mandeville's principle may explain its material success. It certainly explains the revulsion against "capitalism" and "capitalists" that has swept the Western world during the last hundred years. "Capitalism" has been attacked not because it is an inefficient or a misgoverned society but because it is a cynical society. And indeed a society based on the assertion that private vices become public benefits cannot endure, no matter how provable its logic, no matter how great its benefits.

There is an echo of Mandeville's principle in the way so many members of management have gone far afield to find public responsibilities to assume. It is as though they didn't believe that business could serve the public interest by sticking to business but had to find good works to salve their conscience. But the fact is, and it is not only an encouraging but a revolutionary fact, that more and more business enterprises are being managed so as to make the public good the private good of the enterprise. Mandeville's principle is crumbling in the face of the realization that this new principle of responsibility is the best hope for the future of our country and our society, and perhaps for the future of all of Western society. To make certain that the principle of management's responsibility to the enterprise and to society does not remain merely lip service but becomes hard fact is thus the most important, the ultimate responsibility of management—to itself, to the enterprise, to our heritage, to our society, and to our way of life.

If you want to write a book—or escape from the Continental police, or from yourself—if you want to retire to the Isle of Calm—or drink the best gin fizz in the world, Majorca may be the place for you. . . . But there are a few "buts."



Majorca for Living

Charles W. Thayer

Drawings by Fred Zimmer

NEARLY two thousand years ago a Roman writer maintained that if poisonous snakes were brought to Majorca they would lose their venom. Ships sailing to Majorca, he said, never were wrecked. Majorcans, he admitted, sometimes quarreled but never brawled. Recently a modern Majorcan enthusiast pointed out that no airplane bound for Majorca has ever crashed. Though motor accidents occur, people rarely get hurt. The trams, he says, are "the most adorably slow in the world." And he concludes: "Majorca is anti-catastrophic."

My wife and I had verified these claims on several brief visits to Palma. So when we decided to leave government service and wanted a place to pitch camp for a while, there was no question whatever as to where we would go. Stowing cribs, bicycles, books, three dogs, and a canary in an old jeep and trailer, and the baggage and two children in another car, we cruised leisurely down across Europe to Barcelona and from there by boat to Palma. We made straight for the northernmost, remotest part of the island around Pollensa, where we soon found a small villa in a secluded cove. There for fifteen months we lived in almost complete seclusion.

Majorca boasts that it is the Island of Calm but we quickly found out the calm is usually the other fellow's. When cisterns leak, toilets don't flush, and lights don't function it is not always easy to wait with the placid calm of the mason or plumber or electrician who promises he'll be around to fix things *mañana*. "Electricity," the local electrician once told us "is a very mysterious thing." So far as Majorca is concerned he was certainly right.

Before we moved into our villa the landlord warned us that the power line had not yet been connected with the house. "But" he said, with appropriate gestures, "it is just a matter of connecting two small wires." It developed, however, that between the two small wires stood a long and bitter lawsuit between the landlord and the owner of the local power line. Before the lawsuit was settled we had learned to live by kerosene lamps and to hand-pump water from the basement cistern to the gravity tank below the roof.

Finally one day a neighbor came running down to us as we lay sunning ourselves on the beach and shouted breathlessly: *"Hay luz* (there is light)!" Thereafter there was light and power to run the pump—occasionally. Often during daylight the power plant shut

down for no more apparent reason than to conform with the local tradition of siesta.

One stormy winter evening there was a blinding flash of lightning through the window. For a second the light fixtures gave off a wonderful blue flame, then went dead. I wrapped an old hunting cape around me and went out to see what had happened. It was snowing wildly and the ground was covered with four inches of slush. According to local fable, it never snows in Majorca. A hundred yards away high in the tree tops a strange light was burning brightly. When I got closer I made out the top of an electric light pole flaming merrily in the gale.

In the course of the next week after I had taken innumerable jeep rides to the town of Pollensa to fetch electricians, foremen, and carpenters, the power line was repaired, but it took a personal appeal to the Governor of the Balearics before the power company could be persuaded to restore the current.

The New Moon and the Hounds of Hell

As soon as we were installed we set about planting a garden. We were told by our neighbors that planting was out of the question except at the new moon. For ten days we waited for the new moon and then impatiently assembled our seedlings and started to work. Again our neighbors intervened with the warning that planting before sunset was madness. So for several more hours we sat and waited. As the sun disappeared behind the mountain we set to digging and planting and watering. It was nearly midnight before the job was done. Our hands were a mass of blisters and our backs half-crippled from bending over and hacking at the baked soil with the miniature picks which take the place of shovels, spades, hoes, and rakes in Majorca. Our neighbors were full of praise: "In two months," they said, "the flowers will be over your heads." But the gods decreed otherwise. Hardly had the seedlings taken root when a late spring gale whipped the sea into gigantic waves and sent clouds of spray far inland till the air was gray with salt. Next day our precious seedlings were a withered blackened mass.

We waited for another moon and another sunset and tried again. This time the sea behaved better and the seedlings sprouted to a respectable size. Geranium cuttings which we'd planted in giant Ali Baba jars bloomed magnificently in every shade of pink. Then one night we were awakened by strange noises on the terrace. About a dozen sheep, half-wild pigs, and goats had come down off the mountain and were swarming over the flower beds. Before I could chase them away every last geranium blossom had been nibbled off and every minute seedling uprooted. We didn't try gardening any more.



One night our daughter woke up to find a sheep nuzzling affectionately at her pillow. After that we built a fence around our back terrace to keep the wild life out of the bedrooms. But they continued to visit us regularly: wild pigs, goats, sheep, and even five mules led by a diminutive but noisy donkey. Once one of the servants took pity on the thirsty mules and gave them a pail of water. Thereafter every day until the rainy season they came and brayed forlornly in the lane in front of the house till water was produced.

Besides the creatures of the mountain we were regularly visited by a local pack of Ibizenkos—the native dogs of the Balearics, long, thin, pale chestnut beasts like greyhounds with pointed ears and red eyes. Robert Graves, the English novelist who lives permanently in Majorca, claims they are the descendants of the original "Hounds of Hell" of Egypt brought over by the Phoenicians

centuries ago. Their striking resemblance to the hideous beasts depicted in old Italian paintings of the inferno seems to confirm the belief. But they were a cowardly lot and would slink up past the house to the garbage heap only when our own dogs were out or asleep. Even our diminutive Pekingese could send them scuttling away into the bushes with their tails between their legs.

Time and Courtesy

Through friends we met a considerable number of permanent Majorcan residents—officers of the Spanish Army, Navy, and Air Force and members of old families who all seem to have come over from the mainland on a sort of Majorcan Mayflower with Jaime the Conqueror who drove out the Moors in the thirteenth century.

Not long after our arrival we were invited to tea by one of the local landowners. His huge stone manor house set back in the mountains overlooked miles of olive groves and wheat fields stretching to the sea. A worn, covered stone staircase led from an inner court to the living quarters. As our host led us through a series of ballrooms and galleries he explained that these were the "modern" wing, built in the eighteenth century. With some pride he showed us a small room with a basin. "The bathroom," he announced proudly. The rest of the house had been built in the thirteenth century.

The owner had five vivacious daughters whom he kept on a very tight rein. However, he had to be in Palma on business each week from Monday to Thursday. On these days you were apt to see the five young ladies gadding about the countryside visiting friends in a carriage drawn by an old gray horse. But when the old man returned on Thursdays he invariably found his five daughters just as he had left them, sitting demurely in the drawing room bent over their needlework.

One summer afternoon a yeoman of the Spanish Navy appeared at our house and announced to us that the Admiral's yacht was in the cove and we were invited aboard for a cup of after-lunch coffee. As it was already after five o'clock I asked when the Admiral would be getting around to his coffee and the sailor estimated that, judging by the speed of the noonday meal thus far, he'd be finished around six. Promptly at six we presented ourselves at the beach and were rowed out to the big German-built rescue craft which had been converted into a yacht after the Spanish Civil War.

No sooner were we on board and introduced to the large company of Spanish officers and their wives than I saw the rowboat being hauled aboard. In another moment the two big diesel engines were started up and we were roaring out to sea at forty knots. Slightly bewildered I asked our host where we were headed. "I thought we might all have a little swim at La Calobra on the other side of the island," he answered. I knew that La Calobra was a good eighty miles by sea, so we settled down to a pleasant cruise under the high cliffs which shone a brilliant red in the rays of the setting sun. Eventually we reached La Calobra, did a little mountain climbing, had a swim, returned to port, and reached home promptly at one-thirty in the morning.

Shopkeepers, postmen, telegraph clerks, and workmen were just as indifferent to time—and as hospitable. As long as we recognized the strict Spanish rules of courtesy, they were as meticulous as old-world courtiers. When we went shopping in Pollensa there was only one thing we needed—plenty of time. At the general store our entrance was always quickly communicated to the owner, who lived across the street, and an invitation was brought back to come over for a "little glass." After several glasses of incredibly sweet, sticky local liqueur we would be permitted to go back to the store to make our purchase. As we reached for our money, the owner's daughter invariably drew back as though she'd seen a mouse: "Money?" she'd cry, horrified, "but you know you mustn't pay!" Majorca is the only place I've ever found where you have to hire a lawyer to get your bills presented.

We were regular clients of the telegraph office where we often had to send long and expensive cables—always against the advice of the telegrapher who couldn't believe that any cable was worth what the tariff book prescribed. Then one day I had to send a brief wire to Palma which cost only three or four pesetas. When I started to pay, the clerk looked at me disdainfully: "My dear Señor, must we bother with such trifles? Let's wait

till you have a real cable to pay for." Keeping a bank account was just as lackadaisical. Once I stopped at the village bank to find out what my balance was. The manager named some astronomical figure which I knew was wrong and I suggested he check his books. "That's what it was when we last balanced the books two weeks ago," he answered politely but firmly, "and that's what it's going to be till we can get around to it again."

Soon after we arrived we bought an icebox in Palma and arranged with a trucker to deliver it. One morning a week later, the house boy announced that the icebox was down at the foot of the lane. "The truck driver," he explained, "asked the milk boy to tell us he couldn't get through the lane so he left the box on the main road yesterday." The idea of my expensive icebox sitting unguarded on the edge of the main road was unnerving, and I hurried down with the jeep and trailer to fetch it. But I needn't have worried. There sitting tranquilly under an olive tree was the icebox, together with half a dozen other parcels we'd bought. When I expressed my relief that nothing was missing, the house boy gave me a withering look: "Majorcans don't take other people's things," he said.

The Battle of the Christians and Moors

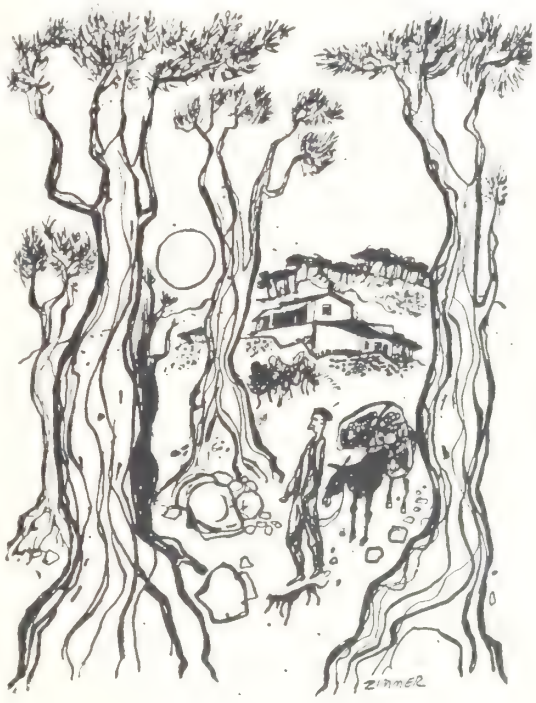
Like any other Spanish town, Pollensa has almost as many fiestas as there are days in the year. The two most important are the Good Friday Procession and the annual battle of the Christians and Moors commemorating the repulse of a Moorish attack four centuries ago. The Good Friday Procession we saw started at dark from the Cemetery Chapel at the top of Calvary Hill overlooking the town and wound slowly down a long stone staircase to the main church. Small boys carrying candles, penitents in pointed hoods, husky young men bearing holy images, and the important men of the town, who paused and shook hands with us, made up the march. The climax came midway: a life-sized reclining figure of Christ, delicately veiled in black lace.

The Battle of the Moors and the Christians is a much more lively affair. To watch it we were invited by the general storekeeper to use his balcony on the main street. Though we arrived a half-hour late, it was another hour before the show began. Meantime the entire town paraded back and forth along the street in its Sunday best, waving gaily to the handful of snobs who sat in the balconies above. Then the street was cleared and half a dozen mounted men in bizarre costumes conspicuously decorated with the Moorish crescent galloped down the street brandishing wooden swords and shields and yelling bloody murder. Behind them came a mob of young men similarly dressed, also waving swords and shouting wildly. When they reached the Place of the Cock they were suddenly set upon by another crowd carrying staves and wearing nightshirts. "Our ancestors," the storekeeper explained, "were still in bed when the Moors attacked during the night."

Beating staves and swords against each other's shields, the crowd gradually surged back along the main street. In the center of the melee a Moor with a papier-mâché crown was taking a considerable beating from a huge nightshirted Christian representing the local hero, Juan Mas. Occasionally the two paused for breath and waved genially at the crowds in the balconies above. As they passed us I recognized the Moorish King as the postmaster and the giant hero, Juan Mas, as the garage mechanic. They both grinned broadly up at us and then set to again. Gradually they worked their way down the street and out onto the football field where the battle raged joyously for another hour, until it was almost dark.

Although tourists swarm all over the island during the summer months, there is a curious sort of wall between them and the more permanent foreign residents of Majorca. The tourists seldom penetrate the spots which the Spanish, Majorcan, or foreign inhabitants frequent. There are of course many more or less permanent guests on the island and they fall into various categories. A few like Robert Graves, the British novelist, and Anton Zischka, the Austrian writer-economist, have made it their permanent working headquarters. Many others are retired diplomatic, army, or navy couples from England and America. Depending on the size of their pensions they lead a relatively luxurious but quiet existence. Some of them

are leisurely writing their memoirs, others simply play bridge, sail, fish, and swim. Those who can afford it keep their houses full of vacationing friends whom they drive about the island to show the sights. You may find them in Chopin's apartments at Valdemosa, or at the spectacular caves of Arta and Drach, or motoring along the magnificent *corniche* road from Soller to Deya where Archduke Max of Austria had his famous palace. Sometimes you'll see them at the Bar Formentor, Palma's principle café, where they are easily distinguished by their quiet clothes and mild manners. Their lives are very pleasant and full enough for the taste of anyone who has learned to relax. Each has already made his mark in the world, and each is prepared to enjoy life and his favorite hobby, whether it be writing or reading or collecting antiques or just sunbathing.



Another category of foreigners is the escapers, of whom Majorca has its fair share. According to gossip a few are escaping from the continental police, others from the higher moral code of the mainland. Others are getting away from nothing more than speed and noise. For appearances' sake some will tell you they are writing a novel or getting ready to paint some pictures. Some will admit with charming frankness that they're too lazy to compete. One girl who lives in a remote cove with her philosopher-husband and four small children told me quite simply: "We came for our honeymoon and we liked it." Some will tell you they are escaping from the high cost of gin, and a few are just ordinary drunks. "With martinis at twenty cents," one of them told me, "I can't afford not to drink. In Majorca I save fifty cents with every cocktail and if I can only hold enough, some day I'll be rich."

Some of the escapers have private incomes that permit them to live in considerable luxury in large villas teeming with butlers, footmen, and maids. Others have holed-up in tiny pensions whence they emerge only to slip into the nearest bar for a pink gin or a martini.

Many of them congregate around the Plaza Gomila, an attractive little square on the western outskirts of Palma where there are at least seven bars with the best gin fizzes in the world and one of the finest restaurants in Spain—the Patio. The newsboys of the Plaza sell newspapers in every European language, including, occasionally, Spanish.

The escapers are usually recognizable by their informal clothes—a bright shirt, colored shorts, and rope-soled slippers. Sometimes they suffer under long heavy beards as though even a razor was too much to contend with. Except for their shirts they are not a loud crowd. In fact they always struck me as a little sad and lonely.

Unlike the tourists who shriek about the bargains they have just found, the escapers have generally adopted the subdued tones of the islanders and even when drunk seem anxious to keep out of the limelight and out of trouble. Though the local Spaniards and Majorcans are very strict in their public deportment and wouldn't be seen on the street in shorts, they accept the foibles and eccentricities of foreigners with cosmopolitan tolerance as long as the precious *"Calma"* of the island is undisturbed. The Civil Governor of the Balearics told us that with a few exceptions, foreigners give the local police no trouble.

The Island of Calm

THERE is still another category of non-tourist Majorcans: those who come for six months or a year or two, for some more or less specific purpose: to write a book which they are really writing or to paint real pictures or to take a real vacation between real jobs. In many ways Majorca is ideal for these purposes: It is gorgeously beautiful. The air is so clear and the light so extraordi-

nary that it is unequaled for painting. Most of the year the climate is perfect. And, of course, it is still cheaper than almost any other accessible spot in Europe.

Some who have come only for a prolonged vacation have bought houses and settled down for good—or at least for a part of each year. For the first months after our arrival we, too, were bewitched by the beauty, the peace, and the ease of the island and seriously considered buying a place and using it as a base from which to travel and write. Egged on by a small fanatical sect of mill-worshippers who have converted old peasant mills into fabulously attractive homes, we inspected innumerable ruins and farms. Several times we were on the point of buying only to be stopped by some legal or technical hitch: one mill we were determined to buy belonged partly to an old ogre known locally as the Catalan and partly to the carpenter's sister and was occupied by the baker. For weeks we and our friends conspired with the Catalan, the baker, and the carpenter—none of whose names we knew. But nothing came of it.

Another time after lengthy research in archives going back to the days of the Moors it developed that the mill we wanted had lost its water rights some decades ago. But these were disappointments for which, eventually, we were thankful. In the end we decided that despite its obvious advantages Majorca was not the best place for us.

THE impassable lane, the absence of telephones, the vagaries of the telegraph, the informality of postal deliveries have their charms only up to a point—unless of course you are prepared to cut yourself off completely from day-to-day events and maintain contact with the world through occasional visitors, the local paper, and the radio. When you find yourself wasting half a day at the telephone office waiting for a call to get through to Madrid or Paris; when telegrams announcing the arrival of cruising friends are delivered after their ship has come and gone; when you can't get a seat on plane or boat without asking friends to arrange it through pull, and finally when your manuscripts airmailed to New York to meet a deadline take six weeks instead of the usual five days because some curious mail clerk found the manuscript worth reading, you may feel flattered, but the charm of the calm island momentarily escapes you.

There's nothing to blame except that you chose to live on an island. Islands are bound to make postal clerks and everyone else inquisitive. Your Spanish friends are outraged that you didn't ask them to pull wires to get a plane seat. The delivery boy looks heartbroken on learning the wire was delivered two days late—after all no one told him it was urgent.

YET these little frustrations don't explain it all. It is perhaps less the feeling that you can't get out that troubles you, than the fear of what may happen if you stay too long. There are the vacationing friends who want you to vacation with them. There is always the temptation to lie idly in the sun and watch the changing colors of the sea and the cliffs, to float effortlessly for hours with goggles and breathing tube on the water and watch the fish and octopuses and lobsters scuttling among the brilliant coral and seaweed five fathoms below you; to sit in an olive grove watching for a shy nightingale or a gaudy hoopoe or a brilliant golden oriole; or even to rest peacefully in a sidewalk café sipping martinis and munching olives stuffed with anchovy. Eventually you find yourself so preoccupied with fighting off the spell of the lotus that you have no energy left for anything else.

After fifteen months on the island we have a few words of advice to prospective residents: if you're ready to quit and have the will to readjust your tempo to the stately leisure of Spain, go to Majorca, buy a house (with central heating), and pull in your lines—but not all of them. For at least once a year you'll want to go off for a change to the continent or the "peninsula," as the islanders contemptuously call the mainland of Spain. If you've a book to write or a picture to paint or a symphony to compose, go to Majorca, take a house till your work is finished, and then go away. Or if you've plenty of money and lots of vacation time, buy a place in Majorca near the sea and spend your holidays in unrivaled bliss. And finally: don't go to Majorca in winter and expect to be warm. There is nothing colder than a summer resort in winter and Majorca is the summer resort par excellence.

Twenty-eight teacher-students in an extension course in American literature became a nightmare problem to their unhappy professor. How illiterate can you be, he wondered, and go on teaching in our public schools? Here is his line-by-line review of the evidence.

Can Our Teachers Read and Write?

James D. Koerner

THERE has long been a suspicion in university circles that a large number of teachers in our primary and secondary schools are totally incompetent for the job. Generally, this suspicion has remained just that, because most college teachers have no opportunity for first-hand observation, because proof is difficult under any circumstances, and because the whole subject is a delicate one. However, to my own astonishment, I have recently turned up a great deal of specific evidence to support the fears of the colleges.

As a teacher in a large Midwestern university, I was asked last February if I would teach an extension course in American literature to twenty-eight primary and secondary-school teachers from around the state who were required to maintain their qualification records with regular work of this sort. Such an adult and professional group promised to be stimulating and I took the job. But when we got started on the weekly meetings of two and one-half hours each, and I began to read the brief papers that the students handed in, I suffered misgiving, disbelief, shock, horror, wrath, and apathy—in something like that order. For in the broad sense of the word, these men and women were downright, hopelessly illiterate.

After a serene initial meeting, which gave no hint of what was to follow, I determined to make the material and the conduct of the class the same as in the regular undergraduate courses at the university. I also adopted a teaching device that I had found effective with freshman and sophomore students: giving out each week a set of questions of graduated difficulty that allowed the student to pick his own level, that could be answered in a few minutes, and that showed up how much each person had got on his own hook from the reading assignments.

The first papers happened to be on Mark Twain, and they went like this:

> He explained how, although Huck's actuall experiences and doings were quite outwardly boyish and mischeivious through his inward thoughts and reasoning the author conveyed to the reader, although Huck didn't realize it himself, he knew the difference between right and wrong.

> [Or like this:] Huck did not have harsh feelings of anyone—His consicense bother him oftens but he over came it by getting it off his chest whatever bother him. It told the truth of a boy who had trial and troubles but it seem to me it never bog him down.

> [And this:] One particular instanse as he was apparently moving over its brown muddy water, when traveling with Jim toward the Ohio, and freedom for Jim, he felt his conviction of doing wrong according to law, but in each instanse the affairs

& business of transportation seem always to create a change of such thoughts until he decided it knew best so why not let events take its course.

Other papers were studded with phrases like "these mens pranks," "not an disillusionment," "would of acted," "his fathers name," and "his prestege over any one elses." I am quoting these passages exactly as they appeared on the page, changing nothing.

At the following week's meeting I delivered myself of a stirring pronouncement on standards. My students took heed and were genuinely frightened. I asked them to hand me brief statements about themselves from which I learned that most of the twenty-eight had had a considerable amount of college work from institutions around the state and elsewhere, but only a few had finished college; most were primary teachers, teaching several different grades; and almost all of them taught English as one of their subjects. Some had taught thirty years, some two or three, the average for the group being about ten. All were native born, had no language problem, as such, and taught in schools that varied from one-room rurals to city schools of about a thousand students. The most illiterate eight or nine, I noted, were employed in the larger city schools, usually teaching the upper primary grades.

When I got to the second week's papers, I realized that any talk about standards was useless because the problem was not, as I had hoped, one of carelessness; but, as I had feared, one of ignorance. Choosing more or less at random from the second lot and the remaining weeks' papers, written on a number of different topics, I find a plethora of statements (each from a different teacher) like the following: ". . . he ran away supposidly to New Mexico"; "Antonia left Nebraska because she was in love with this man. They say people in love are blind and this I somewhat think sort of proves it"; "She returned home pregnate and had a girl at her old home she later married and had a large family"; "She was happy because she had a fine family, a good stabel home, and live where she had lost her father who she worshiped"; "These human experiences show—plainly the hardships and failurs of individuals in the 1880's. Their achievment or goodness and fulfilment to overcome these experiences."

Perhaps you recognize what these writers were driving at better than I did: ". . . he seems much more mature having met many crisis such as the demerits the plane crashing on the Cain when the captain jumped etc."; "Rubashov signs the confession and declares himself after this endless mentally abusement"; "The relationship between his cell mates practically shows the uselessness of his cause—an an anti-rautionist ['Revolutionist,' I assume, or perhaps 'Russianist']"; "Ivanov was a buddy of Rubashov they grew up together were in college to-gether & members of the same previous click"; "The controversary over the 'Grapes of Wrath' is an example. O'Neils work is another example"; "He seems to have a perfect understanding of humans and likes to dwells on the gamulet of emotions"; "He writes in a very plain spoken way saying things as they are. He is not afraid to call a spade to use a slang phrase"; "Naturalism came into the short stories at the turn of the century. It picks out moral creation of characters envirement"; "Romanticism has ideals he upholds and writes how he would want it"; "That is one thing a great many present day books do. They are to phycological—to much above the average readers head. They become obssessed with one idea and go to far."

And finally, just to illustrate the way in which my thoughts occasionally come back to me with, as Emerson has it, "a certain alienated majesty": "Hemingway works is the beginning of all modern American Literature. He dosen't write too much conversation in his books. Just enough to make the idea go across and his discriptions are brief with many adverbs."

I could go on. Perhaps the above examples illustrate well enough the average kind of problem in grammar, spelling, and punctuation that characterized the class. But beyond the mere mechanics of communication loomed the all but insurmountable obstacle of communicating the simplest literary idea. Consider, for example, the following passages taken from the final examinations and from the reports written *outside* of class. Again I choose pretty much at

random (there are, that is, half a hundred more which I could exhibit of the same quality):

> In using images on a screen reflects the value of vivid and true expression needed to move and audience emotionally. This play give a clear picture of the mothers memory of youthful romance. The character Jim and Laura illustrate the value of two who had similar experiences; but Lauras whose self conscionious was placed more vivid on the screen. [*The Glass Menagerie.*]

> The power of O'Niel seems to be his skill of stage affects which give added effect to the spoken word. . . . In the character of the Emperor in the woods, the use of Tom toms coming closer. Visions and supposed visions of Joneses dealings in the chain gang led the actor to relive Jones feelings of the actual time. It cast a spell over Jones so that he feels—cant express myself here.

> The stronger voice is showing the events that has happened in his life. Charts and diagrams of all the good and bad things in life he did with special empahsis on their totals with some extractions. . . . He was place in this large court room or decision room where all cases were pronounced. The leader was giving the long lost lecture. Most of the time was silent but applause was heard at intervals probably to better their record of life. [Whitman's "When I Heard the Learn'd Astronomer."]

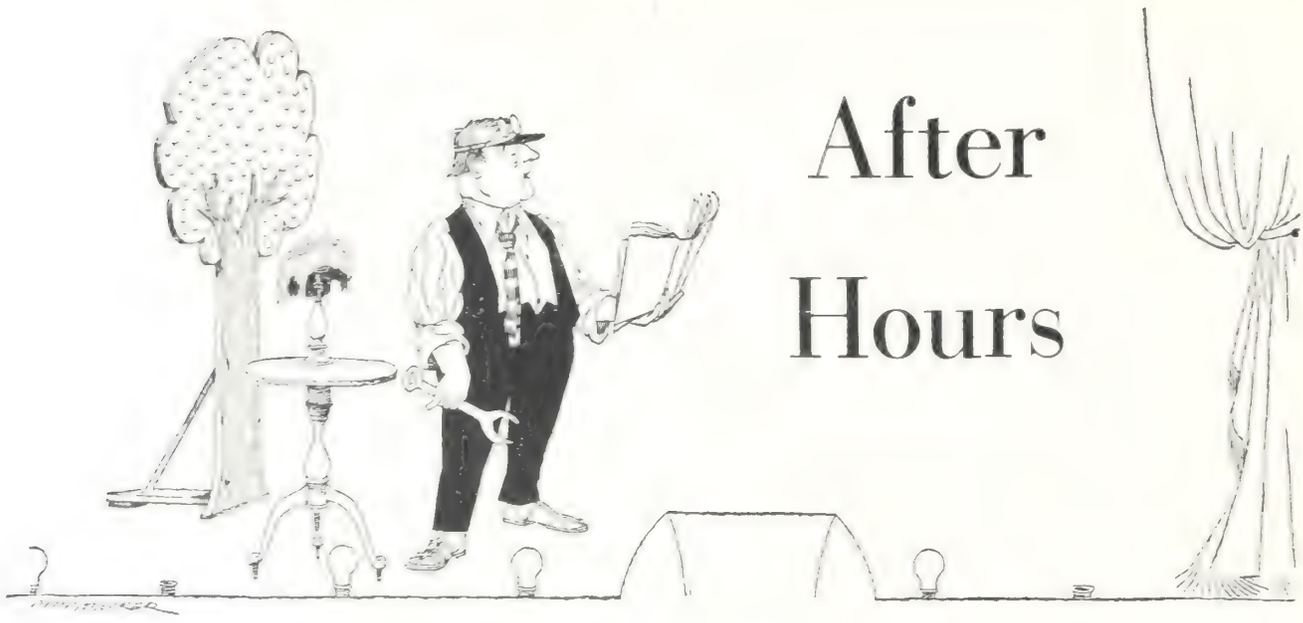
> America was a new country. Nothing of culture existed. The prime interest of the people who came here was establishing of a home or they were runners away from injustices in Europe. (Not entirely but as a whole) There was writing in America before the Civil War and many good ones, but their work is either biographic or historic and contained nothing new. . . . The best of this group of verses is "The Song of Myself," in which he places himself as the leave of grass . . . In 1920 [the author was old enough to have lived through the First World War as an adult] America was plunged into a European war. Not much literature developed during the war. America had not experienced many social adjustments and the works of this period were not outstanding except to tell a few war anticdotes.

Ad infinitum. I think that there was no error of grammar or mechanics, of organization or general composition, that was not perpetrated by this class of teachers, not once, but many times, and despite repeated corrections. Syntactically their papers were a chaos, the punctuation a farce, the spelling a grim joke. As further examples of the last, consider such spellings as *emensly* — *immencely* — *accidently* — *imprisoment* — *controll* — *immagined* — *immegrants* — *symobols* — *tence* — *oblidged* — *suceed* — *relialable* — *executation* — *ciper* — *occurr* — *factional* (for fictional) — *dramits* (for dramatists)—*gilt* (for guilt)—*reliefed* (for relieved) — and *harmous* (for harmonious).

As for the other details of the class, the discussions, and the subjective conclusions and intangibles that remain after any course: I leave all that to the reader's imagination. I confine myself to the facts, the most obvious of which is that these twenty eight teachers could not communicate in the English language. And, as should be equally obvious, my intention is not to malign or discredit this particular group, all of whom were sincere people and most of whom were desirous of doing whatever was in their power about their professional shortcomings. I wish mostly to pose the question: How widespread in the teaching profession is the kind of illiteracy revealed here—and what can be done about it? Perhaps my experience is an isolated one. I doubt it; with reason. I suspect that it is duplicated many times each year around the country.

If someone were to ask me, and someone has, the nastiest question of all: What did *you* do about it?—I would beg him to remember, among other things, that these teachers either pass such courses or change professions, an event that would be disastrous for their private lives.

I passed 'em. What would you have done?



After Hours

Rural Invasion

"I AM the most imitated comedian who ever lived," said Neil Schaffner. He smeared cold cream on his face until he glistened like a cut-glass chandelier, then with a couple of wipes of a towel what had been a freckled and red-eyed country bumpkin became a middle-aged businessman with a nearly bald head, gray at the temples.

Mr. Shaffner and I were sitting in his dressing room, which was a truck backed up to a trestle stage. "I've been in the tent show business for twenty-nine years," he said. "There used to be three hundred of these shows. Now there are only seven left."

Fourteen hundred miles is a long way to go to see something that calls itself "America's only living folk theater," but that is what I had done. It was authentic all right, folks, and it was theater. It was even living. Its name was the "Toby and Susie Show" and it happened in a tent (called a "top"). I first saw it in a town of about 2,100 people called Shelbina, Missouri, roughly 160 miles northwest of St. Louis, in hog and corn and soybean country. There were about a thousand people in the tent on the Friday night I arrived there, and they were slapping their thighs and whistling and laughing their heads off. Neil Schaffner was Toby. His wife was Susie.

I was there as a hanger-on to a group of professional movie-makers. They had asked me to come along and watch them make a film about this piece of "Americana" for "Omnibus," the Ford Foundation's television show. One of these professionals was Richard Leacock, the photographer who had manned the camera for Flaherty when he made "Louisiana Story," the other was Boris D. Kaplan, the TV-movie expert of the Ford Foundation. They knew what they were doing; I carried a notebook and scribbled in it to look as though I knew what I was doing there too. I don't think I fooled anybody.

The second night we were in Shelbina, an amiable fellow named Kevin Smith rolled into town in a singularly insubstantial old station wagon with twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars' worth of cameras, sound equipment, cables, lights, and tripods. He had driven from New York, and when he arrived, work on the movie of the tent show went into phase two. Phase one was talk, talk, talk, scribble, scribble, scribble until a script was organized. Phase two was the process of getting the tent show on film and sound track.

This process was one of the pleasantest examples of what is commonly called "public relations" that I have ever seen. Actually it was simply a group of sensible, friendly men who knew their business, going about it in such a way that everyone with whom they had anything to do liked and respected them. But I am getting ahead of my story.

Shelbina was mostly phase one, where most of the planning took place and where some

of the opening shots of the movie were made. Phase two happened in full force in the town of La Plata, about fifty miles further north. The "Toby and Susie" show plays a town for a week, every night, and then picks up and moves on to another town. Its season starts late in May and ends early in October and usually includes twenty towns. There is a different three-act play every night, with vaudeville between the acts. ("You never give the audience a chance to think," Schaffner told me.)

Most of the plays feature Toby, the red-faced, red-wigged bumpkin who blunders into righting all the wrongs that the sophisticated folk precipitate. "He's typical Mr. Rural Midwest," Schaffner explained. "He says all the things these folks wish they'd thought of." All of the plays are written by Schaffner; they are used by other tent shows and his manner of playing Toby has become standard. "On Sunday nights," he explained, "we always give them a bedroom farce."

On Sunday night the cast takes the tent down. With the help of local boys they stow the chairs in a truck, and at the crack of Monday morning they are on the road—six trucks of tent and chairs and stage and props; most of the seventeen members of the cast (who are also the crew) ride in their own cars pulling the trailers in which they live during their season. On the Monday morning we were in Shelbina, Leacock and Smith were on the road before the show left town in order to photograph it en route and to get shots of the tent going up in the village green, as it would be called in New England, or the city park, as it is called in La Plata.

La Plata is a pleasant town of about 1,300 people with a park filled with elm trees and surrounded on three sides by shops and offices in two- and three-story buildings. On the fourth side are the railroad tracks and set down among the park trees was the tent—the first time it had been permitted to be there. In former years it had been pitched on the schoolhouse grounds, but this occasion was special because of the interest of "Omnibus" in making a movie, and the mayor, to the considerable consternation of some of the citizens, had permitted the tent to be set up among the elms. Benches, on which at almost any time of day there are men playing checkers, were moved and the trailer homes of the cast were drawn up, pink and blue and red.

From Schaffner's point of view the fact that his tent show was being made into a movie was "good business." Schaffner is a "small businessman" running a business with a long tradition in the Middle West, and he makes enough in his twenty weeks of touring to live comfortably in Sarasota, Florida, during the winter. There he fishes and contrives his plays. In the spring he gets his cast together (his opinion of most dramatic schools is unprintable) and for two weeks before they start touring he rehearses them. In these two weeks they learn seven plays.

Most of the members of the cast spend their winters playing "school dates" and "club dates" doing their vaudeville specialties —chalk talks, song and dance numbers, marionettes. One of them, J. B. Flesner, an ex-Marine captain who is in charge of setting up and taking down the tent, plays the villain roles. He's a magician and hypnotist, and is Schaffner's right-hand man. Schaffner's troupe work hard for him; no job is too menial and none too lordly. But not all of them are faithful. He's as likely as not to lose his leading juvenile with no notice (he did this summer) or to have his ingenue find greener pastures than the tough life of trouping.

His greatest worry is weather. "When there's a drought," he said to me, "the farmers won't spend their money. When it rains between six and seven it will cut our audience in half. If we get a really bad storm we can lose our tent. We've lost it just twice and it costs about $5,000 to replace it." There was one storm while we were there that had the crew out shoring up the ropes; the quarter poles inside were swinging free as the wind billowed under the canvas.

The quality of the "Toby and Susie" shows bears little relation to the theater in cities. It is crude, but it is not burlesque; indeed it is a "family show" in which the only questionable humor is of the bathroom type. The plays are all comedies of a sort, some of them with elaborate plots interspersed with familiar gags and familiar situations which the audience would be disappointed if they didn't find.

"I ride the running board of the show," Schaffner explained, "half in it and half out

of it." He'll stop a scene in mid-flight and make the actors repeat their lines. If he doesn't think the audience is applauding loudly enough, he'll scold them.

"Is that the best you can do?" he says to them. "I'll go out and come in again." When he reappears the applause is twice as loud. The audience comes expecting to be entertained and to help the show be a success, and in the small towns he plays he will get audiences of a thousand a night for seven nights. Many of his customers pay their 50¢ admission seven nights running, and an extra quarter for a seat. Fifty cents gets you into the tent and a place in what is called "the blues," or the benches in the back of the tent.

The fact that the show and the audiences were being photographed entertained the customers in La Plata, who were full of questions to the camera crew. Many La Platians were asked to help in one way or another, as actors in some scenes in the tent and the village street, in restaurants and shops; and (with a single exception) they were eager to do anything they could to make a success of the show. One prominent businessman declined to help. Otherwise nothing seemed to be too much trouble, and no crew could have worked in a more friendly atmosphere nor could any crew have been more considerate of the community.

When Schaffner comes into town with his show, most of the boys and girls recognize him and greet him with cries of "Hi Toby!" Leacock wanted to get some sound track of children calling to him and he corralled four kids about nine or ten years old and lined them up in front of a microphone in the park. "You shout 'Hi Toby!'" he said to one of them, "and then you next to him count five and then you shout, and then you, and then you." The three boys and a girl did as they were told, their voices singing out lustily. Morgan Smith was at his sound controls getting their shouts on tape. When they were through Kevin Smith gave each of the kids a quarter.

One of the boys struck with the reality of everything he had ever heard about the wonders of movies and of TV stared down at the quarter in his hand a look of astonishment on his face. "For yelling *once?*" he asked.



The Big Bang

EVERYONE knows that nature imitates art, that life imitates literature, and that there is nothing new under the sun; but there is one fable I never thought to see enacted in our time, and that is the story of Chicken Little. You will remember that in this tale the word got around that the sky had fallen, with a consequent confusion that should serve as a warning to all directors of civil defense, weather forecasters, and any others concerned with the mysteries of public response to crisis—or, more accurately, what people think is a crisis. The story I propose to tell contains an essential uncertainty as to whether its crisis was real or imaginary, but here I can only defer to the reader's judgment and proceed with the narrative. Our subject is the curious event which took place this August in Melrose, Massachusetts.

Melrose (pop. approx. 27,000) is a quiet suburb north of Boston, the home town of Geraldine Farrar and Brooks Atkinson of the *New York Times,* which has long enjoyed a reputation for the sober virtues—you used to be able to send letters to Melrose addressed only to "Spotlesstown, Mass." On August 30, 1954, at 5:50 in the afternoon, when many good citizens were coming home from Boston or just sitting down to supper, two loud explosions were heard in Melrose, centering apparently on the railroad station but shaking buildings, rattling windows and dishes, and cracking plaster in other towns for ten miles around.

The first reaction of many people indoors was to suppose the house next door had exploded, and many came out in the streets to see. Seeing nothing, they went inside to call the police or fire departments; and before long the telephone lines were so crowded that in some cases there was a half-hour wait before the caller could get a dial tone. The local civil-defense units, including six radio cars, went into action; and auxiliary firemen and policemen turned up at their central headquarters. Police and fire apparatus were shortly on the way to answer calls—one lady who said her oil burner had exploded and another who claimed to have seen an airplane crash—which might conceivably explain the explosions. But so far, as a matter of fact, no one in Melrose knew what had happened.

ENTER the mass media. One of the many fantasies in circulation at this point was that a jet plane had exploded in mid-air over Melrose, and the rumor gained vast currency when it went out over television in the Boston area as a news bulletin. Whereupon, for reasons which should give us pause, the idea seems to have spread through every Middlesex village and farm of getting out the family car and taking off to inspect the wreckage. From all directions—from Malden, Wyoming, Wakefield, Stoneham, Everett, Winchester, Somerville, Reading, Revere, and Saugus—the curious and the otherwise unoccupied converged on Melrose, fifty thousand strong. Many were sufficiently foresighted to bring cameras. Before long the main roads into Melrose were snarled in a jam that took two hours to untangle, and even the town's back streets were crowded with cruising sight-seers in search for the place "where the plane blew up." There was, to be sure, no plane; there was nothing at all.

And in this respect Melrose was fortunate, for by this time nothing could have been done about a disaster even had anyone been able to locate one. The police cars and fire trucks that had gone out on half a dozen false alarms had now been ordered to cruise around town and await orders, but they were as swallowed in the universal melee as everyone else; other equipment could hardly have reached the street.

"Cars were parked in such volume close to fire stations . . . ," reported the Boston *Herald*, "that it would have meant long delays before apparatus could have been maneuvered by them to run for a fire." After a while, the combined forces of volunteer and regular policemen put on traffic duty began to disentangle the worst of the traffic tie-ups (one was five miles long) and by nighttime Melrose had come roughly back to normal.

There isn't much doubt, in retrospect, what caused the sounds that set this hullabaloo in motion; but for unrelated reasons it is impossible, and will probably remain impossible, to prove it. Air Force regulations, to be direct, forbid unauthorized flights through the sound barrier. Hundreds of persons eventually reported seeing a vapor trail such as a jet might cause, and if a "high-spirited young pilot" (the words of an Air Force colonel in a press conference on the matter) had cut loose at supersonic speed the effects would have been very similar to those experienced. But the nearest base with jet planes has said that none of their pilots reported being over Melrose at the time and that the Air Force wasn't convinced that an airplane had made the noise. If that were established to be the fact, the pilot would have to be dishonorably discharged. "We take a dim view of this . . ." the colonel said. "The Air Force is stern about buzz jobs"—even buzzing the sound barrier, apparently.

SO THERE the matter rests—an accident soon to be forgotten, of interest largely to students of involuntary symbolism. Possibly the Melrose Incident, if we may give it that title, will survive longer than I think if it turns out to have been typical of the '50s in somewhat the same way that we think Orson Welles' Martian invasion typical of the '30s. On the other hand, the people who were fooled by the Mercury Theater's famous radio program were both more careful and more credulous; they panicked more easily but they had more to be panicked at. The crowds who followed Chicken Little into Melrose, tying a highly organized community up into knots, were in simple search of something that simply did not exist. They were in close contact with the "news," curious, leisurely, and fully mechanized; they would not have walked a block to see a flying saucer. Such, friends, is progress.

—Mr. Harper

The author of The Reason Why*—a superb history of the Charge of the Light Brigade—reconstructs the strangely gay and eccentric atmosphere of the Crimean War . . . when wives came as guests to a battle . . . and tourists with picnic hampers roamed at will among the troops.*

The Last Romantic War

Cecil Woodham-Smith

It is a hundred years since the outbreak of the Crimean War in 1854. It was, of course, an important, and from a military point of view, a very interesting war, but it also deserves to be remembered for something else—eccentricity. The Crimean campaign was the most peculiar, the most casual, the most off-hand war; it was conducted with what can only be described as informality, and extraordinary occurrences took place. To begin with there was a large number of tourists, people went out to see the war in the Crimea for the fun of the thing, just as today people go to Europe for fun to see a big sporting event.

The British army had a name for these tourists. They were called TGs, "traveling gentlemen." The TGs called themselves "amateurs." From letters written home by the troops it is clear that TGs became an accepted part of army life. They come to call in the front line with presents of stores, tinned soup, Christmas puddings, ham, and brandy, they lend thick coats, with which the army was very badly provided, they wander about where they will, get up into the trenches and into the batteries, visit the hospitals, inspect the unloading of equipment, and no one makes the slightest objection.

Once they were home again they rushed into print. They wrote books with titles like *A Month in the Crimea, Wanderings Round Sebastopol, Our Tent in the Crimea.* The author of *Our Tent in the Crimea* describes how he and his brother arrived at Balaclava. The ship entered the harbor; they dressed "as quickly as boys on the first day of the holidays" and hurried on shore. No one asked them what they were doing and after staring round they began to explore. They passed "through camp after camp, through line after line of tents" and decided to pitch their tent with the 18th Regiment of Foot. They went up to an officer.

"We wish to pitch our tent in your camp the 18th."

The officer was most polite.

"Very well," he answered, "I'll see to getting you some ground."

This was no quiet position behind the lines. The Russians were keeping up a bombardment and a man's leg had just been taken off precisely where their tent was to be pitched.

"But you won't mind that," said the officer courteously. Indeed politeness in unexpected circumstances was a Crimean characteristic. A curious incident took place at the battle of Inkerman, which was a confused battle fought in fog. A British officer in command of a detachment saw his men were about to be overwhelmed and, catching sight of a group of British soldiers, rushed up to their officer asking for help.

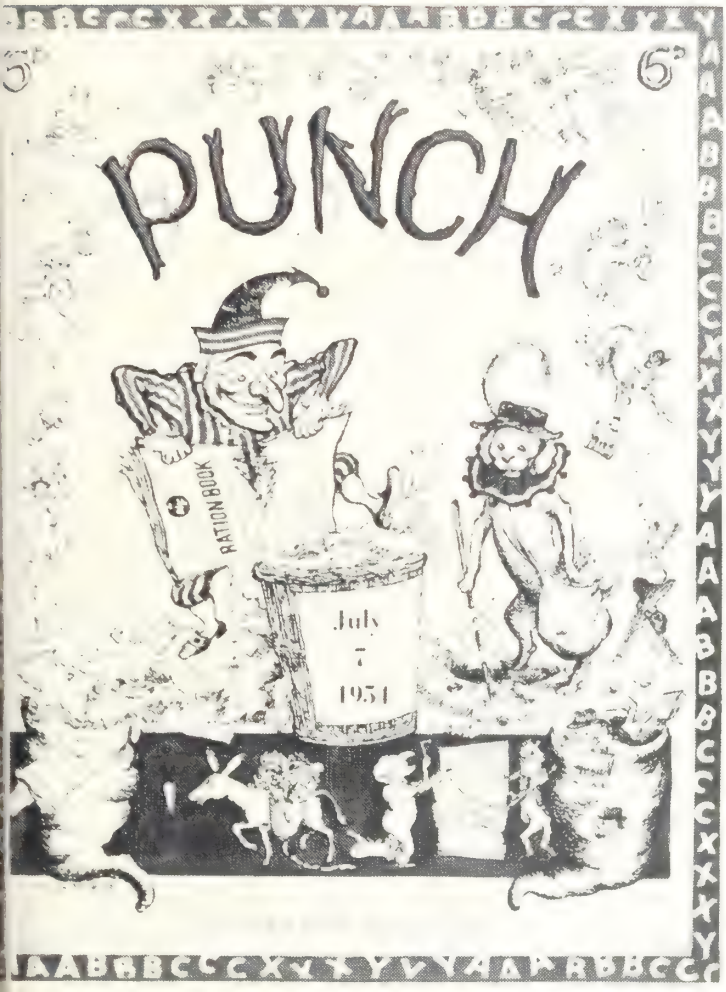
"Excuse me," he said, "but we are in the dickens of a mess. Can you come over and help us? I was introduced to you last summer at Lady Palmerston's."

Lord Cardigan, of Light Brigade fame, had a friend Mr. Hubert de Burgh who brought out Lord Cardigan's yacht, the elegant and luxurious *Dryad.* After the yacht arrived Lord Cardigan was given permission to dine and sleep on his yacht every night. Though he was in command of the Light Cavalry Brigade, at one time he dined and slept every night seven miles away from his command. Mr. de Burgh held no official position but no one objected to his riding everywhere with Lord Cardigan. Mr. de Burgh appeared beside Lord Cardigan on inspections wearing "a flat brimmed bell topper, frock coat, and overalls strapped over patent leather boots." While the bombardment of Sebastopol was in progress Mr. de Burgh and Lord Cardigan rode up to the battery of siege guns and strolled in to see what was happening.

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Several other people dropped in out of curiosity to see the guns in action. Among them was Mr. William Howard Russell the war correspondent of the *Times* of London, who was extremely unpopular with the military authorities. When he arrived, he had been greeted by General Pennefather with the words, "I'd as soon see you as the devil," but after that no one attempted to get him sent home or to prevent him rambling about wherever he chose.

While William Howard Russell, Lord Cardigan, Mr. de Burgh, and several other persons were strolling in the battery and examining the great guns they were joined by an officer of Engineers. He saw nothing strange in the presence of a group of unknown and partly civilian spectators during a bombardment of enormous importance and indeed explained the firing plan to them.

"Ah," said Lord Cardigan, "I see. Those fellows below are our men and they are firing at the Russians. Those fellows who are firing towards us are the Russians. Why don't we drive them away?"

To this simple question, however, the officer of Engineers made no reply.

Lady Errol

A NUMBER of women marched with the army. These were not soldiers' wives, who traditionally followed the army, but wives of officers. These ladies were inspired partly by affection for their husbands, but also by the desire for excitement and adventure. Lady Errol, wife of Lord Errol, a captain in the 60th Rifles, embarked on the transport with her husband. She wore a costume which was much admired. It was a long flowing riding habit with a swallow-tail coatee adorned with rows of large, handsome, and shining buttons and a large plumed hat. She brought her French maid with her.

When the army landed in the Crimea and began the march to the Alma she rode with the troops. The day was overpoweringly hot, water was short, and dysentery was rife. Soon her horse was festooned with rifles of men who were overcome with heat and thirst and could no longer carry them, while others dragged themselves along with a hand on her horse. During the campaign she shared a tent with her husband, but there was only one bed. Years later one of her grandchildren asked her if the bed had been comfortable.

"I don't know, my dear," she said: "his Lordship had the bed and I slept on the ground."

Lady Errol was a woman of very great courage. After the Alma there was some hesitation about carrying a flag of truce across to the Russian lines. Perhaps I should explain that in those days after an action it was customary to come forward with a flag of truce so that the dead might be buried. On this occasion there was some hesitation because it was felt that the Russians were not to be trusted, and it was Lady Errol in her bunched trailing riding habit and her plumed hat who walked across the battlefield carrying the flag of truce.

Besides people who came out for adventure there were others who were inspired by philanthropy or piety. No passports or permits were needed. Philanthropists, clergymen, doctors simply booked passages to the East and arrived to see what they could do to help. Doctor and Lady Alicia Blackwood, who ultimately worked with Florence Nightingale, came out without any plans just to see if they could make themselves useful; so did the Honorable and Reverend Sidney Godolphin Osborne, who became what Miss Nightingale called her chief of staff. Some clergymen of strong Protestant leanings came out to see that the troops were not influenced by Roman Catholics and some Roman Catholic clergy came out to see that the troops were not influenced by Protestants.

ALL this may seem to be very strange behavior but it was by no means confined to the British. The Russians were equally odd. The celebrated military historian Sir John Fortescue speaks of what he calls the "general insanity of the Crimea" and the phrase is just. Before the battle of the Alma the Russian commander in chief arranged a picnic party to view the action. The Alma is a position of extraordinary strength. Nature has reproduced on a gigantic scale the defenses laid down in textbooks of military engineering. The River Alma has cut into hills, so that they rise in steep terraces, each approached by a precipitous slippery slope exactly like what military engineers call a glacis. The river Alma itself is a difficult river, swift and uneven in depth and below the terraces it has cut into the side of the hill to form a perpendicular wall. Such are the heights of the Alma.

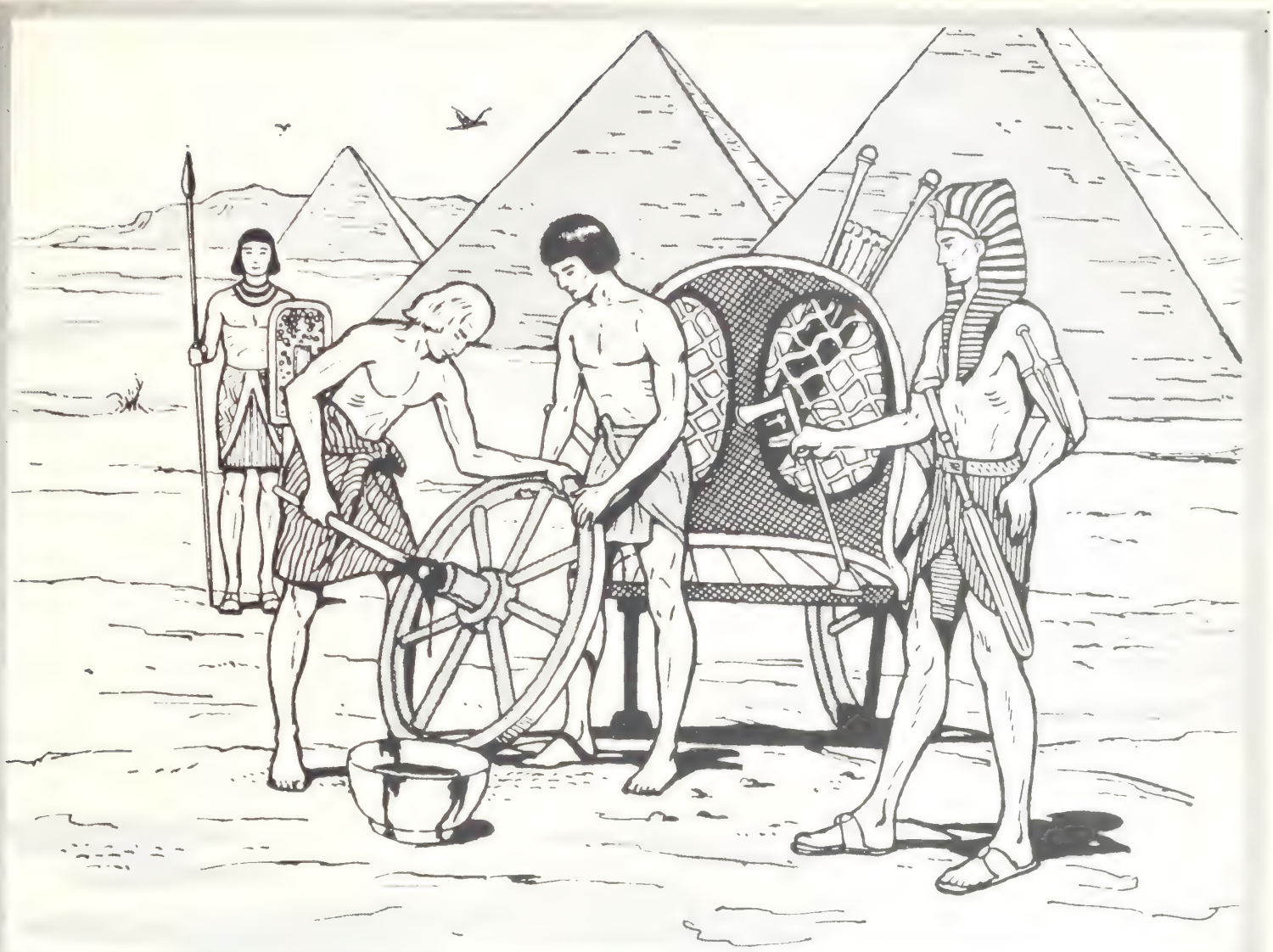
On the top of the heights the Russian army stood, and they thought their position was impregnable. They did not believe men could be found to cross that river and storm those heights. They would be swept by artillery fire from the moment they began to advance. An attack was attempted certain destruction would be the result.

The Russian Ladies

SO PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF had invited thirty young ladies to come from Sebastopol and watch the destruction of the British army while eating a picnic luncheon. They were to be above, on the heights as if they were in a box at the theater, watching the battle below. It was a beautiful day and they came out in open carriages, with hampers and bottles of champagne, wearing light summer dresses and carrying parasols. Afterwards a Russian officer described how much the girls admired the appearance of the British army as it marched across the plain below. The Russian army wore gray uniforms but the British infantry wore red the masses of scarlet made brilliant patches of color while the white cross belts not only added to the effect but made the British soldier look taller and more formidable than his Russian antagonist. The Russian girls uttered cries of admiration as they watched the British army advance across the plain.

What followed was one of the great feats of British arms. The British troops did, in fact, accomplish the impossible, they stormed the heights of the Alma, and the picnic party fled leaving their champagne bottles, their hampers, and even their parasols behind them.

Perhaps the most celebrated young woman who looked on at the Crimean war was Mrs. Duberly, wife



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of Captain Duberly of the 8th Hussars. Mrs. Duberly left a Journal behind her from which her character emerges. It is really impossible not to like her. She was gay, good-tempered, and good-natured, vivacious, a superb horsewoman, she loved what she calls a lark. The adjective by which her contemporaries describe her is "dashing"—the dashing Mrs. Duberly. She had no permission to accompany her husband but she managed to get herself on board a transport and her favorite horse as well. She was a center of joking and larking. Her presence could not be concealed, and when the time came to embark for action in the Crimea, Lord Lucan, the general in command of the cavalry division, ordered that she was not to go any farther.

However she had made friends with Lord Cardigan and with his help she managed to travel on still in an Army troopship. Lord Cardigan was brigadier under Lord Lucan but he took no notice of his superior officer's orders. Mrs. Duberly disguised herself as a Turkish woman and with her face swathed up in a yashmak was smuggled on board. Lord Lucan was prowling up and down the quayside looking out for her but failed to see through her disguise. This was the best lark of all. She writes gleefully that Lord Lucan was taken in because he was looking for a lady.

MRS. DUBERLY provoked a great deal of gossip, and if very unkind things were said about her, it is not difficult to understand why. But, with all her indiscretions, she was gay and good-tempered and generous, and it is pleasant to read in some manuscript letters written by Lieutenant Seager of the 8th Hussars, later Lieutenant General Edward Seager C.B., that, in his opinion, she was misunderstood. She was really very kind, he wrote, but people thought the worst because she had a free manner. When she reached Balaclava she lived on a government ship in the harbor, coming ashore every day to see her husband and riding with him on patrols. Letters written by her husband's brother officers contain frequent references to warm clothing and food presented by her.

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"The battle of Balaclava has begun and promises to be a hot one. I send you the horse. Lose no time, but come up as quickly as you can. Do not wait for breakfast."

Mrs. Duberly did not wait.

And yet, it would be wrong too hastily to condemn the people who looked on at war, astonishing as such behavior seems to us today. Our attitude to war has completely changed as war itself has completely changed. War is no longer a professional matter; civilians participate almost as much as soldiers. Civilian morale is as important today as the morale of the army, and generals examine the civilian population as carefully as their troops. War is no longer a spectacle, but a terrible, a dreaded, and a universal calamity. To reflect on what is involved in the embarkation of a modern expeditionary force, the security measures and the secrecy, to picture the enormous, the terrifying size of a modern battle and the frightful devastation which results makes it almost incredible that it is only a hundred years ago that Lady Errol embarked with her French maid, that Mrs. Duberly was smuggled on board a transport as a joke, and that thirty Russian young ladies came out to see the British army destroyed as if they had come to watch a football game.

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If only Jean had never seen
How far a coat of mink went.
Or if, when winter winds were keen,
There'd been no men propinquent.
This nocent girl might well have been
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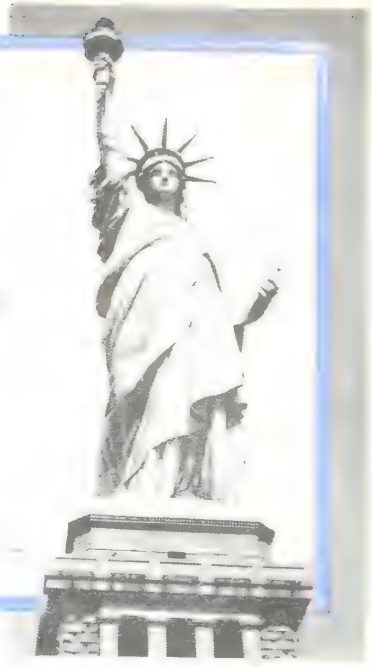
Thirty Years (Little, Brown, $5) is a book of J. P. Marquand's articles and stories. Most of them are about the Wars and the Army, Harvard and Boston, a New England prep school, the Far East, marriage, and the Mulligatawny Club, an American enclave in the Bahamas. The earliest stories—"Good Morning, Major," "High Tide," "Rainbows"—are very bad but very interesting, since they show you a Marquand who had not yet become the skillful, attractively mannered creator of *Ming Yellow* and Mr. Moto. Marquand is a reporter, a good reporter, with troubles of his own, bad troubles: since as a general thing the troubles get into the fiction and not into the articles, the fiction has underneath it a personal compulsion—that of a wish-fantasy, a daydream, a nightmare—that the mild objective articles lack. The Marquand of the articles is usually not much more than a competent, sensible, pleasant photographer, though occasionally there is an arresting detail of the world, an engaging splinter of Marquand's own carefully wooden and commonplace and representative being. When, at Iwo Jima, all the amphibious vehicles leave the LSTs, Marquand thinks that "it's like all the cats in the world having kittens." The wife of the governor of Acension Island says to him: "Oh, hardly. Hugo and I are never lonely. . . . And then Hugo is governor of St. Helena. We spend six months there. It's very gay in St. Helena." And when Marquand tells the story of Paul and Virginia to an angry general to get the general to drink a bottle of Scotch, he is at his most charming: great, and very graceful, are the uses of culture.

A man, to Marquand, is a nexus of institutions, the half-unwilling, half-imaginary point at which Harvard, the Stock Exchange, and the Army intersect. He has one soldier say: "You're not in school any longer. Can't you forget it?" The other answers, *à la* Marquand: "Why should I? I'm always thinking about school"; and the first soldier reflects that war *is* like school, wonders whether "school and war do not go together." Marquand himself says in a speech: "Most people obviously believe that Harvard is the greatest and freest institution in the world," and finishes the speech with: "Let us not say it elsewhere, but perhaps we all are more fascinating and a little better than other people." This was said with a smile, and with a grain of irony, and to an audience a little better for it than other people, an audience of Harvard men, but Marquand's heart was in what he said. He is in love with—or anyway, married to—the institutions of this world, and that is why he can observe them so carefully: he has, by now, all the grounds for the divorce he will never quite get, all the facts for the biography he will never quite write except in its authorized form; and when, in the end, he is laid away, by schoolfellows, he will be able to remember in detail everything that he is missing.

And how easily he might have missed it all! how easily America, with all its buffalo and Elks and Indians, might not have had any Oxford, any *Académie Française,* any *Almanach de Gotha* for Marquand to observe! If you reply, like James or Hawthorne, that America doesn't have them for Marquand or anybody else to observe, there is always the retort: "And what's wrong with Harvard and the National Academy of Arts and Letters and the Social Register?"—the retort, "And what's wrong with the Pentagon, the Senate, and General Motors?" No, the institutions are here for him to observe, and he is inside them observing: to Marquand there is something romantic, something miraculous, about both facts. As for the men whose shadows these institutions are—the men who make and break states, corporations, and academies—in Marquand's books they are a little gray, a little ghostly, except in so far as their organizations give them bone and hue.

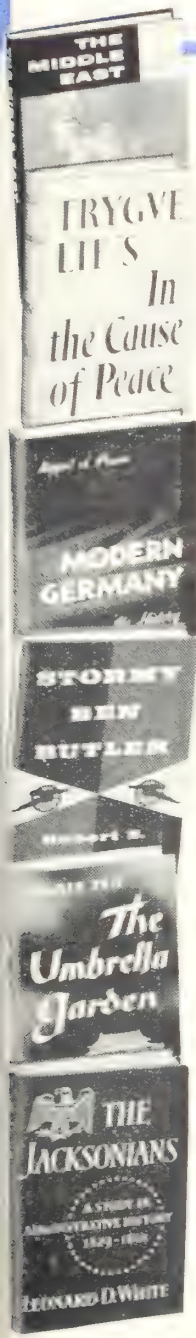
But it *is* romantic, miraculous almost, that Marquand should be here, straight out of *The Age of Innocence,* to observe this new age of *adjusting to one's group,* and *sharing the experience of one's generation,* and getting divorced

"Education makes people easy to lead, but difficult to drive; easy to govern, but impossible to enslave."—LORD BROUGHAM



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because the president of one's corporation doesn't approve of one's wife, and all the rest of it. Why doesn't General Motors give Marquand a few hundred thousand dollars, keep him around the office—the offices—for a year or two, and then let him write the great American novel, about General Motors? Of course, it would be the same novel he's always written, but that's all right too, isn't it?—what's good enough for the rest of the country is good enough for General Motors.

As a writer Marquand is somewhat short on talent, imagination, brute ability, but is long on care, observation, directed curiosity, and is longest of all on personal involvement, subjective compulsion. Most of his books, under their veneer of patiently observed objective detail, seem versions of the same subjective fable, one designed to say to him and also to us: "You were right to do as you did; or if not right, still, you had no choice; or if you had a choice, still, it's the choice all of us necessarily make wrong: life's life. If only—but it doesn't matter. And . . . and it was all so long ago." The fable is told in a series of flashbacks, of sighs as elegiac, nostalgic, and wistfully submissive—as mannered and unvarying—as a Puccini opera. These flashbacks are not optional technique, but compulsory content: because of them the hero never has to make, in close-up, a clear choice to kiss or kill—the choices are always obscured by the haze of the past, of rueful and lyric recollection.

At the proper distance of time everything looks inevitable: we do not judge, but feel about, what we did, and the possibility of doing or choosing differently seems naïve, one more of youth's illusions. A Marquand character says: "I was faced by one of those uncomfortable moments of illumination when life is clear and simple, and, consequently, grim." But usually, to a Marquand character, life is obscure and complicated, and, consequently, elegiac. Marquand characters—the "real" Marquand characters, those we think like Marquand—love nothing so much as saying: "No matter how you try, you can't really understand anything; no matter what you do, you can't really change anything." Marquand's coat of arms ought to have in the middle a man saying *It doesn't matter* because it matters so much that there is nothing else for him to say.

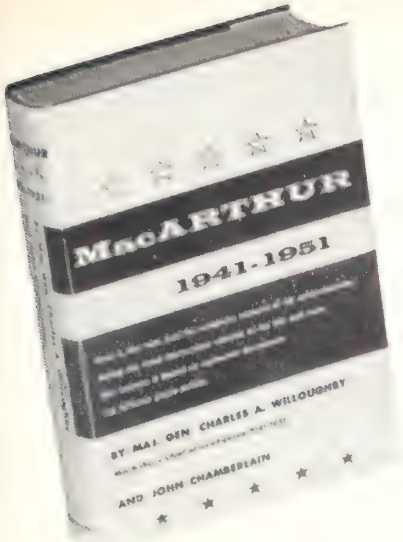
This "real" Marquand character is the hero of the books' persistent fable. A man a little different—and consequently a little on the outside—looks with half-superior, half-inferior understanding at those entirely un-different others who *are* the inside. This man has a chance to break out of it all and be a different failure: a female chance, generally, one as mesmeric and unreliable as life; and he refuses this chance, or accepts it only to regress, as soon as he gets a chance to be the same success the others are: a female chance, generally, as monotonous and inescapable as life. Lying alongside Eve's spare necessary shape, the man dreams of the Lilith he left—and, waking in the darkness, he sighs that he was right to leave her, and that life is life.

Browning said, "The sin I impute to each frustrate ghost / Is the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin"; we learn from Marquand that it wasn't a sin but a necessary evil. No wonder that our age and nation and species are grateful to him! Besides, there has always been something attractive about Marquand: we like somebody who succeeds with such bad conscience, and who seems to wish that he had had the nerve to be a failure or, better still, something to which the terms *success* and *failure* don't apply—as when Mallory said, about Everest: "Success is meaningless here." This small uneasy institution set down at the intersection of so many great ones, this little newsstand among the skyscrapers, looking up at them with a wistful accepting sigh—what if he *has* made as much money as some of them? It isn't money that is the legal tender of our dreams: the dreamer would trade all his royalty statements for one thaler of fairy gold. We leave Marquand with one of his own sighs: if only his good angel had been a person, and not an institution. . . .

Immortal Masterpiece

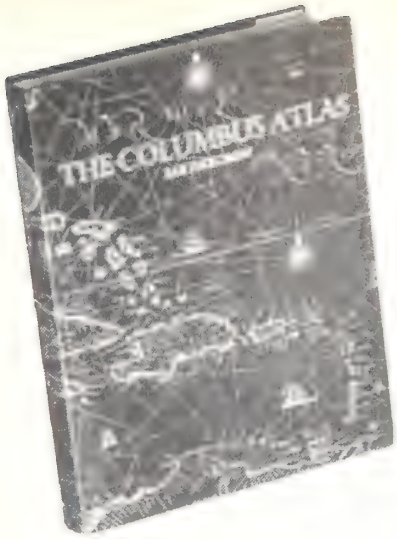
The concluding volumes of Toynbee's *A Study of History* (Oxford, 4 vols., $35) have at last been published. I never dreamed of owning any, and now four, patriarchal in gold and black and wine buckram, sit before me as I write; if I owned all ten I would sit inside them like St. Jerome, and not be seen by man for months. I began reading *A Study of History* on a cold, snowy, Ohio evening in the year 1937, and I've been reading it, off and on, ever since. If reading Proust is the best of vocations, reading Toynbee is the most delightful of avocations. All the historians in Hell, from Herodotus to Spengler, have been spending their spare time, these last years, reading Toynbee; they say to the newly dead, "And Toynbee? *You haven't read Toynbee!*" For *A Study of History*, errors, idiosyncrasies, and all, is an immortal masterpiece. How I know this I don't know: the muse of history must have possessed me, since I am far too ignorant to make the judgment myself. No book convinces one better of one's own ignorance; I don't know enough to criticize it, don't know enough, really, to appreciate it.

But I love it just the same, and would give a good deal to convince those of you who haven't read it (and reading the one-volume condensation is no more like reading *it* than reading *Lamb's Tales* is like reading Shakespeare) of the



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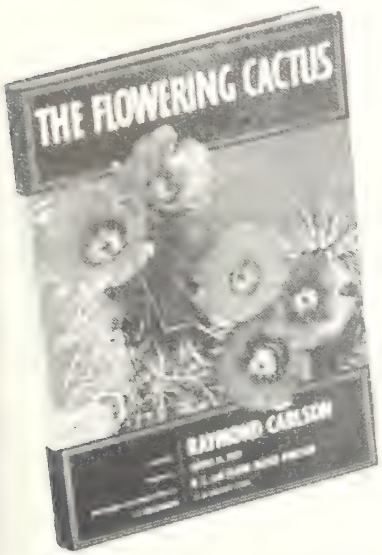
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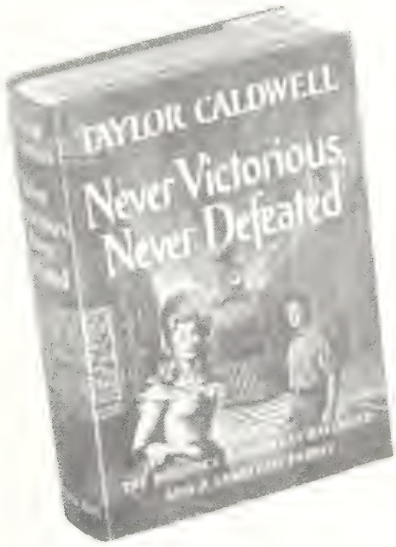
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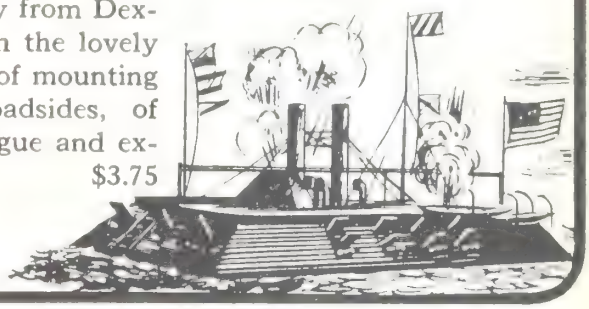
FRANS G. BENGTSSON is a Swedish "poet, essayist, historian, and novelist." His ***The Long Ships*** (Knopf, $4.50) is two books, really. The first half—the story of how a young man given to poetry gets kid napped while defending his mother's sheep, and becomes a Viking, a gal ley slave, the commander of the Moor Almansur's bodyguard, one of the leaders of the biggest Danish raid on England, and, finally, the hus band of King Harald Bluetooth's prettiest daughter—this is one of the funniest, most knowing, and most delightful historical novels I have ever read. It's quite worthy of going on Toynbee's list of the historical novels he's enjoyed most; if you like sagas or *I, Claudius,* be sure to read *The Long Ships.* The second half of the book, the story of how Orm set tles on the frontier, prospers, and

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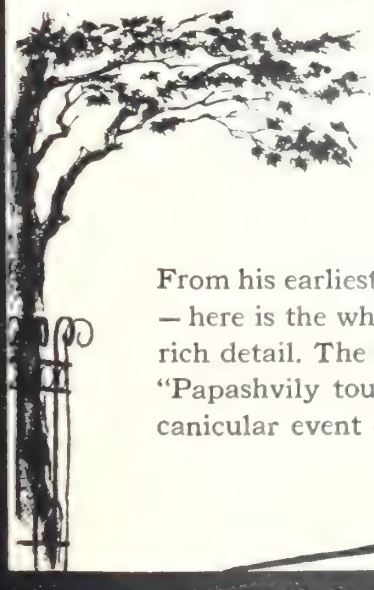
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voyages to Russia to dig up some buried treasure, is on a lower level—one reads it with much loyalty and some pleasure. But in the first half even the little poems are straight out of the sagas; Orm, tied, guarded, and about to be slaughtered, says to the other Vikings: *At home in the house/ That saw me grow/ Would I were seated now/ Eating sour milk and bread.* And this is how an invalid got his hair combed at Harald's court by Harald's daugher:

> Ylva had some difficulty in attending to Orm, because he was unable to sit up, but she supported his body with her arm and used him carefully, and emerged from her task with credit, for he got no lye in his eyes or mouth and yet became clean and fine. Then she seated herself on the head of his bed, put his head between her knees, and began to comb him. She asked him if he was uncomfortable, but Orm had to admit that he was not. She found difficulty in passing the comb through his hair, for it was thick and coarse, and very tangled as a result of the washing; but she persevered patiently with the task, so that he thought he had never in his life been better combed.
>
> . . . She drew her comb slowly through a tuft of Orm's hair which she had just untangled, and held it up against the daylight to examine it closely.
>
> "I do not understand how this can be," she said, "but there does not appear to be a single louse in your hair."
>
> "That is not possible," said Orm. "It must be a bad comb."
>
> She said that it was a good louse-comb, and scraped his head so that his scalp burned, but still she could find no louse.
>
> "If what you say is true, then I am sick indeed," said Orm, "and things are even worse than I had feared. This can only mean that my blood is poisoned."

The Collected Poems of Wallace Stevens (Knopf, $7.50) contains all the poetry of one of the greatest of living poets. I have before this written about both his best poems and his worst, but on occasion (and a book like this is truly an occasion) a critic can behave like posterity, which memorializes—which memorizes—the good, and which looks by the bad with a sweet uncaring smile. One might as well argue with the Evening Star as find fault with so much wit and grace and intelligence; such knowledge of, feeling for, other times and places, and our own; such an overwhelming and exquisite command both of the words and of the rhythms of our language; such charm and irony, such natural and philosophical breadth of sympathy, such dignity and magnanimity. (Toynbee often has the calm and generosity of a visitor from a better age, and you feel that Stevens would like nothing better than to be such a traveler through time.) Little of Stevens' work has the dramatic immediacy, the mesmeric, involving humanity, of so much of Yeats' and Frost's poetry: his poems, if they were ideally successful, might resemble the paintings of Piero della Francesca. But some of these cool, clear, airy poems, which tower above us in the dazzling elegance, the "minute brilliance," of yachts or clouds, ought to be sailing over other heads many centuries from now.

EVELYN WAUGH is a man born to write *Candide;* and after he had written it and called it *Decline and Fall*—it is, surely, one of the funniest books in English—he went on writing and became at last a professional inventor of atrocities, a very witty, very sadistic-masochistic, and very unreliable one. The Waugh hero, characteristically, is a stiff, numb, gentlemanly lay-figure in the chamber of horrors of the Present, the torture chamber of the Future.

In ***Tactical Exercise*** (Little, Brown, $3.75), the toccata which gives his new collection its name, Waugh tells the story of an orphan pyromaniac in the State of the Future. After burning down the air base at which he is stationed, he finds a loved home in the country manor, torn from a "maimed V.C.," which the State uses to rehabilitate its criminals. Unwillingly rehabilitated, he becomes an official in the Department of Euthanasia, the only institution which flourishes in that bad time; falls in love with a ballet dancer with a long golden beard, the result of the de-sexing operation which, as is customary, she has undergone. When she learns that, beard or no, she is about to have a baby, she has a second operation which removes beard and skin to-

The Swivel Chair



We spent a reasonable amount of school time studying American history as it has jelled, then much of our percipient lives thereafter amending and extending our grasp on the illusive fact and sustaining fictions of the past. The liveliest aid and challenge to this percipience encountered in many a publishing moon is the **Youth's Companion.** ($6.00) With a camera dissolve into a more lucid looking-glass world we move backward in time through a coming-of-age century, keeping an eye on the children, on the crusades and crotchets of their elders, reading the writers who then felt only the first intimations of immortality — and what is more, reading them for content rather than form.



The quality that makes this book so much to so many, of course, is the commentary by the editor, **Lovell Thompson.** He is, in turn, lapidary as in this comment on a poem by Robert Frost called "Ghost House"; *In New England the vanished town is the victim of hope, in the West it is the victim of despair. In the moist East the forest quickly comes back to make a lesser wilderness for a later pioneer. In the West the dry walls stand as a warning to the next comers, preserved by the triumphant climate like an enemy scalp* or eloquent as in the following passage on an article by John James Audubon; *Audubon drew them with the divine greed of first possession, with the startled, joyous eye of sudden ownership. The birds were denizens of an Eden. The artist was an Adam who named them one by one with his pencil and his brush. In this last new world the creatures understood their part. Drawing after drawing bursts with the inspiration that unites the fact of life with the human logic of design* and provocative; *No one has ever really explored the question of just what happens when the men of an old world come to a new land and start social evolution over again, going, it seems, halfway back to the Indians and starting up the old ladder in a hurry.* Those who read this Companion of America's youth will find themselves in a new Wonderland of American writing.



Praise is not always as provocative as this of **Edward Newhouse** by Dylan Thomas. "If I were to receive in the same mail new books by the dozen best writers of fiction in America, Edward Newhouse's would be the first I'd read. He does to me what the movies did when I was ten. More than anyone else on either side of the Atlantic, he makes me want to know what happens next. And when it happens, it happens to me." **The Temptation of Roger Heriott** ($3.00) is a novel of a man living one generation late for the shock-absorbtion of inherited money, and one marriage-remove from a growing Texas fortune. With a little boosting he has reached the $10,000 level to find that the footing is insecure there. The power of this book lies in the sense of recognition that you will bring to Roger Heriott, his wife and his children, the recognition that though this is not your own story, it could be that of your oldest friend.



Esther Warner can write as she does, with revealing beauty of thought and phrase, because she listens with an inward ear to what people are trying to communicate. Her first book, *New Song in a Strange Land*, established a quietly resolute Warner cult among readers. This new book, **Seven Days to Lomaland,** takes up the tale in a week's walk through jungle with her Liberian friends, the men and women who worked for her and with her. She had set out reluctantly to attend a trial by ordeal but the pilgrimage is made rich with the lore of the African's world, illiterate and lyrical, primitive and sage. The first reviewer, Virginia Kirkus, said of it, "A book to green the landscape of the heart, universal and timeless." ($3.50)



With all three of these books there has been a feeling that at the end of the book the story is continuing, that eventually there is more to be known, but in this fourth — **The Last Hunt** by **Milton Lott** ($3.95) — there is a sense of absolute finality. This is one of America's hours of domestic disaster when the plains were dark with the useless blood of the buffalo. It takes a certain toughness of mind perhaps to move into this harsh landscape but of those who do venture it, probably no one will ever forget the dedicated fight of a young Indian for something worth his life and more, or the shock of one small terrible instance of punishment exactly befitting the crime. A Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship Award and one of the best of them.



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This beautiful story of a wartime year spent in the country by a mother and her two young children is one of the truly distinguished books of 1954. It is indeed, as Orville Prescott said, "The kind of gentle book that at least a few are certain to cherish dearly." $3.50

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gether, replacing them by a plastic mask ideal as a base for grease-paint. That loved beard gone, the hero burns down the loved home-prison, killing all the criminals; and he himself, the only surviving example of rehabilitation, is sent out on a lecture tour with a pretty mistress.

In all these stories things go wrong—vulgarly, basely wrong—with a magician's ingenuity, a star's fidelity: the stew the natives feed the hero is, always, the heroine. The reader, instead of getting avidly indignant over the age, the State, and people, only says: "I know your methods, Waugh." Waugh writes as he does, not because the world is what it is, but because Waugh is what he is—another sign that he is a real writer. This book has little of his best writing, though "Work Suspended" is an attractive, unusually personal novelette. But in this world bursting with sin and sorrow, how can we spend our time licking our lips over the ingenious imaginary enormities that *bad* people keep showering on one gray guiltless figure? Waugh's moral imagination is so one-sided that it has become a crippled, macabre joke.

MOST of Russell Lynes' ***The Tastemakers*** (Harper, $5) is a careful and interesting history, with fine illustrations, of American taste in houses, furniture, pictures, and sculpture, and of the people who made it what it was. (A favorite nineteenth-century way of getting a man to buy a chair was to call it *sincere,* something I didn't know and won't forget.) Lynes leaves out novels, poems, plays, music, dancing: this one-sided selection of facts makes his conclusions one-sided, I think. Part of *The Tastemakers* is his very well-known essay on Lowbrows, Middlebrows, and Highbrows. This is an essay I heartily enjoyed and thoroughly disbelieved. When you're told exactly what lowbrows, middlebrows, and highbrows eat, drink, love, think, and wear, you laugh and like it; but pretty soon you begin to notice that neither you nor I nor Russell Lynes—nor anybody else with any sense and opinions of his own—fits into the categories very well, and you decide that this pigeonholing is wit, not thought. We're always told, quite correctly, that we must judge a man as a man, and no as a Negro, a Turk, or a Jew. T judge him as a lowbrow, a highbro a middlebrow—to force all that w can into one of these pigeonhol into which, after all, so little of man will go—seems to me a analogous sin.

In the Galleys

I READ ***The View from Pompey Head*** (Doubleday, $3.95), lik almost all these books, in galley (Galleys are thirty-six, or forty-eigh or seventy-two inches long—th grew longer as I grew older. thought of how Gilbert Highet, ye in and year out, had dealt with the paper anacondas without a wor and it seemed to me that this depar ment of *Harper's* should be call *The New Laocoon.*) Along with th proof there was a marvelous se tence: "This is Hamilton Basso's b novel, an important and extreme salable book that he has been on th verge of writing for the last deca and a half." I felt for Hamilto Basso, and for Hamilton Basso's pu lishers, and for the society whi puts such sentences into people heads—a society which Hamilto Basso views with a somewhat una quiescing, somewhat Marquandi eye.

Pompey's Head is a small Sout ern city to which a New York lawy in early middle age is summone home by an unfortunate and unb lievable subplot about a Wolfe-is writer whose wicked wife has a cused a Perkins-ish publisher of Stea ing Royalties. Pompey's Head, ar the lawyer, and the girls he used go with, and the little girl, grow now, whom he falls in love with, ar the wife he left behind him, a clea clean, crisp, Vassar, PTA, AAU type calculated to scare Europe, Asi and Africa into the middle of th Indian Ocean—all these are qui believable and rather interestin This is a medium-sized novel, not big one, but it is in a mild way e joyable; you feel that it is, exce for that subplot, the best its writ can do, and a decent enough thin to be doing, and you extend to it th qualified respect it deserves.

The Huge Season (Viking, $3.7 is a much better book, and much bigger disappointment. Wrig

Morris is a "real writer" in a way, to a degree, that Hamilton Basso never is; he knows a great deal more about just what people said and felt and did at a certain time, or would say and feel and do at any time, and he has more of a gift for words, more cultivation, more imagination. My wife and I read *The Huge Season* at the same time, and would read parts aloud to each other, ask *Where are you now?*, say, *Wait till you get to the chapter about So-and-So:* we were really interested—and, when we got to the end, really disappointed. The alternating chapters, one in the late '20s, the other in the early '50s, seem designed to lead up to some revelation which will explain and justify everything, and so end the book. But though the book pretends to End, it only stops: instead of a revelation there is only (as Wells said) a mouse on the altar, and a queer, hysterical, writer-ish little mouse at that.

But I hope that such news of the end won't keep anybody from reading the book: it is, most of the time, an appealing story by a talented and attractive writer. There is something engaging and shelterable about him, so that you want to spread your wings over his faults or, at least, run off into a hedge to draw the hunters away from them. His characters, except for the author-character, are not a lot more than skin deep; some of the book is romantic and confused, about liberals, Hemingway heroes, and the '20s, in a partly touching, partly distressing way; its author, in spite of his real talents, is a little commonplace, a little lacking in personal force, unintended individuality. But just the same, read the book: the best parts are fresh and live enough to make the worst parts an honorable disappointment.

Literature, Now and Then

FIRST one gets works of art, then criticism of them, then criticism of the criticism, and, finally, a book on ***The Literary Situation*** (Viking, $3.75), a book which tells you all about writers, critics, publishing, paper-backed books, the tendencies of the (literary) time, what sells and how much, what writers wear and drink and want, what their wives wear and drink and want, and so on.

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and the country we have made

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PRINCETON
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Malcolm Cowley has plainly enjoyed writing his—as a review would say—readable, informative, and entertaining book: his style, which is usually rather doughy and matter-of-course, is in this book a good deal more animated. *The Literary Situation* is less objective than its informing, summarizing manner would indicate its author would give all that he has, and more, to get us back to the '20s and '30s, times when he swam more freely in a tide running his own way. His book rather depressed me, since it is such a thoroughgoing example of what Tocqueville called —Cowley quotes the sentence—"the trading spirit in literature."

ONE of the most popular sorts of science-fiction, these last few years, has been the cautionary Utopia. ***The Big Ball of Wax*** (Simon & Schuster, $3.50) shows you a society which is all business, advertising, and "mass entertainment media," and shows you what happens to it when something is invented which allows you not simply to see, but to be, the television program you are watching. Shepherd Mead's book is sometimes quite funny and sometimes quite crude; the best thing about it is his vivid and detailed knowledge—he is a vice president—of business ways and advertising speech.

ALFRED DUGGAN'S *Leopards and Lilies* (Coward-McCann, $3.50) is the competent and well-informed, moderately interesting, somewhat unimaginative history of an awful woman and a nice soldier in the days of bad King John. After Merle Miller's ***Reunion*** (Viking, $3.95), I welcomed it. *Reunion* is the book you would get if you put in Mammoth Cave, to write a novel, every radio- and television- and scenario-writer who ever lived. As you read it you begin to have the nightmarish feeling that sensibility and morality, nice people, good writers, are simply a fable agreed upon, a myth the Real World doesn't believe in any longer.

FROM Emerson to Twain, most of our great American writers wrote, and wrote well, for ***The Youth's Companion*** (Houghton Mifflin, $6); the extremely interesting new anthology of their contributions is alloyed by the extensive comment of the editor, Lovell Thompson, who writes about them in patronizing magazine-ese. ***The Saturday Evening Post Treasury*** (Simon & Schuster, $7.50), though it contains a number of good things, gets worse, gets almost indistinguishably commonplace, as it approaches the '50s. It seemed to me that the articles written for those dead children who read *The Youth's Companion* were usually more thoughtful and demanding, and of more literary merit, than the articles written for the grownups who read the *Post* today.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

FICTION

The Bridge Over the River Kwai by Pierre Boulle.

This novel, which won the Prix Sainte Beuve in France, is the story of a group of British soldiers—particularly of a certain Colonel Nicholson—who were, in 1942, prisoners of the Japanese in Siam, near the Burmese border. Its drama and conflict lie in the fact that these well disciplined and technically able men were set to building a bridge to carry supplies for the enemy. How several of them resolved this conflict—some remaining rigidly faithful to the conventional army regulations, some turning to follow what seemed to them a higher human standard—makes a story of the most intense excitement, both in the narrative and in the psychological sense. A memorable novel, brilliantly conceived and brilliantly written.

Vanguard, $3

Good Morning, Miss Dove, by Frances Gray Patton.

An influential teacher is almost as inevitable a part of the past of most Americans as youth itself. Perhaps that is what accounts for the overwhelming success here—as in England—of such stories as *Goodbye, Mr. Chips* and this October choice of the Book-of-the-Month Club. One finds the atmosphere of the classroom so nostalgic and familiar that the humor seems funnier, the senti-



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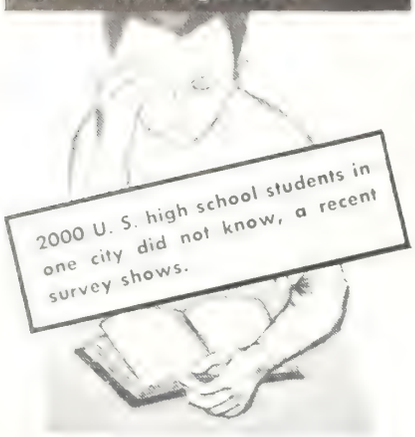
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

NON-FICTION

Sweet and Sour, by John O'Hara. A lead-off about Hemingway in one of these collected literary columns starts Mr. O'Hara objecting to what he calls "chatter columnists"—the ones who call Hemingway Papa, or Pops, or Hemingstein, or "the old bloke" and who are always quoting letters from him. But actually in this group of his pieces from the Trenton *Times-Advertiser* Mr. O'Hara does some pleasant literary chattering himself. Whether he is writing about automobiles, books about Harry Luce's domain, Aldous Huxley, publishers, authors, and reviewers generally, or simply going on about the number of people whose name is Mudd (repeat, Mudd) he makes very pretty and often happily impertinent talk about the literary scene and its peripheries. Random House, $3

Free Love and Heavenly Sinners, by Robert Shaplen.

The story that Mr. Shaplen retells here—the love affair between the beloved Brooklyn pastor and country-wide evangelist, Henry Ward Beecher, and his devout parishioner, Elizabeth Tilton, wife of his dear friend—rocked the country in the 1870s. "Lib" Tilton had confessed her adultery to her husband during the summer of that year. It is still a lurid tale, documented with the letters and clippings and court records all written in the elaborate language of the times. Perhaps for that reason Mr. Shaplen's spinning out and elucidation of the story seem overlong and occasionally overwritten. The pathos and scandal of the affair are built in and need no pointing up. It is useful and informative to have the story set against the background of the contemporary controversial feminist movement, but sometimes the militant ladies take over the foreground and the central story fades away. Knopf, $3.95

Adventures in Politics, by Richard L. Neuberger. Oxford, $3.50

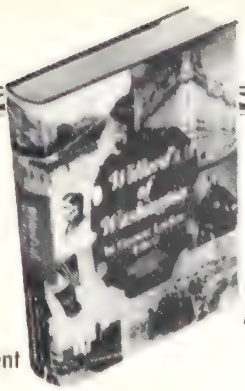
Guide to Politics 1954, edited by Quincy Howe and Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Dial, $2.50

Readers who discovered these two books about a month or so before the elections, when they were published, were fortunate. But although both of them are full of lively discussion on the most current issues and candidates, there is so much in them of basic permanent interest to anyone who cares about the American political scene that they make valuable reference books for any library. The first is a personal story. Mr. Neuberger (whose writings are known to *Harper's* readers) and his wife are both members of the Oregon State Legislature. He tells in detail and through their own experiences of the strengths and weaknesses of state governments; of specific issues he and his wife have defended or fought against; of advantages and disadvantages coming to the private citizen who wants to go into politics. A useful book and a heartening story. . . . The other, the Guide, is more specifically a handbook. In Part I such "liberals" as Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Averell Harriman, Wayne Morse, Herbert Lehman, and nine others discuss current issues—the H-bomb, labor and management, the U.S. and the U.N., McCarthyism, etc. Part II tells how American politics work and how the citizen can work in them. In Part III Louis H. Bean does a forecast of the 1954 elections; and the last part of the book is given over to voting records and election statistics. Unless we make the unlikely assumption that this is our last election under the present system, these books should have a long and useful life.

Higher Than the Sky, by Frances Cranmer Greenman.

> I've painted 1,000 portraits in almost every state in the Union. I've painted men and women, drunk and sober, children who upchucked over their best dresses at the sight of me, bankers, governors, movie stars, and pretty ladies who cried into their real pearl necklaces. I love work. I love people. As Buddy Rogers said to me that New Year's Eve backstage, "Everybody's nice when you get to know them—even Stokowski." But for those who came in late I take it all back to the beginning.

There begins the story of the daughter who was born in South Dakota at the end of the last century to a struggling young lawyer and his pretty, energetic wife who in that



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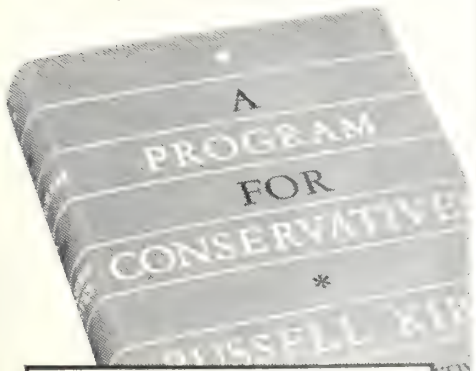
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

unsympathetic time and place dared to go out and stump for women's rights. How from such a background the daughter came to be a most urbane and worldly portrait painter is an entertaining story, full of things seen and felt in a life of most varied experience—all told with the immediacy and nearly overwhelming zest of the paragraph quoted above. One gets a little breathless but reads with pleasure. Harper, $4

The Bafut Beagles, by Gerald M. Durrell.

For *Harper's* readers this book needs nothing but a mention of its existence under this different title. Three sections of it have just appeared in the magazine as "The King and His Beasts." The book contains more of the same kind of delightful narrative about Mr. Durrell's adventures in the Cameroons, collecting animals with the help of the Fon of Bafut. Viking, $3.75

FORECAST

Book Club Choices

The Literary Guild and the Book of the Month have made their final choices for the year. The former has chosen for December *Mr. Maugham Himself,* a collection of Mr. Maugham's works edited by ***John Beecroft*** and published by Doubleday. The Book of the Month's December choice is *Song of the Sky* by ***Guy Murchie*** (Houghton-Mifflin). Looking into 1955 it has also chosen *The Cornerstone,* a novel by ***Zoé Oldenbourg*** (Pantheon) for January.

January Motley

A few of the other January highlights are beginning to be announced. From Rinehart will come *The Susquehanna,* a new one in the Rivers of America series, by ***Carl Carmer,*** and *The Sane Society* by ***Erich Fromm.*** From Greystone will come ***Richard Aldrich's*** story of his marriage to Gertrude Lawrence—617 manuscript pages and lots of pictures. Dutton announces *Prisoner's Bluff* by ***Rolf Magener,*** a great success in England; Farrar, Straus and Young will publish a new novel by ***Alberto Moravia, A Ghost at Noon;*** and World announces ***Simone de Beauvoir's*** "startling new novel"—as yet untitled.

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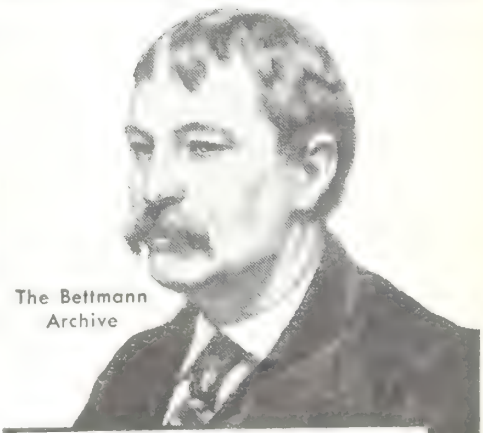
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Howells and the Age of Realism

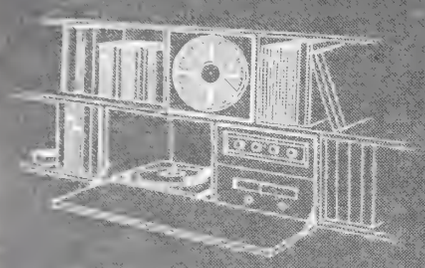
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THE NEW RECORDINGS

Trade-Ins

Edward Tatnall Canby

ALMOST every camera owner has spent a while window-shopping among the thousands of used items of photographic equipment that are displayed tantalizingly in every camera store, in photographic bargain catalogues, and in magazine and newspaper ads. Generally speaking, it is as safe now to buy guaranteed used camera equipment, reconditioned, as to acquire it brand new at higher prices. Photographic equipment generally has a long useful life, is basically non-obsolescent except in relatively minor details; and photographers, looking for greener grasses, are notoriously ready to trade in their stuff for new at the slightest impulse. The camera divorce rate is profitably high.

Substitute the words, "high fidelity," for each "camera" or "photographic," above, and you will read a startling paragraph, one that until this fall nobody could have written or thought of in public. There was no secondhand hi-fi market. But there should be, for exactly parallel reasons and—now that somebody has thought of it—there will be.

Last month Hudson Radio & Television Corp., of New York City and mail-order, announced a trade-in policy on hi-fi separate-unit equipment, not merely an "allowance" for inducement but a serious, large-value bid, entailing the prospect of reselling your equipment as guaranteed-used. The Audio Exchange of Long Island City has been sending out flyers on used equipment and taking trade-ins for some time, but this is the first occasion I've heard of where a major hi-fi outlet has adopted the policy. Of course, others will too, inevitably, now that the ice is broken.

It is odd that heretofore nothing of the sort has happened. Perhaps there wasn't yet enough equipment floating around. There is, now. Possibly the sales people were putting it off as long as they could, having enough headaches already.

It's especially odd in view of the fact that the separate-unit ("component") hi-fi equipment makers have always been pointing out the long useful life of their amplifiers and speakers and radio tuners, and their low obsolescence compared to the brief life-span of most standard radios, phonographs, and TV sets. Yet not once, to my knowledge, has the obvious corollary, trade-ins, been explored in these last seven or eight years of hi-fi progress. Now that it has begun it cannot end.

A HEALTHY side-result of the used-equipment boom will be in the much-neglected repair-service area. Each hi-fi store that takes equipment in trade will soon have an experienced repair staff to restore these items to salability. In no time at all, then, there will grow up a backlog of experience that should, at last, bring repair services—if and when—to the thousands of equipment owners who now simply hope that nothing will go wrong with

Recent Toscanini Releases

Verdi: Falstaff (NBC Symphony Broadcast, 1950). RCA Victor LM 6111 (3).

The complete 1950 broadcast from Studio 8H—evidently with some corrective added reverberation, for excellent hi-fi sound.

Toscanini Conducts Wagner (Concert excerpts from five operas; Siegfried Idyll). RCA Victor LM 6020 (2).

A collection, some items not before heard.

Schubert: Symphony #9. *Schubert, the Man*, by André Maurois. RCA Victor LM 1835.

A new recording to replace the old T. version; bound-in booklet by Maurois.

Toscanini Plays Your Favorites (Rom. Carn. Ov., Zampa Ov., Dance of the Hours, Finlandia, Emont Ov., Brahms Hung. Dances). RCA Victor LM 1834.

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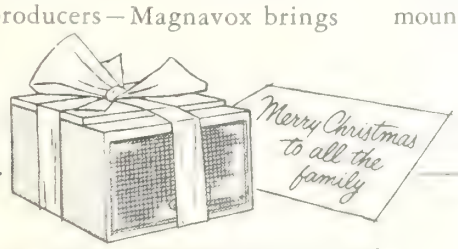
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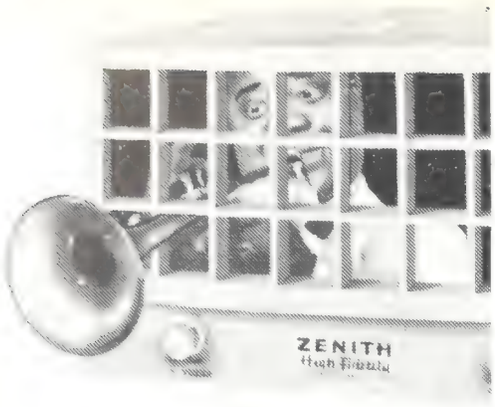


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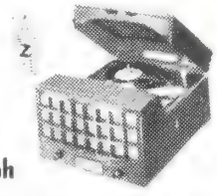
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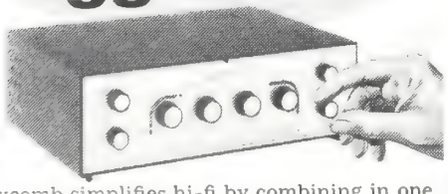


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RCA-Reiner-Strauss

Strauss: Ein Heldenleben. Chicago Symphony. Reiner. RCA Victor LM 1807.

I HAVE never been as fascinated by any Strauss performance as by this and the following—and I am usually no enthusiast for the big Strauss tone poems. I begin to understand why. Many people take a quick dislike to music that sounds "overblown," too fat, too rich, too cloying, too emotional. But old Strauss was a lot subtler than other conductors know: aside from its extreme length and the unconscionable time it takes a'dying, this performance shows not one trace of overblown emotionalism. Throughout it is lean, vivid, sharp, clear, beautifully molded (if at a characteristically leisurely pace —quite acceptable now via LP), astonishingly colorful. It is, moreover, remarkably introspective, thoughtful, dissonant, psychological.

All of which we can chalk up to a triple-team, *RCA, Reiner, Strauss,* or if you wish, *Strauss, Reiner, RCA.* This is an absolutely astonishing recording, no less. It has the full range of "hi-fi" sounds, transcendently, to please tin and golden ears alike. It is incredibly well recorded—not with any sort of natural concert sound, but with that new and unique reproduced-music effect that could exist in no concert hall nor should; in this case it brings out a miraculous wealth of plastic Straussian detail such as is seldom heard by any "live" audience, the veritable living insides of a masterful piece of music and of sheer orchestration.

Living, plastic? That aspect is due to Fritz Reiner, perhaps the greatest Strauss conductor alive. This razor's-edge combination of lean, hard clarity on a vast orchestral scale and perilously high-tension emotionalism is exactly suited to his disciplined directing. Many—most—other conductors miss it dismally and their orchestras wallow in Strauss (to many people's delight, granted—but this is better!).

The early virtuoso retrospection of this work (fifty years before Strauss's death)—in which he engagingly quotes at length from his other tone poems—is bracketed in this series of recordings by—

Strauss: Also Sprach Zarathustra. Salome; Dance of the Seven Veils. Chicago Symphony, Reiner. RCA Victor LM 1806.

THE first item is two years earlier than "Heldenleben," the second seven years later and clean out of the tone-

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oem period to our own century, ame extraordinary performing and re-ording. (Notice especially the splendid rass, the natural percussion, the smooth rings where so many hifi records ake them unnaturally rough in sound -the fully-ripened climaxes, remark-bly undistorted, and, over the whole, a ne rich liveness that balances the array f detail into the unity of orchestral and usical sound that *must* be present. It ften is lost.)

"Also Sprach" ("Thus Spake") is a ore sententious, less personal work an "Heldenleben," less enjoyable to ne anti-bombast folk; you won't find it ore effectively done than here, even o. The "Salome" excerpt has had many ish renditions; this brings again the ombination of those extraordinarily ivid inner details and the clean high ension of the music itself under Reiner.

Mercury-Dorati

Bartok: Concerto for Orchestra. Minneapolis Symphony, Dorati. Mercury MG 50033.

THE now-essential close teamwork between composer, conductor, and ecording technicians is shown in another facet in this continuing series of orati recordings for Mercury. The Living Presence" recording technique ndeniably assembles formidable technical prowess: unusual clarity in the rong transients of brass, cymbals, and, pecially, percussion, where Mercury rums sound bigger and sharper than ost; a large dynamic range, aided by rtually noise-free surfaces, without the noying "echoes" of some LP records. ut mike-placing in the past has been tra-close, to the point of unmusical ggeration of close-up detail in a oset-like and lifeless background.

The Bartok score is unique, a big-chestra work that, even beyond rauss, specifically directs the attention orchestral details, to pairs of clarinets, oes, trumpets, the whole gamut of or-estral color—an ideal score for mod-n recording technique. The old pre-e Reiner version gives it the proper se-to treatment; later versions have istakenly reproduced a "Romantic," er-all distant sound, losing the instru-ental detail in the whole. Mercury, last, brings the concerto right up close d, instrumentally, the look inside this re is fascinating under conditions such extraordinary technical clarity.

t—

What of the conductorial element? It a shame that Mercury found Dorati hand for so many of its definitive (or uld-be definitive) technical jobs. For s ear, at least, Dorati is a competent hnician who can make an orchestra play with physical accuracy and cohesiveness; in some familiar scores, especially in ballet ("Nutcracker," for instance) the sound is musical. But in many another there is a hard, unmusical quality that extends, with a vengeance, to this reading.

Every note is there and the whole is as mechanically perfect as it is musically coarse and unexpressive. Remarkable! How can one pin down this quality, for those who may think otherwise? The evidence is intuitive and at the same time it is in a million details, instantaneously passing. No short written review can do more than put down the conclusion: a most unmusical performance (though well conceived stylistically) of a sensitive and great modern score.

Schubert: Symphony #8, "Unfinished." Tchaikowsky: "Romeo and Juliet." Chicago Symphony, Dorati. Mercury MG 50037.

SAME recording technique—the most powerful and the hiest-fi recording of the "Unfinished" to date—and similar conclusions. Here the trouble can be more easily heard by most ears. Mr. Dorati has re-interpreted the Schubert to bring the two movements into "more equitable and expressive dynamic relationship"—possibly a worthy project for a more musical reading; but one hears in this version merely a very loud playing of the *tutti* parts of the second movement, a somewhat subdued emphasis on the same in the first, and neither contributes anything to the essential music itself, which is grossly unphrased, unpoetic, insensitive, whether loud or soft.

There are moments of beauty, when Mercury's wonderful sound combines momentarily with beautiful playing by this or that group of orchestral personnel (the same who play for Reiner in the RCA Strauss series); but what is evidently the conductor's insistent hand too often intrudes upon these passages with an ugly, a hurried, a blatant passage of sheer physical noise.

The less difficult and showier "Romeo" music is more satisfactory, generally speaking; but many of us will find the same lacks here, hi-fi sound or no.

Miscellany

Mr. Strauss Comes to Boston. (Johann Strauss selections). Boston Pops Orch., Fiedler. RCA Victor LM 1809.

THE material on the jacket and liners of this release is more interesting than the record itself—an illustrated account of the fabulous "Peace Jubilee" of 1872 in Boston, where Johann Strauss guest-conducted. Believe it or not, in that horse-and-buggy and wood-burning



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steam locomotive era *twenty thousand* singers sang together for the Jubilee chorus, and the assembled orchestra numbered one thousand players; Strauss needed a hundred assistant conductors to keep the great assemblage together in the "Blue Danube" and other compositions. A "bouquet" of one hundred and fifty prominent singers performed *en masse* various solo vocal numbers; Gounod's "Ave Maria" was sung by fifty soprano soloists with a hundred solo violins, *obbligato!*

The recording has a selection of Strauss items played during the Jubilee, including the Jubilee Waltz, but the performers number merely the normal orchestral complement. High Fidelity takes up the slack and my only complaint is that the interpretations are brittle, brilliant, dazzling, not at all Viennese or, for that matter, proper-Bostonian. The sound is strictly modern and there's a touch of Hollywood in it. Entrancing reproductions of the original 1872 programs, tickets, badges, ads.

A Leroy Anderson "Pops" Concert. Leroy Anderson and His "Pops" Orch. Decca DL 9749.

ODDLY enough, this man from Boston comes much nearer to the spirit of our olden times in his newly-written music than the Boston Pops' re-creation. Pretty low-brow stuff, but there is a buoyant, uncomplicated melodiousness about Anderson's little pieces that is old-fashioned in the nicest way, a reminiscent mixture of the turn-of-the-century, flavored with Mendelssohn. Delibes, Offenbach, Sousa, and perhaps a bit of the lightest of Rossini. Only an irrepressible streak of practical jokery (and a touch of ballroom jazz now and then) snaps us into the nerveless twentieth century; Anderson's snappiest in this disc (there are numerous others) is a typewriter song, complete with typewriter, a real one. You can even hear an envelope being addressed, with music. Nice recording but Decca's surfaces are still substandard.

Liszt: Dante Fantasia; Sonata in B Minor; shorter pieces. Orazio Frugoni, piano. Vox PL 8800.

PERHAPS this had better be left unmentioned—but the issuance by a reputable company of such an incredibly bad performance as this is a challenge to any conscientious critic. Perhaps many will enjoy Frugoni; he has ten extremely agile fingers and plenty of arm muscle. But that such a travesty of music could even be played, let alone recorded, is a commentary on musical taste today. Or am I just Johnny-out-of-step? Try it yourself.

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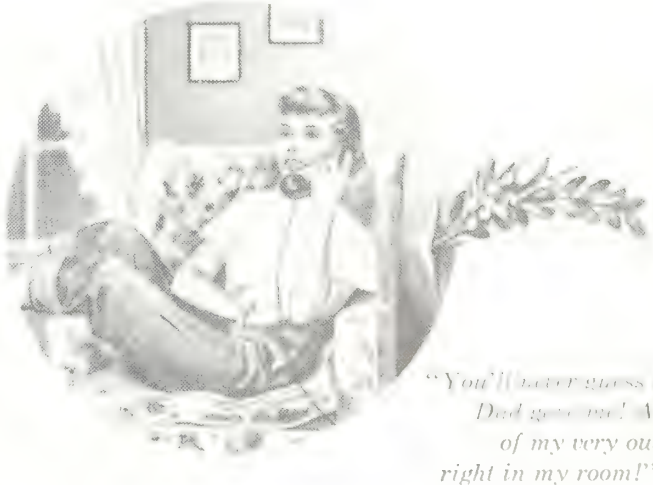
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Canada: Aluminum Supplier for the U. S. A.

by Nathanael V. Davis

President, Aluminium Limited, Montreal

In the century since the discovery of aluminum, this light, strong metal has found a place in nearly every modern industry. Canada's rapidly expanding output is becoming a vital factor in U. S.–Canadian relations and in Continental defense strategy. Here is the story of the dramatic growth of the industry by the president of the Canadian firm which last year turned out 25 per cent of the world's supply.

EXACTLY one hundred years ago in France, a scientist named Henri St. Claire Deville retreated to his laboratory and began a series of experiments which have had a telling effect on the way we live today. Building on the work of Sir Humphrey Davy and other earlier scientists, Deville produced the first solid bar of aluminum ever exhibited publicly.

Aluminum, when Deville put it on display at the Paris Exposition of 1855, was a precious metal. It cost $755 a pound. Even thirty years later the price was still $8 a pound—too high to make the metal useful commercially—and the total annual output was only 171½ tons.

Today, when aluminum is second only to steel in its importance to industry, when it has an estimated 4,000 uses, and when the United States and Canada produce about 1,800,000 tons of the metal a year, the price has shrunk to 20½ cents a pound.

The discovery in 1886 of an electrolytic process resulted in drastic price reductions and the dramatic growth of a new industry which was destined to consume huge quantities of electric energy.

Vast Amounts of Power Needed

Today the electricity used to make a ton of aluminum would supply the electrical needs of a six-room house for fifteen years. If you had, say, 2,000,000 tons of aluminum, it would represent 40,000,000,000 kilowatt hours of electricity—enough to power seven cities the size of Cleveland for a year.

Or, put it another way: While six kilowatt hours of electricity are used on the average for every man-hour of work in United States industry, over 100 times this amount is required for every man-hour of work in the aluminum smelting industry.

That is why we at Aluminium Limited, one of the world's leading aluminum producers, think of aluminum as "packaged power." It is electricity in easily stored and transportable form.

There is substantial agreement in the industry that, for the foreseeable future, the crucial factor in making aluminum is going to be electricity made from water power. Power plants based on coal, natural gas, and other thermal sources must eventually face the reality of rising fuel costs as reserves are depleted, while hydroelectric plants get their fuel from the falling rains.

Canada is endowed with vast amounts of water power from its mountain-fed rivers—power which isn't competed for by other industries. We use this power and, in a sense, turn it into aluminum ingot, then sell it around the world.

To the extent that the United States and other countries import Canadian metal, they

are able to conserve some of their own power for other industries which provide greater employment.

In neighboring Canada, certain industrial areas have a surplus of cheap hydroelectric power. The nation's water power potential is one of the largest in the Western Hemisphere.

The Aluminum Company of Canada, Ltd., the chief producing subsidiary of Aluminium Limited, has pioneered in the development of a large power potential in Eastern Canada and more recently in the coastal wilderness of British Columbia. Here the company has just completed the first phase of its hydroelectric and aluminum smelter project at Kemano and Kitimat.

This first stage uses a hydroelectric capacity of 420,000 horsepower and will produce 91,500 tons of aluminum annually. The addition of 60,000 tons of capacity has just been decided on; and this expansion will be undertaken as rapidly as possible, bringing rated capacity to over 150,000 tons annually. Eventually, this plant will have a capacity of 2,240,000 horsepower, the largest capacity ever undertaken by private enterprise, and an annual production capacity of 550,000 tons of ingot. It is timely to consider the place of this Canadian enterprise in the North American aluminum picture.

The "Continental Concept"

In the aluminum industry at least, the economies of Canada and the United States are complementary. Canada has vast unused amounts of water power for aluminum making, while the United States has a magnificent plant for turning out the fabricated and semi-fabricated aluminum forms needed by some 22,000 manufacturers in every branch of U. S. industry.

For this reason, there is increasing support for what is called the "continental concept" of defense and raw-material supply. Briefly, the concept considers Canada and the United States as one nation for strategic purposes, and thus dovetails defense planning in the two countries. Obviously, in any combined operation it makes sense for each partner to do the particular job he can do best.

This is in line with the thinking of former President Truman's Materials Policy Commission, which in its report of June 1952—usually referred to as the Paley Report—said there were alarming shortages of many of the basic raw materials needed to defend North America. The report went on to say that in the future, if today's factors continue to operate, it will become increasingly economical for the United States to turn to aluminum-producing facilities outside the United States.

Recently, a decision was announced in Washington which was in line with the "continental concept." The Office of Defense Mobilization said that a planned "third round" of aluminum smelter expansion in the United States would be discontinued because American and Canadian capacity, plus supplies of scrap and metal now stockpiled, assured adequate supplies.

In time of war, as in peace, Canada can serve as a reliable source of aluminum ingot. The danger of supplies being cut off by a wartime breakdown of transport is minimized by the extensive network of railway, shipping, and truck transport lines joining the two countries.

U. S.–Canada Trade Booming

Aside from such defense considerations, Canadian aluminum plays an extremely important role in the normal peacetime American economy. The United States has between 200 and 300 major users of primary aluminum. Their plants convert ingot into aluminum powder, plate, sheet, shapes, tubing, rods, and bars. Resting on this basic industry are over 21,000 other manufacturing plants which take these aluminum forms and make them into consumer goods. Thus, it is apparent that there are millions of people in the U. S. whose jobs depend to some extent on a steady flow of primary aluminum ingot.

It is only natural that the United States and Canada, which have the same kind of government, people, and economic system, should trade freely with one another. In fact, the United States Chamber of Commerce noted recently that Canada and the United States are, each to the other, both number one supplier and number one buyer. For fifteen years each country has been the other's best customer. Today there is more trade across the U. S.–Canadian border than across any international boundary in the world.

The United States imports from Canada about $2,500,000,000 worth of goods a year and, in turn, sells Canada nearly $3,000,000,000 worth. Thus each nation benefits by trading with the other, but the difference between

Canadian and U. S. purchases is a cause of concern to both nations.

Canada, because of its rich storehouse of hydroelectric power, is able to turn out low-cost aluminum ingot. And, in spite of a 1½ cent-a-pound American tariff on Canadian aluminum, it can still sell its ingot to U. S. industry at the going market price. The availability of this large supply helps to stabilize aluminum prices in the United States. With prices at economic levels, consumers are able to enjoy an increasing number of products made of lightweight aluminum alloys.

A Versatile Metal

Aluminum is the best known member of a family of light metals which also includes magnesium, calcium, lithium, and sodium. In scientific language, it has a specific gravity of 2.7, which means, in layman's language, that it weighs about one-third as much as steel.

The combination of lightness with strength has led to its widespread use in transport. Since a hard oxide coating forms on the surface of aluminum, it is highly resistant to many forms of corrosion and thus is widely used in the food-processing and chemical industries. Another property of aluminum is that it is a soft metal in its pure state, and easily worked. This, and its ability to conduct heavy electrical current, have given it a prominent place in the electrical industry.

A series of alloys having a wide range of properties can be made when aluminum is combined with other metals like magnesium and copper. Thus, the metal which the layman knows as aluminum can range from silver to dark gray in color, and it can be as strong as mild steel or nearly as soft as lead. The alloys range from aluminum household foil, which is so soft it folds without any springback, to a thin sheet used for Venetian blinds which has the snap and ring of steel.

Aluminum has found a place in nearly every modern industry, both because of its favorable properties, and also because of its downward trend in price. Fifty years ago the price you had to pay for one cubic foot of aluminum would buy ten cubic feet of steel. Today the proportion is down to only two cubic feet of steel for each one of aluminum.

This downward price trend, in relation to both ferrous and other non-ferrous metals, has allowed aluminum to enter hundreds of new fields previously closed to it because of cost. Thousands of products formerly made of steel, ranging in size from paper clips to ship superstructures, are now made of aluminum alloys.

Aluminum has also made substantial progress in industries formerly dependent on copper, zinc, and lead. For a given volume, copper now costs five times as much as aluminum. Lead and zinc cost about twice as much. The electrical appliance industry, as a result, is using more aluminum every year.

This trend will be accelerated because of aluminum's favorable raw materials position relative to other metals. Known reserves of the essential ore of aluminum (bauxite) are sufficient to support the world aluminum industry at today's rate of consumption for more than 125 years.

Each small decrease in the price of aluminum ingot opens up large new areas of industry in which it can compete. These constantly expanding horizons keep all the aluminum producers and fabricators on their toes. The chief competitive pressure in the aluminum industry comes from the ferrous and other non-ferrous metals, and from such new materials as laminated woods, impregnated glass fibers, and plastics. To keep the markets we have, and to open up new areas where aluminum can compete, we use all the resources of modern research laboratories, and a sales development organization set up on an international basis. But our chief sales weapon is still price. By making aluminum ingot available in quantity at an economic price, we confidently expect a constant increase in its range of application. This will mean greater opportunities for fabricators of the metal, and more jobs for workers in their plants.

Early History of the Industry

The aluminum industry was born nearly seventy years ago through one of those remarkable coincidences which occur occasionally in history. Two unknown young men, Charles Martin Hall in Oberlin, Ohio, and Paul Louis Toussaint Heroult in France, after heartbreaking failures and little encouragement, came up at almost the same time with the same new process.

They both produced aluminum by dissolving aluminum oxide, or alumina, in a molten bath of a mineral called cryolite, and then passing a heavy electric current through the solution, causing aluminum metal to appear

at one of the terminals. This was the first industrially feasible method of making the metal and, with improvements, it is still the one in use today.

The first North American producer was founded in 1888—two years after the electrolytic process was discovered. The same year a company was set up in Switzerland, to use the Heroult patent, and many other countries began making aluminum on a commercial scale.

Since the crucial raw material of aluminum is electrical power, the industry had its major growth in areas where economical power sources could be developed. Thus the United States, Canada and the Scandinavian countries quickly became leading world producers.

In the early days of the industry, it was the countries with ample hydroelectric power which quickly took the lead. There was one exception, however—Germany. She became a leading aluminum producer by using power generated from her vast deposits of low-grade coal. Because she wanted to become self-sufficient in a vital military material during the first world war, Germany rapidly expanded her aluminum plants, even though it was not economically sound to do so. By 1938, Germany was the world's largest aluminum producer, and she held this position until the middle of World War II.

In the future, a limiting influence on the growth of the aluminum industry will be the amount of power available. The industry will have to expand on the distant frontiers, where power is cheap and readily available; that is why Canada offers such promise.

The Battle for Acceptance

It is hard to realize today that when aluminum first came on the market, the producers had to fight hard to get anyone to try it. When Hall poured the first American ingot in 1888, his company had five employees. And, if the reception given the new metal was any indication, even five was too many.

Aluminum ingot was offered at $5 a pound but no one would buy it. It was not until aluminum was made into pots and pans that the new light metal began to catch on.

As the public accepted it, ingot prices slid from $5 in 1886 to 22 cents a pound in 1910. Although North American production was then only 22,000 tons a year and world production was only 42,000 tons, the essential groundwork for future progress had been laid.

Expansion Still Going On

During the first world war, the industry began expanding rapidly, and it has not stopped yet. From 1914 to 1954, the North American aluminum industry expanded 5,000 per cent, while the industry in the rest of the world grew at the robust rate of 2,500 per cent. In 1953, North America turned out 1,800,000 short tons, about 67 per cent of the world output. The best figures available show that the free world's output of aluminum last year reached the impressive total of 2,350,000 tons.

The Canadian aluminum industry got its start as a branch of the Aluminum Company of America, from which it is now completely separated. Aluminium Limited was set up in 1928 to take over and develop properties outside the United States which Alcoa had formerly owned. Today, not only is Aluminium Limited competing with Alcoa and other North American producers, but, without fabricating plants in the U. S. A., has become a leading supplier of ingot both to the producers and the independents who do not have their own source of ingot. Although it is a Canadian firm, 75 per cent of the shares of Aluminium Limited are owned by U. S. citizens.

The Role of Aluminium Limited

In the United States, the major aluminum companies are both producers and fabricators of ingot. Aluminium Limited is different because it concentrates on production of ingot. Canada cannot use all the aluminum which the company produces. As a consequence, Aluminium Limited must sell it abroad in ingot form. In 1953, Aluminium Limited turned out 25 per cent of the world's supply.

Since Aluminium Limited is an economic producer and can make ingot available in large amounts, it feels it has an important role to play in supplying raw materials both for peacetime use and for defense.

Canada has large quantities of electric power. She is a safe, convenient, friendly, stable source of many of the raw materials needed today. Teamed with the superb manufacturing facilities of the United States, Canada's resources provide a solid foundation both for the continent's peacetime growth and its defense against aggression.

LETTERS

We Accuse!—

To the Editors:

I should like to congratulate the Alsop brothers for writing and you for publishing "We Accuse!" [October], a magnificent defense of Dr. Oppenheimer.

During this past summer in Europe, the two questions with which I was most frequently confronted were those pertaining to McCarthy's seeming power and Dr. Oppenheimer's shabby treatment by the country that owes him so great a debt. The action of the Senate Committee in the matter of Senator McCarthy will justify my attitude toward him, and I trust that the Alsop brothers' article will do much toward justifying my attitude to Dr. Oppenheimer. . . .

JAMES G. SOUTHWORTH
Toledo, Ohio

To the Editors:

The central flaw in the Alsops' argument is the underlying contention that the Atomic Energy Commission and especially its chairman, Admiral Strauss, started the loyalty investigation of Dr. Oppenheimer "to get him." Actually the AEC had no choice. . . . Indeed there is ample evidence in the record that the AEC, including Admiral Strauss, would have much preferred to settle this issue differently.

The relationship between Dr. Oppenheimer and the AEC should have been severed as soon as it had become clear that Dr. Oppenheimer, the consultant, and the AEC, his client, differed on basic points of policy. From there on the conditions of mutual trust and confidence which are indispensable to the client-consultant relationship obviously no longer existed. It is a cardinal rule in using a consultant—and I have been one for many years—that he should never be allowed to become identified with, or committed to, a policy of which he strongly disapproves even though his consulting assignment may be a purely technical one. Therefore Dr. Oppenheimer should have resigned one or two years before Admiral Strauss rejoined the AEC as its chairman.

That this normal and proper solution was not resorted to is as much Dr. Oppenheimer's responsibility as it is that of the AEC—though the major culprit is probably the prevailing confusion about the proper roles of the expert, whether scientist or military man, and the decision-making politician. When the Admiral took over it was too late for this solution.

For then the whole situation was changed by the letter written by Mr. William Liscum Borden which set off the official investigation. This letter could not have been brushed aside by any responsible administrator, no matter what his sympathies, the way the Alsops brush it aside. . . . Receipt of this letter which (according to the Alsops' own admission) was not inspired by Admiral Strauss, simply forced the Admiral as Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission to suspend Dr. Oppenheimer's clearance and to institute formal loyalty proceedings. This, by itself, invalidates the major charge of the Alsops: that the loyalty proceedings against Dr. Oppenheimer were conceived in Admiral Strauss' personal animus.

There are other points at which any one familiar with the record would be forced to take sharp issue with the Alsops. They completely overlook for instance that Dr. Oppenheimer was not declared a "security risk" by Admiral Strauss and the "Strategic Air Force generals" but by two Boards composed largely of people who are known to be critical, if not hostile to both the Admiral and the "Strategic Air Force generals." The one AEC Commissioner, for instance, who went beyond the majority findings and held Dr. Oppenheimer to be "disloyal," Mr. Thomas E. Murray, Jr., is not only a "Truman appointee" on the Commission but, as he made quite clear in Congressional hearings during the Oppenheimer case, is anything but a friend or admirer of Admiral Strauss. Yet the Alsops ask us to believe that these people were blind dupes of the personal animus against Dr. Oppenheimer. . . .

But my main objection to the Alsop piece is its shrill tone and its level. . . . They have not contributed to a realization, let alone to a resolution, of the tremendously important issues of the meaning of security, the security procedures, and the relationship between scientists (and all other civilians) and the military and of both to the decision-making politician in this day and age which the Oppenheimer Case so dramatically raised. On the contrary, by choosing to present the Oppenheimer Case as an essay in witch-hunting, they have only confused and obscured the basic



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PETER DRUCKER
Montclair, New Jersey

To the Editors:

Re Mr. Drucker's letter: Dr. Oppenheimer was *not* in disagreement with Atomic Energy Commission policy when the security proceedings against him began. From the moment of President Truman's decision, he abandoned his opposition to the hydrogen-bomb program. From the moment, in 1950, when a practicable hydrogen-bomb approach was found, he gave the program his enthusiastic support. . . .

Admiral Strauss was personally responsible for the transformation of the case which, under the rules, should have been a calm and impartial fact-finding proceeding into a prosecution. I am confident the Gray Board would never have reached so mistaken a verdict if the methods of a fact-finding proceeding had been used. And the Gray Board was the only board that sat on the Oppenheimer case except for the Atomic Energy Commission itself. The tone and character of the AEC verdict, the flimsiness of the evidence on which it was based, above all the fact that the principal derogatory information about Dr. Oppenheimer was fully known to Admiral Strauss when he voted to clear him in 1947, all combine to make this AEC opinion a public disgrace. . . .

JOSEPH ALSOP
Washington, D. C.

To the Editors:

I have just finished my second reading of "We Accuse!" and I feel sincerely that I have never read a more convincing argument.

Originally I was very sympathetic with Oppenheimer and then at the time of the disclosure of the trial testimony I found I was in agreement with the final decision of the Atomic Energy Commission that Oppenheimer's associations, and particularly the Chevalier incident, pretty much required his being labeled a security risk.

The Alsops have succeeded in giving the facts and the background in a most stimulating and understandable way, and I have to conclude with them that the entire handling of the Oppenheimer case is one of the rankest outrages in our history. . . .

WALTER HIERSTEINER
Kansas City, Mo.

To the Editors:

I didn't know what I thought about Oppenheimer (or the Alsops) until I read your article. Now I know McCarthy is right about the Alsops and Strauss is more than right about Oppenheimer.

MRS. E. SNYDER
Ringoes, N. J.

To the Editors:

I wish to express my profound gratitude for the Oppenheimer article. Previously I had expressed my disfavor over the handling of the Oppenheimer case to President Eisenhower. In reply I received a letter from Admiral Strauss including a copy of the document titled "In the Case of J. Robert Oppenheimer." After reading it I came to the conclusion that there were no new facts known to the Commission which had granted Oppenheimer clearance in 1947, aside from the Chevalier incident. Also I concluded that Oppenheimer had not been put on trial before the Administration had assured itself that it could dispense with his services, and that even then the matter would not have been raised had it not been for the Administration's fear of McCarthy. . . .

ALVIN J. BEACHY
Bluffton, Ohio

To the Editors:

I was greatly pained to read your article reflecting on Admiral Lewis Strauss. I have known Admiral Strauss intimately for thirty-seven years. During the early part of that period, he was my secretary. And I may say at once that he is a deeply religious man of sensitive conscience; of the highest integrity; a generous philanthropist; and, at great personal sacrifice, a devoted and able public servant.

I have no intention of entering into the pros and cons of this affair. But from my knowledge of Admiral Strauss the article does him a great injustice of the sort with which I have been personally too familiar over many years.

I would suggest that you should make and publish an independent investigation of the facts so far as they concern the Admiral. I am convinced that you would find that Admiral Strauss, who had for many years befriended Professor Oppenheimer, had no part in originating or even suggesting the charges. He was ordered by higher authorities to conduct the inquiry on information by other agencies of the government and not by Admiral Strauss. Also, the implication that the Admiral alone animated the decision which resulted from the inquiries is absurd, as six eminent men joined in that decision.

From a knowledge of Admiral Strauss' character, I have no doubt other unjust inaccuracies in the article could be developed if you were so disposed.

HERBERT HOOVER
New York, N. Y.

(Among others who wrote to us from close personal experience in defense of Admiral Strauss' character were Vice Admiral W. A. Kitts, USN; Thomas C. Boushall, President of the Bank of Virginia; Mrs. Dave Satterfield, wife of the late Congressman from Virginia; Sir William Wiseman, a partner in Kuhn, Loeb & Co.; and Rabbi Dr. Julius Mark of Congregation Emanu-El in New York City. In general, the unusually large amount of mail received about the Alsop article ran almost two to one in favor of the Alsops' point of view.—The Editors)

Lamar Democrat—

To the Editors:

. . . Usually I do not subscribe to magazines or newspapers. Carol Lynn Gilmer's article about the Lamar *Democrat* ["Missouri's One-Family Newspaper," October] has caused a change of heart. When I finished reading it, I felt that if I didn't subscribe to the *Democrat* I'd be missing some mighty untrammeled reporting. . . .

LOIS CUTLER
Merion, Pa.

Say It Ain't So—

To the Editors:

Charles Einstein's "Covering the World Series" [September] closes with these paragraphs:

"Again they know a good story when they see one. It was this ability that produced the greatest saying ever to come out of a world series . . . the quote from a dirty-faced kid standing outside the courthouse as Shoeless Joe Jackson emerged following the infamous Black Sox scandal of 1919: 'Say it ain't so, Joe.'

"The fact that these famous words were invented by a baseball writer and never actually uttered, may well be to the lasting credit of the kid, the writer and all baseball lovers everywhere."

I was the author of the Associated Press story in 1920 containing the phrase, "Say it ain't so, Joe." . . . I was city editor in the Chicago office of the AP at the time. . . .

I know the "Say it ain't so, Joe" story is true for I was there. Mr. Einstein was not. . . .

DONALD M. EWING
Shreveport, La.

To the Editors:

I had heard the Jackson incident ascribed by others who were there to another writer. It was thus in good faith and without Mr. Ewing in mind that I used the story. I was not there and Mr. Ewing was; his letter sets the record straight, and he has my whole-hearted apology.

CHARLES EINSTEIN
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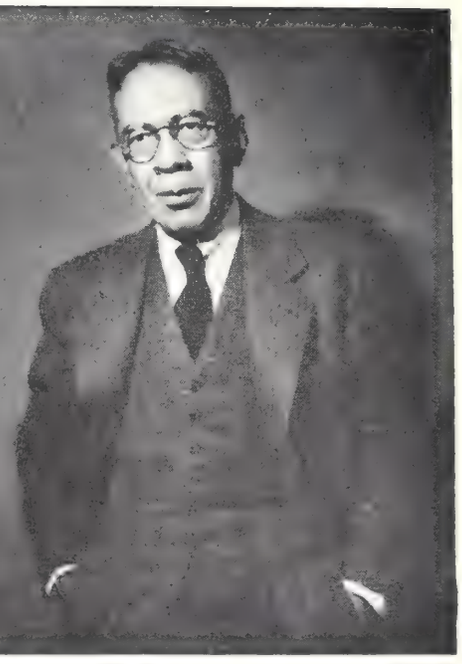
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The Easy Chair

by

Bernard DeVoto



Phaëthon on Gunsmoke Trail

A LITERARY critic can discuss detective stories without being called before the board of governors, but the even more popular form of packaged fiction called the Western appears to be off limits. I have found only one serious discussion of Westerns and that one is not by an articled critic but by Mr. W. H. Hutchinson, the bibliographer of Eugene Manlove Rhodes.* Mr. Hutchinson has laid a foundation for criticism to build on whenever inquiry into the subject becomes proper. In somewhat enlarging his thesis here I confine myself, as he did, to the principal form of Westerns, the novel about cowboys and the Cattle Kingdom. The horse opera.

Back in 1938 I pointed out that only Gene Rhodes had succeeded in making first-rate fiction out of the cattle business. The statement still stands but the argument would be tighter if Mr. Walter Van Tilburg Clark had not meanwhile published an excellent novel called *The Oxbow Incident*. Some of its characters are cowboys and it has rustlers and a sheriff. But Mr. Clark's subject is the mob spirit that leads to a lynching. So his scene might be almost anywhere and though he uses a few stage properties from horse opera, he uses none of its sentiments or traditions. We may ask why.

Set down the names of some other contemporary novelists who have written good fiction about the West, say Edwin Corle, H. L. Davis, Harvey Fergusson, and A. B. Guthrie. Why have not such men, if only in a mood of curiosity and experiment, applied their talents to the cliche-ridden form to see if they could give it some life? Well, Mr. Guthrie did in his first novel, or at least that novel is horse opera. He will not thank me for recalling it but since it has been reprinted as a pocket book it is in the open view. It is wrought out of the conventions of the genre, it has none of the qualities of *The Big Sky* or *The Way West*, and it does not at all engage a reader's belief. Making whatever allowances may be necessary for a first novel, we must assume that so fine a talent as Mr. Guthrie's would be evident somewhere in the book if something were not concealing it. Except for his admirable economy of prose, the book might have been written by any of three dozen fabricators of Westerns.

Mr. Fergusson's novels pretty well cover the history of the West from the fur trade on. So he sometimes has a cowboy or a herd of steers or the open range, but only as part of the stream of time. They are simply there, just as cottonwoods grow along the creeks. Mr. Fergusson does nothing with them; he is interested in people and experiences far removed from them. In Mr. Davis's novels there are some working cowboys and some elders whose reminiscences include the stock business, but they are on the periphery and do not embody a single sentiment of horse opera. I cannot remember any cowpokes in Mr. Corle's novels.

If these five men are the best contemporary novelists of the West, as I think they are, then it is significant that they have not tried to work with the material from which our annual production of horse opera—which ran to 141 original novels in 1953—is fabricated. They must have considered working with that material. So they may have concluded that by now it is not possible to write first-rate novels about the Cattle

* "Virgins, Villains and Varmints" in the *Huntington Library Quarterly*, August 1953.

Kingdom, the traditions that stem from it, or the values horse opera attributes to it. They may have decided that the sentiments and conventions have piled up so high that the subject cannot be brought to life in fiction.

I do not say that it cannot be, but only that it hasn't been. Mr. Conrad Richter's *The Sea of Grass* is the most interesting exhibit. Literary paleontologists of a later time will be able to restore the sentiments and values of the genre from the first chapter of this novel or even from the first sentence, which reads, "That lusty pioneer blood is tamed now, broken and gelded like the wild horse and the frontier settlement." Mr. Richter avoids the principal clichés of action but his situation and his characters are from stock and the sentiments he holds about them are the falsely heroic ones that compose the romantic legend of the Old West. The book is exquisitely written and it is the most professional job ever done in horse opera, but its illusion fails and a reader cannot take it to heart. Mr. Richter is an artist, a lover of primitive America, and a man convinced that the promise of American life flickered out when that lusty pioneer blood was tamed.

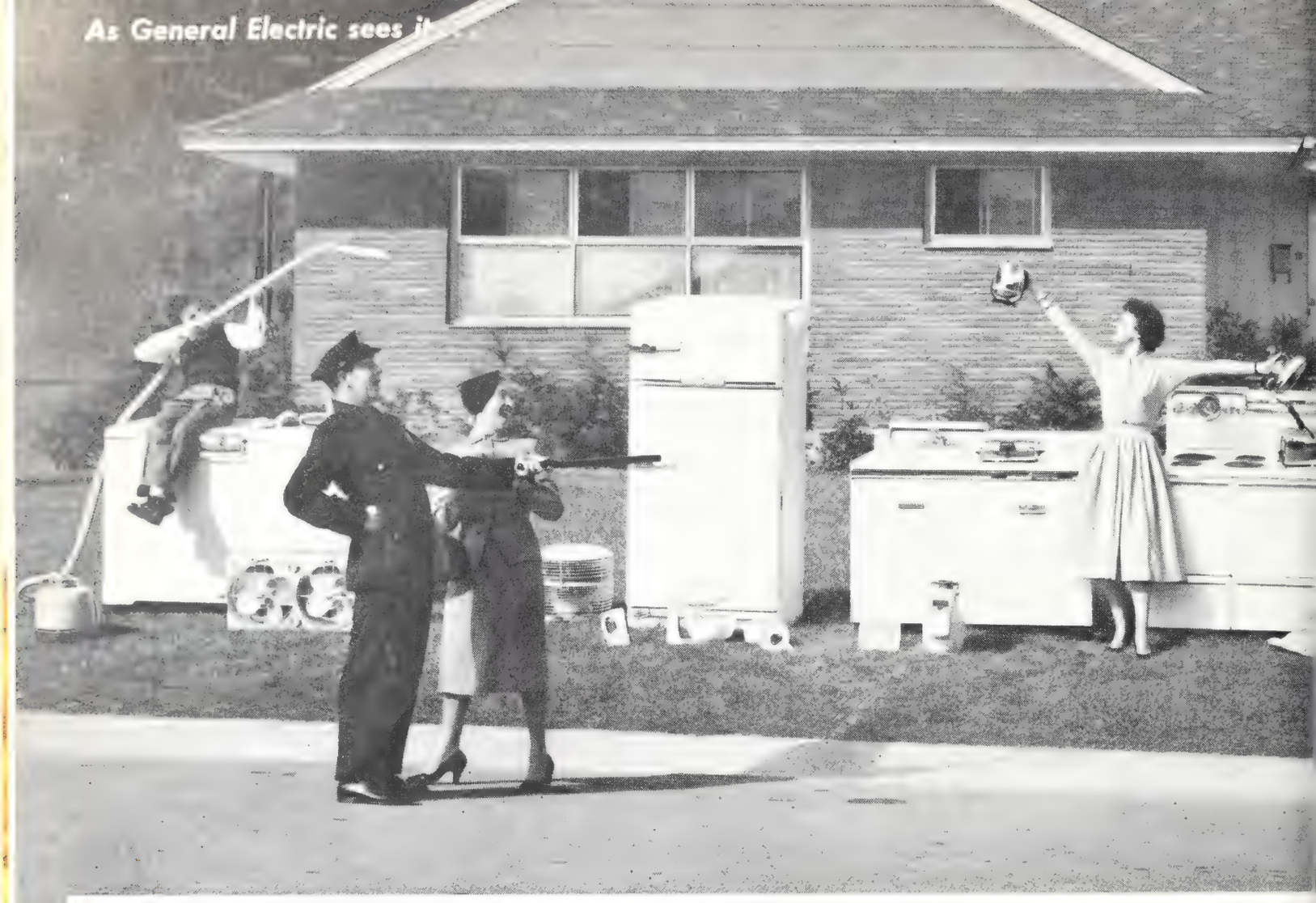
So it must be significant that he abandoned the open range and the Old West and turned to other frontiers to write the novels for which he will be remembered. Equally significant are a half-dozen skillful writers who in the last few years have been trying to make the material of horse opera produce fiction that is not horse opera. All it has produced for them is more pretentious horse opera. Why?

I do not need to observe that all the emotions of men are present, as well on the open range as in the covered wagon or Gopher Prairie. The Cattle Kingdom provides plenty of spectacle and all the basic experiences out of which good fiction about other frontiers has been made. But no one has brought it or its cowboys to life, and the novels in which they appear do not impose themselves on a reader's belief. It is a stylized form of romantic fiction. It is conventionalized, formularized, and even ritualized. It is peopled by figures who do not become characters because they feel nothing that can rouse a responsive feeling in the reader. At its best it is expert narrative. But at its best it remains lifeless, implausible, and in fact essentially absurd. Emotionally and intellectually it is as naïve as fiction can be.

What we get instead of proper novels is an oxidized species of sun-god legend. It is usually set in the past, from the beginning of the Long Trail to the big freeze that finished off the Cattle Kingdom. When it is set in a later decade and when it comes up to the present, it simply dresses the Cattle Kingdom clichés in more recent costumes. Its commonest situation is the range war. The big rancher is trying to get the range away from the little ranchers, or the stockmen are trying to keep the range from the sodbusters, the homesteaders. (History has a third kind of range war but we don't get it here, for the cowboy is a *caballero* and clubbing sheep to death by the thousand simply is not heroic.) The sun god may be lined up on either side. He may be a strong man of lusty pioneer blood, an aristocrat, and a lover of the free way of life who is trying to preserve our golden age; or he may be a champion of the underdog and of progress and the future. If he is a sodbuster, however, he was once a *caballero* and is now trying to bring law to the frontier in place of gunsmoke. A switch can be worked by putting both female leads, instead of one, on the other side. Or he may be a sheriff, marshal, or judge—though again he must formerly have been a cowpoke—and there is a switch here too, for he can be on either side or in transition from one to the other. Whatever he is, he is a sun god, The Hero.

Apart from the range war, the commonest themes are vengeance and the heart of the gunman. Honor requires The Hero to avenge some injury or humiliation, or the murder of a relative or a pardner, or the piracy of his ranch, or the false testimony that got him jailed. Or he is a range detective and as such can be worked into any of the variations I have listed. (Tom Horn has fathered a regiment of sun gods, though in Mr. MacKinlay Kantor's surprising excursion into horse opera he remains simply and repulsively Tom Horn.) Or he is a gun for hire. In this plot he is not seen forthrightly as the badman of the movies; he is a veteran of the Lincoln County War or the Johnson County War, or both, and is seen as a "shadowed" rider down tragic trails. He is imported by the bigshots to kill off the small opposition but he changes sides. Or he has abandoned his profession in order to live peacefully but resumes it so that he can champion one or the other side on behalf of justice, honor, sound family life, or true as opposed to fleshly love.

Whatever the theme and situation, The Hero progresses through a series of ritualistic fist fights (Hollywood's sole contribution to the form) and ritualistic betrayals to a ritualistic finale composed of serial murder or general massacre. He also progresses to true love, though occasionally one of the variations may require him to renounce it. Mr. Hutchinson says that the second period of horse opera opened with Zane Grey's *Riders of the Purple Sage*, which ends with a recognition that the sun god and the girl are going to live together but will never meet a



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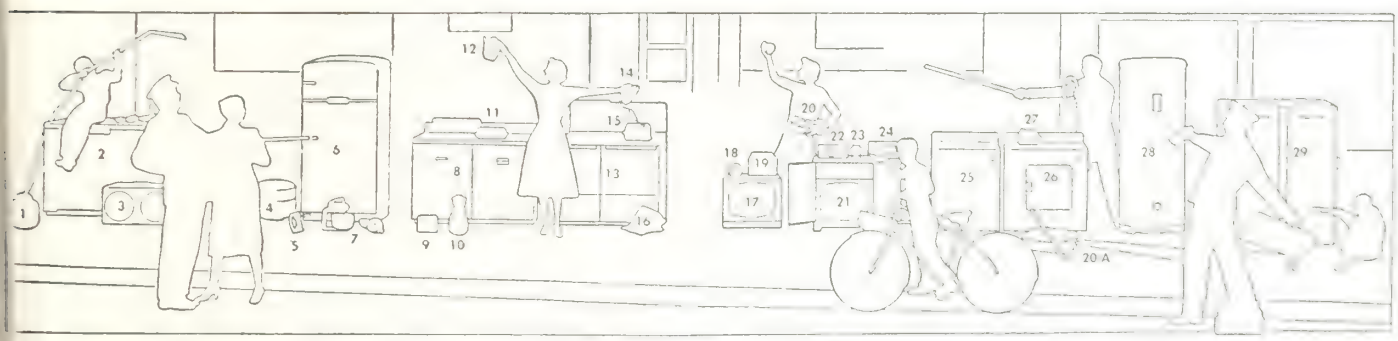
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parson. He dates the present period from an innovation by Ernest Haycox that has become standard. Two loves are in competition, the pure girl who is prim but can be awakened, and the loyal, generous, obviously passionate girl whose appeal to The Hero's hormones must lose out because her past is shadowed.

Prose as well as action is ritualized. In the average horse opera the stereotypes are merely those of dull and clumsy writing. The handful of expert writers I am interested in here are pedantic in their insistence on a vocabulary supposed to be that of the Cattle Kingdom and they tend to run off into mighty tony elegance. A character does not squat; he hunkers or hunkers down. A cigarette is best called a quirly; it is seldom rolled or made, it is fashioned, shaped, spun, or built; it is not lit, fire is put to it. A cook may be a coosie; blankets are soogans or sougans; a saddle is a kak. One does not mount a horse or get into the saddle, he steps up to leather. Instead of spurring his horse, he touches or feeds steel to it.

Ernest Haycox, who was the old pro of horse opera and came closer than anyone else to making good novels of it, left his mark—I should say his brand—on the style as well as the content. He learned his trade in the *Saturday Evening Post* at a time when some excellent writers contributed to it regularly, and he studied them with care. From Joseph Hergesheimer, Thomas Beer, and certain others he picked up useful narrative devices, tricks of rendering light and scenery, and cursive symbols of characters. He bequeathed these to his heirs, together with a couple of Hergesheimer's less fortunate mannerisms. Like Hergesheimer, one does not say that a man felt sad but that "he knew sadness" or that a woman was charming but that "she owned charm."

The form has always run to stylistic formulas. One of the longest-lived was invented by Bret Harte twenty-five years before the first horse opera. The plain language of Truthful James, which swept the English-speaking world in 1870, begins, "Which I wish to remark / And my language is plain." The first stanza ends, "Which the same I would rise to explain," and another one begins, "Which we had a small game."

In the late 1890s Alfred Henry Lewis adopted the locution. "Which I'm sashayin' [was sashayin'] down the road," his Old Cattleman says, or, "Which you-all shorely gets the hand," or, "Which I yereafter back [will back] this infant's play myself." He fastened that "which," together with the present-tense narrative, on a large part of cowboy fiction for nearly fifty years.

Note too that Lewis's Wolfville stories were humorous. The cowboy story was established as a romantic saga of The Hero at the very beginning, with *The Virginian*. But Wister abundantly sprinkled his work with humor and for a long time the form was regarded as primarily humorous; it was turned into the path that has led to its present solemnity by its one novelist Rhodes, and by the fabulists Harold Bell Wright and Zane Grey. Some of that early humor is still good reading, Henry Wallace Phillips' Red Saunders stories, for instance. In the hands of O. Henry humor became travesty and burlesque which were sometimes pretty good, and this strain gets its best expression in Harry Leon Wilson's Ma Pettingill stories.

Wilson is hugely amusing and an excellent writer; his cowboy stories have some of the sharp satirical edge he gave his other novels but he did not try to get rid of the clichés. (George Horace Lorimer once informed me that he was a much more important writer than Mark Twain, and advised me to drop Mark and write a book about Wilson.) But nowadays horse opera is much too serious to tolerate humor, which has retreated to the pulps, where it is fearfully bad.

Ernest Haycox played an important part in this solemnification. It was he who added the Hamlet strain to the sun god that is now standard. The Hero is always a shadowed man and a regretful fatalist. He is born to ride dim and lonely trails to an end known to be lonely and meaningless. Everything breaks, everything vanishes, and ah! how stale, flat, and unprofitable is this sterile promontory. The heart of man is lonely

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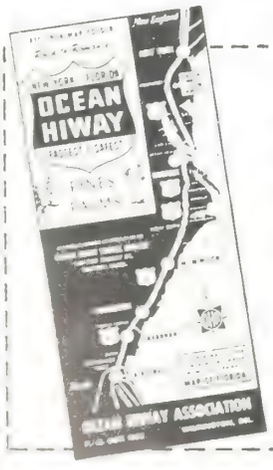
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and sadness as well as the sound of gunfire ride the wind at dawn, and woman's love is not for The Hero, nor a cook stove in the kitchen of his own shanty.

It turns out, of course, that the end he rides toward is a multiple murder, from which he takes three steps into the arms of the rounded girl whose sleeping fire his six-gun has awakened, all the more so if he himself has been wounded in the shoulder or the upper chest.

At first, I think, Haycox wanted only to write horse opera as expertly as he could learn how to. But he was a talented man and he developed an ambition to present the Western past as it truly was. But the sentiments of horse opera and the fantasy of the Old West, which in part they came from and in part created, proved too formidable a burden; he could not bring his range-riders to life. He turned to other parts of Western history, the emigrant trains, the mining camps, the Columbia River steamboats, the Indian wars. He did much better with them and two or three times he came close to breaking through mythology and writing fiction. *Bugles in the Afternoon,* which incidentally to its purpose is a sound history of the Little Bighorn campaign, is almost a good novel, and a number of his short stories are the real thing. But the fantasy and sentiments of the Old West won out; he could not get free of them; always he ended where he had begun, inside horse opera. A couple of essays he wrote late in life have a bitterness that may be an oblique self-criticism, and I can understand his last novel, *The Earthbreakers,* only as an angry comment on *The Way West.* It seems to have been intended to show Mr. Guthrie what an unworthy thing he had done—unworthy of the myth of the Old West.

DETAIL by detail, all these things have proved true of the ambitious writers I have mentioned, who have been trying to make good fiction out of horse opera. They are all trying to be Haycox and to go beyond him, though no one as good at the job as he has yet appeared. They all repeat his experience and fall short of their goal in the same ways and for the same reasons. They write the most skillful and most readable horse operas. They are scrupulous antiquarians; you do not find in their books either the anachronisms or the greenhorn blunders about cattle ranching that are common farther down the scale. They are better with the mines or the Indians or the U. S. Army in the West than they are on the range, but wherever they are, they remain inclosed in conventions, fantasy, sentiments, and myths that frustrate their intent and falsify their books. The Old West refuses to live for them Not only do their books fail to make a reader believe and feel; they remain essentially preposterous.

How could it be otherwise? The effort is both contradictory and impossible. The West they deal with has existed only in myth and realistic fiction cannot be made out of it The most talked-about of recent Westerns, though in my opinion not the best one, is Mr. Jack Schaefer's *Shane.* Its central character is The Hero 200-proof; he establishes all over again that even a bush-league sun god is non-human. The gods do not feel the emotions of mankind and the glory, grandeur, and nobility of the Old West myth cannot be translated into acceptable human motives.

THE novelist can have the Old West myth or the historical West but I judge he can't have both of them at the same time. The actual prototype of the gun for hire was a repulsive psychopath like anyone who carried a submachine gun for Al Capone. Like Gyp the Blood or Pretty Boy Floyd. The mass murder that clears the range or cleans up the town at the end of the story is just the St. Valentine's Day massacre in batwing chaps. The odd effort of the novelist is not merely to make so much blood and gunfire momentarily acceptable as fast action, which the less ambitious Western does. is to persuade us that we have witnessed some high human drama of aspiration and regeneration and atonement, and that the most admirable of human motives went into it, plus enough pure love to heal the wounds. It can't be done. Horse opera is kidding itself, and what it continues to nobody will take seriously.



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Hints for a New Kind of Congressional Investigation

UP TO the hour when this edition went to press, the Atomic Energy Commission had not responded to our invitation to comment on the article by Joseph and Stewart Alsop in our October issue on the case of Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer. A remarkable number of other people, however, did comment. The letters on Page 7 are a small (but representative) sample of the unprecedented volume of mail on this subject.

Such public concern with an individual case of injustice is, no doubt, a sign of a robust and uncowed national conscience. But it may also indicate that the moral issue is clouding over a whole range of Everest-size policy questions which lie behind the Oppenheimer controversy.

Like most bitter policy disputes, these involve immense sums of money. Also at stake is the life-expectancy of a good many millions of Americans. These questions have never been fully discussed in public—and, for the reasons noted below, they probably never can be. Yet decisions must be reached quite soon—probably by the new Congress which convenes next month. Here may lie a chance to experiment with a new and constructive use of the Congressional investigating function.

For example, one of the basic disputes between military men and a group of influential scientists is still unsettled: "How can we spend most wisely the limited amount of money available for defense?"

Most Air Force people believe, in all sincerity, that first priority must go to atom-hydrogen bombs, and to a Strategic Air Force capable of delivering them against all opposition. They argue that our best hope—perhaps the only hope—of avoiding war is to convince the men in the Kremlin that if they start it, their main cities will be instantly destroyed.

One school of scientists, on the other hand, has argued that there would not be much point in massive retaliation, if our own cities are destroyed first. And so they have insisted that a large chunk of the defense budget should be devoted to building a defensive wall of radar posts, fighter planes, and anti-aircraft missiles. This argument appalls a good many military men. They suspect—with some reason—that Congress is not likely to provide the billions necessary to build *both* a tight-meshed defense screen and first-rate striking force. In that case, we might end up with a fatally weak compromise—a leaky Maginot line, and a bomber force too weak to retaliate effectively.

A few ruthlessly logical minds have argued that we can and must find the taxes to pay for both sword and shield, and both of top quality. This case is set forth most brilliantly in a recent book, *Power and Policy*, by Thomas K. Finletter, former Secretary of the Air Force. So far, however, there is little evidence that either Congress or the Eisenhower Administration is willing to swallow this expensive medicine—even if it proves the surest way to keep the patient alive.

THERE might be another kind of compromise, however, which has not yet been seriously discussed. Granted that Congress is not likely, any time soon, to put up the twenty billions a year which Mr. Finletter mentions as the price tag for an adequate sword-plus-shield. Would it be willing, instead, to pay for a really deterrent striking force, and also for a cheaper, more specialized, defense system? Instead of trying to protect all of our cities—which might prove impossible in any case—would it be feasible to build a reasonably solid shield for our air bases alone?

After all, the first Soviet blow probably would be aimed at these bases, rather than at our great cities; for they are the lair where our retaliatory striking force lies coiled. Could they be put out of action, today, by a single surprise raid—as Hickman and Clark Fields were knocked out in the early hours of

the Pacific war? Are our bombers now massed on a relatively few big bases, which offer tempting atomic targets? If so, how much would it cost to scatter them over scores of little fields—perhaps with underground hangars and fuel tanks—so that no enemy attack could hope to cripple our counter-punch entirely? Would it be more prudent to concentrate our defensive screen around these bases, rather than spreading it thin to provide a flimsy cover for the whole country? And, incidentally, is it worthwhile to waste any effort on civilian defense?

Such questions lead to still others, involving our whole foreign policy. For one thing, how much can we really depend on the overseas bases and alliances, which we have developed at such cost? Suppose that in the very hour when Russian bombers appear over America, the Kremlin should notify our European friends that they could buy their own safety.

"Our quarrel is with America alone," the Soviet note might read. "Stay neutral and you will be untouched. But if a single plane rises from a French or British or Spanish field, then Paris and London and Madrid will be blotted out within minutes."

Would it be surprising if our allies suddenly decided to stay neutral? And how much could we honestly blame them if they did? Conceivably such considerations might point toward some economy on overseas military investments, coupled with more attention to bases on our own soil, longer-range planes, and atom-toting aircraft carriers.

Again, it seems possible that we and the Soviets may now have reached a Mexican stand-off—like the two *pistoleros* who stood for hours pointing their guns at each other's bellies, neither of them daring either to pull the trigger or to let his hand waver. Maybe, then, we never will see a full-scale atomic war—so long as we keep our aim steady and our gun cocked. The fact that our bomber fleet never would see action does not mean, of course, that the money we spend on it is wasted. As Sir John Slessor, Marshal of the Royal Air Force, recently pointed out, in past generations "we have



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spent millions on heavy coast artillery guns: the fact that hardly any of them ever fired a shot in anger was no cause for criticism. It was their justification."

In these circumstances, perhaps we will have to expect a long series of little, limited wars on the Korea and Indochina model. The Kremlin might well figure that we will never pull The Big Trigger unless our very survival is directly threatened. And it might calculate, too, that it can nibble at the edges of the Free World for quite a while—using mostly its economic, political, and propaganda weapons—without risking massive retaliation. Because retaliation works two ways. Would we be likely to sacrifice New York, Washington, London, Paris, and Chicago, in order to save Saigon or Bangkok?

If this turns out to be the Soviet's imperial strategy, perhaps we shall have to devise a new strategy of our own to block it. In addition to an air striking force and at least a limited protective system, we may also need a new type of mobile combat unit capable of dealing with the little, local wars. A modern cavalry of this kind—built around the helicopter, paratroops, and air-lifted tanks—was proposed by General James M. Gavin, now Army Chief of Plans and Operations, in his article in *Harper's* last April. At the same time we may find it necessary to devote a great deal more attention to our own economic, political, and propaganda weapons—as Chester Bowles and other writers have recently suggested in these pages.

All of these are questions which an ordinary citizen can ask, but cannot hope to answer. They can never be debated intelligently, in the open forums of press and politics, because most of the relevant facts will never be available. One of the most disturbing developments of our time is the necessity—apparently inescapable—of stamping "Secret" on an ever-widening area of public affairs. And the main political task for our generation may be to develop new techniques for the democratic control of government policy, when so much of the data behind that policy is hidden from view.

The new Congress could make a start. It might experiment with a new kind of investigation, conducted by a small committee of the best men in both parties. They would be instructed to review the whole chain of interlocking military, diplomatic, and fiscal problems which have long been debated—half-secretly, acrimoniously, and inconclusively—by the various battalions of experts within the government agencies. (Just because they are specialists, each with his own axe to grind, there is little hope that the scientists, budgeteers, and military men can ever reach lasting agreements; and for the same reason, their conclusions can never be wholeheartedly accepted by the country. In the end, policy has to be made by politicians—the President and Congress—who are capable of taking an over-all view, and who are directly answerable to the voters.)

Moreover, at present no Congressional committee takes a coherent look at all of these linked problems; they are studied piecemeal—and often at cross purposes—by about nine different committees.

Such an investigation would, of course, have to be far more discreet than any Congressional proceedings in the past. There could be no television, no leaks to the press, no maneuvering for political advantage. Because there would be no publicity—the golden coin with which politicians are paid—the job would not be a popular one: perhaps the committeemen would have to be selected from among those Senators and Representatives who hold safe seats, or do not face an early election. Their work would be most valuable if the committee could produce a unanimous bi-partisan report—agreed upon in advance with the White House—which would recommend specific decisions on each of the main policy questions before it. Its recommendations then would almost certainly be accepted by Congress as a whole—and by an overwhelming majority of the people.

If it worked, such a Congressional review would at last set the government on a firm course, easily understood by voters, allies, and enemies alike. It would do much to restore the prestige of Congress, so painfully damaged by recent investigations of another sort; and, therefore, to restore confidence in our whole system of government. And one incidental by-product would be an end to the underground feuding which leads to such tragic spectacles as the Oppenheimer case.

Visitors, Wives, and Passion

•••***Gretchen Finletter*** is finishing a book which is—in its completely different fashion—just as brilliant as her husband's work on Grand Policy. Hers deals with Domestic Policy, and her chosen weapon is a sharp and hilarious satire. One section of the book—"The Dinner Party"—was published in the July *Harper's;* a second, "The Young Man Who Came to Visit," appears on page 58. Mrs. Finletter's first book, *From the Top of the Stairs,* was published in 1946; the new one is scheduled for spring.

•••The cheerful tale (p. 64) of a young wife and her astonished husband is by ***Joyce Cary***—a figure who is hard to fit into the literary landscape. Many British critics regard him as the ablest living English novelist. In this country he has a devoted and rapidly-growing following; and such influential reviewers as Orville Prescott of the *New York Times* have long been his enthusiastic supporters. Yet Mr. Cary has been virtually ignored by the fashionable American critics—those academic Dalai Lamas who issue their encyclicals through the quarterly journals.

The explanation probably is simple: they just don't know how to handle Mr. Cary. In the New Criticism, they have developed an exquisite instrument for dissecting dead mice, so that each tiny nerve and tendon is laid bare with orderly precision. But when they encounter a live stallion—snorting, plunging, and kicking down the walls of the literary paddock—their critical tools are useless. Indeed, it would be dangerous to try to vivisect such an undocile specimen; it is more comfortable to pretend he doesn't exist.

One of Mr. Cary's unruly habits is to experiment constantly with new writing techniques. Several of his novels, for example, have been written in the historical present—a tense that most novelists find too tricky to handle. The observant reader will

note a similar unconventional use of tenses in this short story.

•••***Eric Hoffer*** is another writer so vigorous and original that he defies all classification. In fact, he seldom refers to himself as a writer; he is a longshoreman, working full time on the San Francisco docks. Yet his first book, *The True Believer,* is still being reviewed—with shouts of delight and astonishment—four years after publication.

Mr. Hoffer's new book, *The Passionate State of Mind*—scheduled for early next year—is equally packed with unconventional ideas. A sample, the first to be published anywhere, will be found on Page 61.

Science, Politics, Geishas

•••***Leonard Engel,*** who rounds up the evidence on both sides of the question of the relation between cancer and cigarette smoking (p. 25), is an outstanding reporter of frontier scientific and medical developments.

•••The night club and the school for problem boys described in "Protection for a Tough Racket" (p. 31) really existed in New York City when Texas-born ***Cordelia Baird Gross*** was teaching there. "Sad to relate," Miss Gross tells us, "both institutions of learning are now torn down—you know how it is in Manhattan, always putting something up and tearing it down."

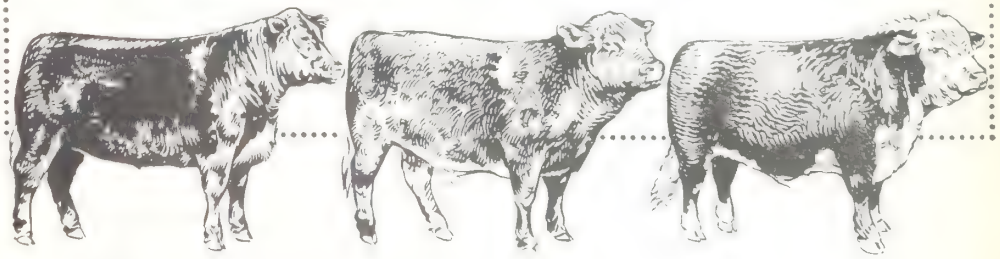
•••The full-face portrait of the outgoing Governor of Georgia (p. 34) is by ***George McMillan,*** a free-lance writer now living in Aiken, South Carolina, author of *The Old Breed.*

•••One item not yet imported from Japan except on the stage (Remember "Teahouse of the August Moon"?) is the Geisha girl. It is hard to see how this interesting feature of Japanese society could find a place in American life, and perhaps this is why no one has yet suggested trying it out. Yet the Geisha and her art appeal strongly to the curiosity of Americans—for reasons which ***William Demby*** explains in "The Geisha Girls of Ponto-cho" (p. 41).

Mr. Demby is a veteran of World War II, a graduate of Fisk University, and the author of *Battlecreek.*

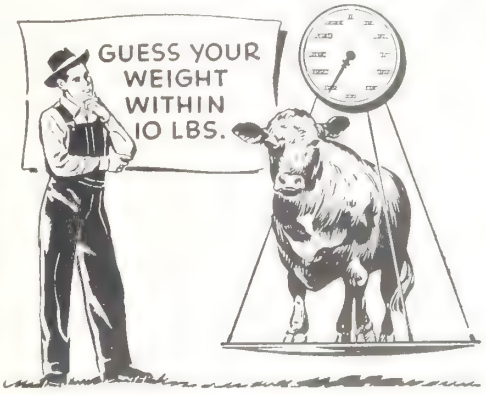
QUICK QUIZ for BEEFEATERS

If you know the answers, you are qualified to converse (or argue) with authority in the company of visiting cowboys, eminent economists or the waiter who serves you your steak.



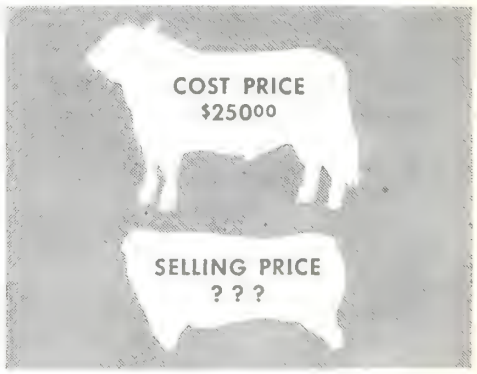
Q. Which steer will make choice grade beef?

A. The grade of the meat can't be established definitely until *after* the steer is dressed. But to be a buyer for a meat packing plant you'd have to be able to judge not only what the grade will be, but the meat yield within 1%.



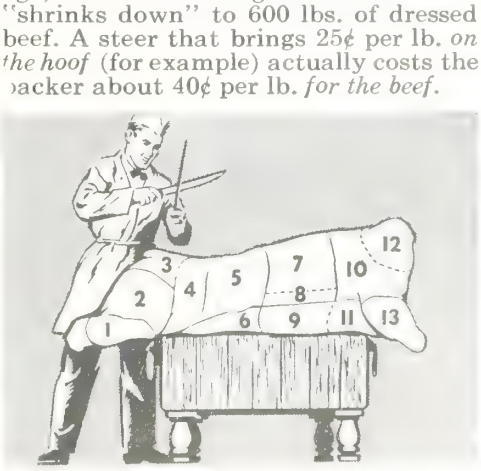
Q. How many pounds of beef in a 1000-lb. steer?

A. Dressing percentage varies from one animal to another but on the average, a steer that weighs in at 1000 lbs. "shrinks down" to 600 lbs. of dressed beef. A steer that brings 25¢ per lb. *on the hoof* (for example) actually costs the packer about 40¢ per lb. *for the beef.*



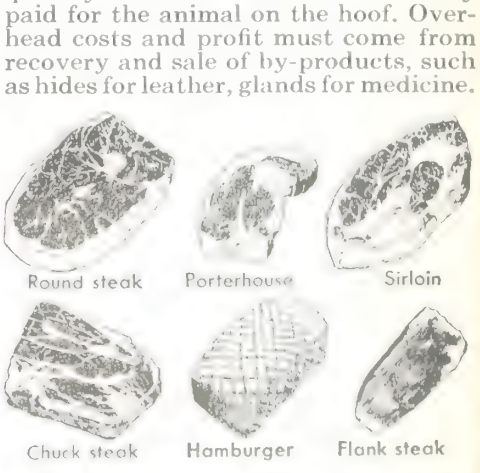
Q. If the meat packer pays $250 for a steer, what can he expect to get for the dressed beef?

A. $250 or less. Meat packers frequently sell the beef for less than they paid for the animal on the hoof. Overhead costs and profit must come from recovery and sale of by-products, such as hides for leather, glands for medicine.



Q. Where does sirloin steak come from?

A. On the side of beef pictured, the sirloin section is No. 4. Only about 8% of a side of beef is sirloin. There is over 5 times as much pot roast, stew meat and hamburger in a side of beef.



Q. Which is the best steak for broiling.

A. Opinions differ, but if you name Porterhouse as your first choice, remember there are only a few cuts of Porterhouse on a 300-lb. side of beef. That's why it naturally costs more.

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P & O

He recently made a trip to Japan and is now in Italy working on a novel.

•••***Dr. Robert Lindner,*** whose two-part case history, "The Jet Propelled Couch" (p. 49), begins this month, is a Baltimore psychoanalyst. He received a doctorate in psychology from Cornell and was trained by Theodor Reik. Author of *Prescription for Rebellion* and other books, he is also Chief Consultant to the Maryland State Board of Corrections.

•••***Anthony Ostroff*** ("The River Glideth," p. 56) teaches at the University of California at Berkeley.

•••The December Book Section includes a goodly offering from three very different authors. **Dwight *Macdonald*** ("Mr. Graves' Anti-Christ," p. 77) has been deep in the upper-level magazine world (*Fortune, Partisan Review,* and now the *New Yorker*) for more than two decades. He published his own magazine, *Politics,* from 1944 to 1949, and has written *Henry Wallace, the Man and the Myth* and *The Root Is Man.*

The review of books for children (p. 82) was made by ***Jennie D. Lindquist,*** editor of the *Horn Book* and former head of the children's department in the Albany Public Libraries.

Joseph Henry Jackson, who is guest critic on "The New Books" (p. 90), is literary editor of the *San Francisco Chronicle* and has written some half-dozen books whose locale is beyond the wide Missouri.

The Hills

Among all the millions of corporation Christmas cards which will go into the mails within the next few days, it is unlikely that any will come even close—in wit and aptness—to the greeting sent out last year by E. P. Dutton & Co. This, you will remember, is the firm which published those enormously profitable best-sellers on mountain climbing, *Annapurna* and *The Conquest of Everest.*

The Dutton card consisted simply of a stunning color photograph of a Himalayan peak, and a verse from the 121st Psalm: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."



SCHOOLS — CAMPS



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What would you like for Christmas? How about a cruise . . . two tickets for a flight to Hawaii . . . or reservations (all bills covered) for a vacation at your favorite resort next summer?

To an adult, that would sound pretty wonderful, wouldn't it? Like a present from your fairy godmother. To a child, the prospect of a summer at camp would sound the same way. Maybe you can be some child's fairy godmother by helping to plan and pay for his summer at camp?

Do you know what a good camp can do for a boy or girl? Have you ever thought about just what a child can get out of camp — besides having fun, gaining weight, and being out of his parents' hair for a month or two?

Well, no matter what his age, every child at camp learns how to get along with other children and with his counselors. He learns that because he has to. He also learns how to do things on his own. How to paddle a canoe, put up a tent, play tennis, swim, dive, maybe even how to make a bed out of boughs. A child can learn many skills at camp.

But there's more . . . much more. In a way it's simple to explain . . it's like the child who learns how to build a fire in the rain and laugh at the weather. That child has good reason to think better of himself than he did before he learned. He stretches and feels strong.

The essence of camping is intangible; it can't be put into a few words. It's not just happy kids playing in gorgeous settings: lakes, woods, seashores. It's not just buildings and boats . . . baseball diamonds, tennis courts, and riding rings . . . dance studios, crafts shops, little theatres. They are all part of camp to be sure, but they're secondary to the real importance of camping. Camping is a way of life . . . a way that is real and helps to make up this generation's American heritage.

If you want to give that special child a present that he will have the rest of his life, consider helping to select and to pay for a summer at camp. The right camp will put success within his reach . . . will teach him to "paddle his own canoe" . . . and will in the end help to color his life because he will experience, along with other children his own age, some of the basic values of life that are the backbone of American democracy.

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MAGAZINE

Do We Have to Give Up Smoking?

Leonard Engel

An impartial and experienced medical writer examines the available evidence on both sides of the lung cancer controversy—and explains why he has not yet given up cigarettes himself.

EVERY few weeks, a neighbor of mine steps across the lawn from his house and pokes his head into my window. He is a physician on the staff of a hospital where a great deal of lung cancer surgery is done.

"Quit smoking yet?" he asks as he lights up.

I'm waiting for you to stop," I reply.

And he says "Well, I think I'll wait a while yet.

The point of our periodic exchange is that the physician is neither a temporizer nor a weak-willed slave to habit. He would quit smoking if he were convinced that smoking was a menace to his health. He is aware, however, that there is another side to the cigarettes-and-lung-cancer controversy, and that the case against cigarettes is by no means proved. A substantial body of evidence argues strongly, in fact, that cigarettes have little or perhaps even nothing to do with cancer of the lung.

To many, it may come as something of a surprise that the cigarette-and-lung-cancer question *has* two sides. Since 1950, when Drs. Evarts A. Graham and Ernest L. Wynder reported a preponderance of heavy smokers in a group of nearly seven hundred men with lung cancer, the vast machinery of press and radio has operated to blot out doubts. The idea that cigarettes are responsible for lung cancer (and perhaps are involved in other forms of cancer and heart disease as well) has been hammered home by titles angled to catch the reader's eye—for example, "Cancer by the Carton"—by headlines that necessarily omit "maybes" and "possiblys," and by an avalanche of books and articles on how to stop smoking. Ill-advised advertising claims by the tobacco companies that one brand of cigarette is less hurtful than another have added fuel to the fire. The implication that all of them must be more or less harmful has not been lost on the public.

There is no doubt that smoking is dirty, expensive, and no contribution to physical health. (I shudder to think of how much I've spent on cigarettes in twenty years of smoking and of how much tar is deposited in my lungs.) But "dirty, expensive, and unnecessary" are hardly synonyms for "dangerous"; nor are they justification for not examining the other side of the cigarette-and-lung-cancer question.

For that reason, I am going to set down,

as clearly as I can, the principal observations and contentions on both sides. There will be no attempt to draw conclusions. The time has not come for conclusions; in any event, I am not the person to draw them. But I shall examine an interesting speculation on disease and our way of life, prompted by the widely-publicized American Cancer Society study on smoking and by a recent British investigation into heart disease.

The Case Against Cigarettes

First let us look at the prosecution's case. The claim that cigarette smoking is a cause of lung cancer rests primarily upon two types of evidence, statistical and experimental.

About two decades ago, an apparent increase in the incidence of lung cancer was noted, especially among men, in industrialized countries. In the United States, for example, the age-adjusted death rate for cancer of the lung rose from less than 2 per 100,000 of the male population in 1920 to almost 6 per 100,000 in 1935.

At first the increase was thought to be the result of more accurate diagnosis and reporting. But mortality from lung cancer continued to rise. Thus, in the United States, by last year the rate for men had soared past 23 per 100,000, and was still on the way up. Lung cancer is now well ahead of stomach cancer as the leading cause of cancer deaths among American men. Cancer specialists are agreed that such a big rise cannot be accounted for by improvements in diagnosis and reporting. The frequency of lung cancer is really going up—and fast.

This might stem from a change either within us or in our environment. Yet the swiftness of the rise suggests that an environmental agent or agents are at work. Thus investigators began looking for changes in our environment that could plausibly be suspected.

Cigarettes attracted attention early. In several countries the rise in lung cancer coincided remarkably with the post-World-War-I rise in cigarette consumption. Like lung cancer itself, cigarette smoking was predominantly masculine. Moreover, for perfectly understandable reasons, the use of tobacco had long been regarded with a jaundiced eye by many people in the health sciences.

Nevertheless substantial studies suggesting a link between cigarettes and lung cancer were not performed until after World War II. One of the earliest was the investigation by Dr. Graham (the first surgeon to perform a successful removal of a cancerous lung) and Dr. Wynder (now at Memorial Cancer Center, New York). Drs. Graham and Wynder obtained the smoking histories of 684 men with lung cancer and, for use as "controls," the histories of a comparable number of other male patients in hospitals in a dozen states. Ninety-eight and a half per cent of the lung cancer patients were found to be smokers (mostly long-term), as against 85.4 per cent of the controls.

A half-dozen other studies in this country and abroad yielded generally similar results. They disagreed, however, on the degree of association between smoking—especially cigarette smoking—and lung cancer. In addition, the early studies were open to criticism on three grounds:

(1) They were retrospective; people were asked about their habits in the past—a doubtful procedure, since many individuals do not accurately recall even major events in their lives.

(2) The Graham-Wynder inquiry and other early studies compared the incidence of smoking among lung cancer patients and other persons; what was really wanted was the opposite—a measure of the incidence of lung cancer among smokers and non-smokers.

(3) Some of the controls in these studies were decidedly odd. Largely because they are easy for medical researchers to reach, several of the early investigators (including Drs. Graham and Wynder) had used patients with diseases other than lung cancer as controls.

Studies of a different type were therefore undertaken by the National Cancer Institute (the cancer research arm of the U. S. Public Health Service) and by the American Cancer Society here and the Medical Research Council in England. In these, the smoking habits of large numbers of individuals were ascertained. Arrangements were then made to obtain and analyze the causes of death as they died.

The National Cancer Institute project covers 200,000 veterans of World War I

who hold government life insurance. As insurance claims are filed with the Veterans Administration, copies of the death certificate are sent to the institute.

Thus far, not enough time has passed to show the trend of deaths in this group of veterans. In the American Cancer Society study, however, an older age-group was used. There have already been enough deaths here to show several trends and to cause a nation-wide sensation when a preliminary report on the study was made at the meeting of the American Medical Association in San Francisco last June.

In the ACS study, which was directed by statisticians E. Cuyler Hammond and Daniel Horn, volunteers interviewed over 200,000 white men between the ages of 50 and 69 in the winter of 1951-52. By October 31 last year, there had been 4,854 deaths among the 187,766 on which it was possible to secure follow-up reports. Cigar- and pipe-smoking were found to have little effect on death rates. Cigarette smokers, on the other hand, had a substantially higher death rate not only from lung cancer but also from other forms of cancer and from disease of the coronary arteries. Moreover they had a higher over-all death rate.

A total of 3,002 deaths occurred among the 107,822 who smoked cigarettes regularly —52 per cent more than there would have been if cigarette smokers died at the same rate as non-smokers. Coronary artery disease claimed 1,386 cigarette users—an excess, in some age-groups, of 100 per cent over non-users. Excess mortality of up to 100 per cent from other cancers was also recorded for cigarette smokers (mainly in the older age-groups, however). And 143 of the regular cigarette smokers died of lung cancer—more than three times the rate among non-smokers.

The British Findings

The British Medical Research Council study—conducted by Dr. Richard Doll, a physician, and Professor A. Bradford Hill of the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine—followed 40,000 English physicians for two and a half years after recording their smoking habits. All 35 deaths from lung cancer among the 40,000 occurred among smokers (mainly cigarette smokers, but also some pipe and pipe-and-cigarette smokers). Further, a direct relation was found between the lung cancer death rate and the number of cigarettes smoked daily. And cigarette smoking was again associated with an excess of deaths from coronary artery diseases.

In the meantime, other investigators were seeking to connect cigarettes and lung cancer experimentally. The experiments that have attracted the greatest attention were performed by Drs. Graham and Wynder and Adele Croninger of Memorial Center and Washington University of St. Louis, and by Dr. J. M. Essenberg of the Chicago Medical School.

The Memorial-Washington University group painted the shaved backs of CAF-1 mice—a pure-bred strain much used in cancer research—three times a week with cigarette-smoke tar obtained from cigarettes puffed down, sixty at a time, in a Rube Goldbergian laboratory machine. In seventy-one weeks of tar-painting (the equivalent, according to Dr. Graham, of thirty to fifty years of smoking in man), skin cancers were produced in thirty-six out of eighty-two animals. Twenty-five of the mice that developed cancer were females and eleven males—a reversal of the usual sex ratio in human lung cancer—but the cancers were of the epidermoid type prominent in lung cancer.

Dr. Essenberg placed mice of an albino strain with a hereditary susceptibility to lung tumors—a necessary choice of animal, since lung tumors cannot be induced in many strains by any known means—in a chamber with a device that smoked a cigarette every hour for twelve hours each day. The animals lived in the chamber for a year to fourteen months. At the end of that time, 87.5 per cent had developed lung cancer, as against 59.4 per cent of a group of animals treated similarly except for the exposure to cigarette smoke. The difference was "statistically significant," *i.e.*, probably a result of the experiment and not of chance.

As a consequence of these and other studies, the American Cancer Society now takes the position that "smoking does, to a degree not yet determined, increase the likelihood of developing lung cancer." So do several other agencies with a responsible interest in the

lung cancer problem, such as the British Ministry of Health and the World Health Organization's International Symposium on Lung Cancer. On the basis of the Hammond-Horn and Doll-Hill findings, some authorities warn that cigarette smoking also increases the risk of coronary artery disease.

Evidence on the Other Side

With no exceptions that I know of, however, the investigators who have become convinced that cigarettes are involved in lung tumors do not hold that cigarette smoking is the *sole* cause of the increase in this type of cancer.

Over several decades, evidence has accumulated to show that chrome and arsenical dusts, certain coal-tar and petroleum derivatives, and a number of other agents cause lung cancer in workers unduly exposed to them. Nearly all investigators concede that such agents may well be causing more lung cancer than formerly. The question is whether cigarettes or these agents—or maybe something else again—has had a major part in the rise. A sizable body of cancer workers feels that the evidence against cigarettes to date is unconvincing, and that an explanation of the rise in lung cancer must be sought elsewhere.

This group raises three objections to the cigarette-and-lung-cancer theory. To begin with, it finds serious flaws in the statistical evidence against cigarettes. In addition, it considers the experiments linking cigarettes and lung cancer to be inconclusive. Third, it asserts that there is no "clinical" evidence tying cigarettes and lung cancer together—that is, cigarettes do not produce recognizable noncancerous premonitory symptoms (as other carcinogenic agents generally do), and they have not been connected with any other form of cancer (although most chemical carcinogens produce several types).

According to Dr. William C. Hueper, chief of environmental cancer research at the National Cancer Institute—and some other investigators—if cigarette smoking has been an important factor in the rise of lung cancer, then the greatest relative annual increase should have occurred since 1930 or 1940 (because cigarettes act slowly to produce cancer, if they produce it at all). Moreover, lung cancer mortality rates in various countries should parallel the national consumption of cigarettes. Finally, the sex ratio in lung cancer should not be inconsistent with what is known of the smoking habits of men and women. The figures currently available do not seem to meet these three tests.

Dr. Hueper points out, for instance, that in Central Europe the rise in lung cancer began before the turn of the century and not in 1920, when cigarette smoking became widespread. And the *rate* of the rise in many countries was highest in the period between 1900 and 1930.

Another inconsistency was noted by a British observer, Dr. Sidney Russ. Denmark, Switzerland, and the United States have nearly identical death rates from lung cancer—but the Swiss and Danes smoke only half as many cigarettes per capita as we do. Again, cigarette consumption in England and Wales is 30 per cent below the level of the U. S.; but lung cancer mortality in these areas is almost two and a half times as great.

The most puzzling inconsistencies are to be found in the proportions of men and women dying of lung tumors. As a whole, cancer of the lung is a masculine disease. About four-fifths of the victims are men—a disproportion presumed to be associated with the fact that men have been smoking longer and in larger numbers than women. Curiously, however, the disproportion is growing in the U. S. and several other countries—though a larger proportion of women now smoke. In Turkey, where cigarettes were invented more than a century ago and where women have smoked as long and as heavily as men, the male-to-female ratio has recently increased from 6:1 to 8:1. Moreover, the sex ratio varies widely from country to country and even from one section of a country to another, from 1:1 to a 50:1 predominance of men.

"It is scarcely reasonable to assume," Dr. Hueper declares, "that such variations reflect mainly local differences in smoking habits between the sexes." If they point suspicion at anything, he adds, it is polluted air in and near factories, since the kinds of factories and the materials they handle and the persons exposed to them do vary widely from place to place.

The experimental evidence against cigarette smoking is no more convincing to many investigators than the statistical evidence. Their primary reason for skepticism is that neither lung nor skin cancer—nor any other form—has been induced by tobacco smoke or its tars in animals whose resistance to cancer is comparable to man's. Tumors have been induced only in supersensitive animals. Thus, tumors have been induced in selected animals even by olive oil and glucose, the principal sugar of mammalian blood and tissue.

"This does not suggest that olive oil and glucose are carcinogenic," says Dr. Kanematsu Sugiura, one of Memorial Cancer Center's principal investigators of carcinogens. "It suggests only that there is something wrong with these animals."

Moreover, no specific chemical substance identifiable as a carcinogen has ever been isolated from tobacco or its smoke. (Though benz-pyrene, a well-known carcinogen, seems to be present in tobacco tar under certain special conditions, it is generally thought not to be found in the usual circumstances of smoking.) Yet it is sometimes implied that the failure to find a tobacco carcinogen is due to want of trying, and that current research will soon turn one up. Tobacco carcinogens have been sought, however, over many years and in numerous laboratories. The failure of these efforts—in contrast to the successes achieved in identifying carcinogenic agents in coal tar and other materials—has persuaded many cancer researchers that tobacco is either an exceedingly weak carcinogen or none at all.

In the opinion of investigators like Dr. Hueper, the greatest weakness in the thesis that cigarette smoking has an important part in cancer of the lung is the lack of medical evidence connecting them. As a rule, carcinogenic agents bring about cancer in a fairly characteristic way. There is a distinct group of non- or pre-cancerous symptoms indicative of damage to tissues. Most tissues exposed to the agent are affected, at least to some degree. This has not been observed, Dr. Hueper finds, in the case of cigarettes.

"It is surprising," he remarked in a paper before the International Cancer Congress in São Paulo, Brazil, last summer, "to note the lack of positive statistical associations between lung cancer and cigarette cough, although this latter symptom is clinically characteristic of chronic chain smokers. Despite the fact that the lips and oral mucosa are constantly bathed in the tarry liquor oozing from the tip of the cigarettes and despite the contact of these parts with the smoke coming from the cigarettes, there is no statistical association with cancer of these parts. The claim that no tarry material exudes from the cigarette tip cannot be taken seriously considering the well-known fact that chronic cigarette smokers have notoriously dark brown stained fingers.

"There is, on the other hand, not a single case of cancer of the fingers attributable to cigarette tar available, which would form the equivalent to the numerous cases of coal tar cancers of the hands placed on record. The claimed absence of a positive association between lung cancer and the habit of inhaling cigarette smoke also is inconsistent with the rule that the incidence rate of occupational cancers increases with the intensity of exposure to a carcinogen. Medical considerations on cigarette smoke and cancer of the lung thus reveal a number of serious and fundamental defects and contradictions."

What Does It Add Up To?

This summary of both sides in the cigarette-and-lung-cancer controversy leads to two observations. First, there *is* a statistical association between cigarette smoking and cancer of the lung. It seems to me that the statistical criticisms raised by Drs. Hueper and Russ obscure, but do not refute, the findings of the American Cancer Society and the studies of the British Medical Research Council.

But the association is, so far, largely statistical; at any rate, the experimental and clinical evidence has not yet convinced physicians and scientists who include some of the world's most experienced cancer investigators. The question, then, is, what does the statistical association signify? Does it really signify a cause-and-effect relation between the cigarette habit and lung cancer?

It may. The lack of corroborative experimental and medical evidence may simply mean that the evidence hasn't been uncovered

yet. But the same statistical association could arise without there being any real connection between cigarette smoking and lung cancer—if, for example, both were independently related to some other phenomenon. Medical literature is full of such statistical "coincidences" in which there is no causal connection. The information now at hand is not enough for a firm conclusion.

It ought to be pointed out, however, that a number of cigarette-theory skeptics have an alternative hypothesis—namely, that the rise in the incidence of lung cancer is primarily due to pollution of the air with petroleum and coal-tar derivatives and industrial contaminants. The statistical evidence for this view is not as good as for the cigarette theory, but the experimental evidence is stronger. Many air pollutants have been shown repeatedly to be carcinogenic.

Without prejudging the cigarette issue, I would also like to bring up an interesting speculation. It could turn out that the American Cancer Society and British Medical Research Council studies are not evidence against cigarettes, but are steps toward a far more difficult and important object—the exploration of the effect of different ways of life on longevity. Could it be, for example, that the way of life which leads some people to smoke heavily also leads to diseases like lung cancer?

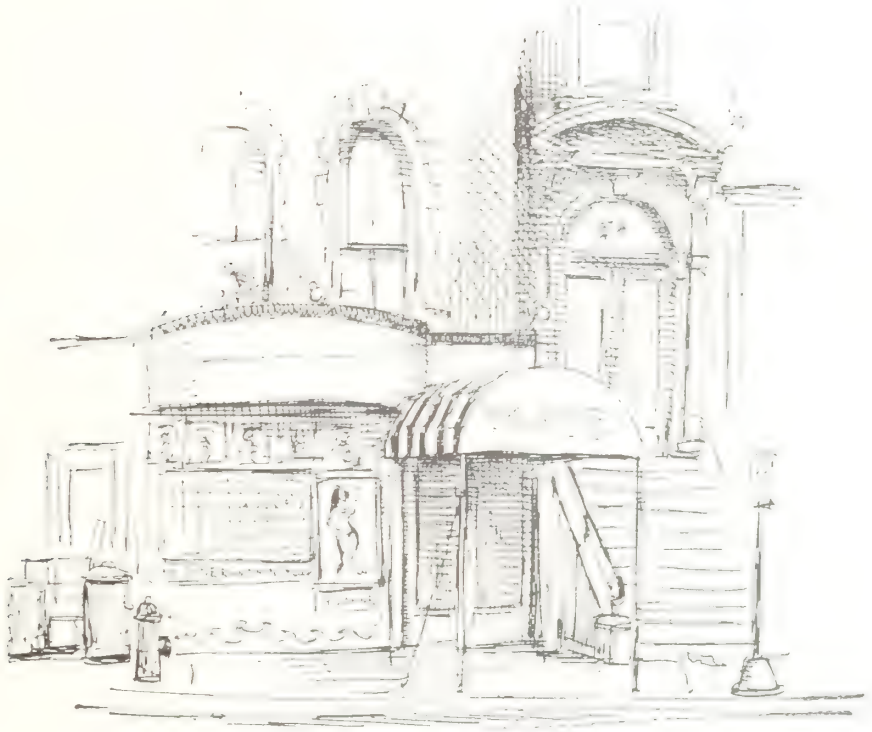
This question comes up because both studies produced a totally unexpected finding—the association between cigarette smoking and coronary artery disease. Previously there had been no evidence of any such connection. Moreover, physicians have long been aware that habits of mind and living have an important effect on health—as Dr. Ian Stevenson recently pointed out in his articles on psychosomatic medicine in this magazine. Even insurance companies have noted that men who worry a lot about themselves and their families, and load themselves down with extra-heavy life insurance programs, tend to die, on the average, a little sooner than those who do not.

Another recent study by the British Medical Research Council points in the same direction. The Council's investigators were curious about the incidence of coronary artery disease among people who lead sedentary lives, as compared with those who do hard physical labor. So they studied bus drivers and conductors. Both earn the same wages, from the same employer, and breathe the same London air—but the drivers sit all day, while the conductors clamber up and down the stairs of double-deck busses. At the same time, the investigators studied two groups of employees of the British post office—letter carriers and desk-bound clerks. In both the bus and the postal systems, the findings were the same: coronary artery disease was more frequent, occurred earlier, and was more often fatal among those people who spent their work days sitting down.

When I lay all these observations side by side, I cannot help wondering how many of the smokers interviewed by the American Cancer Society lead the ferociously tense lives that make for ulcers and heaven knows what else. How many held jobs in which they sit all day? (We like to think of ourselves as a nation in which most men do physically active work. Census figures make it clear, however, that this ceased to be true several decades ago. Now most of us are strictly chair-borne workers. But so far as I know, nobody in this country has yet studied the connection between this fact and the rising rate of various diseases.)

The point is that useful information on these questions may be hidden away in the cigarette-and-lung-cancer studies. If it can be brought out by future investigations—designed to take into account other factors besides smoking habits—then the Great Lung Cancer Scare will have proved worthwhile, regardless of its immediate outcome.

Protection for a Tough Racket



Cordelia Baird Gross

Drawings by Michael Ramus

WHEN I started working in a New York night club, my mother asked me to forget that fact in writing home to the neighbors.

"I know teaching pays very little," she wrote from Texas, "and your father thinks you're clever to find an extra job after school. But we are horrified at your choice. Teaching may be dull, as you say, but at least it's respected and safe."

I left her with her dreams.

I taught in a school for problem boys in Manhattan, and no regular teacher would stay there. As a young substitute just out of college, I didn't know how to quit. Any likeness the school had to my mother's halls of learning was purely coincidental.

It was at Tony and Nick's night club, THE TONIC, that education was truly esteemed. My college degree, though not as expensive, was rarer than sables. I was only a sort of errand girl—part-time secretary was the official title—yet the Kohinoor diamond was never handled more reverently than I.

Added to my intellectual prowess was Tony's touching tribute. "She's a virgin," he said simply, but proudly to anyone who entered the club. "I can always tell."

This made my stock soar so high I was sorry I couldn't sell it on the exchange. I was as sheltered as though I were in purdah. Before THE TONIC got really interesting each evening, Tony and Nick would send me home. It was flattering to be a vestal virgin, but it didn't seem to have a big future.

Because of my varied accomplishments, Nick and Tony asked my advice about everything. My pupils might not want an education, but my bosses did.

I taught them good manners in letter writing. My students would have said, "We don' wanna loin none a dat junk." I showed Tony



a graceful way to hold his knife and fork. At school, knives were weapons and not to be handled lightly. I subdued, somewhat, Nick's choice of ties. My boys didn't wear any.

Every day at school brought some new defeat. Each night at the club, the torch of learning burned a little brighter.

TONY was my star pupil. He was dark and handsome, I believed, although THE TONIC's lights were so subdued I took a lot on faith. Over six feet tall and massively built, he never had to hire a bouncer. To get what he called the glass-door clientele, for the club was in a fashionable Manhattan district, he longed to become a more elegant greeter.

Nick was the financial brains of the partnership. He was crazy about great big hundred-dollar bills and rather fond of the small change, too. He'd been through the first grade in PS 11 and he'd learned to add. Luckily, he never got to the second grade and subtractions. When the club had a slow night, he'd kick and yell at the cash register. The next evening, business always picked up.

When Tony had his office redecorated, he asked me to get some books for it.

"What kind of books, Tony?" I asked.

"Big ones," he said.

He had an American flag hanging above his desk.

"You don't need that flag, do you?" I asked, thinking of the new color scheme.

"We're legitimate," he protested, "we're legal. Buy me some books for under the flag."

At school, the book for my class was about King Arthur and the Round Table. The Board must have hoped the chivalry would rub off. But the boys never complained. They thought it was a story of Robin Hood. They used copies to bang each other on the head or chuck them out the windows at innocent pedestrians.

Just that day I'd picked up a book in the school gutter on my way to the club. Tony opened it.

"Jeez," he exclaimed, "this is English?"

I nodded.

"Translate it," he said.

I gave him a little background.

"I don't want no foreign language round here," he explained. "Jus' buy me some American ones."

Tony had come to America when he was twelve and he was fiercely patriotic. Before I knew him well, I'd made some casual remark that showed him I thought he'd been born here. The Congressional Medal couldn't have pleased him more.

He'd gone back to Italy just once. But walking past the Colosseum or sitting near the Pantheon, he'd wept for Brooklyn. He cut his visit short and flew back home.

AT SCHOOL, a few weeks after choosing Tony's library, two of my boys began a fight. It happened without warning. Not a word spoken nor a signal given. Suddenly they were slugging it out and blood was flowing freely. Fifty boys jumped up on desks and yelled advice and approval.

I tried to push my way through to stop the slaughter. A sharp pencil in one of the boys' hands was accidentally, but painfully stabbed into my cheek.

That night at THE TONIC I appeared with a bandage over my wound. Tony and Nick were shocked.

"Those hoods!" exclaimed Tony.

"She needs protection," said Nick.

"She's in a dangerous racket," Tony agreed. "She needs a bodyguard."

When they suggested sending me right home in a taxi, I accepted the offer gratefully.

The following morning I had to force myself to go to school. I'd been so angry the day before I hadn't been frightened. Now I was suffering from delayed shock. I felt sick at my stomach.

The bell rang and the boys came stumbling and pushing into the room. Elephants were

infinitely more graceful. One of the boys in the fight grinned amiably at me. Two front teeth were missing. The other boy was absent.

It always took twenty minutes of hard work to get them quieted down. They shoved. They crashed to the floor. They shouted with laughter. Suddenly, they were appallingly still. Every eye was focused on the door in back of me. I turned around—usually a fatal move in that class—and there stood Tony, glaring down at the boys in front of him.

I HAD never seen him in daylight before and it was a shock. Years of working at night had yellowed his naturally olive complexion. Running along one cheek was a scar I hadn't noticed under the dim club lights. But there was fire in his eyes and his huge figure was remarkably lithe and catlike as he walked up to my desk.

"Are these the hoods that hurt a innocent—" I flinched, waiting for him to say "virgin" but he said "girl" instead.

"How'd you get here?" I asked stupidly.

The boys stared speechlessly at him. They didn't know who he was or what he was doing in the room, but he had an authority and power they recognized and which I had never had.

"Get outcha books," he ordered. "I wanna see can you read English."

For the first time in their lives without a protest, the boys flipped out their books from pockets, sweaters, pants' legs and from even more personal hiding places. The books peppered on to the desks like shelling peas in a pan.

Tony walked slowly around the room until every book was opened, every face turned to me. He nodded and I began the lesson.

The deathlike silence was frightening. My Hooper rating was fabulous.

We read of fair Elaine and Guinevere. And Lancelot, "seam'd with an ancient sword-cut," which I hoped Tony wouldn't take personally. But he was absorbed in the story as I translated it, and the boys were fascinated by him.

When I had finished, he walked up to my desk. King Arthur ascending the throne could not have been more regal. He glanced at me, a gentle maiden in distress. Then he turned and looked imperially at the boys.

"A fine buncha knights!" he said. "A great buncha jerks. Ya couldn't even make cub scout!"

They squirmed under his wrath.

"Let's begin the turniment," he continued. "I challenge all comers."

No one moved.

"Brave knights!" said Tony. "Ya jus' hit women and children here?"

The class winced.

"Too yellow to touch someone your size?"

"It was a accident," said one boy.

"We din' mean to do it," explained another.

"But her face is cut up jus' the same," Tony replied.

"That's all right, Tony," I said.

"Ya gotta real doll here," Tony went on and pointed to me. "A pure hunert per cent American Beauty doll. Smart, too. Knows everthing. Ya gotta show her respect. Ya hear me?"

The boys nodded.

"I don' wanna see no more marks on her frame! Ya understan' English?"

He glared at the boys. They looked admiringly at him.

"If I haf' to come back," he warned, "I'll take ya row by row. Want I should draw a picture?"

The boys' eyes were shining. They almost burst into applause.

As Tony paused at the door, he hurled his last and most humiliating insult. "Don' ever forget what I toldja, ya buncha FOREIGNERS!" he said.



Young Herman is one of the most surprising—and contradictory—politicians in the business. Son of Ol' Gene, the notorious gallus-snapper, he is a model of respectability . . . an able executive . . . a frank apostle of racial intolerance . . . and a master demagogue, new-style.

Talmadge—
the Best Southern Governor?

George McMillan

HERMAN EUGENE TALMADGE, who will leave office as Georgia's Governor next month, is an active and vigorous forty-one. To those who have a grasp of Georgia politics, his age is a prophecy.

"He'll be with us, like the heat and the gnats, for many summers to come," said one Georgian recently.

Talmadge is stepping down voluntarily, even if the Georgia constitution seems to forbid him to succeed himself. In the spring, a rumored "more than one hundred" members of the state legislature formed a headquarters in Atlanta, offering to go into session and amend the constitution so that Herman could run again. Few Georgians doubt that he would have been re-elected. But, to the surprise of many, he thanked his supporters and asked them to go home.

He was also publicly urged to run for the post of Commissioner of Agriculture, on the theory that no politician is as dead as one out of office. Herman doubtless knew that he could have been elected, and that he could have made this job—an independent office in Georgia—into a position of political strength. But here again he thanked his supporters and told them he did not wish to run.

So this year's state campaign was the first since 1926 when no Talmadge was running for office in Georgia. Because Herman is neither shy nor unambitious, explanations must be sought elsewhere for his bewildering and unprecedented behavior. The ones most frequently offered in Georgia today are:

(1) Herman is supremely confident that—in or out of office—he can hold together and dominate the faction that he has built into the most powerful in the state's history.

(2) He does not wish to make an unseemly grasp for power at the moment when a U. S. Senate seat may be within his reach. This is the seat now held by the seventy-nine-year-old Walter George, who is rumored to be ready to retire.

Perhaps the real explanation lies in a combination of both. Certainly the ease with which he put Marvin Griffin—his hand-picked successor—into the governorship indicates a firm grasp on the levers of power. Whatever his role in the immediate future, Talmadge will remain a force in Georgia. He will be, as the saying goes, around.

IF HE is around he will talk. "You can't hush that boy," one of his supporters has admitted. And when Talmadge talks, what he says will be heard—not only in Georgia but throughout the South and, for that matter, the world.

Next to Malan in South Africa, Talmadge is probably the world's best known racist. At a time when the United States is trying to put its best foot of tolerance forward, and at a moment when the South is undergoing its most agonizing readjustment—the end of segregation in the public schools—Talmadge's is the harsh, strident, dogmatic voice of intolerance.

The fact that Talmadge's "Retreat, hell!" pronouncements are usually issued from downtown Atlanta—often hailed as the South's most progressive city—bewilders people outside the region and makes them wonder if Georgia and the South are really changing as fast as they have been led to believe. Is Talmadge an anachronism? Or does he truly represent Southern opinion?

The answer to these questions is far from simple. Talmadge is not simple. Neither are

Southern politics. And in order to understand Talmadge and his influence it is necessary to look at him in the light in which he appears to his fellow Southerners.

Talmadge has distinguished himself outside the South as a bigot. To Georgians he is something more than that, or at least something different. Southern politics is intensely personal, and to many of his constituents Talmadge is primarily a *personality*, and an appealing one. A political candidate in Georgia may win only because he has somehow (and never mind how) convinced the voters that he stands in a closer personal relationship to them than his opponents do. And this holds no matter how many issues *seem* to be at stake.

So it is a measure of Talmadge's political skill that the voters of Georgia have found it easy to call him by his first name. His secretary likes to tell the story about the man who came to the Capitol to present a scroll to the Governor. When he was led directly to the executive office, he was so startled he tried to back away. "I never thought," he told Talmadge, "I was gonna see His Honor himself."

The Man of Dignity

TALMADGE has carved a niche for himself with friendly and unfriendly newspapermen alike, by—as one of them said—"being willing to talk with you about anything on God's earth at any time. He'll never dodge a question, or mouth around about it."

Most telephone calls to the Governor are answered: "Talmadge!" If the Governor happens to be out (he has traveled more than 200,000 miles since he has held office), his secretary takes the caller's name, relates in minute detail where the Governor is and what his schedule for the coming week will be, and makes every effort to set a time when the caller can see him.

At home, in the Governor's mansion—a huge, gray, fortress-like stone structure in Atlanta's suburbs—Talmadge sits almost every evening in a maroon overstuffed chair in a high-ceilinged study. Beside him is a telephone which he likes to answer himself. When he told newspapermen, a few days after the Supreme Court decision on school segregation, that he had let his wife answer his home phone, he was not joking but offering a sincere apology. And he gave them, as he often does, a quotable comment.

"A lot of Yankees called," he said, "and I told Betty to tell them I was out reviewing Confederate troops."

In his public personality Talmadge fulfills everything that is affectionately denoted in the common Southern expression, "a good ol' boy." However, "a good ol' boy" today is not quite the same thing it was, say, ten years ago. And Herman has changed with the times.

HERMAN'S father, "Old Gene," too was "a good ol' boy" but before he died, he had become almost too much of one. His antic buffoonery (he kept a cow on the lawn of The Mansion) bothered middle-class sensibilities which were becoming, if not more liberal, at least more urbane.

"Georgia outgrew Old Gene," says a man who has known both Talmadges. "He raved and ranted and snapped his galluses until people got ashamed of him. Remember, the one time Old Gene got licked was when he ran for the U. S. Senate. He was for home consumption, and respectable people didn't want him representing Georgia in Washington."

Herman's behavior shows a marked determination to preserve his father's virtues but shed his father's vices. Nothing has pleased his friends more—and his enemies less—than his ability to remain accessible without making himself a character. He dresses sedately—or at least in the current fashion for young Atlanta businessmen. If he still wears red galluses, they are hidden under hard-finished worsted suits, and he affects wing-tip oxfords and argyle socks.

His recent television appearances also added to his local stature. On two nationally-telecast "Meet the Press" programs he gave the impression of a well-informed, deliberate, and thoughtful administrator. He plays the same role for state audiences. On his almost weekly local television appearances, he is somewhat more dogmatic and occasionally pontifical, but never undignified.

The personal quality of Georgia politics extends to the politician's family. Many of Herman's closest advisers believe his greatest political asset is his wife, the daughter of a prosperous Georgia cotton planter. Auburn-haired, full-cheeked, and soft-voiced, Betty

Talmadge is effortlessly friendly, sometimes corny, and undoubtedly she adds a dimension to Herman by not taking him seriously at the moments when he is most serious.

The symbol of the Talmadges' domestic harmony—and of Herman's love for the rural life—is their farm at Lovejoy, some thirty miles from Atlanta. Here on a 2,300-acre holding, they have restored an ante-bellum house, where, with their two sons, they spend two or three nights a week and almost every weekend the Governor's schedule allows. It is on this farm that Mrs. Talmadge conducts what she calls her "almost too successful" ham-curing business. Using national magazine advertisements, she now sells nearly nine hundred Georgia-cured hams a week.

As soon as Herman arrives at the farm, he changes into an old pair of coveralls and surplus military shoes, and starts out for a walk. "I've stopped going down there," says Roy Harris, a short, rather stout man who has been campaign manager for both Talmadges and is considered the most influential politician in the state. "I like Herman, and I'm for him all the way, but if you go down to that farm, he'll walk your, let's say, pants off."

"Talmadge is at his best down on that farm," says an Atlanta newspaper columnist who has visited Lovejoy. "But he really acts more like a city fellow Getting Away From It All than he does like a farmer."

And there is some evidence in Talmadge's background that he is essentially—despite the fact that his appeal must be primarily rural in Georgia—a city boy who likes city pleasures. He spent most of his youth in Atlanta and attended Druid Hills High School, with the children of well-to-do suburbanites, going on to the University of Georgia, and its law school, at Athens.

"He was wild as a buck, runnin' around Atlanta on weekends," is the recollection of one of Old Gene's advisers. "I think he was in the tradition of the preacher's children. He was wayward, and I think really lonely, moving around in the shadow of his father's bright light. He didn't seem to know what to do with himself. In law school, the Dean said [illegible] have been really outstanding. When he got out, I pushed some business his way, and he did well, and I tried to get him to do even better. He still liked his pleasures, but, after all, he was only a boy.

"Then he went into the Navy and rose to Lieutenant Commander. It wasn't long after he came home that his father died. By then he was married to Betty, too. Well, when Old Gene died, you know the story of how Herman moved into the Governor's chair. But what surprised all of us who had known the boy was how he changed. We'd underestimated him. I mean, he took over. And I'd always urged him to stay out of politics . . . As you look back on it, his youth was almost like a waiting period, as if he were consciously irresponsible in the knowledge that he was going to have to someday take on the mantle of Talmadgeism."

How He Gets Things Done

So important is the personal factor in Georgia politics that Talmadge might almost stand on the image of himself he has created—an image something like, yet something quite different from, Old Gene. But he has done much more. The achievements of his administration are impressive. The one he himself points to most frequently—education—cannot be factually challenged. His enemies can only imply that he was running a race with time and the Supreme Court.

He, and the people of Georgia, have in any case spent more for public schools during the time that he has been Governor than in all previous administrations put together.

"Our public school system was founded in 1871," Talmadge recently told the Georgia Education Association. "From that year until the time I took office, the total appropriation for schools amounted to roughly $408 million. During the six years of my administration, it will total $452 million."

Talmadge has bought more than a thousand new school busses; extended the hitherto short school term to a full nine months; added a twelfth grade to all the state schools; doubled the outlay for vocational education and tripled it for vocational rehabilitation; and started 1,036 school building projects to cost $170 million. In 1954, Georgia was spending 53 per cent of its income on education, the highest proportion of any state in the nation. Teachers' salaries were raised, Talmadge has claimed, 125 per cent.

In social and welfare fields Talmadge's achievements are almost as astounding. He is the first Georgia Governor to exploit fully the Hill-Burton Act for federal aid to hospitals. Under it, he has pushed forward a hospital building program that will, he says, for the first time in the history of the state provide the people with an adequate number of hospital beds. During his administration, work has started on 141 new hospitals and health centers.

For the state's mental hospital at Milledgeville, he has doubled the appropriation, from $3 million to $6 million, and put the staff on a merit system. "I found attendants there making $65 a month and working ninety hours a week. They are now making $195 a month plus emoluments," he asserts. The number of doctors has risen from ten to seventy-five.

Georgia pensions have grown from an average of $18 a month to $36 under Talmadge's administration, and 20,000 new names have been added to the rolls.

He has also made spectacular improvements in forestry, agriculture, and highways. In 1953, for example, 103 million pine seedlings were planted in the state, and 22½ million acres were put under fire protection. This, Talmadge claims, "raises Georgia from Number 46 in the nation on forestry to Number 1."

A CONSERVATIONIST believes that Talmadge's "greatest contribution to the future of Georgia," has been his devotion to soil care: "He's got his 'Green Pastures' speech that he has made at every crossroads in Georgia." According to Talmadge, "We've built or extended twenty-eight farmers' markets, built a veterinarian college at the University of Georgia, built a nutrition lab, an animal disease lab, increased the money for agricultural research by 500 per cent, built three new experiment stations, set up new mobile soil-testing laboratories, and we've increased the pastures by 500 per cent."

In highways, he has let contracts for over 13,000 miles of new roads, one-third more than during any other comparable period in the state's history, even during the great road building phase of the 1920s.

His accomplishments in attracting industry to Georgia have brought him special acclaim, since the state, like most other Southern states today, believes that industry is the solution to its problems. Talmadge claims that Georgia has, under his leadership, led the entire Southeast in bringing in new industries which have provided 15,000 new jobs, in building plants valued at $50 million, and in making industrial products worth $600 million annually.

"We're getting on an average of one new industry a day," he says, "and we don't offer them bribes or tax exemptions." Asked recently whether he might propose a plan for Georgia like the one adopted by Mississippi to provide incentives for industry, he answered quickly: "I told some of those folks down in the legislature that if they passed such a bill, I'd veto it."

One of his single most popular acts was to try to rehabilitate a surplus Army dock at Savannah and so provide the state, for the first time, with really top-notch port facilities.

Honesty Is the Best Politics

TALMADGE has not merely been willing to appropriate relatively immense sums for Georgia's social welfare; he also has seen to it that the money is honestly and efficiently spent. By Georgia standards, his administration has been an impeccably honest one.

"Sure, he has given jobs to his friends," reports a reliable Atlanta source, "and to his father's friends, but nobody has even hinted that they were crooked."

He has also proved an unusually effective and aggressive administrator.

"He's a great one for getting things done," says a man who has played an important behind-the-scenes role in the Talmadge administration. "He appointed me to a job which I told him I'd take only if he'd make me boss and leave me alone.

" 'That's the way *I* want it,' Herman assured me. And he did leave me alone, except to ask me how things were getting along, was I making the progress I had hoped to make, did I need help, or more money. When I did ask him for more money, he got it for me."

A visitor to the executive mansion once overheard a revealing telephone conversation. The caller was obviously complaining about the treatment he had received at the hands of a state department head.

"I thank you for calling," Talmadge said.

But I want you to go back and talk with X. I appointed him to that job and I've got confidence in him now just as I did then. When I no longer have confidence in him, I'll fire him. You go back and talk with him."

TALMADGE also has a remarkable memory. "I used to know the first names of some fifteen to twenty thousand of the people of Georgia," he said not long ago. "But you get up here in Atlanta and you get away. I doubt that I could call that many names any more."

What he could call now is the smallest detail of the most remote phase of state governmental operations. He was able to tell an interviewer without hesitating the salaries of attendants in a state hospital, the hours they worked, the details of their shifts, the kind of food they ate, and even the color of their dining room.

Most Georgians probably agree with the Atlanta taxicab driver who said of Talmadge: "You can't shade that boy when it comes to runnin' Georgia."

Talmadge's public figure, plus the achievements of his administration have neutralized and divided his critics—perhaps his greatest accomplishment of all.

Until recently, when his picture appeared on the cover of a national news magazine, there had never been a full-dress article on him in any publication issued outside the state. This is noteworthy, in view of the constant stream of national criticism which Old Gene attracted.

Within the state, newspaper criticism has been, to say the least, temperate. What Old Gene used to call "them lyin' newspapers"—the Atlanta *Journal* and the Atlanta *Constitution*—have abandoned their daily anti-Talmadge editorial fare during Herman's administration.

"Herman is just too complex for us to assume a fixed posture of opposition to him," says a high executive of the two papers, now both owned by former Governor James Cox of Ohio.

"What we try to do is take Herman on the issues. When he does something we don't like, we let him have it. We believe we had a great deal to do with making Herman pull in his horns on a vicious loyalty oath he cooked up for state employees. We've fought him on a dozen other issues. But, dammit, when he does something constructive, I don't know what we can do but praise him."

Even Ellis Arnall, the former Georgia governor who wrote the eloquent *The Shores Dimly Seen* and went on to become a national figure, has been silent. This despite the fact that he is an adroit politician with a still-large following in Georgia, and that he returned to Atlanta to practice law—and apparently to re-enter state politics—in fall of 1953.

Some political dopesters believe Arnall is waiting to fight with Talmadge for the seat in the U. S. Senate currently held by Senator George. Whatever his motives, the significant fact at the moment is that there has been little oral or written criticism of the Herman Talmadge administration.

The Two Springs of Power

HERMAN'S power rests on the same basic structure as Old Gene's: his political strength lies in the rural counties; his financial backing comes from the large corporations. To the oft-repeated rumors of "big corporation" support for Herman, a man who is often the subject of these rumors forthrightly told a recent interviewer:

"Yes, of course, the corporations in Georgia, or at least many of the large ones, do support Herman. When we go to him, he will always give us a hearing. He has been fair in his attitude on repressive legislation. Maybe I'm prejudiced, but it is my most honest opinion that he has never made a dishonest decision in order to favor corporate enterprise in Georgia. People sometimes forget that industry has its side to state. And Herman will hear it. And that is all we have asked of him."

The other great spring from which Herman's power flows is Georgia's "county unit system." This is a notoriously undemocratic device—unknown in any other state—which cancels out the votes of many of the city residents. By means of a law which gives an outrageously unfair share of the seats in the legislature to the rural counties, it keeps control in the hands of the most ignorant, prejudiced, and backward citizens. Specifically, the one-third of Georgia's voters who live in the cities have only 24 representatives out of 205.

Herman is accustomed to describe the county unit system in ringing terms of

"self-government" and "maintaining democracy." But one of the few uncontroverted facts of Georgia political life is that the county unit system and the race problem are inextricable. Without the threat that its abolition might end segregation, the county unit system would probably long since have passed out of existence. Hence it follows that, as long as Talmadge's chief voting support comes from the system, he must be the state's leading advocate of White Supremacy—even though he said on a recent "Youth Wants to Know" radio interview that he had never mentioned the term.

The rare times that Herman has shown his knuckles have almost always involved the fate of the system. And the bitterest fight of his political career came in 1952 when he tried to extend it from the primary to the general election—perhaps in the hope of forestalling its possible defeat in the event of a Republican victory. Hitherto the Democratic primary had been the place where elections were decided, but growing Republican sentiment during the Presidential campaign was threatening to end one-party rule in Georgia.

In the midst of his campaign for a Constitutional amendment to extend the county unit system, Talmadge issued over his own signature a seamy, biased, and provocative pamphlet that apparently offended the sensibilities of all but the most prejudiced. It showed Negroes and whites dancing together under the headline, "This Happened in Atlanta." A picture of a diminutive white girl standing close to a tall Negro—presumably at college—was captioned "Don't Let This Happen in Georgia."

"The white people of this state," Talmadge wrote, "must repel by their votes these threats to our homes, our children, our institutions, our daily lives, and our fortunes. Get to the polls to strike a blow for continuation of Constitutional and conservative government in Georgia."

Talmadge lost his fight by 30,000 votes. But the system still operates in Georgia's primaries. And now, after two years of a national Republican administration, few Georgia political leaders believe that there is any immediate threat to Georgia's one-party politics. The desegregation decision plus the unpopularity of the new farm program have killed the GOP's budding appeal. "This state is more solidly Democratic than it has been since 1936," one Georgia politico said recently. And as long as Georgia is solidly Democratic and keeps the county unit system, a small group of people, headed by Herman Talmadge, can run the State.

Changes On the Way

Yet there are certain fundamental changes taking place in Georgia that must eventually be felt in its political life. How long, for instance, can every city man be persuaded that he is a country man at heart, or every mill worker that his interests are really behind the plow? And how long can every critic of the *status quo* be conveniently discounted as a Yankee, a renegade, or, more fashionably, a Communist?

Atlanta is not only one of the South's largest cities, it is rapidly becoming one of the most cosmopolitan and liberal. Since the end of World War II, it has established itself as distributive center for the heartland of the South—culturally with its press associations and radio networks as well as economically with its goods and services. Its influence is felt even where its vote is not, and its influence is running against Talmadge.

"The real indictment of Talmadge, and of his administration," said a young Atlanta executive recently, "is that he and they have been a blight on some of the strongest and most constructive shoots of progress in the South today.

"Talmadge is not just a demagogue who is appealing to the worst elements in the South, he is blotting out all the little shoots of decency in the race question."

To shut up liberal Georgians, Talmadge has disclosed his worst side and left himself open, on his record, to such comments as this, made by an Atlanta lawyer:

"How can you say a man is good who has complete contempt for the democratic process in all its aspects? Hitler built roads, Mussolini made the trains run on time. And Herman, like them, has breached the fundamental rights of democratic government."

His attempt to extend the unit system is not the only example of his distrust of democracy. On his request the legislature passed a measure giving his picked Demo-

cratic Executive Commission the right to decide the qualifications of candidates, the make-up of the ballot, and the deadline for filing. Until recently it also had the privilege of setting the date for the Democratic primary.

Politicking

In 1949, a Talmadge legislature passed a re-registration law requiring that all counties wipe their books clean and begin again. Added to the law was a stiff educational requirement for registering.

"A good education requirement," said House Speaker Fred Hand, "will cut out 80 per cent of the ignorant vote in Georgia. I like to think of this rather than go into the color angle. Under this plan, it will no longer be a menace."

("Actually the law has never been enforced," a political science teacher explains. "They discovered it was disqualifying more Wool Hat Boys than Negroes.")

Talmadge asked for, and got, from the legislature a commission to check on pornographic literature; and he has worked to curtail the freedom of the press. After the 1950 campaign, when the Atlanta *Journal* supported the candidacy of M. E. Thompson, and the *Constitution* straddled the fence, he instigated three bills which struck directly at the then jointly-owned papers. The first outlawed all newspaper monopolies; the second tightened up the state's libel laws; the third "required all newspapers to give equal space and prominence to answer criticisms or charges of misconduct against public officials and individuals." None of these bills was enacted into law, though undoubtedly they could have been, if Talmadge had wanted to push them. He left them as an implied threat —a possible explanation for his improved press in recent years.

Local pride is always fierce and spontaneous, and often insuppressible among Georgians. Out of this pride has grown the need—even among the foes of the Talmadges —to attribute hidden talents to the state's first family.

Many Georgians will still tell you that Old Gene was "much smarter than he acted." And the legend that "if Gene had only took off them galluses once, you'd have seen a Phi Beta Kappa key underneath" has never died.

By the same token, Georgians explain today that Herman "doesn't really believe all that stuff he says" and that "if you only knew it, he is really an exceptionally fine constitutional lawyer."

Some of those who have fought Herman most bitterly put the blame for his worst acts on Walter (Bee) Brooks, a state employee who is in effect Talmadge's public relations man and editor of the *Statesman*. This is the weekly newspaper started by Gene Talmadge which still lists "The People" as editor, but now carries Herman Talmadge as associate editor.

It is the unshakable belief of the cadre of young Atlantans who oppose Talmadge that Brooks is "really the evil genius of this administration." Some believe Brooks is "actually administering the major state departments," and he is reputed to keep a black list of all Talmadge opponents, with files on each. He has, in fact, showed up as a photographer at Atlanta inter-racial meetings, and his photographs have later appeared in the *Statesman*.

When someone told Talmadge not long ago that Brooks was considered the man behind his throne, Herman answered:

"Brooks is the best public relations man in the United States. And I am running the executive branch of the government of Georgia."

He is running it partly at least because he is many things to many Georgians. To one of them—a seasoned but now retired political campaigner—he is something quite different from the popular image:

"Talmadge is simply a professional politician, nothing more, nothing less," this man maintains. "I don't believe he has a single political ideal in his head, though he's full of political ideas. He's been eating politics with his food since it was mashed. He saw that Georgia had outgrown his Daddy. That was smart, now wasn't it?

"So, he's given the people somethin' more—or maybe really somethin' less. You knew what the old man believed, you knew where he was. But this boy is every place, and you don't know where he is. In plain truth, he is personally remote for all his outgivingness. I don't think he stands for a darned thing but to get re-elected, and to something bigger and better every time."

The Geisha Girls of Ponto-cho

William Demby

Drawings by Bernard Perlin



In the winter, Kyoto, the old capital of Japan, is a strange, lovely place. In the springtime, waters from the melting mountain snows swell the Kamo River, which cuts the city in two, and it becomes a brutish torrent. But in the winter its flow is silent, children run over its pebbled bed flying kites, and in the southern suburbs dyeworkers unravel trailing bolts of silk into its waters and trample them with trance-like steps until the bright red and yellow patterns shimmer and undulate underwater like schools of fantastic minnows. Mists rise over the city every morning and the sun, glowing coldly through the mists, diffuses a light in which things are not clearly defined but seem to recede into space.

Near the Sanjo Bridge, on either side of the river, are the two principal geisha districts. One is called Ponto-cho, the other Gion. The Ponto-cho girls speak disparagingly of the Gion girls, saying they are too solemn and too inclined to snobbishness, while Gion girls say that the Ponto-cho girls are not refined enough and just a little silly. Theirs is an ancient rivalry that has existed for nearly two centuries, and both sides agree in their contempt for the geishas of Tokyo, who, they claim, have brought dishonor on the profession with their promiscuous disregard for geisha morality, and are not, in the traditional sense of the word, true geishas at all.

My favorites are the flighty Ponto-cho girls. I like the narrow streets they live on and the fragile wooden teahouses with the doors closed but not locked. I like the way hawks circle above these streets in the leaden winter noon and the distant sound of flutes that comes to my ears. And I can never forget the way the Ponto-cho girls laugh, stopping suddenly when I, the foreigner, walk by, observing me with smiling, wisely serene eyes.

Were it not for an American professor to whom I had been given a letter of introduction, I should never have come to know the girls of Ponto-cho, and for his help I shall always be grateful. I shall always remember, too, our first meeting in the murky light of the Kyoto Hotel's basement bar.

He was a tall, gaunt man, slightly stooped, with shaggy eyebrows drooping over eyes that were sometimes intense, sometimes doubting. Indeed he looked more like a Yankee missionary or also like the one foreigner in Kyoto who had gained the confidence of the geishas' sinister, all-female world. Bobbing his head up and down, blinking his eyes, all the while smiling broadly, he adjusted his glasses and began to study the note which I had handed

Then when he finished, his expression changed, and he would no longer look me in the eyes. "So you are interested in knowing about the geishas?" he asked balefully, remembering at the last moment apparently to shape his mouth into a smile.

From that day on, he remained for me the symbol of something dangerous and corrosive in the geisha world. Though I was intrigued by all I saw, I was aware of a barely articulated sense of fear. In the professor's person there was something tragically doomed, as if, like a spider caught in an ant hill, kept alive for no good reason by the female members of the ant colony, fawned over and toyed with, fattened, yet forever a prisoner, he had forgotten his past and had no hope for the future. For over twenty years he had lived in Japan and most of this time he had spent in Kyoto where at various intervals he had been a professor and a dealer in oriental books, his present occupation. He was married to an ex-geisha who was helping him in the preparation of a scholarly work about the Kyoto geisha quarters. He spoke Japanese perfectly and had learned, largely through his wife's tutelage, all the complicated social usages which are more complex and exacting in geisha society than in any other segment of Japanese life.

Through his intervention I was permitted to attend a recital at the *Kaburenjo*, the geisha school, which was being held in honor of some of the dance and instrumental masters who were leaving for a concert tour of America. For the past few months he himself had been taking drum lessons with the geisha children of the quarter and this was to be his first appearance in public, as well as the first time in the history of Ponto-cho that a foreigner had performed alongside the geishas.

The Professor Tries the Drums

I SHALL never forget that recital nor the strange world that was then revealed to me. Almost immediately I sensed the complete self-sufficiency of the geisha, her inherent loneliness and savage pride. For the most part there were only geishas, retired geishas, and the children of geishas in the audience. There was one small child I remember particularly, a little girl about six years old. Later I saw her playing on one of the side streets of the quarter like any child of her age, but in that auditorium she sat perfectly still, her hands clasped tight in her lap, her tiny body inside the richly brocaded doll's kimono rigid with the almost religious concentration the music required. She was, I learned, the daughter of the daughter of a geisha—the third generation born into the closely woven secrets and guarded traditions of Ponto-cho!

There were also apprentice geishas wearing their gaudy silks and brocaded *obis* with the authorized vanity befitting young ladies whose success among a choosy public is dependent upon how well they act out their roles of budding maidens. And there were old geishas, dressed in somber dark blue or brown kimonos, aristocrats, respected in their profession, retired now, sitting like holy men in the back seats of the hall, their chalk-white faces detached but critical, accepting with a courtly nod of the head the deep bows of respect proffered them by the young.

I HAD had no idea before that the geishas were such hard-working and accomplished musicians. Every morning from early childhood through the late years of their careers they attend the *Kaburenjo*, studying and perfecting themselves in dance, flute, samisen, and singing. And they performed that night with the same transfixed seriousness I had observed in the shrine maidens and priests at the Ise Shinto shrine. This music, primitive but at the same time astonishingly sophisticated, requires not only musical training but profound spiritual concentration as well.

Considering his lack of experience, the professor played reasonably well. With characteristic delicacy he had been placed on the same program with several small geisha children some fifty years his junior. When the time came for him to perform he seemed to be in a state of near collapse, though the murmur of sympathy which rose spontaneously from the audience at the sight of this red-faced giant seated cross-legged on the platform with the delicate-boned children gave him courage for a moment at least.

There could have been no more striking evidence of the contrast between two worlds than that performance. It was not so much a matter of formal training, or even of talent,

as a profound difference in attitude toward life. The children were Japanese, and they breathed the air of a world still primitive in the best sense, where music and speech had not yet been separated. The professor, being a modern man and Western, was "musical" and objective in his approach to his drum-playing. His sticks always struck a beat too late, and he was seldom in time with the children.

The Art of Enchantment

In the restless days that followed, taking advantage of the introductions I had been given, I began to go out among the geishas on my own. Mornings and afternoons I roamed their streets, and in the evenings I visited their bars or hired them for parties—a strange lingering experience which in the end threatens to become a vice. I sympathize wholeheartedly with the housewife who wrote a blistering letter to the Nippon *Times* saying that the geishas had bewitched her husband and something should be done by the government to keep them from taking up all the men's time. In Kyoto, reservations for a geisha party must be made at least a day in advance, for the geishas in these days of lush defense contracts and swollen expense accounts are in unprecedented demand; nor will the organization send out any girl to a client who is not introduced and vouched for by someone known well to it. Usually the party takes place in a restaurant or a teahouse, though sometimes, if it is to be a large affair, it may be held in the banquet room of a Japanese hotel.

At precisely the hour she has been contracted for (unless she is one of the famous geishas of the quarter, in which case she would lose face if she showed up too punctually) the geisha appears at the teahouse door. On her way down she has checked in at the barred-window check-point halfway down Ponto-cho street, which from the outside looks like a confessional box and contains two invisible figures who check and regulate the whereabouts of every girl living in the quarter.

With the girl goes an older geisha who carries a samisen, the lute-like instrument which accompanies the singing; and both of them carry a tightly wrapped bundle of bright-colored silk which contains the toilet articles they will need. After greeting the teahouse mistress and quickly exchanging the latest gossip of the day—some of which is likely to concern one of the clients—and after a last-minute check of her makeup, the girl is escorted to a secluded part of the house where the party is being held. From our places around the low table where we are already seated on cushions placed on the matted floor, we guests can hear the whispers, the breathless giggles, and the rapid-feathered footsteps as she hurries down the corridor toward us.

There is no way to describe the apparition that is revealed as the door slides open, except to evoke the image of a strange butterfly gathering her wings about her. The girl is wearing a high glossy black wig with mysterious tin bangles stuck in it in such a way that whenever she moves there is the muffled tinkle of miniature temple bells. Her face is painted dead white. Her fine silk kimono, drawn tight about her, has bold yellow, green, red, and purple patterns —clashing colors, yet on her a harmonious whole—and reveals only her delicate-boned ankles and wrists, and the back of her neck, which is laquered white like her face.

She prostrates herself to the floor, and in this graceful, most flattering mode of greeting, there is something fantastically ironical. As she rises to her feet, it is as if she has analyzed the whole situation, judged each man's character, and probed his most secret longings. How she conveys this I cannot explain—her mask has remained immobile and there is no hint of expression in her slitted eyes, yet in that instant she has negotiated a secret liaison with every one of us. It is embarrassing to see how the others react—in the twinkling of an eye, dignified Japanese businessmen have suddenly become sheepish, giggling adolescents eager to surrender themselves to the geisha girl, who at this very moment, with all the perverse charm of an overly sophisticated child bride, is bouncing over to cuddle up between us.

There is no resisting her and—this is the terrible thing about it—it is practically impossible to remain apart, or cynical. For she has already taken note, has detected the raised eyebrow, the barest trace of an

ironic smile, the laugh that comes a beat too late: she is already plotting to draw the observer into her web. She changes her place and draws her cushion over beside that of the resisting one and sighs in such a way as to imply that, of all the men there at the low table, only he is capable of giving her the protection she so obviously needs.

During these first moments of the evening, there are standard jokes: our names are asked and jokes are made about their resemblance to mildly obscene references. My name in Japanese can be made to sound something like the word for a child's buttocks and this has always been a ready source of laughter. Match tricks and other minor feats of magic are performed. And all the while the girl is gracefully keeping our cups filled with hot sake. Before long we begin to feel like a select assembly of heaven-blest men of the world.

But the high point of the evening comes when she dances. Only then does she seem to transcend herself and leave her priestess heights. It is a frightening dance to behold—the dance of one who, not being allowed to love outside herself, has fallen in love with her own person. These dances have always filled me with sadness. They are slow, exquisitely understated, every gesture a song and a mystery, the type of dance a lonely woman might do before the mirror. Usually it is the younger girl who does the dance, and the older woman who accompanies her. It is a painful duet—the guttural voice of the older woman matched to the delicate butterfly movements of the younger. It is a lament—even though the movements may be to a gay song—a woman's lament that expresses things painful to know: suffering, loneliness, and melancholy longing.

But the party is out of control only for a moment. Immediately the girl changes, seeks to humiliate us, to strike us down to our true male proportions, as if to punish us for having seen exposed, if only for a moment, her true and secret self. She makes us stand around in a circle and wiggle our fingers and lift our stockinged feet in the grotesque gyrations of a children's game, until each of us has surrendered the last vestige of dignity. Then, watching us sharply through half-closed eyes, keeping time triumphantly to the beat of the samisen by tapping her fan on the lead man's bald pate, she, the butterfly queen, marches us around and around in a circle until, one by one, we burst into a nervous chuckle which grows and grows into a hysterical roar of laughter, though, bewildered and slightly drunk, we know not why.

A Cultivated Innocence

There is little more than this to a geisha party. The geisha comes, she sings and dances, she serves hot sake, she gets the men to abandon themselves to nonsensical children's games, and she converses with them wittily. If in the course of the heavy drinking the men become insistently amorous, she obligingly telephones a troupe of prostitutes and with a pleasant smile and a gracious bow takes her leave. This is something men from the West cannot readily understand. They are apt to feel cheated if an evening with a geisha doesn't lead to its apparently logical conclusion. Yet it is this that makes her profession unique—she is a specialist in the spinning of illusions, and the true geisha remains to everyone outside the inner circle of her world a complete but engaging mystery. It is this for which Japanese men pay so dearly, and it is this upon which the whole geisha business is founded. The true geisha (as distinct from the imitations which have sprung up after the war, mainly in Tokyo) respects absolutely the Japanese moral code. She does not, for example, bestow her favors promiscuously. For if her reputation is tarnished, even to the slightest degree, her commercial value, the value of her gossamer illusion of innocence, falls correspondingly.

This strange cultivated innocence is the most remarkable thing about the geisha. It is strange because it is a true innocence. The geisha's knowledge of the world is pure and acute. She knows men—but only the men who can afford geisha parties. She has a fixed etiquette which serves her in all situations: if a businessman gets drunk on her hands; if a young man of prominent family proposes marriage; if a client becomes amorous, she has a set response. Nevertheless her experience is artificial, and for this reason she herself remains curiously untouched.

When she dances she is like a butterfly queen in her fabulous silks and doll mask.

But within the silks and behind the mask there is a deadly combination of innocence and wisdom which makes her one of the most fascinating women in the world. Like the old samurai who were trained exclusively for war, the geisha has been trained for the eternal war of women. In the earliest days of Japanese history women were the ruling sex. After the importation of Chinese ideas this power was gradually taken away from them and they were subjugated and humiliated, but they took their ruling arts underground. So it was that in the eighteenth century the class of geishas began to rise and was able to win back the dominance that once belonged to all women.



Centuries of cultivating the arts of guile and flattery have given them almost complete dominance over the men of Japan who frequent them. The geisha's every act, her every change of voice, her bell-like laughter which carries a special meaning for every man in the room, her glance at once bold and modest, are all calculated in the most perfect degree to attain one result: to flatter the customer and thereby earn money for herself and the geisha organization. The geisha has something which no mere prostitute can offer a man—charm and magic. She knows exactly how to make the businessman from Osaka feel like a lord, and so perhaps it is no accident that geishas began to flourish only after the merchant middle classes had started to usurp power from the nobility.

There is nothing in our culture that compares with the institution of the geishas, for the geisha is not even what we would call a "party girl." She is a museum piece, a precious object, an antique doll come to life, responding to some ill-defined longing which has its roots in the far mythological past of Japanese men whose souls have been too heavily taxed in the harsh, neon-lit transition to an impersonal technological world. And it may be for this reason that the institution of the geisha is flourishing today rather than declining. In Kyoto, for example, the Ponto-cho girls command high prices and are in constant demand. A single geisha for one hour costs a thousand yen—more than twice the amount earned by an office girl in an eight-hour day.

Learning the Profession

BECOMING a geisha is no simple matter. Young girls enter the profession in one of several ways. Most commonly they become geishas because their mothers are geishas and they are born into the geisha world much as circus or vaudeville performers are born into their professions. Less frequently they come from the provinces (this is more common in the Tokyo geisha quarters than in tradition-conscious Kyoto), where through the influence of some acquaintance or relative they are signed up by one of the geisha associations. This is less cruel than it may seem, partly because of the relative unimportance of girls in the Japanese family and partly because in flooded or typhoon-stricken farm areas many families are in such desperate straits that entering the geisha profession becomes almost a privilege for the daughter compared to being sold into prostitution.

Once the contract is made—a long-term agreement by which the geisha organization agrees to educate and train the girl in exchange for a percentage of her eventual earnings—the novice, who may be any age from ten to sixteen, begins a course of rigorous training comparable to the novitiate in a religious order. From morning to night she lives and breathes the atmosphere of the geisha world, completely cut off from the normal world. For perhaps as long as seven years she attends the geisha school five hours every day. There she learns the refined arts of the tea ceremony, dancing, classical music, and instrumental technique. But it is from

the older geishas that she learns those intangible arts so important to her success—the charmingly archaic mannerisms, the various ways of walking, the language of the eye, flattery, and the age-old secrets of psychology. Her whole life is dominated by women, strong women who by tradition live in an isolated world of their own choosing—a world which has learned that economic freedom is to be gained from men, but must be paid for by constant vigilance and discipline.

For this reason all noncommercial romance must disappear from the geisha's life. The man who will ultimately become her "patron," for whom she will become what the Japanese call a "second wife," will be chosen for her by the organization who controls her contract. This does not mean however that the girls are without feelings or romantic sentiments; Ponto-cho is full of tragic stories of thwarted geisha loves. But like the Japanese people in general, for whom duty and loyalty are more important than individual romantic love, the geisha is taught from childhood to hide her true feelings behind the composed painted mask.

One of Ponto-cho's favorite moral stories is about a geisha who betrayed the patron the organization had chosen for her and took a young lover. One day the patron arrived in Kyoto unexpectedly with a group of businessmen friends before whom he wanted to show off his famous geisha beauty. When he discovered she had gone off to a nearby resort with her lover, he disowned her, and the girl fell into disgrace. She was cast out of Ponto-cho and went off with her lover to open a restaurant in another city with the money salvaged from her savings. After several years the restaurant failed and her lover deserted her. She came back to Kyoto and there she and her child still live—in another section of the city, penniless and alone, for no geisha, not even those who were her closest friends, would dare to visit her.

Another story the Ponto-cho girls like to tell is about a geisha who, while she was still an apprentice, was having an unauthorized affair with a young man. For several months they continued to meet in what they thought was complete secrecy until one day the mistress of the teahouse where the girl lived called her aside and handed her a bill for a staggering amount of money—the sum due the geisha organization for the hours the girl had spent with her lover.

Finding a "Protector"

In this vicious commercial atmosphere the young novice grows into a geisha. The old women shape her mind and manner just as Japanese gardeners shape and distort dwarf trees, until she is the creature her proud profession calls for. By the time she is seventeen and in her bloom she is conscious of her own value and has become an artificial human being, a doll—in a way, monstrous, yet infinitely charming and irresistible.

This is the moment when the old women who control the organization begin to count on getting their investment back—this is the moment when the young geisha's market value is determined. For one year, rarely longer, she is known as a *maiko*. She dresses in gay kimonos, the gayest she will ever wear. Her hair is worn long in the elaborate high-rolled coiffure which the wigs are modeled after. Her voice is high-pitched and nasal, like a whining spoiled child's, and she is permitted certain affectations of manner which suit the virginal pose she is taught to assume. She is given special privileges, and in public appearances, like the recital I attended, she is allowed to walk up and down the aisles like an eligible debutante. Though she receives only half the fee paid the more experienced geishas, she is sent out on parties where she pretends to be inexperienced. She laughs with shocked modesty when off-color jokes are told, covering her eyes with a graceful but absurd gesture that comes straight from dance movements. She plays with dolls and teaches her clients the most childish of parlor games.

All during this critical year her organization is discreetly seeking a "husband" for her—a man who will become her life-long protector, her patron. This is the highest goal in the young geisha's life—and as with most girls living in a feudal or near-feudal society it is more important than any emotional or sentimental solution. Sometimes a girl is permitted to veto the choice made by the organization, especially if she happens to be an unusually attractive girl who knows her worth on the market. Usually, however, the choice is made without consulting her.



FINALLY, after drawn out bargaining, a patron is decided on and it is time for the apprentice geisha to enter fully into her profession. Knowledge of the choice passes through the quarter and there is the same undercurrent of excitement there would be in a girl's school when one of the girls became engaged. At the end of her year of apprenticeship the novice undergoes a mysterious initiation rite, extremely ancient in origin, mystic and barbaric, a fanatically guarded secret in the geisha world. During this rite the girl's cherished long tresses are cut and she spends the night with her future protector, who has paid the organization a fabulous sum for the privilege. The following morning, wearing the symbols of her new status—a wig, and a plain white collar under her kimono, as opposed to the colored one worn by the virgin apprentices—she makes her rounds of the various teahouses, ceremoniously informing the people of the quarter that she is now a full-fledged geisha.

After the excitement of the festivities, she enters into the routine of geisha life—lessons in the morning, visits, appointments with the silk merchant or the hairdresser in the afternoon, and the never-ending parties which start in the late afternoon and continue sometimes to the small hours of the morning. If her protector is rich, he may buy her a home outside the quarter, where she can live with her parents or relatives. But her relentless schedule continues just the same, and the organization continues to take 20 per cent of her earnings, though now it is her patron who buys her kimonos and pays her extra expenses.

ONCE again it is difficult for a Western man to understand just what the Japanese patron gains from such an arrangement. He doesn't live with the geisha, indeed, he may see her only once a month. He must pay fantastic sums for her kimonos (one geisha, for the New Year's Festival this year, wore a brilliant red kimono for use during that week only which cost over $500) and settle all her bills. If children are born as a result of their union he must treat them as if they were his legitimate offspring—as indeed they are by Japanese custom—and be responsible for their education.

In exchange he has a charming and witty companion, a complete change from the wife he married at his family's will. And though he may love this wife, he feels the need for another kind of woman (or so many Japanese men have told me)—a worldly, beautiful woman who knows how to flatter and captivate. Even if in later years he takes a third "wife," the geisha remains eternally loyal to him and he to her; she is his responsibility for life. If she has a daughter (and now that I think of it, practically all the children I saw playing on the streets of Ponto-cho were girls) she too will become a geisha, without discussion or tragedy. That is the way things are and have always been in Ponto-cho.

And now it is three o'clock in the afternoon. The doors of a teahouse slide open and a Ponto-cho girl slips out and hobbles off toward the bath house. As she comes toward me, her shoulders swinging gracefully, one tiny hand clasped tight to the hem of her kimono, her whole body poised sideways and back as if she were on the verge of a curtsy, she makes a low bow and examines me slyly with eyes downcast. And I think to myself: Yes, you are a monster. But I know that she is also a goddess, in whose company it is inspiring to bask—for a short time. But woe to the man who considers her an ordinary mortal woman and lingers too long at her side.

What a Secretary of State Really Does

Dean Acheson

Recently I was asked what, in my judgment, was the function of the man sitting in that somewhat forbidding office—which someone described as looking like the second-class dining-room on the *Europa*—with "Secretary of State" over the door. It was a hard question and produced a long answer, for he has not one function but many. One of the most important is his relation with the Department of State, which means with the several thousand men and women who comprise the departmental and foreign services.

The direction of the conduct of the foreign relations of the United States rests and must rest with the President of the United States. In him and upon him is the power and responsibility for decision. If he is to perform his duties in the wisest and most effective way, his Secretary of State must be his principal adviser in this field. The President will, and should, seek advice from whatever quarters he wishes. He will consult with and listen to many persons. But the Secretary of State should be privy to all his thoughts and to him should be given the last clear chance for advice before action. To perform this role places a grave responsibility on the Secretary for the advice and information he gives. Where and how will he get it?

The occasions when Secretaries of State have extruded their advice out of their own heads or from those of a few intimates do not encourage emulation. The formulation of judgment as to facts, probabilities, policy, and action calls for institutional effort for which there is at the Secretary's hand one of the most effective instruments in the world—the Department of State. For the sweep of the matters which should go into the making of most judgments is so vast, they are so interrelated and complex, require such depth of particularized knowledge, and call for such synthesis that no single mind or small group of minds is adequate for the quantitative thinking required. Too much must be held in suspension awaiting the catalyst of decision. The organized and disciplined work of many highly trained and experienced minds is necessary.

This is what the Department of State is equipped to provide. How effective it will be in use will depend upon the Secretary's relations with it.

It is elementary, and should not detain us, that the Secretary should regard his fellow-workers as colleagues whose unique importance is their experience, their capacity to think freely and candidly on the facts as they see them, and to advise without regard to the present or imagined future popularity of their advice. He is dealing with people whose competence and contribution is in the realm of the mind, and their minds must remain free. This freedom cannot exist in an atmosphere of bullying, suspicion, intimidation, or officially prescribed values and attitudes.

The Secretary wants and needs their inspired best, and it is he who must evoke it. He must be their protector and inspirer, their critic, the appreciator of excellence, harsh toward shoddiness or conclusions contrived to comply with currently accepted notions. He cannot be aloof. He must share and guide their thought, partake of their perplexities. He must give as well as receive. His mind must enter into their minds and theirs into his, so that the product of their common work is advice which the government of this nation can wisely and practically put into execution in the world as it is.

—From a Foreword to a forthcoming book by Louis J. Halle, *Civilization and Foreign Policy*.

The man on the couch was a young government scientist who presented his analyst with a curious problem—he believed, quite simply, that he was living part of his life on another planet. A more extended version of this case history will be published in Dr. Lindner's forthcoming book, The Fifty-Minute Hour.

The Jet-Propelled Couch

Part I: The Man Who Traveled Through Space

Robert Lindner

The chair behind the psychoanalyst's couch is not the stationary object it seems. I have traveled all over the orld on it, and back and forth in time. But remained for Kirk Allen to take me out this world when he transformed the couch my consulting room into a space ship.

My tale begins on a sultry June morning Baltimore with a telephone call from a ysician at a government installation in the uthwest. He said he was calling about a tient whom he wished to refer to me.

"This fellow is a man in his thirties," he id, " a research physicist with us out here. s far as I can tell, he's perfectly normal in ery way except for a lot of crazy ideas about ving part of the time in another world—on nother planet. Washington sent him out to a key job, and until a few weeks ago he was ing great guns. But lately he's out of con- ct with the work so much and for so long at something's got to be done about it."

"How did you find out about his ideas?" asked. "Did he complain to you or what?"

"No," the doctor replied. "Allen—the tient's name is Kirk Allen—thinks it's all rfectly natural. Of course, he's sorry about e drop in departmental efficiency. Says—get is—says he'll *try to spend more time on this anet!* His department chief sent him to me, nd frankly I can't handle it. I'm just an dinary medical man. That's why I'm call- g you. You see, Allen is under contract. 'e're required to provide medical services r him, but we're not set up here for his nd of case. However, we'd be responsible for all his expenses. I'd like to send him on to you."

I hesitated. "Tell me," I said, "is it your impression Allen requires hospitalization?"

"Oh no," he replied quickly. "I'd say this . . . fantasy, I guess you'd call it, is a perfectly innocuous business. I mean, Allen appears to be completely unaffected by it most of the time."

After a little more hesitation, I agreed at least to interview him.

Kirk Allen walked into my office three days later. Any speculations I had had about him as a "mad scientist" evaporated when I saw him. A vigorous man of average height, clear-eyed and blond, his seersucker unwrinkled and his panama encircled with a gay band, he looked like a junior executive. His manner, as he introduced himself and we made some initial small talk about the weather and his flight East, was charming. He spoke with just enough diffidence to let me know that the situation he now found himself in was slightly embarrassing.

His pleasant, well-modulated baritone voice intrigued me from the first. Although his speech was unmistakably American, it had a vaguely foreign, musical lilt. This observation I chose as the point of entrance for my clinical examination of him.

"You were not born in the United States, were you, Mr. Allen?" I said.

"No," he answered, "but how did you know?"

"The way you talk. I would suspect you spoke a softer language at one time."

"You're right," he said. "My first language was a Polynesian dialect, but I thought it was pretty well hidden. Does it annoy you?"

"Not at all," I said. "As a matter of fact, I find it quite pleasant. Tell me, how did it happen?"

"My father," he said, "was a naval officer. I was born in Hawaii, where he was stationed when the first world war broke out. My nurse until I was six years old was a Polynesian woman, and it was her dialect I learned to speak as a small child. Later my father was Commissioner on one of the small mandated islands. . . ."

KIRK ALLEN was the only child of his parents' marriage. His father, already an old man when Kirk was born, had been married previously and was even then a grandfather. Kirk recalled him as a man of imposing presence, proud, taciturn, stern. From those about him he exacted absolute, immediate obedience, for which the only reward was a gruff monosyllabic acknowledgment or, in Kirk's case, a tousling of the boy's hair with his heavy hand. To cross this old man was dangerous. The walking stick he carried was never out of his grasp; there was no one on the island, except his wife and the transient white governesses, who did not at some time feel its weight. And yet, Kirk said, something about his father was warm and kind. That quality was remembered in later years chiefly through the boy's sense of smell; a blend of tobacco, whisky, leather, and salt air would evoke, for Kirk, a poignant picture of the aging gentleman who was seldom seen out of naval uniform, who conducted his home and "his island" like the wardroom of a battleship.

Kirk's mother was at least thirty-five years younger than the Commodore—as his father was called—and temperamentally his opposite. Her father had been a wealthy diplomat who had served in most of the European capitals and died under tragic, somewhat scandalous circumstances in Italy. Soon afterward her mother, who could not tolerate the revelations following his death, retired to Honolulu with her daughter, then eighteen. There the girl, under constant supervision, fell into a kind of apathy. Then she met the elderly widower and after a brief courtship married him, perhaps, Kirk now speculated, as a desperate means of escaping from her mother.

Immediately after her marriage Mrs. Allen recovered her natural ebullience. The Commodore was indulgent with his beautiful young wife and their home rapidly became Honolulu's social center and remained so through the war years, although the Commodore was not often present.

KIRK was born in 1918, and immediately after his birth the family went to Paris, where his father was assigned for duty at the peace negotiations. After about a year, he was re-assigned to Hawaii, and shortly after appointed Commissioner over a mandated island. There was, Kirk later heard, some question about accepting this assignment. His parents were reluctant to exchange the comfortable life of Honolulu for the rigors of existence on a remote outpost. They agreed, however, to accept the appointment for one year in order not to prejudice a long record of excellent government service.

The first year of their stay on the island both the Commodore and his wife were busy, he with administrative duties and she with welfare projects for the natives. When the year ended the Commodore put in for a replacement. His still very young wife joyously anticipated the return to more civilized society. But the days of anxious expectation stretched into weeks before, finally, the Commodore was informed that his application for replacement had been denied.

At this collapse of her hopes, Kirk's mother reverted to her premarital apathy and went into a decline of spirits from which she did not recover for more than ten years. For a time she spent her energies in quarreling with her husband, vainly urging him to resign, and refusing to consider his suggestion that she and her child return to Hawaii. Obviously needful of his paternal protection, she chose instead to accept the situation resentfully. She abandoned the projects she had begun and withdrew from all social intercourse. Whereas she had formerly taken at least a supervisory interest in Kirk, she now left him completely in the charge of servants. Her relations with the Commodore became merely formal: she would emerge from her room only at dinner time and retire as soon as the meal ended. She became a shadowy, mys-

terious figure in Kirk's life—someone unknown and apart.

The only other significant human relationships Kirk had during childhood and early adolescence were with his Hawaiian nurse, the native women who took charge of him after her death, and the few white women whom his father employed from the United States.

Myna, the Hawaiian nurse, was the first and most important influence on Kirk's development. She had come to the family as a wet nurse for the infant and remained to mother him until the end of his sixth year. Kirk's recollection of her as a person is unclear, but the feelings evoked by her memory are sweet and strong.

She was a dark-skinned, buxom young Polynesian matron who had come down from the hill country to seek employment in Honolulu just at the time Kirk was born. She could speak only a few words of English but was bright and intelligent and took over the mothering of the infant the moment she saw him. Not only was he nourished from her huge bosom, but from her vast placidity and comforting presence he obtained everything his real mother denied. During the day she was hardly separated from him for a moment, and at night her warm nakedness engulfed him. In every way Myna treated Kirk as her child, rearing him in her own tradition.

One day a visitor expressed surprise that Kirk prattled only in the dialect of his nurse. That brought the situation to the attention of Kirk's mother, and for a few months Myna was given other duties. As a result, Kirk learned the rudiments of English and was slowly—but only slightly—transformed into a passable facsimile of a "civilized" child. When Kirk recalled this period of re-education, he remembered it as a painful experience in which the world seemed to close in on him, and his freedom was constrained by clothes and shoes and the worry of keeping clean.

But his mother could not maintain her enthusiasm for the new regime. Gradually, Myna recovered her place. After that, however, the nurse kept a weather eye on the amenities of the speech, clothing, manners, and habits of her charge, and was careful to insure that Kirk—when his parents were about, at least—appeared to be a child of their culture rather than hers.

Participation in this conspiracy only deepened the love between Kirk and his nurse. Except for a few hours each day when the boy attended a school organized by his mother for the native children and taught by the wife of an Army officer, he never left Myna's side. She died suddenly when he was six years old, and the space in his life left by her death was never filled.

There were no other white children on the island, so until he was fourteen Kirk did not see another boy or girl like himself. While outwardly this curious condition seemed to have no significance, it led to internal perplexity. Throughout childhood and early adolescence he was haunted by the difference between himself and his companions—a difference not solely of skin color but of social heritage and the innumerable subtleties of life.

While he could communicate with his playmates more directly and more fully than he could with his own family, he was still set apart from them and different. This produced a split in his personality that generated two contradictory views of self and world. On the one side, he developed a feeling of inferiority and a sense of having been rejected for good cause. The native world, with its warmth and communal cohesiveness, admitted him only half way. While he longed to share in it totally, he could not; and he naturally attributed this to some defect in himself, to some profound but undiscoverable fault.

On the other side, Kirk developed an internal sense of superiority. Because of the deference accorded him as a white boy, the son of the Commissioner, and because he was not permitted to take the final step toward total community with his native associates, a conviction of difference and special election was born in him. A private sense of distance between himself and all other inhabitants of the world grew: he *was* different and better, he told himself; therefore he was entitled to special treatment.

Between six and nine Kirk was cared for by a succession of native women. These women, he remembers, were cut from the same pattern as his lost Myna, but unlike

her, they had other preoccupations, often children of their own, and they cared for him dutifully rather than from love.

AT NINE began the parade of governesses, brought out to educate Kirk. There were four or five of them: each remained the better part of a year; all but one left because of boredom. The job of educating Kirk was the single responsibility of each governess; nevertheless, it was onerous. He had an overwhelming curiosity and, even then, an insatiable intellectual appetite. By nine, despite a slow start and casual teaching, he was far advanced in his ability to read and comprehend. Forced to seek substitutes for significant interpersonal relationships and experiences, he found in reading his only way of apprehending the world. Carefully, painfully, but later with amazing ease, he plowed his way through everything readable on the island. The sorry textbooks used in the school, the religious tracts sent by missions, the volumes in the library of a resident Catholic priest, the paper-backs discarded by sailors from vessels that put in for various reasons, the novels brought out by wives of transient island personnel, his father's naval, engineering, navigational, and gunnery manuals—all these he devoured, not once but many times over. Merely to keep up with his spongelike mind demanded more of the governesses than they were prepared to give. The best they could do was to organize and discipline what he already knew.

Only two of these women made any real impression on Kirk. One was his first governess, a middle-aged widow whose passion for cleanliness was pathological and whose hatred and mistrust of the natives amounted to hysteria. From the moment she arrived until the day she left Kirk's life was a hell of prohibitions and negative commands. She insisted on physical cleanliness to a degree beyond reason and imbued Kirk with such dread of contamination from his familiar, innocuous surroundings that he literally threaded his way through the world like a cat on a sideboard. Because she considered the native children "filthy niggers," Kirk was forbidden even to converse with his friends. After she went he was again free to consort with the children, but he could never recover his sense of easy naturalness with them.

Because of this woman—"Sterile Sally" Kirk called her during his analysis—he was pushed more deeply inside himself. As a consequence, his fantasy life—until then of a fashion and degree usual among lonely children—increased sharply. Daydreaming now came to occupy much of his time, and there appeared those lavish, imaginative reconstructions of the world which were to be so significant for him.

The initial fantasy that he toyed with during Sterile Sally's residence and for some while thereafter was a childish hodgepodge, constructed from odd remnants of reading. He identified himself with characters from the *Oz* books, for example, and mentally played out a cordial existence in a friendlier, more exciting world. What is important about this primary experience is that it unfolded the imaginative facility and technique of mental detachment which he developed to astonishing proportions in adulthood.

WHEN he was eleven a new governess entered Kirk's life, a young woman whom he recalls as quite attractive, who remained only long enough to introduce the boy to sex—and to run off with the schoolteacher's husband. Here is Kirk's story of his sexual education:

"You must remember that on the island kids mature more rapidly than here and sex is treated in another way. Sex play, for example, is not only open but encouraged by adults of the native community. The natural curiosity of kids is unchecked and the exploration of one another's bodies—which here children do in secret—is conducted openly. Matter of fact, the adults, if they attend to it at all, do so with amusement. Later, of course, the whole thing is surrounded with odd taboos because of their involved kinship regulations, but none of these apply before a certain age. The loin cloth is the only article of clothing worn by men, while the women wear only a skirt or, if they work around whites, a loose dress. Until ceremonial initiation for boys and marriage for girls, children ordinarily wear nothing except when they go to school or church. I imagine things are different now, but when I lived there that's the way it was.

"Anyhow, kids know all about sex from the beginning, and although the adults showed

a certain restraint when I was around, in this area the kids accepted me wholly and I participated in their sex play.

"When Miss Lilian arrived—that was her name I now remember—I was, at least by her standards, a sexual sophisticate, although I hadn't actually had intercourse. I was well developed sexually. She noticed this and commented on it when she gave me my first bath. It wasn't long before she took to undressing before me—exhibiting herself, I guess you'd call it—in a way I had never seen any woman behave. Native women and girls certainly never acted that way. Even in their complete nakedness there was a kind of modesty—or maybe it was just unconcern. But I soon understood that Miss Lilian was urging me on—and she succeeded.

"I REMEMBER I first tried to hide my reaction—not out of shame, you understand. It couldn't have been shame because shame and sex, then, had nothing to do with each other. Shame among the natives was connected with other things—eating in the presence of others except at ceremonial banquets, failure to pay a debt, neglecting to employ the correct form of address to someone, doing anything taboo. So what I felt when I reacted watching Miss Lilian wasn't shame. Now I think it might have been a feeling of wrongfulness, a sort of prescience of danger that this would betray me into behavior I should avoid.*

"Needless to say, Miss Lilian spotted my aroused state before I could hide it—and that was that. And after that, she was insatiable.

"How did I feel about this? Well, I was of two minds. I'd be lying if I said I didn't enjoy some of it; but I'd be lying even more if I said it was all pleasure. There were times when I had to run away, lock her out of my room, or even threaten to tell the Commodore. Even worse was the physical debility. When I was unable to respond she would get furious. Sometimes she would beat me, claw at me with her nails, bite me.

"If she had remained on the island much longer than she did, Miss Lilian, I think, would have headed into real trouble. However, the schoolteacher's husband, an Army officer, came along. I don't recall much about that. She sneaked off to see him a few times, and then one morning both of them were gone. Apparently they bribed the master of one of the merchant vessels and were smuggled aboard just before the ship sailed. She didn't even say good-by and I can't say I was much distressed about her going."

WITH Miss Lilian gone, Kirk returned to his usual pursuits with an even greater sense of isolation. Brief as her stay had been, she had brought about an almost complete severance of the boy from his playmates, for she had demanded his constant presence, his total preoccupation. After she left, there was no way of closing the gap.

Other factors, also, now alienated Kirk. His experiences with the governess had catapulted him into premature adulthood beyond the range of his friends and he could not have achieved fellowship with them even if they had been willing. Most important of all, he unconsciously assisted his own alienation. It became his self-punishment for an awful, ever-present sense of guilt, and this, in turn, exacerbated the inferiority he already suffered. In a dim, and at that time inexplicable, way the boy became plagued with a kind of horror of his actions, a horror that can be compared with what the natives of his island felt when they trespassed the boundaries of taboo. His relationship with the native culture in which he was reared had deeply affected him: in his soul he was an islander. Therefore, his sexual behavior with the white woman, to whom he was related psychologically by common color and origins, was tantamount to incest, to a crossing of the invisible line no person of that culture could cross without punishment, sometimes inflicted by the group, more often by the person on himself. So, feeling that he had "sinned," Kirk chose to expiate his guilt by separation from society.

In his isolation Kirk returned to his books and to the fantasies he had largely aban-

*Later Kirk understood this feeling he so painfully tried to describe during our first interviews. Both the feeling and its significance became clear when, during analysis, it was revealed that Miss Lilian was the first and only woman with whom Kirk had had intercourse. She was, of course, taboo for him, as were all white women—a consequence of his deeply unconscious incestuous fears. So the feeling Kirk was talking about is really connected with guilt—which explains not only this incident but its drastic immediate as well as long-term consequences.

domed during Miss Lilian's residence. From the stories he read he constructed another and different universe, peopled with characters from the tales of his favorite authors. In the beginning such fantasies were random, fitful, inconsistent, and loosely constructed, as most daydreams tend to be. He did not concentrate on any given set of characters, events, or places, but freely developed whatever took his fancy. All that changed in his twelfth year when a trivial coincidence altered his life.

One day a large crate of books was delivered to the mission house and Kirk was invited to borrow whatever he wished. Instead of the usual collection of sermons, dog-eared children's books, sets of inspirational essays, and obscure biographies, this shipment contained many novels, including a whole set by a highly imaginative and prolific writer.

THE first book Kirk read was a novel by a famous English author whose acquaintance he had already made through other books which he had enjoyed immensely. He had hardly begun reading this new one when he suddenly became aware that the name of the hero was the same as his own. As he describes it, "A kind of shock ran through me: for a minute I felt completely disoriented." This feeling dissolved rapidly and he read with greater interest, finding himself intent and involved as never before. When he finished the book—the same day he had begun it—he turned immediately to the first page and read it through again. After a third reading he finally set the book aside.

Several days later the experience of encountering a fictional character bearing his name was repeated—this time in a volume of semi-philosophical reflections by an American stylist of the 1920s. The discovery once more shocked Kirk: it led him into passionate participation in the book, followed by so many rereadings that parts of it were automatically committed to memory.

It was not long after these two experiences that Kirk once again came across his own name applied to another character of fiction. This time, however, the experience caused no shock. Kirk says, "I think I expected it somehow, and when it happened it was as if I had known it all the time and was finding something that had been lost." On this occasion the character who bore his name was the protagonist in a long series of fantasies by an American author. Through volume after volume of strange and adventurous tales this figure wove a perilous way as all-conquering hero—a prototype for the modern Superman. Fascinated, Kirk followed. And soon there came about in him an uncanny transformation which can only be described in his own words:

"As I read about the adventures of Kirk Allen in these books the conviction began to grow on me that the stories were not only true to the very last detail but that they were about *me*. In some weird and inexplicable way *I knew that what I was reading was my biography*. Nothing in these books was unfamiliar to me: I recognized everything—the scenes, the people, the furnishings of rooms, the events, even the words that were spoken. My everyday life began to recede at this point. In fact, it became fiction—and, as it did, the books became my reality."

Kirk read the numerous volumes of his "biography" over and over again. Soon he no longer needed the books "to refresh my memory," but was able to recapitulate them entirely in his mind. While his corporeal body was living the life of a mundane boy, the vital part of him was far off on another planet, courting beautiful princesses, governing provinces, warring with strange enemies. Now, using his "biographer's" material as a base, he took off on his own. Assisted by the maps, charts, diagrams, architectural layouts, genealogical schemes, and timetables he had painstakingly worked out while using the books for his guide, he filled in spaces between the volumes with fantasy "recollections" of his own; and when this was done, he began the task of his life: that of picking up where his "biographer" had left off and recording the subsequent history of the heroic Kirk Allen.

WHEN Kirk was fourteen his father died. Almost immediately his mother awakened from her ten-year apathy and prepared to leave the island. She arranged for Kirk to be admitted to a preparatory school in the Eastern part of the United States, accompanied him there, and when satisfied that he had settled in the school, left to begin a restless Odyssey. For fifteen years thereafter, until she died on an island

f the Greek coast, she moved around the orld. Only occasionally during these years d she visit Kirk, and then but briefly; nor d she write to him except to discuss finan- al matters.

Meanwhile, Kirk entered a new type of xistence, very different from the one he had nown, yet marked as before by loneliness nd isolation. He found it all but impossible relate himself to his schoolfellows, and though he made a few friends at school—nd later at the university—he was unable to nter into real companionship with anyone. e devoted himself to his studies, in which e progressed with amazing rapidity, and to ne development of his fantasies. During holi- ays he either remained at school or visited ne homes of his stepbrothers. Occasionally e went on solitary walking tours.

At nineteen he entered one of the great astern universities. Here his interests solidi- ed and he began to prepare for a career in ience. Three years later he matriculated for dvanced study. After the first semester he as given a research fellowship under the int auspices of the university and the U. S. overnment. When he completed the require- ents for his doctoral degree he was mustered to military service and assigned to a special roject then approaching a significant con- usion. When the second world war ended n a manner that had something to do with irk's work) he was discharged. There fol- wed a year of study abroad under a much- veted grant. When he returned he was nvited to join the project at X Reservation.

THROUGHOUT the years between the dis- covery of his "biography" and his ap- pearance in my office in Baltimore, a ge segment of Kirk's time and a portion of s mind were devoted to the detailed de- lopment of his abiding fantasy. Whenever was not totally preoccupied with scholastic scientific work—and often even then, since fantasy and his research interests (and ignments) coincided in certain ways—he s engaged in weaving an ever more closely it imaginative mental life, the main lines of ich were dictated by the recorded "biog- phy." Here is how Kirk described it:

'As you know, I became convinced the oks were about me, that somehow the thor had obtained a knowledge of my life. So the first thing I had to do was remember, and it seemed to me that I actually recalled everything he described. It was, of course, a curious position to be in—an adolescent boy remembering the adventures of himself as a grown man. But I got around this difficulty by convincing myself that the books had been composed in the future and had been sent back by some means into the present for my instruction. It's hard to explain, but I soon developed the notion—now a favorite one with science-fiction writers—of the co-existence of temporal dimensions so that the past and the future are simultaneous with the present.

"My first effort, then, was to remember. I started by fixing in my mind, and later on paper in the forms of maps, genealogical tables, and so on, what the author of my biography had put down. When I had this mastered, by remembering I was able to correct his errors, fill in many details, and close gaps between one volume of the biography and the next.

"AFTER some time I became bored with reliving my future life and intrigued with the question of what was going to happen to Kirk Allen—or, from where I sat, what *had* happened to him—after the place at which the writer's biography ended. So I set myself the task of remembering what was going to happen to me beyond the point reached by my biographer. There were no guide-lines for this, so the job became terribly difficult. One of the great difficulties, by the way, was to distinguish between imagination and recall. I knew how easy it would be merely to imagine a future for Kirk Allen and fool myself into believing it. But I wanted truth—curious as this may seem to you—and I determined doggedly only to remember.

"I discovered that always when I imagined, some small detail, usually an insignificant thing, was out of place: but when I *remembered*, everything fit. For many years I devoted myself to this operation—indeed, until I returned from abroad and began work on the project I was on when I came here.

"When, as I said, I got back from Europe the whole business took a new turn. One night soon after moving to X Reservation I was preparing a map of a territory Kirk Allen had explored during an expedition to a planet in

another galaxy. Somehow the details refused to come clear, although I had a vivid memory of flying over the territory at a fairly low altitude and taking stereoscopic photographs of it. I also remembered that when I arrived back at my home planet from this adventure, I gave a set of the pictures to the proper scientists at the Intergalactic Institute, but kept copies of the originals for myself. I even remembered exactly where they were—in a filing cabinet in a secret room in my palace. Well, the unfinished map lay before me on my drafting board, while the information I needed to correct and complete the map was more remote from me in space than the farthest star I could see, and far ahead of me in time. It was the first time I had encountered such a situation—ordinarily my memory served me perfectly—and I was as frustrated as I have ever been. I thought of those blasted photographs stuck away there in a place no one but me could get to, and then I thought: 'If only . . . if only I were there, right now, I would go directly to those files and get those pictures!'

"No sooner had I given voice to this thought than my whole being seemed to respond with a resounding 'Why not?'—and in that same moment I *was* there!

"How can I explain this to you? One moment I was just a scientist on X Reservation bending over a drawing board in a clapboard BOQ in the middle of an American desert—the next moment I was Kirk Allen, lord of a planet in an interplanetary empire in a distant universe, garbed in the robes of his exalted office, rising from the carved desk he had been sitting at, walking toward a secret room in his palace, going over to a filing cabinet in a recess in the wall, extracting an envelope of photographs, and studying the pictures with intense concentration.

"It was over in a matter of minutes, and I was again at the drawing board. But I knew the experience was real; and to prove it I now had a vivid recollection of the photograph and no trouble at all completing the map.

"You can imagine how this experience affected me. I was stunned by it, shaken to the core, but excited as I had never been. In some way I could not comprehend, by merely desiring it to be so, I had crossed the immensities of Space, broken out of Time, and merged with—literally become—that distant and future self whose like I had until now been remembering. Don't ask me to explain. I can't, although God knows I've tried! Have I discovered the secret of teleportation? Do I have some special psychic equipment? Some unique organ or what Charles Fort called a 'wild talent'? Damned if I know!

The River Glideth . . .

ANTHONY OSTROFF

By this bright bank the easy noon
Does keep the fisher and his song.
The smallest current speaks.

Brown or green the water moves.
The fisher casts his line for love.
The solstice comes, and lasts.

Alone, where trees stretch deep their
roots,
Long lovers lain in touch with depths,
He lays him down in shade,

Listening where the silver fish
Unseen explain the water's wash
Of brown and silver age.

The river glideth in a secret tongue.

Where lovers lay ten years ago
The sun gives no command to do.
By water all things grow.

The slow day's celebration spins
Its line about all scenes, and man
Reflects the length of time.

Drawn down to watery shade he hears
No sound but eternal vespers and all
The great riches of tears.

Long fisher in the noon he lies
Where all his frailest lines are loose
And finds attachments there.

The river glideth in a secret tongue
And doth flow deep the summer long.

"From that night on I have spent more nd more time being the Kirk Allen of the ıture. At any time, no matter where I am or 'hat I am doing, I can will to be him, and t once I am. Now, you see, I no longer have) depend on memory: I actually live what ıe future Kirk Allen lives; and return here) amend or add to the biography, to the ıaps and tables and other stuff I will give you) examine. Please don't ask me how I get ack to this present self—I can't tell you any ıore than I can tell you how I *become* him y merely wishing. When I am him, I don't :em to know of this earthly self—I guess I've)rgotten it somehow—so I could not wish to :turn. It just happens—that's all . . .

"But there is one thing more I should tell)u, and that is that I am aware of a great isparity in the passage of time between vents in the lives of these two selves. My xistence here, in this present, goes at a pace)u'd call normal; while as Kirk Allen of the ıture time goes fast, seems compressed. What mean is that the time I spend as *him*—though as him I experience it at a normal ace—compresses into only minutes on the ock my mundane self keeps. So I live per-aps a year or more as *that* Kirk Allen in a w minutes of *this* Kirk Allen's time. But hat got me into trouble, I think, and led to y being sent here, is the fact that I've been)ending more and more of my time as the her Kirk Allen, leading more and more the fe there, going more frequently and staying nger. I don't think I can be blamed for this his is such an exciting life compared with ine; but of course I have a job to do ere . . ."

The life history of Kirk, as I have set it down, took some days to obtain. The chief difficulty was that he regarded mself as completely normal. He acknowl-lged, of course, that his experiences were traordinary; but he believed that they were ıe to some unknown psychic quality or)ility with which he had somehow been endowed. Why this should interest anyone else, especially why it should cause such a fuss, he could not understand.

From our initial talks, I received two impressions. The first was of Kirk's utter madness; the second, of the life-sustaining necessity of his psychosis. Regarding the former, what was of paramount significance to me as a therapist was Kirk's inability to comprehend his mental abnormality (or, to put it another way, the abnormality of his experience). For the most part psychotics are aware of their disturbance—either because it itself makes them suffer or because others make them suffer for it. In only the rarest circumstance does a mentally afflicted person escape suffering, and hence an acute knowledge of his own disorder. Kirk was such a one: his madness was a private one, an insanity nourished in and by the isolation he had known since early childhood. And what he experienced—now that his psychosis had, so to speak, been made public—was not of a distressful nature: the shock expressed by his supervisor and the doctor at X Reservation only amused him. Against the wall of Kirk's absolute conviction of his own sanity, I was, at first, completely helpless.

My second impression—that Kirk's very life was sustained wholly by his madness—rendered his case even more difficult to handle. It is true that every psychosis represents a life-saving maneuver on the part of the individual—is in other words his way of solving the conflict between the world and himself. Yet in practically every instance there remains some area of life that—through therapy or otherwise—can be made to yield satisfactions comparable to those available to the person through his madness. In the case of Kirk, it seemed, there was none. What, after all, could compete with the unending gratifications of his fantasy? I knew, in short, that without the fantasy Kirk could not *be*—that he *was* only in his dramatic imaginative life. How, then, could he be restored to sanity and yet remain alive?

Next month in the concluding installment, Dr. Lindner will relate the details of Kirk Allen's treatment and the extraordinary outcome it had—for both analyst and patient.

The Young Man Who Came to Visit

A Story by Gretchen Finletter

June 11—Friday

LETTER arrives which proves agitating. Linda writes from college she is appearing a week later than originally planned. Friend is motoring her on last lap, and will remain for a few days. He is absolutely terrific. I will understand him but Daddy won't.

Charles reads this at least three times with an inflamed face. Asks me to point out a single creep who has pursued Linda in past whose character he has not grasped far more swiftly than I. Try to calm him down but am secretly flattered that Linda is aware of my quality of comprehension.

Linda's sisters Rachel and Cissie view visit from different angles. Rachel, aged thirteen, peeks into looking glass and runs small pocket comb through her new wave. Cissie, aged seven, says she is using the bathtub to exercise her goldfish and is unwilling to relinquish it again for a guest.

June 18—Friday

Long distance call from Linda who in a blissful voice tells me that she and Bowie—Bowie NORMAN, Mummie—will arrive in late afternoon.

Repeat to Charles who, though skeptical of name Bowie, on the whole takes it calmly. Concludes on what seems to me rather thin evidence that Bowie sounds like Varsity hero, part of a cheer, and in spite of Linda's comment he knows the type like the palm of his hand. All he will desire is exercise so Charles will arrange some men's doubles for tennis.



Point out that Bowie Norman is visiting Linda and that she may have other plans for his amusement but Charles replies that Linda has no net and he has yet to meet a man who does not prefer men's doubles.

June 20—Sunday

Rapture of all when at twilight Linda at wheel in black slacks and pink shirt drives in, with young man at her side. Dogs bark with excitement and I, filled with an emotion I cannot explain, hug and kiss her and tell her that she is too thin.

Linda in voice that is surprisingly low for her

usual protest, answers that it would not be like coming home if I had failed to say that.

Under Charles' supervision Bowie Norman backs car behind tree and introductions are made. Bowie is small and ashen colored and speaks in so hushed a voice that first impression is of one coming out of ether and having difficulty in articulating the words. Linda with manner of protective dove keeps large eyes fastened on Bowie's face and tunes own speech on same remote wave length so that at times tones of both appear to fade out 'due to circumstances beyond our control.'

Conclude, as have often before with young men from the age of thirteen on, that Bowie is shy and must be made to feel At Home. This is not helped when Cissie asks if the cat has got his tongue, Bowie says, Pardon? and Linda with vocal cords suddenly restored, cries, Cis, how dare you! Charles opportunely brings in tray of juleps and welcoming atmosphere again re-established.

Charles now raises his glass to Linda and says the Old Man has missed her. A lot of surprises for her here including re-surfaced tennis court. Big match tomorrow and your friend Bowie is to make a fourth.

The Dove with a whir of feathers as though distracting a serpent from a rabbit exclaims that Bowie is writing Thesis for his Ph.D., therefore no time for anything but work 'while we are here.' Last phrase highly disturbing and am only thankful that no one picks it up.

We sit down to supper and immediately plunge into account of recent events but give way to Rachel the most vociferous as she tells Linda of Aunt Julie's arrival, Toona's departure, Louise's home life, new kitchen, permanent wave, and what does Linda Honestly think about it?

Sense that Rachel's news broadcast has not been particularly favorably received, for Linda's response is to gaze at Bowie with rather curious look at which he ejaculates single word 'Maintenance' and gives her a compassionate smile.

Not unnaturally Charles asks what that means.

Maintenance, repeats Bowie—a generic term . . . a symbol . . . (voice fades).

Linda flies in, all feathers raised, crying. Bowie you are too modest—yes you are—it was sheer genius. You invented it—explain it to Dad.

Charles asks what the Hell they are talking about.

Bowie studies Charles for a few moments as though weighing his powers of comprehension and then begins in faint voice:

Maintenance, sir, is a Protest aimed at what one might call the civilized world of today. The Protest concerns itself with the delusion of this world that they know how to converse. (Can see that in spite of himself attention of Charles is arrested.) Many of the allegedly intelligent believe they are having a conversation when they are actually talking Maintenance. Maintenance as defined in this so-called Protest is the discussion of all material plans. The term includes talk of money, domestic problems, hospitality, alterations, plans for holidays, state of health, automobile, or wardrobe—the list is infinite. It may be necessary to discuss these practicalities but it is false to believe it is conversation.

There is complete paralysis at the table and Cissie looks as if she were about to cry.

The Sponsor of the Protest now gazes rather intently at Charles, and continues: According to our theory (It's *yours,* Bowie, you invented it) it is permissible to discuss the mundane provided, provided, sir, one labels it audibly as Maintenance and is not deluded into believing one is having a meeting of the minds.

Linda now clarifies it further. Let me give you some examples, Dad, so that you will really grasp it . . . By by-passing the parkways in the traffic hour I can make better time driving to the city . . . I believe in trading in a car every year for in that way in effect you rent a brand-new car for $294.00 . . . I have found an automatic coal feeding furnace is better than gas—ten minutes of details supplied. (Charles winces.)

Bowie contributes *sotto voce:* . . . I do not agree that the 17-inch television screen is as satisfactory as the larger model but I am going to wait for color anyhow.

There is again a stunned silence and creator of the Protest gives us a thread-like smile.

And what, asks Charles, is Conversation?

It is I would say, sir, the interchange of facts and ideas by the informed, given in disciplined style.

Linda gives a triumphant there I told you so glance at table as Bowie adds: But of course there has been no conversation in the Western World for two hundred years.

Do not like expression on face of Charles and try to give him grueling look of warning as he responds in controlled and non-committal voice: It is obvious, Bowie, that in your researches you have not read the memoirs of the nineteenth century.

Bowie however also appears to possess the art of hewing to the line and is undeflected by that which does not appear pertinent. He inquires of Linda: Would you not agree that the last renaissance of the art of conversation of which there is testimony occurred among the Encyclopædists—Voltaire, Madame du Deffand, etc., he adds in an exclamatory aside.

That's absolutely true, Bowie, is Linda's response.

Well, if it is so lost, like how to make old mosaics, why bother? suggests Rachel in a helpful voice.

CHARLES rises heavily and looking at Bowie says I have some work to finish, if you and Glaucon will excuse me. This subtle shaft however is spoiled by his signaling to me in rather obvious fashion from door to join him. Cissie asks Linda a little timidly if she and Bowie would like to play parchisi. Leave the Encyclopædists with Rachel and Cissie and take dogs on stroll in order to avoid Charles and then find him in hammock. Beg him to lower his voice.

In tones of stinging moderation Charles asks for how many days he is going to have to put up with this gas-bag? Explain that gas-bag is visiting Linda and I found his ideas enlivening. (Do not know why but am instinctively on opposite side of Charles when he attacks.)

Charles with an *et tu Brute* look inquires how I could conceivably be enlivened by this Demosthenes exhorting the Western World in a whisper to step up its mental intercourse to meet the criteria of said authority.

Repeat that I was enlivened and found it salutory to be made aware of how much I talk Maintenance in twenty-four hours.

We swing for a moment in hammock when Charles bursts out demanding how Linda—so level-headed, so astute—could have been taken in by such sophistry. Make error of telling him Rachel has already learned from Linda that Bowie is genius of University, and five publishers are struggling for Book called Philosophy of History, as yet unwritten.

Charles springs from hammock and says he is going to find Rachel. Beg him not to, as unfair to pump sister about sister.

Charles returns in three minutes leading Rachel.

RACHEL obviously flattered at being confidante and adviser to her parents sinks into hammock and informs us that (A) Linda in frightful state of nerves over what Bowie will think of family, especially—I am sorry—you, Dad; (B) Linda passionately in love; (C) Rachel not sure to what extent Bowie responds; (D) Linda learning typing to help Bowie with Thesis and Rachel must not repeat it but she believes he will ultimately become President of U. of C. or Harvard. Rachel adds that she has been in Bowie's room. He has four shirts, no top to his pajamas, picture of Linda on skis, and half a bottle of bourbon.

Charles listens in deepest concentration and asks what They are doing now. They, Rachel replies, are sitting in hall and Cissie is sitting with them.

Charles wakes me twice during night, once by lighting cigarette with three matches, the second time to ask if I am asleep and if I am not do I think I heard a car drive away?

Suggest he go downstairs and look which he does not do. Asks me what I think is happening to Education in our country? Does not wait for my views but exclaims two four-letter words which I completely understand. Finally inquires of me if I do not think it is rather late to get into an argument and he must get some rest. Immediately falls asleep and I toss and turn until dawn.

These observations on the modern temper—selected from a larger set of them—are the work of a California longshoreman, author of The True Believer, *who has made himself the master of the polished moral maxim.*

The Passionate State of Mind

Eric Hoffer

THERE is in all passions a shrinking away from ourselves. The passionate pursuer has all the earmarks of a fugitive. Passions have their root in that which is crippled, blemished, or insecure within us. The passionate attitude is less a response to stimuli from without than an emanation of an inner dissatisfaction.

A poignant dissatisfaction, whatever be its cause, is at bottom a dissatisfaction with ourselves. It is surprising how much hardship and humiliation a man will endure without bitterness when he has not the least doubt about his worth, or when he is so integrated with others that he is not aware of a separate self.

It is strange how the moment we have reason to be dissatisfied with ourselves we are set upon by a pack of insistent, clamorous desires. Is desire somehow an expression of the centrifugal force that tears and pulls us away from an undesirable self? A gain in self-esteem reduces considerably the pull of the appetites, while a crisis in self-esteem is likely to cause a weakening or a complete breakdown of self-discipline.

Asceticism is sometimes a deliberate effort to reverse a reaction in the chemistry of our soul: by surpressing desire we try to rebuild and bolster self-esteem.

There is even in the most selfish passion a large element of self-abnegation. It is startling to realize that what we call extreme self-seeking is actually self-renunciation. The miser, health addict, glory chaser, and their like are not far behind the true believer in the exercise of self-sacrifice. Every extreme attitude is a flight from the self.

It is not love of self but hatred of self which is at the root of the troubles that afflict our world.

II

HOWEVER much we guard ourselves against it, we cannot overcome the tendency to shape ourselves in the image other people have of us. The people we meet are the playwrights and stage managers of our lives: they cast us in a role, and we play it whether we will or not.

It is not so much the example of others we imitate as the reflection of ourselves in their eyes, and the echo of ourselves in their words.

The wisdom of others remains dull till it is writ over with our own blood. We are essentially apart from the world; it bursts into our consciousness only when it sinks its teeth and nails into us.

We almost always prove something when we act heroically. We prove it to ourselves and to others that we are not what we and they thought we were. Our real self is petty, greedy, cowardly, dishonest, and stewing in malice. And now in defying death and spitting in its eye we grasp at the chance of a grand refutation.

For all we know, the wholly harmonious individual might be without the impulse to push on, and without the compulsion to strive for perfection in any department of life. There is always a chance that the perfect society might be a stagnant society.

If it be true that the vigor of a society is proportionate to its capacity for enthusiasm, then the habit of insatiable desire can be as much a factor in maintaining social vigor as the dedication to ideals and holy causes.

A nation is "tired" when it ceases to want things fervently. It makes no difference whether this blunting of desire is due to satiety, reasonableness, or disillusion. To a tired nation the future seems barren, offering nothing which would surpass that which is and has been. The main effect of a real revolution is perhaps that it sweeps away those who do not know how to wish, and brings to the front men with insatiable appetites for action, power, and all that the world has to offer.

III

It is an evil thing to expect too much either from ourselves or from others. Disappointment with ourselves does not moderate our expectations from others; on the contrary, it raises them. It is as if we wished to be disappointed in our fellow men.

One does not really love mankind when one expects too much from them.

The remarkable thing is that we really love our neighbor as ourselves: we do unto others as we do unto ourselves. We hate others when we hate ourselves. We are tolerant toward others when we tolerate ourselves. We forgive others when we forgive ourselves. We are prone to torture and sacrifice others when we torture and sacrifice ourselves.

Perhaps our craving to change others is but a reflection of the craving to change ourselves. The self-dissatisfied are likely to be ardent reformers.

An uncompromising attitude is more an indication of inner uncertainty than of deep conviction. The implacable stand is directed more against the doubt within than the assailant without.

Rabid suspicion has nothing in it of skepticism. The suspicious mind believes more than it doubts. It believes in a formidable and ineradicable evil lurking in every person.

However unjust and unreasonable the attitude we assume toward others, we seem to set in motion an automatic process which works blindly to corroborate and justify that attitude. It is an awesome thing that when we expose people, however undeservedly, to prolonged hatred they tend to become hateful. Our prejudices, suspicions, and lies have this power to compel souls into a conforming pattern. It is as if the world, of its own accord, yields reasons for our unreasonable attitudes.

It has often been remarked that power corrupts. It is perhaps equally important to realize that weakness, too, corrupts. The most corrupt wielders of power are those who came up through the schools of weakness. Power usually corrupts the few, but weakness corrupts the many. Hatred, malice, rudeness, suspicion—are the fruits of weakness. The resentment of the weak does not spring from the injustice done to them but from the awareness of their own inadequacy and impotence. They do not crave justice but power. When it is in their power to do so, the weak destroy weakness wherever they see it. Woe to the weak when they are preyed upon by the weak! The self-hatred, too, of the weak is an instance of their hatred of weakness.

The sin of oppression is not in its injustice but in the sense of impotence it implants in the oppressed. It corrupts them absolutely.

Note also how perverse is the attitude of the weak toward their benefactors. They feel generosity as oppression; they want to retaliate. They say: "May the day come when you shall be weak, and we will send bundles to America."

IV

Some generations have patience and some are without it. This is perhaps the most crucial difference between eras. There s a time when the word "eventually" has the oothing effect of a promise, and a time when he word evokes in us bitterness and scorn.

In this godless age, as much as in any preeding religious age, man is still preoccupied vith the saving of his soul. The discrediting f established religions by enlightenment did ot result in a weakening of the religious imulse. A traditional religion canalizes and outinizes the quest for salvation. When such religion is discredited, the individual must o his own soul-saving, and he is at it twenty-our hours a day. There is an eruption of anaticism in all departments of life—business, olitics, literature, art, science, and even in ove-making and sport. The elimination of ie sacerdotal outlet results thus in a general nfection and inflammation of the social body.

A fateful process is set in motion when the ndividual is released "to the freedom of his wn impotence" and left to justify his existnce by his own efforts. The autonomous invidual, striving to realize himself and prove s worth, has created all that is great in literare, art, music, science, and technology. The utonomous individual, also, when he can either realize himself nor justify his existnce by his own efforts, is a breeding cell of ustration, and the seed of the convulsions hich shake our world to its foundations.

The individual on his own is stable only long as he is possessed of self-esteem. The aintenance of self-esteem is a continuous sk which taxes all of the individual's powers d inner resources. We have to prove our orth and justify our existence anew each day. hen, for whatever reason, self-esteem is untainable, the autonomous individual bemes a highly explosive entity. He turns way from an unpromising self and plunges to the pursuit of pride—the explosive substute for self-esteem. All social disturbances d upheavals have their roots in crises of invidual self-esteem, and the great endeavor in hich the masses most readily unite is basicy a search for pride.

Modern man is weighed down more by the burden of responsibility than by the burden of sin. We think him more a savior who shoulders our responsibilities than him who shoulders our sins. If instead of making decisions we have but to obey and do our duty, we feel it as a sort of salvation.

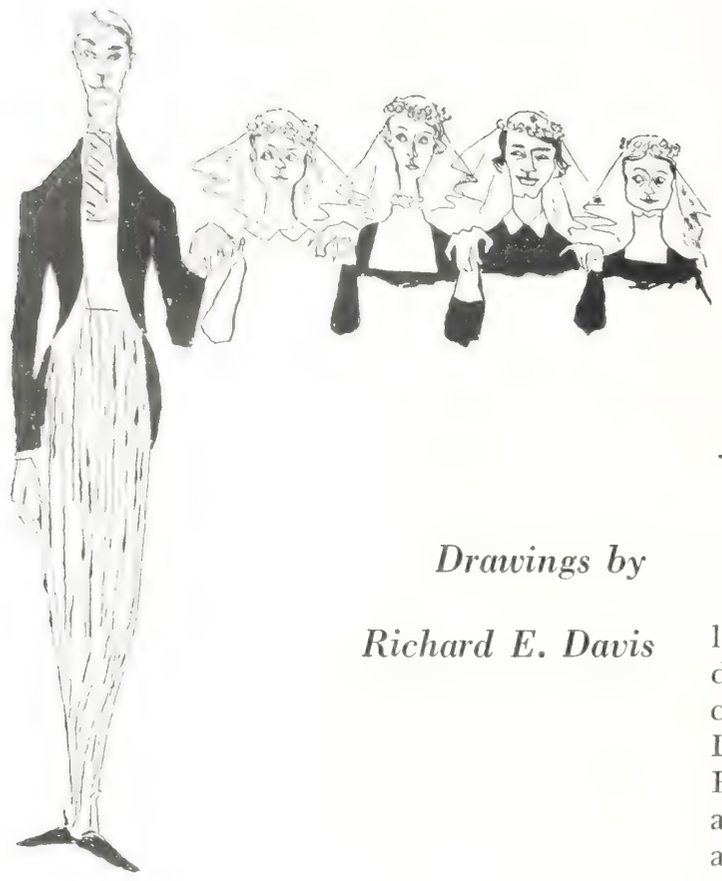
When a nation is subject to foreign domination its creativeness is as a rule meager. This is not due to a crippling of the "national genius" but to the fact that resentment against foreign rule so unites a nation that the potentially creative individual cannot attain the distinctness requisite for the full unfolding of his powers. His inner life is tinged and shaped by the feelings and preoccupations of the mass. Like the member of a primitive tribe, he exists not as an individual but as a member of a compact group.

Things are different in the case of resentment against domestic oppression. Provided the oppression is not of the thorough totalitarian brand, the individual may manifest his protest by asserting his distinctness and originality.

The conditions optimal for cultural creativeness seem to be a marked degree of individual differentiation; a modicum of economic well-being; absence of mass fervor whether religious, patriotic, revolutionary, business, or war; a paucity of opportunities for action; a milieu which recognizes and awards merit; and a degree of communal discipline.

The last point needs elucidation.

When people are free to do as they please, they usually imitate each other. Originality is deliberate and forced, and partakes of the nature of a protest. A society which gives unlimited freedom to the individual more often than not attains a disconcerting sameness. On the other hand, where communal discipline is strict but not ruthless—"an annoyance which irritates, but not a heavy yoke which crushes"—originality is likely to thrive. It is true that when imitation runs its course in a wholly free society it results in a uniformity which is not unlike a mild tyranny. Thus the fully standardized free society has perhaps enough of compulsion to challenge originality.



A Good Investment

A Story by Joyce Cary

Drawings by

Richard E. Davis

Old Mrs. Bill of Hunter's Green had three daughters, Daisy, Letty, and Francie, the youngest. Daisy is a spinster of fifty who travels round the world from one friend's house to another on cargo boats, busses, hitchhikes, and has, she says, a gorgeous time. She drinks a good deal when she can get it free, eats enormously, and loves a noise. Letty is married to a lawyer called Gordon Todd with a taste for archaeology which, it is said, has damaged his practice. They have two children, boy and girl, and Letty complains very much of their wildness, of all her housekeeping troubles and expenses. She spends much of her time in bed, and whenever the children or the husband are too much for her nerves, she telephones to her mother for Francie, who duly rushes over and takes charge of house, husband, and children for as long as Letty can keep her, that is, as long as her mother is ready to spare her. This is usually four days at the most.

Letty complains bitterly of her mother's selfishness when she recalls Francie even after a week. "What does she want with Francie—she has Mrs. Jones, and there's only herself to look after. And after all Mother is a good deal stronger than I am."

Mrs. Bill says that Letty is a poor spoiled lily and that she preys on Francie. But she does not excuse Francie for deserting her because she blames Francie for having spoiled Letty at the beginning. "There's no need for Francie to rush away at a word from Letty and it's very bad for Letty. But it's Francie's affair. I never interfere."

Francie says nothing. She has no time between her various duties of keeping Mrs. Jones the housekeeper in a good temper, managing her mother's parties; and she knows too that anything she said would only irritate Letty and bring from her mother the remark, "But why all the fuss? I never fuss, life is too short."

Francie Bill is a very small woman, about thirty-five years of age, with a big round forehead, deeply lined, small gray eyes, and a rather prominent round chin. Her mouth is good and it has a very serious expression, except when she laughs. She laughs with her whole face, causing her eyes to disappear and her wrinkles to deepen.

Some time ago Francie had a love affair, but for months no one even realized it except the lover. He was a widower with a daughter of nine. His name was Catto, aged forty-eight, partner in a printing firm, moderately well off, and, as he considered, good at life. That is to say, he knew how to make a success of most things. His marriage had been successful, but he was not at all afraid, like so many prudent citizens who have had lucky marriages, of taking another chance. He realized very well how much luck had gone to his first choice—his wife, actually on the honeymoon,

had changed into a different woman with exceedingly strong views on such delicate questions as where to live, how to decorate and manage a house, and which of her husband's friends were worth keeping up with. It was pure luck that he had agreed with her.

But he considered that a man of his age and experience would have more foresight in a second choice. He began to look round almost as soon as his wife was buried. He wanted above all a good housekeeper and a companion for his daughter—he was accustomed to good housekeeping and he distrusted nurses, even the most expensive. And he told himself that even from a financial point of view, the plan was justified. "With wages at their highest and service at its worst, a competent wife is actually a first-class investment."

And one day, by good luck, as he said afterwards, he met Daisy Bill at Wimbledon. He had barely settled himself on his stool in the morning queue, when a tall brown girl in a man's shirt, about three yards further down the row, called out loudly, "Bill, Bill," and then, "Daisy."

Catto as a small boy had known the Bill family very well. For three summers running they had shared the same lodgings at the seaside, and he had got on very well with Daisy especially, nearest to him in age. He had even fallen a good deal in love with Daisy at fifteen, during their last holiday together.

He thought, even before he identified the girl, "Daisy Bill, could it be the old Daisy, and not married? If Daisy really isn't married, then what about her? The right age, too old for babies, I don't want a rival to poor little Jean, and Daisy was really a very nice girl in a very nice way—good-natured, healthy, and she would probably have money too. As far as I can remember all the Bill girls had something coming from the aunt who married into toothpaste."

He looked round him, half stood up, and after a moment recognized Daisy. "She must be that huge red-faced woman with the cigarette-holder shaped like a pipe. She couldn't be anyone else with that nose and those eyes. Yes, there she is waving to her friend."

He excused himself to the neighbors and edged past them to present himself. Daisy knew him at once. She cried out in a voice to be heard ten yards away, "Good Lord, Tommy, Tom Cat!" and wrung his fingers in a powerful clasp. "But how wonderful, you haven't changed a bit. How extraordinary. What a bit of luck. You must join us." The neighbors in the queue, discreetly interested and pleased, with that almost family feeling which belongs to the Wimbledon queue, made way for his stool, and he joined the Bill party. It consisted now of Daisy, a little, thin, sharp woman who turned out to be a celebrated authoress, and the brown girl in the man's shirt who was a tennis star, a county champion.

Catto had been shocked by the change in Daisy's looks, but her greeting reassured him. He was reminded again of his old love, her easy good nature, her freedom from all those airs which in a girl of sixteen he most detested, touchiness and sudden changes of mood. He had told himself then that, with all her charm, she was as reliable a friend as any of the boys at school.

"Good heavens," Daisy said, breathing tobacco in his face, "do you remember those walks along the shore? And how you hated the kids for trailing after us?" She gave a loud laugh and then, dropping his hand, turned to the champion and exclaimed in a serious tone, as one who takes up again the more important affairs of life, "So you don't think much of Seixas' service?"

And the pair continued their tennis gossip with enthusiasm. Catto might not have existed for either of them.

The authoress, having glared at the champion for some time, dismissed Catto with a single glance, and then, with a twist of her little pursed mouth and a droop of her eyelids, fell into a gloomy meditation which made her all at once ten years older and gave her a sad but distinguished beauty.

Catto had no recollection of his jealousy; Daisy seemed to have a more accurate memory of their affair. But he was already sorry that he had so impulsively presented himself. He observed his old friend with a rueful amusement. "Yes, steady as a boy and now a regular fellow." He recoiled from this bluff Daisy. It was obvious why she had never married. And neither of her sisters, even if they were unmarried, had ever attracted him. The languid, fragile, lovely Letty, always being

rescued from crabs and wrapped up from the cold; the rat-tailed Francie, at six, with her red button of a nose, hurling herself into the seas and making love to the very fishermen.

But just before the party, having obtained its tickets, dispersed for lunch, Daisy recalled her manners and became even more hearty, asked after his family, expressed a manly sympathy for his loss, and told of her own father's death. But her mother was still at the old place, she would so like to see him again. Why not come out next weekend? There was to be quite an amusing party to dinner.

CATTO accepted these attentions in their own spirit and resolved not to go to dinner on any account. Why waste time on the Bills if Daisy was not a suitable prospect? He was put out when Mrs. Bill wrote to him. She also expressed her sympathy, a cheerful sympathy: "These things must happen, one has to take them," and she pressed him to come to dinner. "You remember Hunter's? It's just the same, and Daisy tells me so are you. Isn't that nice? It's quite encouraging in these days when everything else seems to get worse and worse, including the people. But poor things, I suppose they can't be blamed for being so flat when the newspapers are so full of bombs. Though I can't imagine why everyone should go off so terribly before the bombs even tick, or whatever they do when they drop."

And in a postscript she wrote, "Quite a small party, about eight, don't dress. Mrs. Mair is coming, who lost her husband last year in that plane crash, and the Offer girl who used to be so fond of you."

Catto seemed to hear a voice, a rattling little voice like a cracked dinner bell. He had not heard it for thirty years, in fact since his last holiday with the Bills, before he had gone to the university and they had gone to Switzerland for Letty's health. He had not paid much attention to it then. Mrs. Bill had not talked much with boys of his age, nor, indeed, with her own children. She had been preoccupied with her handsome husband and the half-dozen other men, much older than herself, who frequented the house. Even at the seaside her life had been a series of parties, chiefly on yachts. The Bills had taken rooms at Clarksfoot, small and remote, unfashionable and even uncouth, with its mining workers, its Welsh Bethels singing hymns on the beach, because of her friend, Lord S., who kept his big yacht there.

S. asked her to his parties in harbor but did not expect her to go cruising. Mrs. Bill was a very bad sailor. Her stories of her own feelings on the sea were among her most amusing. The voice tinkled with laughter in the background of Catto's mind. But now that it came back to him in the cadences of the note, so neatly written in a minute, precise hand, he found, to his surprise, that he liked his memory of Mrs. Bill, as of someone always gay, lively, good-tempered, and tolerant. "Perhaps she did not trouble much with us children, but she never worried us either. She understood how to make things pleasant and comfortable. And then this widow, Mrs. Mair? I know Mrs. Bill was a bit of a matchmaker. But why not—a widow might be the answer for me. She'd know the ropes and wouldn't have fantastic expectations, and yet she would appreciate the solid advantages of a husband and being on good terms with him. And this Offer girl too, she must be somewhere near my age if she was fond of me thirty years ago."

HE ACCEPTED Mrs. Bill's invitation; and it was true that the house had not changed. But the neighborhood had. The place had been a farm, and Theodore Bill had even kept it as a farm, without a bailiff, losing money every year. Now the farm house with its garden stood incongruously in a vast new suburb which was actually named after it, Hunter's Green.

Catto, opening the old wooden gate, a farm gate still, had the sense of one who finds an unexpected treasure and, at the same moment, sees it fall into the dust, as the bodies of the old saints are said to do when you dig them up. He had loved Hunter's Green where he had ridden his first pony, and had his first passionate love, with the slim, lovely girl who had put him over the jumps. With Daisy, in short. And where was that Daisy now? She was less than an existence, for the actual Daisy was already making faint and unreliable even that sweet memory that had been a vivid existence. And now Hunter's Green, the old Hunter's Green, the solid bricks, the immense elms, the coach-house with its dovecot, mysteriously disintegrated before his very eyes.

Hunter's Green had never pretended to beauty. It had always been a plain house—square, three-storied, with a slate roof a little too small, and a long lean-to conservatory.

In the farm among its trees, with the cows grazing opposite the windows, this plainness had been a charm. It seemed to say, "I am the unpretending home of plain country people." True, Theodore and Tottie Bill were anything but plain country people. But for that very reason, they had appreciated Hunter's Green, and carefully preserved its honest want of make-up.

But now the rough five-bar gate, the coarse grass in the lawn which was much too small for a paddock, a minute haycock in one corner of it, and the rusty pump at the angle of the wall, looked false, stagy. They had indeed become false by being preserved into a different age.

Catto went in expecting more disappointment of the same kind, relics of the past that spoiled and obscured the past by their meretricious survival. He was delighted, therefore, by Mrs. Bill. The little woman seemed no older. She was the same—pretty, vivacious, with her fine thin nose, her dead white skin, her black eyes that sparkled all the more for the contrast of her cheeks, her cracked voice, her high Edwardian handshake.

"Ah, but this is an occasion—don't you feel the sand between your toes? Don't you smell the stairs on the *Naiad?* I have never been able to use rubber since poor S. died. It makes me cry and it makes me seasick, and those are two things that simply can't go together. Some people drink claret with oysters, yes I know, I met such a man and he wasn't a character part. In fact, it was old Roger Kent." And turning to another guest, "Do you remember Roger in 'Mrs. Tanqueray?'"

She had turned from Catto, as Daisy had turned from him, to a more responsive audience, and seeing her white curly head from behind, he reflected, "But she was dark then—she must be seventy. I think she hasn't changed because I've been getting old too. And certainly she's kept her features."

The dinner was quite good, the company distinguished, if not of the first distinction. A well-known Shakespearian actor, scholarly and earnest like all those who have never been stars; an ugly, amusing old critic with a broken nose, like a boxer's nose; and the vicar, a big red-faced man, full of good stories, and, Catto would have said, old port, a type that he had not met for years, and enjoyed. "A sensible stout fellow," he thought, "and probably a fine preacher. I wish we had more of them in the Church. Good fellows with their feet on the ground."

Mrs. Mair, a well-known women's editor under her maiden name, arrived late with a new husband, and the Offer girl, a thin pale creature of about seventeen, enthusiastic about ballet, had never even heard of Catto. He remembered that Mrs. Bill was celebrated for her inconsequence. It had been one of her charms and, because it had been a charm, he enjoyed it again.

Francie was the eighth at the table. That is to say, she did not appear till after the soup, when, flushed, hot, with damp hair and red shiny nose, she slipped into her place between the young bridegroom and the critic's wife.

As the vicar sat opposite Mrs. Bill it was impossible to alternate the sexes, and Catto, on her left, sat next to the critic. No one explained Francie, or her sudden appearance. Catto was left to infer, after some reflection, that this thick-set woman, with gray streaks in her hair, must be the youngest Bill daughter, Frank, Frankie, Francie. He could not recognize her at all. But when she disappeared again with the chickens, and came in soon after the ice pudding, he perceived that she was acting as cook. The maid who waited was no doubt a daily woman, possibly a waiter hired only for the party. And when the party moved to the veranda, overlooking the bogus paddock and the decorator's haycock, he noticed that Francie not only arranged her mother's cushions but mixed the vicar's whisky and fetched the actor's pipe from his room.

The actor, Maxton, was staying in the house. He seemed like an old family friend, and when Francie, noticing that he fumbled in his pocket, silently disappeared and brought the pipe, he did not interrupt his description of Bernhardt's absurd masterpiece in "L'Aiglon," he received the pipe with his fingers as a man at table who has dropped a fork takes a new one from the waiter.

"Or a father from a daughter," Catto thought. "But she calls him Mr. Maxton.

He can't be so familiar. Yet she knew what he wanted and where to find it."

And suddenly he had a new recollection of the old Francie, the child of six who had always been so dirty, noisy, always falling into the water, tearing her frocks, so often in the way when he had wanted to be alone with the lovely, so friendly Daisy. He recalled a general cry of, "Frankie, Frankie," and the small girl with flying tangled hair tearing madly along the corridor; his brain lighted up a snapshot of Mrs. Bill at her prettiest in a white serge frock, standing on the stairs above a group of men and saying with a charming bend of her head, "But don't bother, I'm absolutely fated to lose things. Frankie will find it for me," and then again, "Frankie is the practical one, aren't you, Frankie?"

And again he saw, at forty-eight, an angle of his old friends that, at eighteen, had made only an impression on his memory, none on his observation. Daisy had been so easy, so friendly, yes, and Mrs. Bill's tinkling voice had usually been heard by the children in these cheerful laments. She was always needing something fetched or found. Her good-humor confessed, "I'm a nuisance, I know, but you'll forgive me because I forgive everyone else."

And Frankie had been the practical one. Had they given her the character and made her a family slave, was she really fit for nothing else? And looking at the girl's face as she sat, silent as usual, half hidden behind her mother's chair, listening to the actor and the critic discussing Bernhardt, he thought, amused by the recollection, "Yes, how she trailed after me—after anything in trousers. How she would throw herself into my arms and say, 'But Tom, you haven't kissed me good night.' And I should think she's a real woman still—rather shy and dull perhaps but the tomboy has quite disappeared." And suddenly he thought, "Why not Francie, could I do better? A kind soul, modest, simple, pretty capable too if she cooked that dinner. Of course, she's a bit young—she can't be more than thirty-six. There could be a baby, and that's a complication I particularly wanted to avoid. Of course, one could make a bargain—babies barred. It's common enough in second marriages."

He reflected a moment on this tricky point. But like many steady, careful fellows who look for a fair deal in life, he had also a strong sense of what is fair in dealing with others. "No," he thought, "if she wanted a baby I should have to give her one. On the other hand, youth does have some advantages. She'd stand up better to the job."

He looked again at Francie, and caught her at a plainer moment. The lamp shone on her nose and the prominent forehead, a strand of damp hair, well steamed from the kitchen, was lying limp against her cheek. But Catto rallied. "Damn it, I'm not a boy. What do looks matter? What I need is a good homemaker—someone to take an interest in Jean—domestic competence and peace."

He sought some private talk with her, but this was difficult to manage. Rain was falling in thick heavy lines and the cars could not come down to the door because, at Hunter's Green, as in a proper farm house, there was a little front garden full of old-fashioned flowers, with a narrow brick path to the front porch. The party stood crowded in the hall, looking out disgustedly, while Francie was busy with hats and coats.

When she brought him his coat he turned smiling and said, "Frances, Frankie, do you remember Clarksfoot?"

But Mrs. Bill interrupted with a remark to the world, "Dear me, there used to be a carriage umbrella in the hall. But it seems to have lost itself. Everything in this house gets itself lost."

Francie, still silent, ran for the carriage umbrella in the back passage and escorted the guests to their cars.

Catto, who had come by train and taxi, had a lift in the critic's car. He made one more attempt to speak to Francie from the back window. "Thank you, Francie, do you remember how you used to go round at bedtime and wish us all good night?"

The girl had turned away at a call from the house. Someone had dropped a scarf. She did not even hear him. But Catto was a determined man. He wrote to Mrs. Bill, thanking her for a delightful evening, and asked her to the theater "with my old friend Francie."

And when Mrs. Bill refused on account of an engagement, he took the train again to Hunter's Green and called.



HE WAS lucky. Mrs. Bill was out, and Frances was weeding the garden. In an old pair of trousers, gardening boots, a plaid shirt, and a handkerchief tied over her hair, she looked like a picture of slave labor in a Soviet camp. But she received Catto with something of Daisy's frankness. "I'm sorry Mother's out, but she'll be in at six. Do wait. She'll be so upset to miss you."

"Thanks, I should like to. And how are you, Francie? I didn't really see you last week."

"Do you mind if I finish this border—I've got so behind with the weeds."

"No—let me help you."

"Oh you couldn't—you'll get filthy."

"I can wash."

"Are you sure you know which are weeds?"

"I see you're still practical."

The woman looked at him in surprise. He explained his point, as a joke, but she did not smile. She reflected and said at last, "I wonder—"

"You were a quaint little thing at six."

But she was weeding again, he saw only the short broad back.

"You don't remember me at all."

"Not really." She stood up again and looked at him intently. She was obviously curious, she felt that his visit had some purpose beyond a mere call.

She shook her head, "Mother says that you were Daisy's great friend."

"I liked to think I was yours too. You never let me leave the house without a kiss."

"Oh well, at six." She dismissed this carelessly. She was not at all embarrassed, as Catto had expected. She showed no shyness. Indeed now that he had been able to talk to her, he felt that she had grown up with something of the Bill poise. She asked him abruptly, "What do you do, Mr. Catto? Tell me about yourself."

"That's a very dull story. I'm a printer, a widower, with a young daughter—forty-eight years old. Really there's nothing more to tell."

"Is it long since you—" she hesitated.

"Lost my wife? No, eighteen months. But it seems a very long time indeed. We were very happy—I am a lonely man, Francie—a very lonely man. Men like me who have been happily married and then widowed, suffer a very special kind of loneliness."

The woman looked at him and the wrinkles in her forehead were very noticeable. "Yes, I can imagine it. I'm sorry. But then you did have all that happiness."

"It's a danger."

"Yes, it's a danger. But worth it. Or don't you think so? Perhaps now—"

"Oh yes, tremendously worth it."

"In fact, in spite of everything, you've been—"

"Yes, I've been lucky. I was always rather lucky. I was lucky to know you when I was a boy."

"Me—"

"I mean the family as a whole. Yes, you too. You were rather an important part of the experience."

THE woman looked at him and her expression was critical. She was taking a new view of this middle-aged man who made such rapid advances. Then she said that she must really get the weeding done, and set to work. No word was said for twenty minutes and the silence itself was expressive. It said plainly that there was a situation.

"I've been too sudden," Catto said to himself. "She doesn't seem shy—at thirty-six, she knows how to manage her feelings. But she's timid and wary."

The bed finished, they straightened up together face to face, and the girl smiled in a broad and frank manner. Her whole face expressed a personal interest. She had settled something with herself. "Come Mr. Catto, you need tea, or a drink."

"Why Mr. Catto?"

"Well, what did I call you?"

"I was Tom to you all."

"Come, Tom, we'll have tea." She blushed as she spoke and stooped to gather her basket.

For the moment, Catto was afraid that he had been too enterprising. He did not want

to commit himself to the girl before he knew her better. He had, as we have seen, as well as prudence, a strong sense of responsibility.

But the woman at once recovered her practical air. She had placed Catto to her satisfaction as a nice middle-aged man eager to renew his childhood memories. They talked of the days at Clarksfoot, they exchanged news. She told how Mrs. Bill after her husband's death had lost most of her money and sold the land, how Daisy loved traveling and seldom appeared at home, how Letty needed special treatment and how much it cost.

He told her about his marriage, about Jean, and how hard he thought it for a girl of nine to lose her mother. That he had seriously considered marrying again, on her account alone.

"I'm sure you're right," Francie said, "if you can find the right person."

"That's the problem."

"A widow perhaps, without children, who wanted a child to care for."

"I'm not so sure. A younger woman might be a better companion."

"A widow could be quite young. There are lots of young widows. What about war widows?"

"It's the person that matters. I don't see why she need be a widow."

"Oh no, of course."

"Or why I shouldn't have another baby if she were young enough."

THERE was a pause, and Catto again thought that he had been indiscreet. But the woman was only reflecting. "You'd have to discuss that with the new wife." In fact, it was not till three months later, when Catto actually proposed in so many words that Francie understood him.

"You really want to marry me?"

"Yes, yes. I've been trying to tell you so for the last fortnight."

"Well, I did wonder sometimes but I didn't like to think—"

"But you haven't answered me yet."

"But don't you see?"

"What?"

"Why I didn't like to think. Why Tom," and she laughed that tomboyish broad laugh which brought all her wrinkles and made her little eyes disappear, "of course I'll marry you."

The laugh disappeared and she looked suddenly very serious. All at once Catto understood that the headlong Francie of thirty years before was still there. He was much startled. He had not expected so passionate a kiss, so eager an embrace.

Mrs. Bill was greatly amused by the news. She congratulated Catto and said, laughing, "Sir Galahad to the rescue, or is it Perseus? But I'm not really a monster, you know, and Francie loves her chains. She adores a fuss." Catto, taken by surprise, found himself turning red. He did not know what to answer. But Mrs. Bill had dashed on at once, "Letty will hate you, but it won't do Letty any harm to take a little exercise."

He received a most friendly letter from Daisy in Venezuela, who said how glad she was to see that her darling Francie was to get away from home at last and have some life of her own. She wanted Catto to "keep mother at bay, for Francie's sake, or you'll have no peace."

THE wedding was quiet. Mrs. Bill forgot to provide linen and Francie bought her own wedding dress, but Catto presented his bride with the latest refrigerator, freezer, enameled stove, and double sink in a completely remodeled kitchen, and all Mrs. Bill's old friends sent autographed copies of their works—published twenty or thirty years before, period sensations now wearing as strange a look as the hats and skirts of that ancient world in which they had achieved their distinction.

Catto had already arranged for a honeymoon in Paris. His first honeymoon had been in Paris. Francie had hoped for Italy, but she enjoyed Paris enormously as a bride. And she was deeply apologetic when the month they had planned was cut a week short because Daisy came back from Jamaica, in a banana boat, with a mysterious illness called Daisy's fever, and the Cattos had to hurry home to look after her. But Catto could not complain that Daisy looked upon his home as a refuge in time of trouble.

Francie nursed her for six weeks before Catto got a hint, from Mrs. Bill, that Daisy's fever came on only when she was broke. "Don't let her kill Francie," she wrote. "Daisy has always treated Francie as her private and personal slave. Have you tried

the gold cure for the fever? A check, I've found, is far the best prescription."

Daisy had been complaining every day of all the wonderful holidays she was missing by this unlucky illness, and Catto now offered her a loan of twenty pounds to take advantage of an invitation to Finland. She left the next morning by milk-float to catch a trawler whose captain was an old Bombay friend. Catto, relieved, told himself that Daisy would not come very often. But he protested when Francie confessed that she had engaged herself to stay three days at Hunter's Green in order to cook for her mother's traditional Easter party. He wrote to Mrs. Bill suggesting that he should advertise for a temporary cook. But she answered none was required.

"Francie seems to think she ought to come but it's quite unnecessary—Mrs. Jones is quite lazy enough as it is. She does just as little as she dares." She addressed the note to Galahad Catto Esq., and signed herself "the monster."

Catto took it to Francie and said, "You see, your mother doesn't even want you."

"But it was Mummie told me that Mrs. Jones threatened to give notice if she asked five people to stay. And now she's asked seven people. And you know if we lose Mrs. Jones we'll never get another up to Mummie's standards."

"Then she'll have to change her standards—like other people."

FRANCIE was silent, as usual in these arguments. But a certain obstinate desperation in her forehead and chin seemed to ask, "How? It's easy to say, but how do you do it?" And she went to the work—Mrs. Bill's celebrated party was again a great success, for which she received much praise, even a graceful notice in a Sunday newspaper. And for three months afterwards she did not send for Francie; either she did not need her or she had been offended by Catto's note.

Francie believed that she was offended, and it worried her. "Mummie is so sensitive about being a nuisance," she said. "And of course she'll never tell you when she's hurt."

"She's no right to be hurt."

Francie's wrinkles deepened. "It's not very nice for her, living alone. I should hate it."

Catto did not answer that Francie was off the point. He told himself that women have their own methods of argument and that, above all, he must not start a quarrel with Francie about her mother. That situation was too foolish as well as too vulgar. How easy for a sensible man to avoid it. And it seemed that Mrs. Bill, hurt or not, meant to leave Francie alone.



FRANCIE's first baby was born in December, a very cold December; and on the day before she got up there was a note from Letty asking if she could take the elder girl to school, she herself had a migraine; and on the day after she got up, Mrs. Bill telephoned. She did not ask for help. Mrs. Bill's claim that she never sought Francie's help, was perfectly justified. Her method was to send news of trouble, as a joke, or to ask advice. This time she did both.

"I've got three people for the weekend and of course Mrs. Jones has sprained her ankle. You can rely on Mrs. Jones's ankle, it's never failed her yet when there's some real work to do. But meanwhile I have to find an experienced daily. Should I advertise? I'm so bad at these things. And I simply must get someone by this evening."

Catto, running in from the works in the mid-morning, to have a glimpse of his wife, finds her up and dressed. She is at the telephone, nursing the baby through her opened coat and arguing with Letty about school clothes. Jean, with an expression of reserved disapproval which comically reproduces her father's look in the same kind of crisis, stands looking on. Jean, a sensible Catto, is already devoted, in her sensible way, to her stepmother. She knows how to value her practical good nature, and quite agrees with her father about the Bill relations.

"But Letty," Francie's voice implores her sister to be reasonable. "She simply must

have four face towels. It may be ridiculous but you know there was trouble last time when she went with only two, and it upsets a child so much to be different."

Catto, furious, tries to take the telephone out of Francie's hands. Startled, she turns crimson and fights him.

"No—what are you doing?"

And he, equally surprised by this strong resistance, gives way. She says hastily to Letty, "It's all right, darling. Nothing. I'll be round in ten minutes," and hangs up. She smiles nervously at Catto and says, "I can do Letty on the way to Mother's. How lucky that I was going anyhow."

"You're not going to do Letty, or your mother either. This is where we stop. You're not fit." And seeing the obstinate look in her face, he begins to storm. Her mother and Letty are two of the most selfish people on earth. And has she no consideration for her baby, not to speak of her husband?

Francie, flustered, tries to interrupt. Suddenly she bursts into tears. Catto, alarmed by her violent agitation, sits down beside her and puts an arm around her.

"My darling, you see how it is. Someone has to make a stand. Let me do it for you if you're afraid."

"But you can't, you can't. No one can."

"But that's nonsense."

"You don't understand. Letty would simply let that poor child go off again with all the wrong things, and of course Mother won't get a daily in time for dinner this evening. There isn't a hope. She'll leave everything to settle itself, and Mrs. Jones will limp about and get up a grievance till she gives notice. She loves a real grievance. And if Mother loses Mrs. Jones I'd have to go every day. Either that or Mother would have to live with us. And you'd hate that. Oh dear, there's Gordon in the car." And still nursing, while her brother-in-law, chattering about Letty's headache, gathers her bag, she hurries out.

Six months later Mrs. Bill did lose Mrs. Jones, and she has failed to keep another housekeeper. She is very cheerful and says that on the whole she prefers to manage without Mrs. Jones who had no humor.

Francie has her second baby, and she lives a still more distracted life, dashing over three times a week to manage her mother's household. It has been proposed that Mrs. Bill should live with the Cattos, but she absolutely refuses to give up her dear old house, with its glorious memories of William Archer, E. F. Benson, and George Alexander. And as for the proposal that the Cattos should live with her, taking half the house for their separate apartment, which is Mrs. Bill's solution to the problem, Catto can't bring himself to leave his home. He points out that the kitchen was especially designed for Francie's convenience.

So that he too lives a distracted life. See him now at ten o'clock at night waiting at Hunter's Green to take Francie home. It is raining but he is so angry that he won't leave the car to go into the house. This, of course, is stupid, for Mrs. Bill is always good-natured with him and says, "My dear Tom, I don't ask Francie to run my show, it's Francie who insists on it. She's so practical—she hates a muddle. Now I don't mind muddle a bit."

For Mrs. Bill has never suffered from a muddle—Francie sees to that. And Catto thinks bitterly, "Practical and affectionate—how true that was—and is."

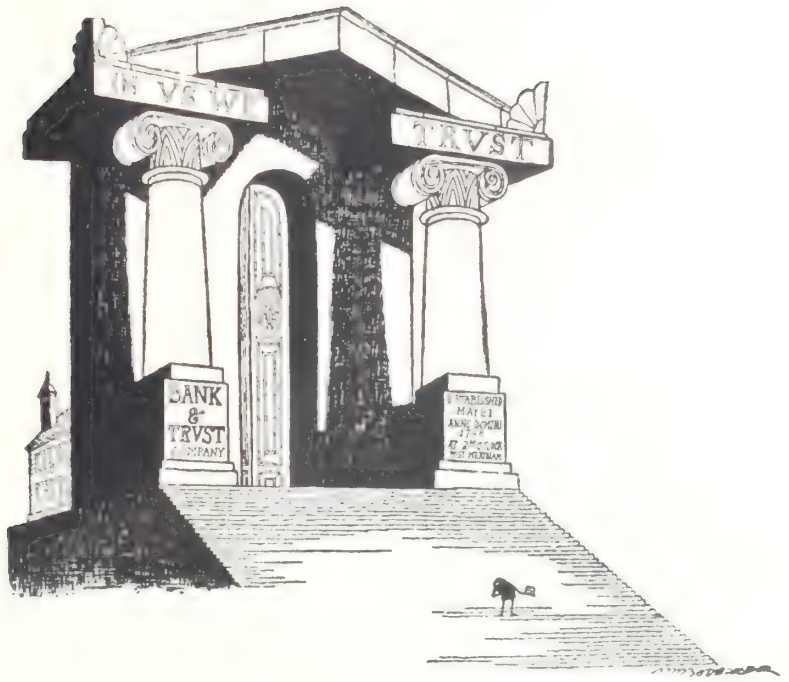
Suddenly the house door opens and Francie comes running through the rain. He starts the engine, before he realizes that she has neither hat nor coat. She comes to the driver's side, pulls open the door, and puts her arms round his neck. "Darling, only ten more minutes, I swear."

"But you're getting wet."

"Yes, I saw the car from the window and I knew how you were feeling. Only ten more minutes. And then we'll be off. And I am so longing—"

She kisses him again and again, there is a cry from the house, "Francie," and she runs.

Catto falls back in his seat. He is excited, his heart is beating fast, there are tears in his eyes. For he adores his wife, it is an agony for him to see Francie used, worn out by people that, to him, are worthless beside her. And it seems that there is no cure. He suffers, he grumbles, he quarrels with the amused Mrs. Bill, he makes a fool of himself, he does not know if he is more happy or more wretched. All he knows is this passionate love, a thing he has never imagined before—that devours him with anxiety, with anger, with despair.



After Hours

For Deposit, to the Account of

THE Manufacturers Trust Company, I am happy to say, has finally moved into its new quarters on the southwest corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-third street —a steel and glass box (mostly glass) that is without doubt New York's most conspicuous new building and a leading contender in the current competition for the Ostentatious Underconsumption of Space.

In this city, where real estate comes at a small fortune per cubic foot, the only way you can now attract attention is to carve out an enormous chunk of it which you then deliberately refuse to occupy. Since the building laws set the limits—the so-called "envelope," which is all that holds the average burgeoning structure within bounds—there is distinction only in showing off the amount of empty air you can afford. The Manufacturers Trust ("Everybody's bank") not only looks smaller than the building it has replaced, but it also shines from within as an enormous room—several stories higher than it need be and visible to every passer-by through the largest windows in the United States. Lovely as it is to look at, in terms of the potentialities of its site this is the most uneconomical piece of architecture since the pyramid of Cheops.

There is a singular appropriateness in the fact that such an innocently vulgar display should be put on by a bank. The United Nations building showed the way, Lever Brothers (soap, cosmetics, toothpaste, and Charles Luckman) followed; and now gilt-edged respectability has at last descended on the "International" style—that severe, chaste, and under-decorated approach that *House Beautiful* was telling us not long ago is so uncongenial to the American doctrine of abundance. What could be more abundant than a bank? Who else, in fact, could possibly foot the bill—or justify the mortgage—for such a playful satire on sound renting practice? It should perhaps have occurred to me earlier that the only people who could build buildings that wouldn't have to satisfy bankers would be the bankers themselves, but now that it has occurred to me I'm not so sure that I like it.

THE bank is the one remaining institution of importance in the United States that willfully takes a high-handed pose —the only one that blandly continues to try, as a matter of inflexible policy, to overawe its clients; the only one outside of politics that goes on behaving, oblivious to change, with the manners of the nineteenth century. Banks still conduct themselves as though they wanted applause for being risky and adventurous, as though their depositors were not insured and their main decisions made for them in Washington, and as though they regarded themselves—in a way rich individuals no longer dare—as entitled to deference for their mere physical proximity to hard coin. Their every practice bespeaks condescension to

the public. Their hours are as outrageous as a hospital's, and more exclusively contrived for their own convenience. Their habitual attitude is one of fastidious disbelief in your signature, your arithmetic, and your honesty. And they have, on top of this, the consummate cheek to solicit patronage.

Originally I suppose the logic was that banks should inspire confidence—at least this is presumably why they all had to look like a mausoleum in front even if they looked like a hen coop behind. Theoretically the more depositors they had the more money they had to make more money with, and I don't doubt that some vague theory of the kind is still dimly operative. But meanwhile they have been overtaken by the Great American Middle Class, which regards a checking account as one of its inalienable rights; and they have thus become—without quite realizing its implications—a public utility. They have been saddled with the obligation to handle large numbers of small transactions, and they leave you in no uncertainty as to how obnoxious they find it. Every bank speaks to every depositor with two voices: one says Come to Our Bosom, and the other says We Never Made a Nickle on the Likes of You.

Competitive advertising is now so compulsory that even banks have to engage in it or be thought *declassé,* but nothing could be worse than their public relations. Newspaper ads, bus and subway posters, and spot commercials on the local radio bombard me with assurances that each one of them is more friendly, reliable, and anxious for my pay check than the others; but the impression they give by their physical appearance is a vastly different one. Ogden Nash put it in a single sentence: bankers are just like everyone else only richer. Select, at random, fifty of the most expensive corner lots on Manhattan Island and I will show you thirty that are occupied by banks. Of any one of these the chances are better than even money that it will have the most luxuriously furnished interior on the block—more marble, brass, murals, chromium, chandeliers, and high ceilings than Tiffany's plus the Waldorf multiplied by Grand Central Station. If this is supposed to inspire confidence, all I can say is: What pays for it? I know what pays for it—that two dollars "activity charge" I get soaked with every time I cash more checks per month (or is it less?) than 17 per cent of my total deposits minus interest and divided by the age of the oldest horse that ran last year at Aqueduct.

Manufacturers Trust, to be sympathetic to them, were well aware of the tension between their practice and their pretensions. They promptly took full-page ads in the New York papers to insist that "this is why we went to special lengths to make our new branch a special kind of building . . . *a showcase for service.* This new office, modern and informal, is geared to give you the sort of service expected by the millions of New Yorkers who 'come to Manufacturers Trust when it comes to money.'"

Having produced the most satisfying and impressive monument to money for money's sake of the postwar decade, they must now apologize for it and assure us that nothing could have been further from their minds than to outclass their competitors in pretentious *chic.* Like the Fifth Avenue Bank a few doors up the street, which a year or so ago convinced itself that it had to destroy its attractive interiors, Manufacturers Trust were afraid of their own distinction.

What the ads acknowledged, in their emphasis on "service," was that American attitudes toward money have changed—probably for good. Certainly the Protestant Ethic is a thing of the past, and a hundred million people who never heard of John Maynard Keynes—or, if they have heard of him, think that he invented the New Deal as a personal favor for Harry Dexter White—are now conducting their lives on Keynesian principles. They are consumers, not accumulators; they respect thrift, but are wary of it (taxes and inflation have cracked more of their piggy banks than wild spending); and they pity the very wealthy for the shoddy goods that wealth now buys. They believe that the middle classes, such as we are, keep the country going—not by hoarding a big balance so that banks can spend it for us but by buying things, by spending money and keeping it in motion. What they want in what they pay for is professional competence and not moral posturing. What they want in a bank—as the Manufacturers Trust ads be-

latedly admit—is not monumental *décor* but workable service. And what they are getting there, the ads to the contrary, is a lesson in aesthetics, a representative work of Mies van der Rohe as told to Skidmore, Owings, Merrill, Lynch, Pierce, Fenner, and Beane.

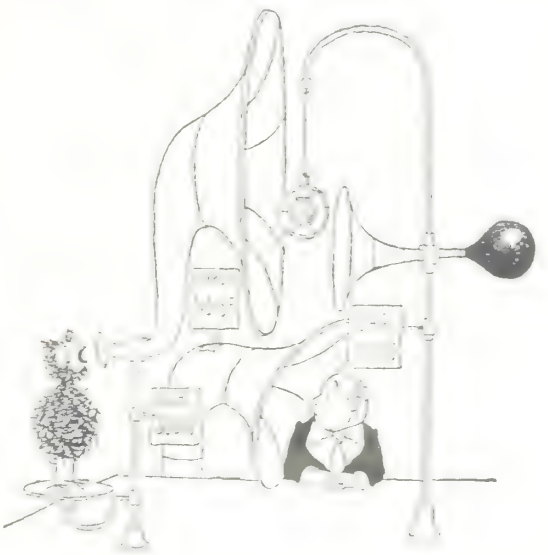
The building, in other words, seems to me magnificent, but I cannot believe that in doing New Yorkers an architectural favor the Manufacturers Trust has done itself, and its fellow banks, anything but a disservice. By courting this hygienic and glamorous pseudo-efficiency, they have missed the chance to follow the lead of that one American besides Louis Sullivan who appreciated banks, who had the proper approach to money and all it stands for, the late Robert Benchley. When unduly pressed by the Bureau of Internal Revenue, he answered them with the straightforward expedient of a check for $4.98 made out to R. H. Macy & Co. in order to cause the necessary delay in which men of probity might come to reason in these matters. When endorsing a check, he began with the friendly salutation: "Dear Bank: . . . ." What with their new palace, you can't imagine anyone talking that way to the Manufacturers Trust.

More's the pity.

Mix Master

"WHEN you line up the three pops, then you're in sync," Richard Leacock said to me one morning recently (*sync* is pronounced sink), and the surprising thing to me was that I understood what he meant. He was leaning with one hand on a thoroughly wind-resistant control board in a white projection room where the only wind that ever blows is on a sound track. The control board was a streamlined, aluminum and black table roughly the size and shape of the desk of a very expensive executive. Seated at the controls, a battery of dials and nobs and green and red lights, was an intent gentleman in shirt sleeves named Richard Vorisek. He seemed to know precisely what he was doing.

He was doing the "mix" on a documentary movie . . . that is, he was putting on a single sound track of magnetic tape six separate sound tracks that had been synchronized with the film, but which if just let to go their own way would have created Babel. The six tracks, which he had identified at the head of six columns on a "log" (or white sheet of paper with the action of the film briefly described and measured in footage on it) were named. One track was called "Dialogue," or that part of the sound track that was actual conversations photographed with synchronized sound—known, I learned, as "lip sync." The next was "Narration," a sound track that carried the words of the narrator who explained what was going on; the third was marked "F X" which I was told meant "effects;" the other three were "wind," "night noises," and "rain."



The first reel of the film started with a combination of effects (the sound of a car) and night noises (peepers) and wind, and Mr. Vorisek was not happy about the way they sounded when mixed.

"I've got a better wind effect here than you've got there," he said to Leacock, the director of the film. So he got some better wind out of a can and tried it again; it sounded windier. Then came some thunder (F X) and then narration, and he dialed down the night noises and wind and car sounds so that the voice stood out clearly over them.

Mr. Richard Vorisek, called Dick, is the father of four, has been in the sound business for nineteen years, and according to Mr. Richard Leacock, called Rickey, he's the best "mixer" in New York.

"We'll wait for weeks if necessary to get Dick to do our mixes. He's miraculous." Mr. Vorisek is the only mix man I have ever seen at work and I can make no comparative judgments, but the whole process did seem to me miraculous.

The building in which these miracles are performed was once the Beaux Arts Institute of Design, as a large sculptured seal on its façade attests. It is brand spang "modernistic" 1916 version—modern of the pre-electronics era—and considering what goes on inside it looks as old-fashioned as a log cabin. (It might more suitably, for instance, house a bank.) The building is now entirely inhabited by the Reeves Sound Studios, which is devoted to tampering with the sounds of nature and rendering them acceptable to our electronically conditioned ears.

If there was ever a building that was wired for sound it is this one. There are five studios for mixes and recording that are busy constantly throughout the day. One of them is big enough for recording fairly large orchestras, but most of the studio's business these days is in TV films—much of it recording and mixing the euphoric nonsense of commercials, and taping the narration for "documentaries." With so much going on in the building, time is precious ($75.00 an hour for a mix) but, though there was no waste motion that I could see, there was also no sense of rush. Quality of the final product seemed to be the main interest of Mr. Vorisek. He ran the first reel of film with its six sound tracks through three times before he finally put the mixed sounds on tape, and on the fourth or final time it was as smooth and precisely balanced as a DeVoto martini, and as lively.

Once the mix is recorded on narrow magnetic tape, it is transferred to movie tape and matched precisely with the negative of the film (which I was told is always pronounced fill-um by movie technicians in New York). From these negatives of sight and sound, a composite print is made; the English technicians call it a "married print." This print is then corrected for exposure, as some parts of it will be too light and some too dark; and then the final print is made and is ready for showing.

It took four hours to do the mix of the three reels of film that Mr. Vorisek and Mr. Leacock were working on the morning I was there, and that was considered quick.

"Dick is the damndest fellow," Leacock said to me. "He scribbles hieroglyphics and doodles that don't mean anything all over a sheet of paper, and then when he puts the tracks together he always gets it just right."

The three pops that you line up so that you know you're in sync are three quick little sounds that are inserted in the beginning of the sound track by splicing in three little pieces of tape. Sync, of course, just means sound synchronized with sight.

Carols for Commerce

A friend of mine who writes jingles for radio and TV argues that Christmas is one of America's great untapped natural resources—that its commercial possibilities have, in fact, hardly been scratched.

"Look at all those wonderful carols going to waste," he explains, literally with tears in his eyes. "All of them out of copyright, all of them crammed with built-in audience acceptance. Why, with the right script, a carol would sell anything."

He had, as it happens, worked out a couple of samples. One begins:

> God rest ye merry, gentlemen,
> In Don Juan Sleeping Togs . . .

The other, aimed at the housewife market, leads off with the following lines:



My friend thinks they would be most effective if he could get them taped by a good choir—and for TV, of course, the choir should be filmed in full vestments, with candles, holly, and the other traditional trimmings.

I wish some company would try it; the results might be spectacular. It might, for example, so shock the populace that they would revolt against all commercials, singing or otherwise. What is even more important it might cause so much indignation that people would insist that Christmas be restored to its traditionally splendid mixture of dignity and gaiety.

—Mr. Harper

Some skeptical notes on a new theory about the birth, life, and teachings of Jesus . . .

Mr. Graves' Anti-Christ

Dwight Macdonald

IN ***The Nazarene Gospel Restored*** (Doubleday, $10), Robert Graves and Joshua Podro undertake a job for which even the thousand-odd large pages they fill might seem insufficient: nothing less than to demonstrate that the Biblical account of the life and ministry of Jesus is wildly and basically inaccurate and to reconstruct the hypothetical, lost ur-Gospel which they claim was distorted almost beyond recognition by the second-century A.D. writers of the four Gospels. Mr. Graves, the English poet, novelist, and amateur scholar, has written a series of historical novels, one of which, *King Jesus* (1946), foreshadows the present work. In the foreword to *King Jesus*, Mr. Graves acknowledges the help of another amateur scholar, Joshua Podro, now his co-author.

The contention of Gravespodro, as our authors may be termed for convenience, is that the teachings of Jesus were in the orthodox Judaic tradition, but were later given an anti-Judaic twist—in fact a veritable wrench—by Paul and the Gospel writers; that his denunciations of the Pharisees are Christian forgeries, his actual position being that of a liberal Pharisee, with the same respect for Mosaic Law and the authority of the Great Sanhedrin that a liberal Catholic today has for Holy Writ and the Pope; and that there was nothing supernatural about his birth, his death, or any of his acts. A theory that eliminates the Virgin Birth, the Resurrection, the miracles, the universalist ethic of Jesus' teaching, and other cardinal points of Christian faith—with a picture of Judas as "the most faithful of the disciples" thrown in for good measure—may be expected to cause some agitation, and the authors anticipate, with obvious relish, their martyrization in the cause of Truth by Christian bigots. Since I am not a believer, I cannot oblige them by adding a faggot to the pyre on religious grounds; but as a fellow seeker after Truth, perhaps I can add a few sticks.

"We are amateurs or irregulars," write Gravespodro, "well aware . . . of the deep mistrust our book will arouse among those whose livelihood depends on a careful observation of theological etiquette." The amateur scholar seems to me even more necessary today than he was in the last century, when "irregulars" like Brooks Adams, Samuel Butler, and Karl Marx made fertile contributions to a dozen "fields." For the enormous accumulation of data, and the overspecialization of which it is partly cause and partly effect, is perhaps the most serious problem of modern scholarship, since it tends to inhibit original thought, to discourage a broad, synthetic approach—Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* would be today a group project financed by the Ford Foundation—and to enable banal or unsound thinkers to buttress the frailty of their ideas with an undigested mass of data.

But Gravespodro lack the essential qualifications of creative scholarship: the ability to develop ideas beyond the stage of simple assertion and the ability to relate their theories either to the underlying material or to preceding theories. A scant 5 per cent of their pages—fifty-four, to be exact

—are devoted to general exposition, as against textual emendation, and even here their argument rarely gets beyond dogmatic reiteration plus some involved skirmishing on details.

THE scholarly "method" Gravespodro employ, if so dignified a term may be used, is, at best, simply to pick and choose from among the vast number of facts available those that bolster their argument. At worst, and far more frequently, it is to give no textual authority at all, merely deducing their "restored" text from their general theory, a method as easy as it is fallacious.

An instance of their pick-and-choose method is the opening of their "Summary of Critical Principles." "In Matthew 23:1-3," they write, "Jesus orders his Nazarene followers to obey the religious authority of the Pharisees. It is, therefore, only reasonable to check the Gospel accounts of his teaching against the two *Talmuds* and the *Mishnah,* which provide full information about the tenets held by the Pharisees during his lifetime." They imply here what they elsewhere state: that wherever Jesus' teaching conflicts with the *Talmuds* and *Mishnah,* the rat of later Christian distortion is to be smelled. And it is a fact that, in Matthew 23:1-3, Jesus does state: "The scribes and Pharisees sit in Moses' seat. All therefore whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe and do." The last half of verse 3 continues, however, ". . . but do not after their works, for they say and do not," and a diatribe of mounting indignation immediately follows with the refrain, "Woe unto ye, scribes and Pharisees!" Gravespodro deal with this diatribe as they deal with Jesus' many other denunciations of the Pharisees: by supposing he "must" have meant certain "feigned Pharisees" who substituted outward pretense for inward virtue.

The only trouble with this ingenious gloss —except that they give no evidence for it beyond its agreeing with their own theory—is that it does not explain the last half of Matthew 23:3. For if this applies to the real Pharisees, then it goes against their theory; and if it applies to the "feigned" Pharisees, then the preceding complementary verses also must apply only to the "feigned" Pharisees and thus not only cannot be cited to buttress their argument but make no sense at all. More persuasive are the editors of *The Interpreter's Bible* who, admitting that "the Gospels have exaggerated Jesus' denunciation of the Pharisees," state the general problem thus:

> Scholars are not agreed regarding his attitude to the written and oral Torah [*i.e.,* the Mosaic Law as expounded in the *Talmud*]. Jesus accepted the Old Testament law in principle and assumed that it was the permanently binding revelation of God; but he made the ritual commandments subordinate to moral duties, opposed the development of purity laws, and went further than the Pharisees in relaxing the Sabbath laws to meet human needs. In fact, his emphasis on the spirit of the law necessarily involved a new view of the Torah.

BUT the pick-and-choose method, crude as it is, is superior to our authors' usual procedure, which is simply to revise the Gospels to fit their theory, without any textual authority at all. Consider for example, three changes they introduce into the Gospels' account of the crucifixion: (1) "According to Luke 23:43, when the 'repentant thief' begged to be remembered in the Kingdom, Jesus assured him, 'Today thou shalt be with me in Paradise.' Since God alone could decide a sinner's fate, this answer cannot be accepted; it is evidently an adaptation of words spoken by Jesus during the Last Supper." (2) "According to John 19:28, he said 'I thirst,' but since he was forbidden to utter the least complaint in his torments (Isaiah 53:7), this will have been said when he emerged from his tomb on the third day." (3) Jesus' last words, according to Matthew 27:46, were "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"; this is the first line of the Twenty-second Psalm, and Gravespodro assert that his quoting from that psalm "proves that he expected to survive his ordeal" (thus buttressing their contention that he did not die on the cross) because the psalm "ends on a more hopeful note"; and so it does—except that Jesus only quoted the despairing first line; this difficulty they triumphantly resolve, however, by the simple process of adding, in their version, all the rest of the psalm, a matter of some three hundred words, which the dying Jesus is alleged to have enunciated from the cross.

In each of these three instances, Gravespodro revise, without citing any evidence in

support, Jesus' words to fit into their notion of him as one whose chief concern was to fulfill Old Testament prophecies and to observe the Mosaic Law. If he comforted the thief or complained of thirst or cried out in an agony of despair, these vivid, human reactions "must" be Christian distortions, since the Judaic tradition gave judgment to God alone, forbade a prophet in his situation to complain, and supplied a more "hopeful" conclusion to his despair.

The Gospel which Gravespodro are trying to "restore"—using the term in a strictly Pickwickian sense, as in Viollet-le-Duc's notorious nineteenth-century Gothic "restorations"—is an oral tradition that was not put into writing, so far as anybody knows now, for more than a century after the death of Christ. "All the Gospels," observe Gravespodro, "were based on notes taken by Greek-speaking converts from the Aramaic gospel orally current among the Nazarenes." Their "restored" Nazarene Gospel, which occupies some two hundred pages at the end of the book and which the other eight hundred pages are an attempt to validate, is thus only in small part a text reconstructed out of fragments of other texts or by picking and choosing among the four extant Gospels. It is, for the most part, no more than a literary exercise, a fabrication *de novo* written by Gravespodro to fit their theories about Christ—a prophet as tedious in discourse as the Gospel Jesus is pithy—who goes off to die in the land of Nod. (Most readers will have long since preceded him there.)

To add the final touch, the whole thing is written in a stilted imitation of the sixteenth-century prose of the translators of the King James Version. It is easier to believe God dictated every word of the Bible personally than to attain any confidence in the validity of such a "restoration."

But let us assume, momentarily, that the Gravespodro Jesus is the real, historical Jesus. How does he compare with the Jesus of the Gospels? Our authors characterize the traditional picture of Jesus as "meanspirited and vapid," find the Gospels "poor by Greek literary standards," and cite "the late Victorian atheist (was it Bradlaugh?)" who "may be excused for remarking that they read as though 'concocted by illiterate, half-starved visionaries in some dark corner of a Graeco-Syrian slum.'" I don't think Bradlaugh's remark if it was his—why didn't they look it up?—is excusable even for a Victorian atheist, and if the traditional Jesus is "meanspirited and vapid" and the Gospels poor as literature, what in the world shall we say of Gravespodro? At every turn they reduce Jesus and his teachings to a pallid afterglow of the Old Testament.

Thus the wonderfully vivid temptation in the wilderness, with Jesus and Satan talking back and forth, is recast into indirect discourse, with Jesus speaking only through a mouthpiece, a sort of White House spokesman yclept "my good counselor" while Satan is represented by "my evil counselor," and all because there is a similar passage in Zechariah 3: 1-10; the parable of the seed that fell on stony ground no longer refers to the teaching of Jesus but is reduced to the fate of Isaac's seed, *i.e.* Jewish genealogy; and so on.

The Gospel Jesus "taught as one having authority and not as the scribes," that is, he appealed directly to the heart without bringing in the law and prophets to back him up, as was the orthodox Jewish custom of his time; but his Gravespodro caricature hardly dares to make a remark without justifying it by an Old Testament tag. The Gospel Jesus is constantly undermining the strict and barbaric ritualism of the Mosaic Law. To the outward, mechanical ceremony he opposed inner, spiritual virtue: "the Kingdom of God is within you," "nothing from without the man can defile him" (*re* eating with unwashed hands), "the Son of Man is lord also of the Sabbath" (*re* his threshing grain on the Jewish Sunday). "In the Pharisaic view," write Gravespodro, for once accurately, "all moral problems, whether great or small, must be related to the Law." But the Law is ritualistic as well as ethical, and if Jesus accepted much of the ethical part, he showed little interest in the ritual. It is precisely this indifference and rejection that distinguished him from other Jewish prophets, and that enabled his teachings to achieve universality. And it is precisely this universality that is the object of the Gravespodro reductive system.

Consider, for instance, their treatment of the parable of the Good Samaritan. "Obvi-

ously," they begin, "the Samaritan was the victim and not the deliverer. The priest and the Levite refused to help him because of a long-standing feud between Jews and Samaritans, justifying themselves on the ground that he was ritually unclean." Thus the Samaritan "obviously" had to be the victim so that Gravespodro could reduce the meaning of the parable from the broader issue of human selfishness to the narrower one of ritual pollution —at least they give no other reason for the obviousness of this emendation.

The change has a further attraction for them in that it confines the concept of "neighbor" to one's co-religionists instead of widening it, as the Gospel Jesus does, to include all mankind:

> Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves? [asks the vapid, meanspirited Jesus of Luke].
>
> And he said: "He that shewed mercy on him." Then said Jesus unto him: "Go, and do thou likewise."

But the unvapid, large-spirited Jesus of Gravespodro, noting that the Samaritan had "cried out for help in God's name" (as the victim in Luke did not, by the way), concludes that the Samaritan, for all his uncleanliness, "is my neighbor because that when he was in trouble, he cried unto the One God which I also worship." This is the Old School Tie with a Hebrew accent.

THERE is by now little doubt that the Gospel writers, and, even more, certain later Christian propagandists, exaggerated the conflict between Christ's teaching and Judaism, and Gravespodro's exaggeration in the reverse direction is in part a reaction to this injustice. But how serious are they, really? "If these findings are to be accepted," they write, "historically-minded Protestants will conclude that only one honest course is left to them: namely, to revive Jesus' own form of Judaism and subject themselves to circumcision and the laws of ritual cleanliness in token of their sincerity." But, as they hasten to point out, there is no rest even here for historically-minded Protestants. If they follow modern Biblical scholarship and reject the Old Testament as "a trustworthy record of events," then they cannot follow Jesus, who believed in it literally. On the other hand: "If they can swallow the Old Testament with all its miracles, why should the New stick in their throats?" There is a tinge of schoolboy teasing here, and Protestants, whether historically-minded or not, would be well advised to preserve their equanimity, and their foreskins, in the face of the Gravespodro doctrine.

All the more so, since our authors don't try to explain—or even seem to be aware of—the problem of why, if Jesus was what they say he was, his life and teachings have had such a universal influence. Gravespodro remark, offhandedly, that it is Jesus' predecessor, Hillel, "to whom, paradoxically, the Christian ethic owes more than to Jesus," but they do not pause to solve the paradox or even to give any evidence in support of their view. They have other fish to fry—or rather to scorch, for they never do get anything cooked—and they rush onward as impetuously as those other devil-possessed creatures, the Gadarene swine.

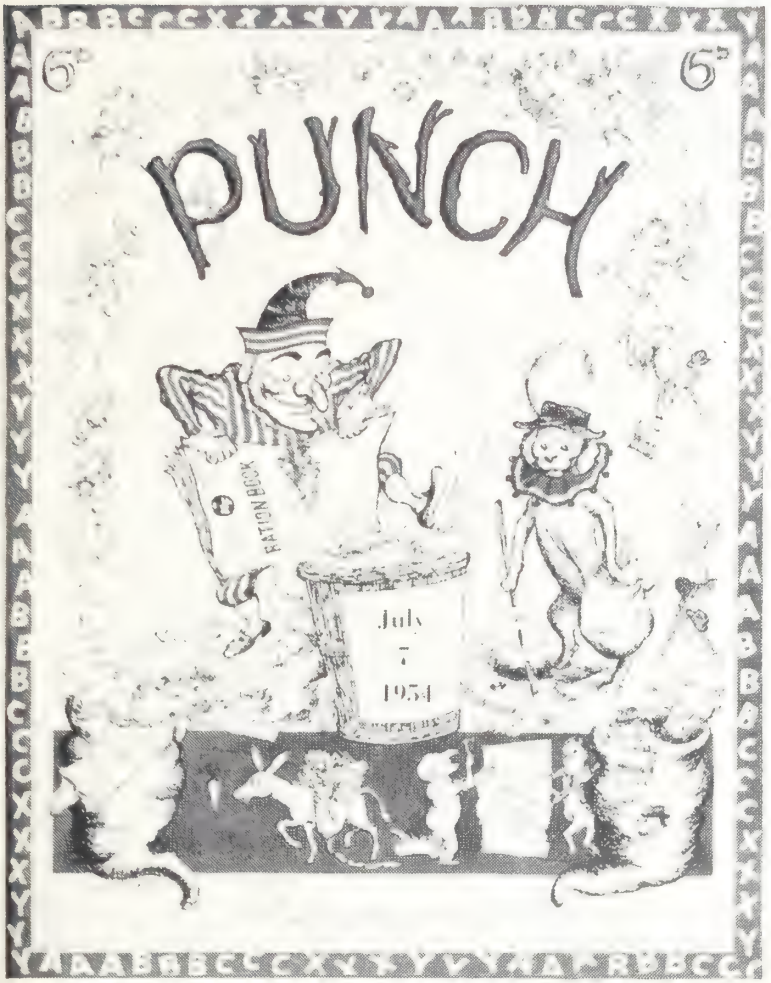
THE devil that possesses them is a modern devil, that of the "inside story," the conspiratorial view of history, which with paranoiac logic sees all previously accepted records as merely cover-up stories to conceal the secret, buried Truth. But, as is common with such illuminati, they prove too much: "When all the first and second century changes and interpolations are removed from the Canon, what is left amounts to no more than an exceptionally dramatic incident in Jewish sectarian history."

In that case, however, assuming they are right, who *did* create the image of Jesus that has captured our imaginations and moved our hearts for two thousand years? One thing is sure: the creative spirit was not the Gravespodro Jesus, who "preached that only devout Jews who kept the spirit as well as the letter of the Mosaic Law could qualify for the Kingdom of Heaven; Gentiles who had not accepted circumcision and the yoke of the Law were excluded." If this is the historical Jesus, then all honor to the unknown "Greek-speaking converts" who in the second century distorted Jesus' message into the form it has come down to us, fabricating from the unpromising raw material of a narrow Jewish zealot a universal moral teacher whose doctrine is still inspiring!

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Christmas Books for Children

A discriminating appraisal of the season's brightest publications . . . by the editor of the Horn Book

Jennie D. Lindquist

CHRISTMAS begins early for any reviewer of children's books. Since mid-August packages of the new fall publications have come almost daily to my desk. Some contain nothing of lasting value—but now and then one brings a book so full of life than I can hardly wait to share it with children. Such are the books which I have included in this list—outstanding because of the quality of their writing, illustrations, and book-making; the creative presentation of their subjects; and, of course, their interest for children.

To begin with picture books: One of the most distinguished this year is ***Hide and Seek Day*** by Gene Zion with double-spread pictures in color by Margaret Bloy Graham (Harper, $2). One morning Jimmy's puppy hid a shoe and Mother had to hunt for it; Daddy had to hunt for a collar button. "Let's play hide and seek all day!" said Jimmy; and the following pages show all sorts of things that are hiding. The train hides in the tunnel; the turtle hides in his shell when he hears a noise; the policeman and his horse play hide and seek with a lump of sugar. A child will go back to this book again and again and, with just a suggestion from an adult, can discover other hide and seek players in his own world.

Beady Bear by Don Freeman (Viking, $2) tells in brief text and appealing pictures in black and white what happened when a toy bear, left alone in the nursery, came upon a startling announcement in an ABC Animal Book: "B is for Bear, an animal brave who lives in a cave." "Why hasn't anybody told me this before?" said Beady and knew he would have to find a cave and prove that he was a proper bear. A good bedtime book for all small teddy bear lovers.

The animals who were so well received in America last year when they appeared in *Pitschi* by the Swiss artist, Hans Fischer, are back in ***The Birthday*** (Harcourt, Brace, $3), preparing a wonderful surprise for Old Lisette who cares for them on the farm where they live. The six-color illustrations have a definite European flavor and are full of amusing details: the preparations in the kitchen with the animals doing the cooking; the birthday table; the evening pageant near the duck pond where each guest carries "an apple with a lighted candle in it."

THERE is another gay birthday celebration this year, told and pictured by Esther Averill in ***Jenny's Birthday Book*** (Harper, $2). Children are already well-acquainted with the small black cat, Jenny Linsky, but heretofore they have met her only in her little books; now she has a full-size, four-color picture book, very festive, in honor of the party her cat friends give her in the Greenwich Village park. A good gift for Jenny's old admirers and one that will make new friends for her.

There is a beautiful new edition of ***Cinderella,*** illustrated by Marcia Brown (Scribner, $2).

The Thanksgiving Story by Alice Dalgliesh (Scribner, $2) is such a distinguished and delightful book that I hope no one will make the mistake of thinking it belongs only to November. It will make a Christmas gift of lasting value, with its simply told story, its well-designed pages and its striking pictures by Helen Sewell.

In ***Professor Bull's Umbrella*** by William Lipkind (Viking, $2.50), the professor and his umbrella (which he called Philip) were inseparable until the day he absent-mindedly left it leaning against a hydrant and the wind carried it off. The story of Philip's brief but exciting adventure is amusing, but it is the gusto and sweep of Georges Schreiber's pictures and his interesting use of color that give the book its chief distinction.

Wheel on the Chimney, by Margaret Wise Brown (Lippincott, $3) tells of a pair of storks who built a nest on a farm in Hungary and of the two baby storks born there. Tibor Gergely, who came to America from that country, illustrates with great beauty and glowing color the life and the changing seasons on the farm, and the migration of the storks with their flamingo cousins to Africa.

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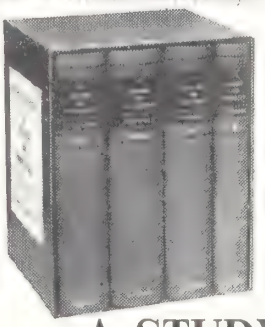
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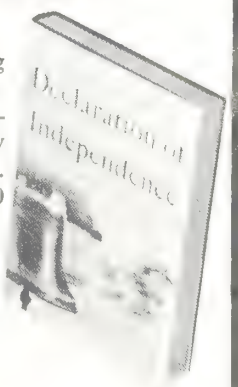
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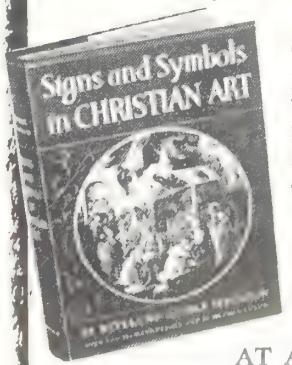
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ing big picture books about the donkey Cocolo, and will be delighted to learn that his son now has a book of his own, a tiny book—not even so big as *Peter Rabbit*. It is ***Piccolo*** (Harper, $1.25), just the right size for a stocking book and for convenient carrying around.

It is impossible to give in a brief review any idea of the fun in the imaginative text and pictures of the new book by Ruth Krauss, illustrated by Maurice Sendak, ***I'll Be You and You Be Me*** (Harper, $1.75). It is "about love and friendship" and the happy play of little children who know what joy it is to play twin with your best friend and who realize that "love is you give them the leg off your gingerbread man. No, two legs and the head." A book that offers endless enjoyment when shared by children and adults.

For children just beyond picture-books there is a charming and original doll story by Rumer Godden, ***Impunity Jane,*** illustrated by Adrienne Adams (Viking, $2.50). The spunky little heroine was so strongly made that "you could drop her with impunity." Even small boys will enjoy this.

In ***Blue Canyon Horse*** (Viking, $2.75), Ann Nolan Clark and the Indian artist, Allan Houser, have combined to make a beautiful book about a young Indian boy in Utah and his much-loved little mare. The text has the poetic quality of Mrs. Clark's *In My Mother's House* and deserves to be read aloud.

Chica by Sally Scott, illustrated by Joe Krush (Harcourt, Brace, $2.25) is about a nine-year-old boy who wanted a cowpony of his own. He was given Chica, but she, alas, was not the answer to anybody's dream. Peculiar looking and contrary as they come, she provides the story with amusing episodes and her young owner with many problems.

For the nine-to-eleven-year-olds, Meindert DeJong has written one of the outstanding books of this—or of any—season, ***The Wheel on the School,*** illustrated by Maurice Sendak (Harper, $2.75). Its setting is the little Dutch village of Shora, where the storks never nest although they set up housekeeping in all the villages round about. Why should the storks pass Shora by? The six pupils in the school do not know, but the teacher has a suggestion: "Will you wonder why . . . for sometimes when we wonder we can make things begin to happen." For boys or girls or families to share.

In ***To See the Queen*** (Longmans, Green, $2.50) Katharine Gibson has drawn upon her rich knowledge of life in early England to weave a tale little girls will love about the seven-year-old Isabella of France who was married to Richard II; and of what happened when the famous pussycat of the nursery rhyme came to London with a young shepherd boy and "frightened a little mouse under her chair." It is illustrated by Clotilde Embree Funk.

For young mystery lovers there is a new book by Astrid Lindgren, ***Bill Bergson Lives Dangerously,*** illustrated by Don Freeman (Viking, $2.50). A vivid picture of a little Swedish village and of the three "detectives," Bill, Anders, and Eva-Lotta, combines with real humor and a well-worked out plot to make this a better-than-average mystery.

The Year of the Mintie May by Margaret Webb Sanders, illustrated by Robert G. Henneberger (Putnam, $2.50), is a good family story set in a Pennsylvania oil town in the 1870s, with the main character young Arny Shull, who works hard to earn enough money to buy a small share in a well. Contrary to the habit of most storybook oil wells it does not prove to be a get-rich-quick venture and the book has a far better ending than the usual stereotyped one.

Four authors whose work is always hailed with delight have new books this fall. Robert Lawson has written and illustrated ***The Tough Winter*** (Viking, $3), a sequel to *Rabbit Hill*. The first book is so much loved by children that they will be overjoyed to meet again Little Georgie and the other animals on the Hill, not forgetting the crochety old rabbit, Uncle Analdas. Put this book high on your gift list.

William Pène duBois has had many strange adventures but none stranger than that in which he met the eight-year-old Spanish giant, El Muchacho. This remarkable child was as tall as a seven-story building. He could lift a trolley car with one hand; he played with Mr. du Bois as if that author were a tiny doll; he washed behind the ears with the hose of a fire engine. ***The Giant*** (Viking, $2.75) has superior illustrations and bookmaking.

In a Christmas story, ***The High World*** (Harper, $2.75), Ludwig Bemelmans tells what happened in a village in the Austrian Tyrol when a pompous government official came to make arrangements for the establishment of a hydroelectric power plant. The story and pictures have humor and a warmth which come from Mr. Bemelmans' love of the Tyrol and its people and his understanding of little children.

Since C. S. Lewis is to children of today what E. Nesbit was to an earlier generation, the fifth story of "Narnia of the heathery mountains and the thymy downs" will be on the Christmas lists of all children who have had the first four. ***The Horse and His Boy,*** illustrated by Pauline Baynes (Macmillan, $2.75), is well written and true to the land of fancy, but it lacks some of the richness of the earlier books; and to introduce a child to the joys of C. S. Lewis I should begin with the first, *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*.

A new author, Palmer Brown, has written and illustrated ***Beyond the Pawpaw Trees*** (Harper, $2.50). It tells the story of Anna Lavinia, who lived in a house surrounded by pawpaw trees and had never been beyond them before "the lavender blue" day when she and her cat, Strawberry, set out on the adventure this book records. Mr. Brown writes and draws with so much charm and freshness of imagination that the book leaves one hoping it is only the first of many from his pen.

For Older Boys and Girls

Margot Benary's ***Rowan Farm*** (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50), sequel to *The Ark*, continues the sympathetic portrayal of a courageous family of refugees in Germany after World War II. Here the chief emphasis is on the older daughter, Margret, whose love of animals will endear her to other girls of twelve to fourteen. Together the two books make a deeply satisfying chronicle of family life.

André Norton's ***At Swords' Points***



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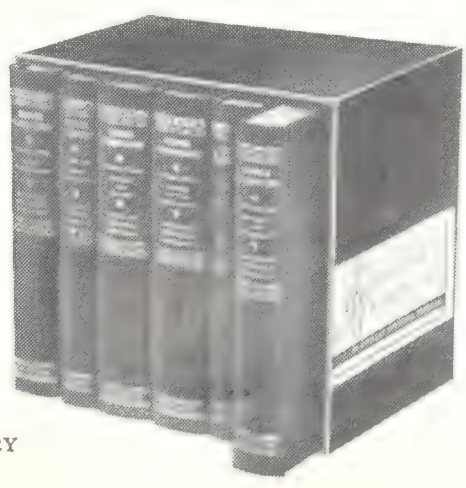
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(Harcourt, Brace, $3) also takes place soon after World War II. It is a story of espionage in which young Quinn Anders comes from America to the Netherlands to unravel the mystery of his older brother's death. Good, crisp writing and a well-worked out plot.

James Ramsey Ullman's ***Banner in the Sky*** (Lippincott, $2.75) is distinguished for good writing and its ability to bring out the fascination of mountain climbing and of the uncontrollable desire of the young Swiss hero to become a guide and to help conquer the hitherto unclimbable "Citadel." To be read at one sitting.

In ***Pray Love, Remember*** (Harper, $2.75), Mary Stolz again proves her exceptional ability to write perceptively of young people of today. This is the story of Dody Jenks and her desire to get away from the small town where she lives. Ashamed of her family and impatient of their narrow interests, she longs for more gracious living. It is during the summer after her graduation from high school that she meets and falls in love with Simon Roth. The story of their love is told with rare beauty.

Non-Fiction for Nine and Up

THE variety in subject matter in the following brief list of non-fiction indicates the wide interests of children of today.

Skyrocketing into the Unknown by Charles Coombs (Morrow, $4) tells in graphic text and 141 photographs the story of rocket and jet development in the United States today. Listed for "twelve up and adults," it will appeal also to some good readers who are younger.

In ***The Epics of Everest*** (Ariel Books, $3.25), illustrated by Genevieve Vaughan-Jackson, Leonard Wibberley gives a thrilling picture of the various attempts to climb the world's highest mountain.

In ***Ajax, Golden Dog of the Australian Bush*** (Bobbs-Merrill, $2) Mary Elwyn Patchett recalls a happy childhood in Australia. Children from ten on will like it because it concerns chiefly her adventures with three dogs. Mediocre illustrations.

Thelma Harrington Bell's ***Snow*** is a fascinating book with pictures by Corydon Bell (Viking, $2.50). It gives all sorts of interesting information about snow, from the different kinds of snowflakes and how they are formed to the methods of measuring snowfall and the architecture of igloos.

Claire Huchet Bishop has written a vivid biography of Saint Martin, ***Martin de Porres Hero*** (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50). With its good bookmaking and the striking illustrations by Jean Charlot it is a fine choice, especially as a Christmas gift for a Catholic boy or girl.

Walter Terry's ***Star Performance, the Story of the World's Great Ballerinas,*** illustrated by Marta Becket, (Doubleday, $2.95) is a good gift for any teen-age girl with an interest in the dance.

Going to the Ballet by Arnold Haskell, first published in England, is a handy paper-covered guide (Penguin Books, 65¢). It contains much information on "the four parts of the ballet," dancing, music, drama, and costume and scenery.

New Editions and Collections

ONE of my childhood favorites was Mary Louisa Molesworth's ***The Cuckoo Clock.*** In its new and very attractive edition, illustrated by Ernest Shepard (Dutton, $1.95), little girls of today will enjoy reading of Griselda's adventures when she stepped into the cuckoo clock.

Some Merry Adventures of Robin Hood, twelve stories selected by Howard Pyle from his larger collection, has long been available only in a school edition. This year it has been re-issued in much more attractive format "entirely redesigned with plates made from the original drawings." (Scribner, $2.50).

OF BOOKS of verse this year, by far the most interesting collection comes from England, ***The Faber Book of Children's Verse,*** compiled by Janet Adam Smith (Transatlantic Arts, $3). It contains familiar poems and many that I have never seen in any anthology in America. No lover of poetry—adult or child—should miss this.

Also from England comes ***Carols for the Twelve Days of Christmas*** compiled and arranged by Percy M. Young and illustrated by Ida Procter (Roy, $3.50). A gift that will give a music-loving family much pleasure.

"Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested."

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by Nikolai M. Gorchakov *Translation* by Miriam Goldina



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Case History A: — This reader talks about books and wants to own books that other people are talking about. He knows how to weigh the enthusiasms and censures of a dozen of the top widely read critics. He can spot the weasel word or the qualifying "but" and his intellectual curiosity is always piqued by the sight of the critic venturing way out on the limb. In choosing books for him consider the solid praise behind these: —

The Last Hunt by **Milton Lott** ($3.95) "A first novel, and a fine one; I have not seen a finer one about the West . . . since I can remember." — *H. L. Davis, N.Y. Herald Tribune*

Katherine by **Anya Seton** ($3.95) "One of the best pieces of historical fiction of the past half dozen years." — *Thomas Caldecott Chubb, The Saturday Review*

The Wicked Pavilion by **Dawn Powell** ($3.50) "A modern morality play written with a kind of furious compassion, savage grace and style, wit and ribald laughter." — *Charles Poore, N.Y. Times*

The Temptation of Roger Heriott by **Edward Newhouse** ($3.00) "One of the really good books of this or any other season." — *William Peden, The Saturday Review*

Seven Days to Lomaland by **Esther Warner** ($3.50) "Freshness, relaxed laughter . . . the story of happy friendship shared with a half dozen African individuals . . . Esther Warner obviously spoke a language of the heart." — *Lewis Gannett, N.Y. Herald Tribune* Woodcuts by Jo Dendel

Beyond the Hundredth Meridian *John Wesley Powell and the Second Opening of the West* by **Wallace Stegner** ($6.00) "One of our magnificent, and neglected, American stories . . . no man is better fitted by understanding and artistry to tell it." — *Mari Sandoz, The Saturday Review*



A candidate for this category which has just been published and not yet reviewed is **Only Fade Away** by **Bruce Marshall,** ($3.75) the novel of a professional soldier by an author distinguished for his insight into the power and the glory, and for his perception of the humor in the pathos of men.



Case History B has no thought for the literary mode. A book is not a conversation piece but an introduction to people he wants to know. In choosing his Christmas gift, remember that he reads to enlarge his large circle of literary acquaintance, that he is a connoisseur in rugged individualism.

Thad Snow's personal history, **From Missouri,** ($4.00) is a rousing testament to the strength of the American farmer who has chosen his way of life as a philosopher chooses, who writes with great charm about the people and the animals who work with him, and with table thumping vigor about agricultural politics. Some of his work has appeared in the St. Louis Post Dispatch, some in Harper's.

Wallace Kirkland's Recollections of a LIFE Photographer ($3.50) amounts to the inside story of a score of bizarre assignments. He was sent on them as a cameraman, he emerges as a writer of even greater punch, whether his subject is the top of General MacArthur's head or the misdirected stampede of buffalo or a few days of immobility waiting for a dragonfly.



A monumental figure usually dwarfs his biographies. Happiest solution is to elicit autobiography. **Colin Coote,** covering all of the writing and speeches of Sir Winston Churchill, has fashioned a self-portrait out of more than two thousand quotations, ranging from "My mother was American and my ancestors were officers in Washington's army. So I am myself an English-speaking union," to "It is better to have a world united than a world divided; but it is also better to have a world divided than a world destroyed," in **A Churchill Reader.** ($5.00)

Houghton Mifflin



Our nominee for the man to meet the Russians is **Brigadier General Dewhurst,** Chief of the British Mission to Soviet Forces in Eastern Germany until 1953. This nomination is made on the basis his good humor, exploits and diplomatic deftness Berlin, told in **Close Contact.** ($4.00) His evidence the assisted death of Stalin is currently being corborated by the Harrison Salisbury articles in the .Y. *Times*. His acuity is proven by his prophecies of e Russian bid to wreck EDC, and the present Soviet ndeavor to prevent German rearmament.



Case History C is the specialist ten found out-of-doors and well prepared r identification of large and small wildfe. His standard of factual material is lentlessly high and so he probably owns l volumes of the incomparable Roger Tory Peterson eries. But there may be a borrower's gap here and ere and in any case he will not yet have had time acquire **Olaus Murie's A Field Guide to Animal racks** ($3.75) with more than 1000 illustrations nd a key to the tracks themselves. Also published in ovember is **A History of Birds,** by one of Britain's remost ornithologists, **James Fisher.** ($3.75)

Some specialists are travelling men, actual armchair. For both consider the **American Travel uide Series,** only a dollar apiece and a great barain in intelligently collected data for the migrant to **ew York, Chicago, California, Florida, New ngland,** and **Washington, D.C.** Also a bargain is e magnificently illustrated **Exploring Our National arks and Monuments** by **Devereux Butcher.** ourth edition, new this Fall. (Cloth, $4.50; paper 2.50) And for the young astronomer, **Find the Conellations** by **H. A. Rey.** ($3.00)

Of course there is the literary specialist o who may be a collector of poetry or fancier of the ort story. Here are four excellent choices: **Songs r Eve** by **Archibald MacLeish** ($3.00), **The ream and the Desert** by **Uys Krige** ($3.00), **A reasury of French Tales** collected by Henri Pourt ($3.00), and **The Best American Short Stories, 954** edited by **Martha Foley.** ($4.00)



Case History D: — The Christmas stocking set could easily account for the fattest package borne away from the bookstore. Fortunately Children's Book Week in November artfully tempts the juniors into a ecific list of requests. In addition to their demands, nsider a book published after Book Week — **The ory of Religion** by **Mabel Pyne.** ($3.00) Mrs. Pyne set a new record with a new idea in juvenile books in the **Little History of the United States.** This new one, for all its brilliance and succinctness, is an encyclopedic book on world religions and a significant contribution toward broadening respect and understanding intermurally.

Case History E is a family of readers. The table that might elsewhere support a television set is strewn with books. In their more reprehensible hours they are booksnatchers, occasionally they drift comfortably into reading aloud to each other. For both states of mind give them the **Youth's Companion** ($6.00) edited by **Lovell Thompson,** and again the critics tell you why: — "The Youth's Companion managed to enlist the services of almost all the leading writers of the time on both sides of the Atlantic . . . May this rich and enchanting book give us not only a sense of things past but of the possibilities of the future." — *Henry Steele Commager, N.Y. Times.*

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"*The Youth's Companion,* it was literary without being fancy, meaty without being encyclopedic, wholesome without being mamby-pamby, and it never, never wrote down to its clientele . . . This reader used to look forward to it as he did to a Sunday-school picnic." — *John T. Winterich, Saturday Review.*



Case History F is the omnivorous reader. Paper-backs bulge from his pockets, his magazines burden the postman daily, the library sends him overdue notices and two bookstores send him bills. Clearly he can only be given the best book published latest in the season, i.e. **Song of the Sky** ($5.00) by **Guy Murchie,** Book-of-the-Month Club selection for December and published on the 1st. This is one of the most immediately exciting books on any list. Intellectually it is a takeoff into the world of air — and every man his own Columbus. It is a vast encyclopedic lively book written with the irrepressible poetry of all men who hear a siren song, and rich in the informative, speculative, deductive and heretical data of a long experienced navigator. It is a book to make every reader feel at home in the air age.

The New Books

Nobel Prize Winners and Views of America

Joseph Henry Jackson

GOING the rounds is another of those Washington anecdotes; this time the story is that a bureau executive has announced he hopes to turn all the peoples of Asia into "card-carrying Christians." The preposterous statement is doubtless intended for home consumption, but it carries an unhappy implication. Obviously its author has complete confidence in the ignorance of his audience on the subject of Asia.

Pearl Buck knows all about this dead spot in the American mind. In ***My Several Worlds*** (John Day, $5), she reports her distress at the blank indifference her countrymen have so long exhibited toward Asiatic matters. To this day, she writes, "No farmer in America has ever asked me about Chinese farming or the crops harvested there, no doctor has ever inquired about the interesting and indeed invaluable medical knowledge of Chinese physicians, no American boy or girl has ever asked me how Chinese young people live." A quarter of a century ago Mrs. Buck began trying to do something about this, and she has kept at it in thirty-odd books. In her new one she continues to interpret the China that, for almost forty years, she knew far better than her own United States.

The main structure of her book is autobiographical, but paralleling this is a running commentary on China, some of its history, a little of its politics, and, most of all, its people.

Pearl Buck was born in West Virginia and brought to the great port city of Chinkiang by her missionary parents when she was five months old. The Chinese servants petted her; she had an adopted Chinese sister; most of her playmates were Chinese. Until she was seven, she assumed that the Empress Dowager was her Venerable Ancestor too. The earliest split in her worlds came when the family fled the Boxer Rebellion and for the first time she saw a Chinese look at her with hatred.

Afterward, life seemed to go on as usual. Her mother prepared her for college in America, and an elderly Chinese scholar taught her Mandarin and the Chinese classics, shaping her mind in the mold of Confucian ethics. (His training has made it difficult for her to accept some of the absolutes others seem to swallow so easily.) Back in China to teach, she found herself in the midst of the intellectual ferment that followed the Sun Yat-sen revolution. She writes here with special enthusiasm of that yeasty period when young Chinese educated in the West argued the new theories of government, new writers insisted that fiction (scholars contemptuously called it "wild writing"), ought to be taken as literature, and teachers excitedly discussed what was and what was not worthy in the Western culture that was surely going to make China over.

Marriage took her away from this, and she tells the story of her move to a northern province where she first came to know the Chinese peasant (*The Good Earth* stems from her five years in Anhwei), her personal tragedy of which she has written in *The Child Who Never Grew,* her realization that her marriage would not work, and her return to America. Readers of her novels will learn a good deal about her first efforts at writing, the later books that led to the Nobel Prize in 1938 (accepted on the same platform with Enrico Fermi), her second marriage, her family life, and Welcome House, the child-adoption agency she founded. Mrs. Buck tells it all straightforwardly and intimately with her usual skill.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY, however, is only one aspect of her book. What Mrs. Buck wants is to help Americans understand China. Along with her own story is that of the Chinese—peasant and city worker, middlebrow and intellectual—and their accelerated emergence into the modern world. This leads naturally to some talk of Chinese history in the century since the Treaty of Nanking began the "occupation" of China by the West. She does not concern herself much with ideologies or even with politics, but the Nationalist Government is one subject on which she speaks her mind. The echo of a deep disappointment is clearly audible when she writes: "Perhaps no

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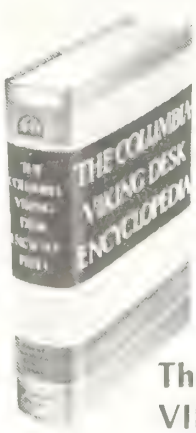
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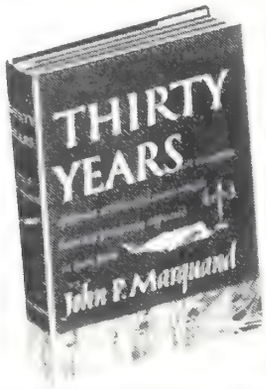


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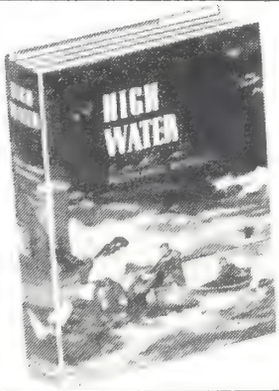


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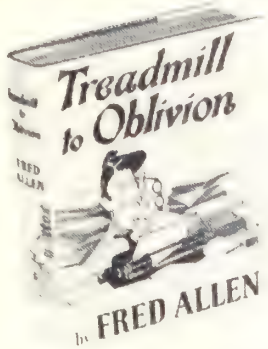
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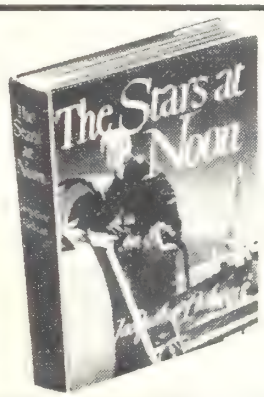
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man could have been strong enough or great enough to organize China in time. . . . Be that as it may, Chiang Kai-shek was not strong enough or great enough, and the people knew it [and] began to reject him, not suddenly nor spectacularly but nonetheless absolutely. The failure to recognize this fact was the primary failure of American policy. Had we recognized it in time we might have prevented the appearance of a Communist leader." Again: "Despair gave China to the Communists. All other causes were lesser and concomitant." Concerning at least one of these concomitant causes, she adds, remembering how impossible it was to make China clear to American college friends forty years ago: "I should have had to explain about the Opium Wars and the Boxer Rebellion and the Unequal Treaties, the extraterritoriality whereby the white man walked the earth free from arrest by a Chinese authority. . . . I should have had to explain the arrogance of the white man in Asia." (The Aga Khan has a parallel comment on the British in India, in his recent *Memoirs.)*

Mrs. Buck has visited India, Japan, Indochina, Burma, and Siam—in her youth she automatically thought of all these as lesser places, merely peripheral to the great Chinese empire—and she has talked with their statesmen, reporting many conversations in her book. Nevertheless it is not a political document that she writes but rather a warmly emotional one. Shut off now from the China she loves, Mrs. Buck looks back with warm affection to her life there, and her best pages are those in which she recollects her China in the tranquillity of her American surroundings. Wherever she is—she dates various sections from the Dakotas, Vermont, her Pennsylvania home, writing as she travels—she recalls the purple mountains and the green, closely-tilled valley of the Yangtse, the strong, naked brownness of the northern hills, and always the abounding vitality of the Chinese and their astonishing capacity for survival-no-matter-what—characteristics she compares with our own, for she sees the Chinese as more like Americans than any of the Asiatic peoples. In the end, her forthright expression of a personal viewpoint turns out to be a kind of guidebook in human relations. Mrs. Buck's unswerving dedication to people as people is always clear, and although her worlds have now indeed irrevocably split, she is determined to maintain, if she can, at least some human understanding between them.

Life with Fermi

If Mrs. Buck correlates her life story with that of a country and a people, Laura Fermi hitches hers to a man and an era—her husband, Enrico Fermi, and the Atomic Age for which he is so largely responsible. Like Mrs. Buck's book, ***Atoms in the Family*** (Univ. of Chicago, $4) moves beyond autobiography. Because Mrs. Fermi has an unusual talent for clear expository writing, lay readers are likely to learn from her more about nuclear physics than they may have thought themselves able to absorb. At the same time they will be well entertained by her sensitive, even-tempered account of her husband's work and their life together.

Fermi was one of a group of brilliant young physicists (Emilio Segré was another) who were making their Roman school famous. Laura Capon, a science student, met him often at friends' houses; the professor-pupil relationship was easy and informal. Fermi, who likes to classify everything, described to her the kind of wife he wanted—tall, athletic, preferably blonde, and of country stock, with four living grandparents. Laura was smallish and dark, and disliked games; she came of city-bred people and her last grandparent had recently died. They were married almost immediately.

For ten years she learned how to be the wife of a scientist whose reputation was becoming legendary. She soon discovered that her husband hated fuss; the cooking, even the furniture had to be simple. They had two children, traveled to South America for summer lectures, once to the United States, learning new languages by reading books, dictionary at hand. (For North America Enrico chose the works of Jack London.) As the 1930s passed, Fermi's researches in slowing down the neutron established him as the leading man in what the experts called familiarly "atomic golf." Then it was 1938; the Rome–Berlin Axis had been formed and Mussolini embraced the Hitler race theories.

That autumn Italy's first anti-Semitic laws were passed. Enrico and the children were Catholics; technically the family could have stayed in Italy. "But," Mrs. Fermi writes, "there is a limit to what one is willing to tolerate." Her husband wrote guarded letters to American universities and five replied with offers. He chose Columbia and told Italian officials he was embarking on a six-months' visit to New York. A serious problem was money; emigrants were permitted only fifty dollars. But a telephone call came from Stockholm at precisely the right moment; Fermi had been awarded the Nobel Prize. When they left, they told only a few close friends they would not be back. In December Fermi received the award, holding himself preternaturally stiff for fear his shirt-front would pop out (next him on the platform was Pearl Buck), and the family sailed to begin a second life in America.

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It is the latter half-and-a-bit of Mrs. Fermi's book that will be most eagerly read, for it covers the years of the war when big things were happening fast. At Columbia, Fermi plunged into experimental physics, now with a cyclotron at his disposal, a source of neutrons about a hundred thousand times more intense than the radon-beryllium sources he had used in Rome. Mrs. Fermi shrewdly steps up the tempo here; in her narrative the weighty events follow one another rapidly—the first efforts to set up the now familiar but then virtually untried pattern of close relationship between research and government; the famous Einstein letter to the President (". . . some recent work by E. Fermi and L. Szilard . . . the element uranium may be turned into a new source of energy in the immediate future . . . a new type of bomb . . ."); the assignment to Chicago and the first self-sustaining chain reaction achieved; the move to the mysterious New Mexican mesa; the months of strangeness there; and the teamwork that resulted in Alamogordo, Hiroshima, and our nervous world.

The Secret Was Out

MRS. FERMI gets it all into her story with a sure sense of drama and an intelligent avoidance of easy dramatics. Along with the facts she provides a pleasant picture—homely in the original sense—of what General Groves fondly called "the largest collection of crackpots the world has ever seen," observed in their off hours. Family groups climbed down into canyons for picnics. Edward Teller practiced furiously on a monumental grand piano and wrote rhymes in the manner of Lewis Carroll for his small son. Niels Bohr (he was "Mr. Baker" there, his presence on the mesa one of the war's most carefully guarded secrets) told jokes in a half-whisper and proved to be one of the best hikers of them all. Klaus Fuchs played charades with the rest, and no one guessed that he would later testify, "It was possible for me to be close friends with people and at the same time to deceive and endanger them."

In spite of the curiously compartmented life, everyone managed, and then suddenly they could talk openly; the secret was out; the bomb had been dropped. Mrs. Fermi closes with the family's move back to Chicago where her husband, with a still bigger cyclotron, commenced new work on mesons. With admissible pride she quotes his friend Segré's comment: "Had Enrico been like most, he would have gone on working with neutrons. He would now be king of the neutrons. What other physicist would want to learn new methods of research when he is fifty?"

Mrs. Fermi writes remarkably well; if her husband absorbed his knowledge of our language by reading Jack London, it would be interesting to know from what admirable models Laura Fermi acquired her firm, direct way with the English sentence. But what counts most is her awareness that the greatest events are still part of the common human story, and that the thing to do with life is to take it as it comes, preferably with one's sense of humor alive and working.

The Rio Grande

NEXT to the Mississippi–Missouri system, the Rio Grande is the longest river in the United States. Its sources are frost-bound for three-quarters of the year; it empties into the near-tropical warmth of the Gulf of Mexico. Its total winding length is almost 2,000 miles; half of this forms the border between two countries. Men have lived for ten centuries in the region it drains.

To tell the story of so vast a river and its country is a staggering undertaking, but in ***Great River: The Rio Grande in American History*** (Rinehart, 2 vols, $10), Paul Horgan is equal to the task. Neither historian nor anthropologist by profession, no trained specialist in folkways or military strategy or the geographical sciences, he manages a successful synthesis of all these. He accomplishes this at least partly because he is a first-rate novelist. Skilful narration is the backbone of this massive work, and narration is something the writer of fiction knows how to handle. Moreover, he writes: "The main physical circumstances of the Rio Grande are timeless. They assume meaning only in terms



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Theodore Roosevelt



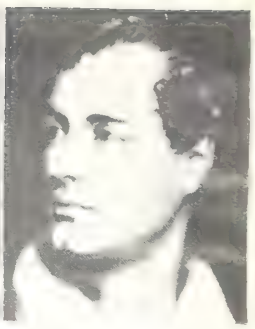
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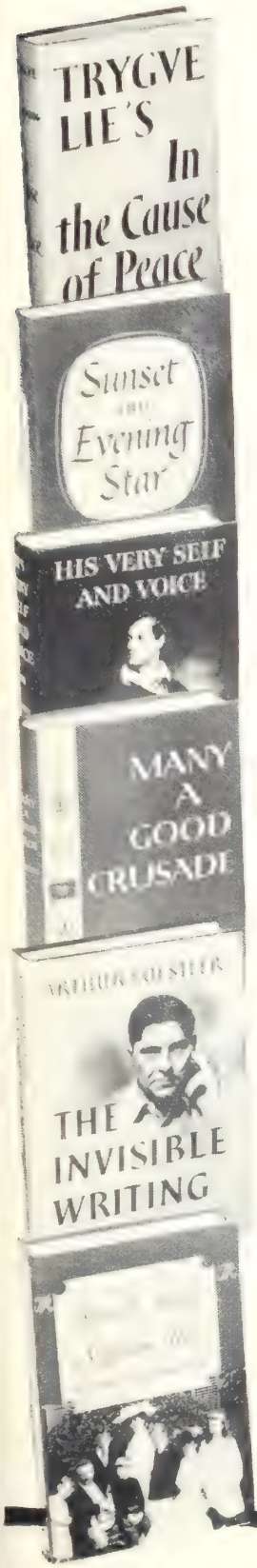
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Arthur Koestler



Byron at 26, Portrait by

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of the people who came to the river." Plainly Mr. Horgan sees his theme not primarily as a geographical but as a human landscape, which is how the novelist is bound to see it.

Four kinds of people have made the land of the Rio Grande their home. Indian, Spaniard, colonial Mexican, and what Frank Lloyd Wright would call "Usonian" followed one another in the spacious, dry country, each leaving something of his culture. The Indian lived humbly, close to his gods; he moved over the land, settling in one spot, inexplicably deserting another; his design of life depended upon his identification with the group. The Spaniard, magnificently the individual, came and conquered (though not easily), debated whether the Indian was man or animal, sometimes, when he was a priest, deciding on the former, sometimes, when intractable Indians had to be punished, content to settle for the latter and so lessen his own sense of guilt.

For three hundred years Spain ruled the Great River country by sword and candle, and some of Mr. Horgan's finest chapters are those in which he reflects this period whose stamp is still on the Southwest. Of the four, the Mexican period was shortest and most violent, some forty years of bloody struggle in which Texas came into being and our Manifest Destiny snatched an empire just in time from a confused, newly organized republic; when the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo was signed on February 2, 1848, neither the United States nor Mexico knew that eight days earlier gold had been discovered in California. Six years later the Emory survey demonstrated the wisdom of the Gadsden Purchase which had secured a safe right-of-way for the coming railroad. It was not until 1899 that the last secrets of the Great River were penetrated, when Robert Hill explored the country of the Big Bend. Mr. Horgan carries the story through the border troubles of 1915-17. The machine age in the Rio Grande region, he seems to say, had better be someone else's business.

The skeleton here so curtly suggested is marvelously fleshed out. Mr. Horgan writes lyrically of the Indian, romantically of the Spaniard, sympathetically of the Mexican, and with fine vigor of the North American in his irresistible westward sweep, "repudiating one past after another . . . bringing distance with him as a virtue." As for his skill in managing the diverse elements of his story, and his wonderfully sustained narrative drive, I am reminded of something once said to me by the late great Herbert Eugene Bolton, who taught several generations of today's professional historians. I had mentioned a widely read book on certain aspects of America's past. (Later it earned its author a Pulitzer Prize.) The man who wrote it was not a teacher of history, and Dr. Bolton's first response was automatically that of the professional: "Of course," he said, "he's not a historian." Then his natural kindness and sound judgment came into play, and he added with honest enthusiasm, "But I wish some of my boys could write half as well!" Mr. Horgan may not be a historian in the technical sense; he has not taught history professionally. But this many-sided account of the Great River is historical writing of the best kind, an artistic performance of a high order.

Plea for Reason

A few years ago Bergen Evans wrote *The Natural History of Nonsense* in which he hacked his way through certain jungles of folk-myth, happily demolishing such notions as that if a pregnant woman saw a toad her child would be warty, that rats "know" when a ship will sink, and that if you hold your breath a bee won't sting you. Now he is at it again in ***The Spoor of Spooks*** (Knopf, $4.50). This time he permits his underlying seriousness to show a bit more clearly.

At first, the book goes along in the familiar pattern: Mark Twain did not make that remark about the weather nor did Greeley counsel young men to "Go West!" Marie Antoinette was a child of eleven when Rousseau, in his "Confessions," attributed "Let them eat cake!" to an unspecified princess. (He said she said *"brioche."*) Dowsing? Evans lets Mr. Kenneth Roberts have both barrels, and he reloads and fires again at Dr. Rhine, ESP, and "Psi." Medieval poison-rings? Rubbish! The same for the

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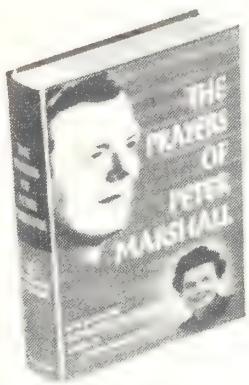
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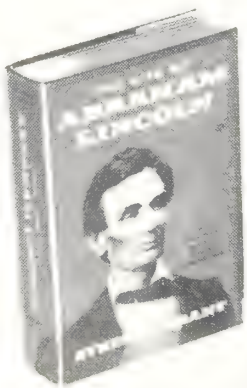
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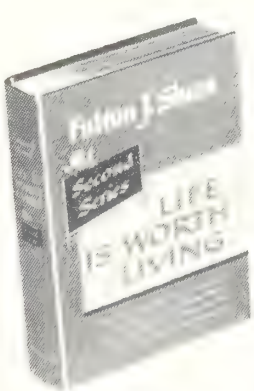
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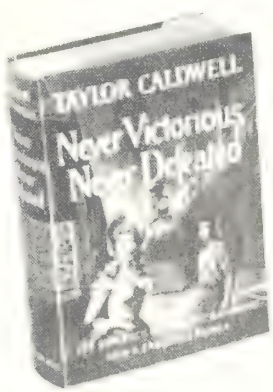
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"truth drugs" supposed to be administered by the Communists to reluctant confessors; all the to-do about "actedron" collapsed, he writes, when it turned out to be just benzedrine.

PLENTY of people will take this with a smile. But Mr. Evans digs deeper. Many of our notions about Woman are no more than holdovers from nineteenth-century romanticism, and he takes a very dim view of some commonly accepted American ideas—as for instance that Woman is an Inspiration to Man. (While he is at it, he derides the prophets of imminent feminine rule: "A mess, yes. A matriarchy, no.") Some popular myths are outright dangerous. Narcotics may be evil indeed, but the current fashion for making them the general scapegoat won't do: "Alcohol causes infinitely more murders, rapes, and crimes of violence than do morphine, heroin, cocaine, marihuana, and all other drugs combined." The real danger: If you blame everything on drugs, it is easier to ignore other, perhaps more significant, causes of crime.

On our contemporary cult of the automobile Mr. Evans is brutally frank. We like our accidents, he says; there wouldn't be so many of them if we didn't. Our safety campaigns? The best the highway engineer can do is to create circumstances in which safety is possible if the public wants it. But the belief that the public does want safety is another myth. If it did, it would pay the price, which includes the kind of licensing that would keep the emotionally unstable off the road. As for the costs of car ownership, under Mr. Evans' simple arithmetic long-cherished rationalizations melt like ice in the sun. Will anyone listen? Of course not. When it comes to his automobile, the average American lives in a world of dreams, "For at bottom this symbiosis of the American and his car . . . is a love affair." The shamefaced reader may make the best of it.

What it comes down to, of course, is that Mr. Evans is simply pointing out how much nicer things would be if people would only be reasonable. He knows they never have been and that they won't be in the foreseeable future. But since this knowledge in

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no way lessens either the reader's or his own enjoyment in his rousing attacks on unreason, the reader is measurably to the good.

Photographer's Delight

With Christmas so close, the uncommonly elegant ***Woodland Flowers*** (Little, Brown, $20) should certainly be mentioned. It is a large folio, approximately 12 by 16¾ inches, containing fifty color photographs made by an Eastman Kodak Company technician and artist, Jeannette Klute, whose work has been shown at New York's Museum of Modern Art and in European galleries.

Miss Klute's focus of interest is the picture; she makes no attempt to cover any particular part of the United States nor does she try for broad representation of flower types. All the photographs—they are extraordinarily fine—were made by natural daylight and *in situ*. In each case style and technique are painstakingly adapted to the idea the artist-photographer is out to express; in a short foreword she defines this simply as "the feeling one experiences being out of doors." With each picture she quotes a line or two she feels will best match the mood she is after, the quotations ranging from Homer, Horace, and Catullus through Chinese and Japanese poets to Robert Frost—Bryant, of course, with her vibrantly blue Fringed Gentian. (The type-blocks are inconspicuously placed, and never on the same page as the picture.)

While all of these are woodland photographs, not all are flowers; for a dozen or so she has chosen wild life, a locust, a dragonfly, a white-tailed deer, a turtle (with which her pleasantly pat line is Alice's remark about "uglification"). There is an Appendix covering the three years during which Miss Klute made her pictures; here the photographer-reader may find precise details on light conditions, film, exposure times and the like, together with brief remarks on the specific problems posed each time. The plates are made from dye transfer prints. Splendid press-work and in fact the entire design and execution of the volume make it by any standard an outstandingly beautiful book.

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FICTION

My Brother's Keeper, by Marcia Davenport.

Mrs. Davenport does not write in the modern introspective manner but with a sweep and power and scope that make one suffer any minor flaws gladly. The rich Collyer brothers who were found dead several years ago in their decaying old brownstone house stuffed so full of newspapers and junk that it was nearly impossible to force entry, obviously started her thinking about this story. Whether it is psychologically sound doesn't really matter—whether being brought up by a strict Victorian grandmother, cruel and vindictive in her discipline, could so emotionally stunt the two brothers that even after her death they should be more bound to each other and the horror-house with which her will has saddled them than to anything else in the world. What matters is that the author makes you believe it's possible, makes you see how the love affairs of both Seymour and Randall Holt were blighted; makes the reader live through the early wealthy days in New York (Mrs. Davenport has put the house in the old Chelsea area). She brings to vivid life the summers with their sailing races and moonlight clambakes on the exclusive "Hare Island" off the still undeveloped Newport. As the boys grow older and the nineteenth century turns into the twentieth, the grandmother dies but leaves most of their money tied up in trusts. Yet somehow Seymour, the older, dashing, headstrong brother is able to buy a snorting red Stevens-Duryea in which the brothers and two girls make gay, if puncture-ridden, excursions in and around New York. One of the girls is a beautiful and light-hearted young Italian opera singer and the younger, gentler, musician brother falls hopelessly in love with her. There are violent scenes, later an interlude in the Italian lake country, and then the final building up of the emotional accumulation of the years which brings the story to its dreadful yet acceptable climax. Mrs. Daven-

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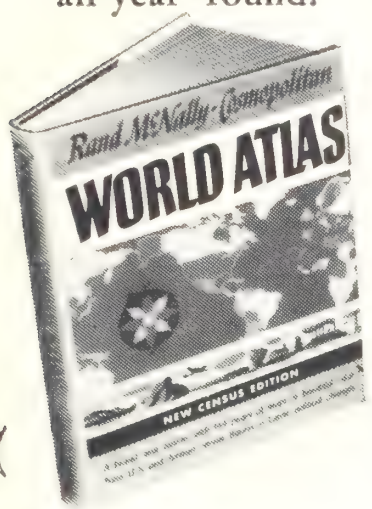
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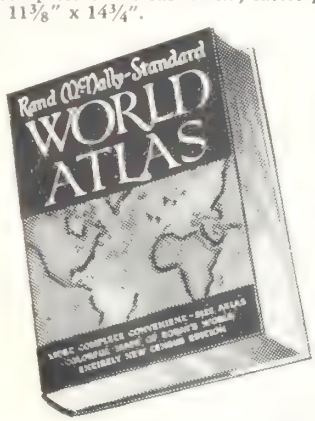
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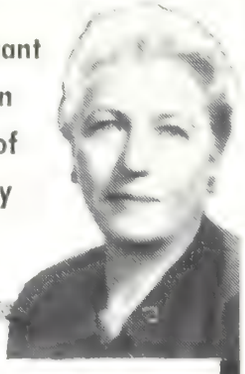
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the British colony in Damba. British attitudes (old and new) toward colonialism. There is plenty of excitement and tension—emotional, moral, and physical—throughout. Once or twice there is too much about people not principally involved, which seems to interrupt the story rather than help it. But in spite of the interruptions, I can't imagine anyone stopping before the affecting climax.

Longman, $3.50

Hester Lilly and 12 Short Stories, by Elizabeth Taylor.

This novelette and the stories that follow it are masterpieces of character drawing. They are so quiet, so understated, the situations so easily and apparently artlessly built through ordinary conversations that one can hardly believe the tension that they generate. But generate it they do and one feels intensely the joy and anguish of love (the subject of nearly all her stories) and a sense of life in the raw under the beautifully polished surfaces. Two of the stories have appeared in *Harper's.*

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NON-FICTION

Shocking Life. by Elsa Schiaparelli. One reads Schiaparelli. One thinks in abrupt sentences. One makes no transitions. One merely moves from one experience to another with passion, excitement, and childish irrelevance. She has done many things. She is not a writer, at least not in English. She sees her husband, father of her child for the last time. She writes, all in one breath:

> Not a word was exchanged. No question was asked. I never saw him again. Somebody had lent me a cottage in Woodstock, the country Saint-Germain-des-piés [*sic*] of America. There I went for two or three weeks of peace. But it did not turn out to be all quietness. First there were cats belonging to my host, huge animals that scared the life out of me. Then I decided to learn how to drive.

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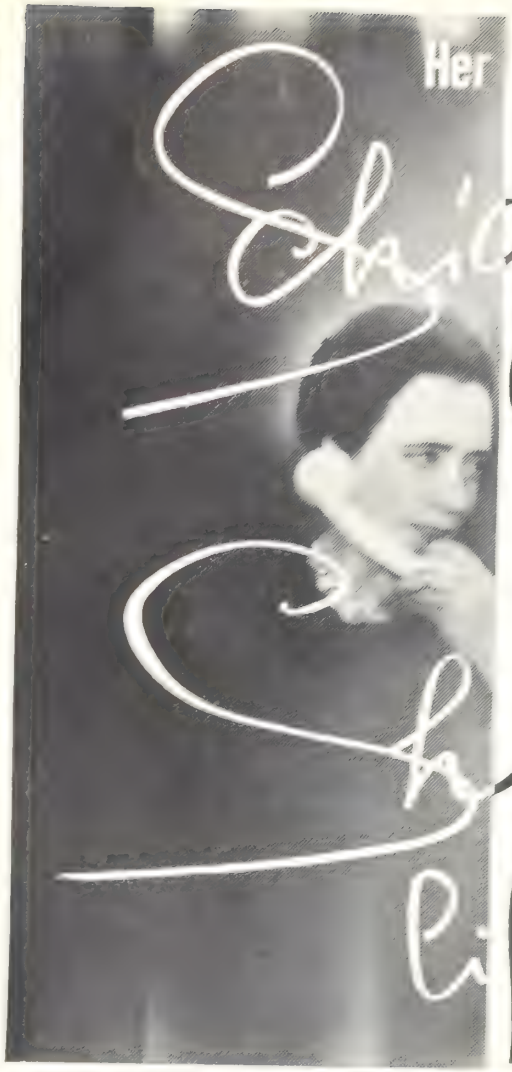
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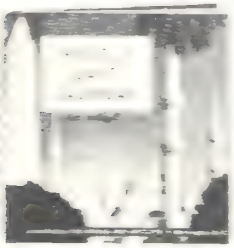
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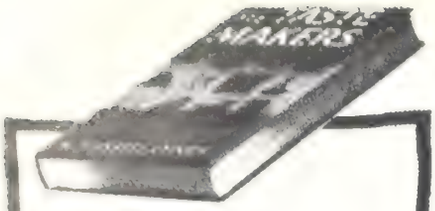
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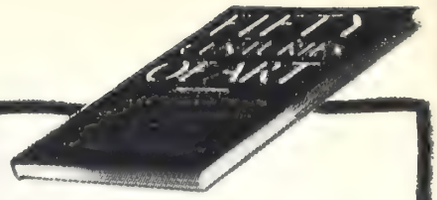
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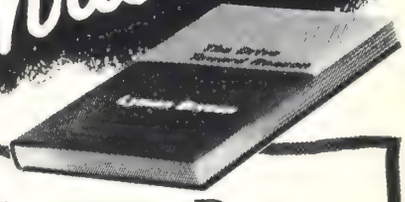


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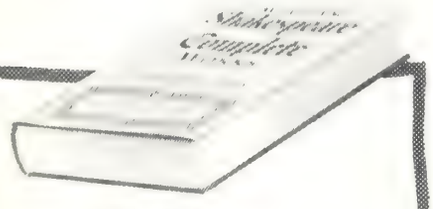
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Behind that division lie astonishingly wide economic ramifications that involve the whole structure of manufacturing and selling. These two types of equipment represent two separate economic systems, straight through from the plant to the final dealer. They are so carefully kept apart that, oddly enough, many of the larger companies which have extensive holdings in both areas find it all but impossible to cross the internal dividing lines. As a consequence, a type of home phonograph that now would seem the obvious answer to present needs—a compromise one-piece (or two-piece) *whole* machine that would incorporate, ready-built-in, some of the superior equipment in the separate-*parts* hi-fi field—is an economic monstrosity because it does not fit either system of distribution.

The difficulty is simple enough. Our vast wholesale-retail sales mechanism is based on a convenient principle that divides *wholes* and *parts*. Dealers nominally sell parts at wholesale to professionals, to those who assemble their own equipment—hi-fi, automotive, electrical, or what have you. Retail dealers sell whole one-piece units, to the home consumer.

The lines of division are never exact, of course. Discounts are often allowed to the public on parts of all sorts, though an attempt is made to prohibit them on whole units. Witness the numerous fair-trade laws; the very term indicates a legitimate desire to keep the complex distribution system in line, earning a fair return for each successive dealer in the distribution chain. But exact or inexact, the concept of wholes and parts has determined the dealer set-up and the actual manufacturing divisions in many of our major consumer industries producing mechanical equipment. There are "distributor" and wholesale dealerships and there are retail dealer chains; there are huge parts-manufacturing divisions and equally huge whole-unit plants.

The hi-fi sound "system," now a major American preoccupation, has

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Calliope and Carousel (5010); **Marimba Band** (5007); **Tiroro** (5004). Cook "Road Recordings." (5007 is Binaural.)

On-the-spot recordings of hilariously out-of-tune mechanical music, a fine Mexican band, and a Haitian drummer.

Anna Russell's Guide to Concert Audiences. Columbia ML 4928.

More of a musical lady's amusing song parodies, nicely hi-fi.

Tchaikowsky: Capriccio Italien; Rimsky-Korsakoff: Capriccio Espagnol. London Symphony, Scherchen. Westminister Laboratory Series W-Lab 7002.

Two top-quality Westminster recordings in the first of a new super-specially manufactured sound series. Extraordinary, if you don't mind the music. Booklet by C. G. McProud.

An Adventure in High-Fidelity. (Music by Robert Russell Bennett; solos from "Nutcracker"; assorted songs; pops music.) RCA Victor LM 1802 with booklet.

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broken right across this entire separation. Originally, hi-fi equipment —*parts*—was sold at net to professionals through wholesale dealers in the conventional manner. But after the war the general public got wind of the bargains available in hi-fi *parts* and began to buy—wholesale. The interest spread rapidly; and, inevitably, the wholesale dealers began to adapt net-parts-selling to this unwonted short-circuiting of the normal sales process.

That adaptation has now gone so extraordinarily far that the separate-unit high fidelity system—still sold in parts and at the nominal net price, through nominally wholesale dealers —is in plain fact 99 per cent a retail sales product. It is retail in its advertising, in its salesmanship, in the nature of its consumer-conscious "audio centers" and "sound salons," and in the appearance of its equipment (which has wholly lost its once-professional utilitarian look). Most important, it is a retail business in its services to the buyer, which now include every kind of assembling and installation of the parts as well as all kinds of advice and counsel.

But the hi-fi dealer still sells parts. *He cannot sell whole units.*

The large company still makes whole units in one plant, for one set of dealers, and parts in other plants, for another set of dealers. The parts plant cannot manufacture wholes. The wholes plant cannot sell parts.

Take General Electric, as an example—others operate similarly. The GE home-instrument division is not selling phonographs at the moment, though it does sell radios and TV sets. But the separate GE division that originally went into the hi-fi *parts* market with a single item, the famous GE phonograph cartridge, was so successful that now GE offers —to the public, mind you—an entire hi-fi phonograph line (excepting only the turntable) straight through from cartridge to loudspeaker, and even including the wooden furniture cabinets for loudspeaker and equipment. At the Audio Fairs GE shows these parts in operation—put together into working phonographs. But this division of GE *cannot assemble its own parts for sale as wholes.* That belongs to home-instruments and to a separate GE dealership throughout the country. The other large companies find themselves in a similar pickle.

And yet the public's interest in a compromise hi-fi phonograph is huge and will increase. What is to be done? Somehow this artificial but resistant economic wall is going to be burst. For already a number of new manufacturers in the field, who have no prior commitments, are bucking against it, looking for a way to sell hi-fi phonographs with reputable components inside them. Everybody wants an out—somehow.

It's not hard to foresee what will happen.

First, as the sale and servicing of hi-fi parts continue to expand, the nominal net price is going to go upward—in fact, has already risen—in exchange for better home-style value. In effect it will become a new retail price. Then the small local dealers can manage to sell parts along with wholes, if they are interested. Some have already started.

Second, the large companies will, with considerable agony, find a way to bridge their own enormous internal divisions. Perhaps GE-parts will sell to GE-whole, for assembly into one-piece units. Perhaps in many companies the separate wholes divisions will, at last, learn a thing or two from the parts makers and produce really modern, versatile one-piece hi-fi phonographs.

And third—perhaps first—the enterprising independent experimenters will blast away at you and me, offering hi-fi phonographs—*wholes*—with every advantage of the hi-fi system in parts, right down to the amplifier specifications, the hi-fi tone controls and equalization, the hi-fi speaker enclosures (*never* the old open-back type).

And so—watch developments. Look at the Columbia and Magnavox lines of *parts*, newly introduced by two makers of wholes. Look at the new Dictograph hi-fi *wholes*—in two units, one cabinet for the speaker and another for all the rest of the parts, built-in. Look at the Allegro whole hi-fi phonographs, the ARF Electrostatic hi-fi whole models and many another. It won't be easy on the outside to tell the old-fashioned retail-style wholes, revamped, from the

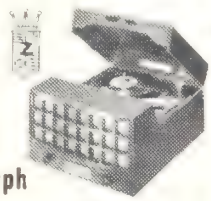


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new genuinely progressive parts-assembled wholes; there'll be much overlapping. But look at the specifications, look inside, read the descriptions, then compare with hi-fi *parts* equipment. That'll tell you.

Whatever the confusion of the moment, the fact is that a new fulfillment of hi-fi's promise is on the way. It may, at last, bring about the economic marriage of the parts and the whole.

Some Romantic Hi-fi

Orchestral Music of Brahms. (The four Symphonies, "Haydn" Variations, Tragic, Acad. Festival Overtures, Hung. Dances.) N. Y. Philharmonic, Walter. Columbia SL-200 (4).

WHAT is a hi-fi record? As far as this department is concerned, no recording that qualifies merely on engineering and sound-effects is a real hi-fi record. Excellence in *all* aspects of engineering, acoustics, music, and performance seems to me to be a requisite, and here is one of the finest examples.

As I've observed before (in connection with Mitropoulos' Mendelssohn symphonies) the art of performing Romantic-period music is very rapidly dying in spite of the continued popularity of the music itself. Many of us have begun to think of Brahms as old-hat, out-of-style, not for our time (pick your own line of reasoning) but, on hearing these vibrant performances of the standard repertory I'm suddenly sure that Brahms is not so much out-of-date these days as misinterpreted.

There's not much more that can be said—except that the extraordinary freshness and maturity of these playings will hit anybody, beginner or advanced musician. Here is one of the last of the great conductors of the German high period who was trained in Brahms' own time, is intimately aware of the *milieu* itself, so rapidly fading away today. There has not been Brahms recording like this for many years.

Hi-fi? A wonderfully balanced sound, not a bit stuffy yet transparent and full, to bring out an extraordinary inner texture of detail without sacrificing the fine over-all orchestral effect. It probably won't bowl over the hi-fi fans but it should.

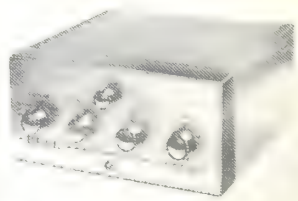
Brahms: Complete Sonatas for Violin and Piano. (Sonatas #1, #2, #3, the Dietrich-Schumann-Brahms "F.A.E." Sonata.) Isaac Stern, Alex. Zakin. Columbia SL-202 (2).

I AM not clear as to whether this is a reissue, at least in part, of earlier LP releases—but the point is unimpor-

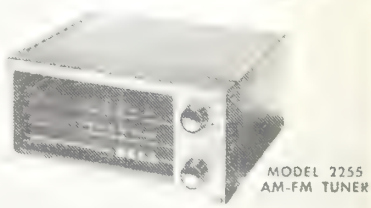


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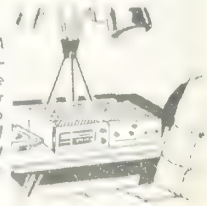
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tant; here, too, is a superbly understanding team who, though relatively youthful, "feel" their Brahms with the utmost naturalness and power. Big, resonant recording, tending to amplify the apparent size of the instruments.

I challenge anyone who distrusts "chamber music" to play the breathlessly beautiful first movement of Sonata #1 three times, leisurely; if he is not converted, if the incredibly personal, trusting melody does not get through to him here, then he is indeed a tin-ear! To my ear this is the finest Brahms there is.

(The "Frei aber einsam" compound sonata was composed as a gift to the violinist Joachim: Schumann's pupil did the first movement, Schumann the second, and the young Brahms the finale.)

Schumann: Symphony #4. Liszt: Les Preludes. Detroit Symphony, Paray. Mercury MG-50036.

Ravel: La Valse. Fauré: Pavane. Franck: Psyché. Detroit Symphony, Paray. Mercury MG 50036.

ONE of the pleasant phenomena in music is the conductor who is so wholly musical that his personal aberrations of style bring new light to old music, doing it no harm at all. Paul Paray is not only Gallic to a turn but an individualist with an irresistibly comic approach to music—amusing, yet quite serious too, for whatever he does is musical and valid.

Paray's earlier Wagner disc (MG-50021) was one of the most astonishing I have ever heard—utterly out of style, grotesque, especially in the "Meistersinger" overture and the famous "Walküre Ride" music, preposterous Wagner, but interesting. His Schumann and Liszt are less preposterous by far and indeed both interpretations are a worthy study, if only for the sound of a very skilled Frenchman polishing up a pair of stock items to a positively dazzling brilliance. Paray has a fantastic sense of rhythm; his loud passages jump up and down in a very odd fashion but they are faultlessly phrased and shaped just the same; he has that ability, so rare now, to relax suddenly into the softest lyricism out of a climactic passage of tension, which is the *sine qua non* in all Romantic music. His German music is far from German, but it is most enjoyably played even so.

Even French music receives a Paray stamp of individuality under his baton. The Ravel "La Valse" is played here, unbelievably, as a sort of concert waltz: you can dance to it. Those vast explosions of jagged tension which make this a tour de force of musical terror-of-the-mind are somehow, inexplicably, played with the utmost good humor! There is no lack of forcefulness—far from it. But in ways too subtle to describe, Paray reinterprets this well known work in a wholly different mood.

Franck: Symphony in D Minor; Le Chasseur Maudit. Vienna State Opera Orch., Rodzinski. Westminster WL 5311.

HERE the tables are turned—an all-French record played in Vienna with a distinguished conductor of the serious Central European school; because he too is a fine musician, this performance is decidedly worth hearing though it is as decidedly un-French.

Rodzinski's "D Minor" emphasizes the heavier, more ominous aspects of the work, the Wagnerian element in it, but legitimately so, for German and French Romanticism after all have much in common. Oddly, that overly-bombastic Franck work, his most Germanic, the "Accursed Hunter" (a strange mixture of the "Ride of the Walküre" and the "Sorcerer's Apprentice") is unusually successful under the Rodzinski treatment.

Westminster's hi-fi recording provides plenty of big background liveness for this music but there is some of that besetting trouble in so much hi-fi recording, too-close string pickup, making for an edgy and uneven string ensemble sound. Matter of taste, and evidently a lot of people like it this way. (But note that neither RCA Victor nor Columbia now records in this way. Listen to the Walter strings in the Brahms, above, to hear the difference in recording technique.)

Berlioz: Symphonie Fantastique. Minneapolis Symphony, Dorati. Mercury MG-50034.

I CAN'T feel basically dissuaded from the notion that Mr. Dorati, here as elsewhere, is a precise, didactic, hard conductor who makes music modern in a not very pleasing way, streamlining it for efficiency in sound at the expense of a human quality as expressed in musical terms—rhythm, phrasing, balance, depth. The extraordinary details of this revolutionary score come through in this version sufficiently to busy the imagination from start to finish, and so it rates high in interest; the close-up, rather dead over-all sound emphasizes the fascination of the orchestral detail; and the hi-fi sound is superbly crisp and clean.

But the soul of Berlioz is elsewhere, his lyricism, those hot flashes of Romantic fire, of cold fear, of reverence, of terrifying exultation. If these things were not absent this might be the recording of all time.

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